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The image shows a close-up of a marbled paper pattern, likely from an old book. The pattern consists of dark brown, swirling, and mottled shapes on a lighter brown background. The texture appears slightly grainy and aged. In the top left corner, there is a small white rectangular label with the number "973,040" printed on it in black ink. The right edge of the image shows a vertical strip of a different material, possibly the book's binding or another layer of paper, which is a light tan color.

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THE
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

SEPTEMBER, 1861.

From the London Review.

FOOTFALLS ON THE BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD.*

THAT there are powers above us and around us, unseen, but having intimate relations with us, is a world-wide belief. Few nations have been found so degraded as to have no idea of Deity presiding over and controlling the powers of nature; and none that have any traditional literature are without the notion of a world of spirits occasionally manifesting itself to mortals. The charm of all ancient poetry—Oriental or Classical, Scandinavian, Romantic, or Teutonic—lies mainly in this, that it represents man in relation to the invisible world; man exercising his corporeal powers, aided or thwarted by incorporeal natures—Divine, angelic, demoniac, or human—which ex-

ercise their forces in a far more direct and powerful manner than through the cumbersome organization of flesh and blood. We may disbelieve every word of each particular narration—so perhaps did those who first listened to it; but if we as well as they had not a deep-seated belief in the general principle, and an instinctive desire toward that disencumbered nature, this lore would have no such charm for us.

The traditions of men on this subject are confirmed as to their general principle by the records of inspiration. The Bible tells of miracles which were wont to attest every direct revelation of God to man; of visits which men used to receive from angels, (*ἄγγελοι*,) messengers not always nor even often making it plain whether they were disembodied spirits of men, or belonging to some other order

* *Footfalls on the Boundary of another World.* With Narrative Illustrations. By ROBERT DALE OWEN. Trübner.

of intelligent beings. It tells also of principalities and powers of darkness continually acting as the enemies of God and man. In accordance with human tradition it represents flesh and blood as always quailing in the manifested presence of spirits, however friendly in their character; and it denounces as the grossest wickedness and rebellion against God the conduct of those who seek a forbidden confederacy with them, for the purpose of knowing what he has bidden in the future, or acquiring a power over the elements of nature beyond what he has permitted. The whole Bible is based on the idea of a spiritual world standing in intimate relations with our own.

In the infancy, whether of individuals or nations, supernatural agency affords the easiest and most acceptable explanation of all phenomena of which no other cause can be traced. Let children be told that the thunder which they hear is the voice of God, the lightning the flashes of his eye, and they will reverently believe that some dreadful wickedness has been committed to call for such expressions of anger; just as Christopher Columbus is said to have persuaded the American Indians that an eclipse of the sun was the sure token of Heaven's displeasure against them for their evil intentions toward him and his companions. But as individuals or nations advance toward maturity, they learn that all natural phenomena depend on approximate causes more or less distinctly understood. The thunder, which was once regarded as a personal voice, turns out to be the echo of electric explosions among the clouds; the eclipse, which darkened the sun at mid-day, is found to be occasioned by the moon intercepting his beams, according to a well-known law of her evolutions. We are taught that even the winds and waves, which appear so uncertain in their action, are subject to rules of sequence as invariable as those of the rising and setting sun. The beams of knowledge dispel the fairy frost-work of fancy; and the myths of infancy are surrendered for the studies of manhood. Now the reaction of our minds against the credulity of our ignorance is likely to drive us for a time into the regions of skepticism; and only by slow degrees, do we learn to hold an even and steady course in that path which is illuminated by the light of science, blended with that of faith.

It was the misfortune of European society that the ages of its ignorant faith were under the dominion of a crafty and avaricious priesthood, who worked on the credulity of the people to promote the aggrandizement of the Church. Hence the numberless and monstrous legends of medieval miracles, apparitions of ghosts, demons, and what not, the fabrications of willful deceit; or, at best, the offspring of imaginations perverted and diseased by the unnatural influences of monastic life. As the most profitable of all the lying wonders of Rome was the purgatory of a future life, so the very *bathos* of superstition was the belief that those regions of punishment lying beneath their feet might actually be entered from an opening on the surface of the earth; and that the man who could endure the discipline now in the flesh would be exempt from the liability to suffer it hereafter in the spirit. The purgatory of St. Patrick lay, relatively to the rest of Christian Europe, in the direction which mankind from the remotest ages had supposed to be the place of departed spirits—the somber regions of the setting sun, not absolutely inaccessible to the adventurous pilgrim. Here was a cave under the care of a small staff of Augustine monks, which was for ages the wonder and glory of Christendom. Whoever was bold and pious enough to endure for twenty-four hours the terrors of the purgatory to which it led might thus expiate all his sins, past and future, which otherwise would cost him ages of torment. Numbers from all parts of Europe made the attempt, and more perished than ever returned to tell their adventures; for, according to Jacobus Vitriaco: "Whoever went into it, not being truly penitent and contrite, was presently snatched away by demons, never more to be seen." In the case of those who were found alive when the cave was opened by the monks after the twenty-four hours, their experience in the various fields of punishment, the extremes of cold, followed by those of heat, fiery serpents, toads, spits, while tempting demons surrounded and threatened—all was carefully written down by the priestly guardians of the place for the edification of the faithful throughout Christendom. If the reader supposes that this was an obscure superstition, prevailing chiefly among that class of people who in modern times have resorted to the island for penance, let him turn to the

patent rolls of Edward the Third's reign, and, under date 1358, he will find the copy of a testimonial of which the following is a free translation :

"The King to all and singular to whom the present letters shall come, greeting. Malatesta Ungarus, a noble gentleman and Knight of Rimini, coming into our presence, hath declared that lately, leaving his own country, he has, with much toil, visited the purgatory of St. Patrick, in our dominion of Ireland, and for the usual space of one whole day and night remained shut up therein as one of the dead; earnestly beseeching us that in confirmation of the fact we would deign to grant him our royal letters. Though the assertion of so noble a man might be accepted by us as sufficient, yet considering the extreme perils of this pilgrimage, we are further informed concerning it by letters from our trusty and well beloved Almaric de St. Amand, our Justice of Ireland, also from the prior and convent of the said place of purgatory, and from other men of credit, as also by clear proofs that the said nobleman hath duly and courageously completed his pilgrimage; we have therefore thought proper to give to him favorably our royal testimony concerning the same, that there may be no doubt; and that the truth of the premised may more clearly appear, we have been induced to grant to him these letters with the royal seal. Given at our palace at Westminster, the twenty-fourth day of October."

There is also the copy of a safe-conduct, or passport, granted by Richard II. in 1397, to enable Raymond, Viscount of Perilhos, Baron of Seret, Knight of Rhodes, and Chamberlain of Charles VI. of France, to visit the purgatory with a retinue of twenty men and thirty horses; which Raymond afterward wrote a narrative of his adventures in the Limousin dialect, with all the usual horrors. "The most gifted tongue could not relate, the most forcible and copious writer could not adequately describe, such dreadful tortures and punishments. Woe to sinners! Alas for those who do not repent in this world! All the ills of this life, labor, poverty, exile, imprisonment, disgrace, misery, calamity, wounds, and even death itself, are nothing to the pains of purgatory." Such were some of the medieval "footfalls on the boundary of another world."

The light of the Reformation dispelled, at least from the English mind, the terrors of purgatory, and the notion that a mitigation of its tortures might be procured through priestly influence. But there remained a general belief in disembodied spirits, good and evil, and the possibility of intercourse with them; as well as a solemn sense of the sin of any commerce with evil ones. In the seventeenth century we find Jeremy Taylor, in his episcopal capacity, investigating a ghost story, which was afterward communicated in writing by his lordship's secretary to the editor of *Sadducismus Triumphatus*. The leading facts of the story are, that the ghost of a man named James Haddock appeared first on horseback on the highway to one Taverner, whom he had known in the flesh, "a lusty, proper, stout, tall fellow," and desired him to carry a message to those who were wronging his fatherless boy in the matter of a lease which ought to have stood in his name; the reason alleged for appearing to him being, that he was a man of more resolution than others. But Taverner did not care to meddle with what did not concern him; and the ghost returned again and again, threatening to tear him in pieces if he did not carry the message. Whereupon Taverner, who was in the service of the Earl of Donegal, consulted his lordship's chaplain; and the chaplain took him for a further consultation with the incumbent of Belfast, whose only difficulty, after hearing the details, was whether it would be lawful to do the errand in case the spirit was a bad one. However, considering the justice of the case, it was determined to go, and the chaplain accompanied the man. It would seem the details of the wrong were admitted to be as the ghost had revealed them. A few days afterward the Bishop was holding a court at Dromore, and, having heard of this strange transaction, he summoned the parties before him for an investigation. Alcock, the secretary, who was present throughout, says that "my lord styled it a strange scene of Providence," and was satisfied that the apparition was true and real. He adds: "This Taverner, with all the persons and places mentioned in the story, I knew very well, and all wise and good men did believe it, especially the Bishop and the Dean of Connor, Dr. Rust." That the narrative, whatever its merits, was no fabrication, either of the Bishop's secretary or the editor of *Sadducismus Triumphatus*, who published it, appears from the fact that the same particulars were afterward related by the Countess of Donegal to Richard Baxter, with more minute particulars as to the

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nature of the wrong done to the boy, with the subsequent fact that a new lease was drawn in his favor, and sealed by the earl her husband.

We learn from several of the books in which such narratives appear, that there were in those days persons who avowed their disbelief in apparitions, and held witchcraft and sorcery to be mere juggling and fraud, instead of a true commerce with the devil. We gather also that those who denied the possibility of communication with the unseen world, generally doubted its very existence; and, like the Sadducees of old, said that there was "no resurrection, neither angel, nor spirit." Bishop Burnett characterizes this skepticism about witchcraft as "atheism, which was then beginning to gain ground, chiefly by reason of the hypocrisy of some, and the fantastical conceits of the more sincere enthusiasts."

Descending to the eighteenth century, we find the belief of the supernatural becoming fainter and fainter, but not wholly extinguished, or even without respectable patronage. Dr. Johnson used to say, that "all reason was against it, but all experience for it;" and he puts this speech into the mouth of Imlac, the sage in *Rasselas*:

"That the dead are seen no more I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent testimony of all ages and nations. There is no people, rude or unlearned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that never heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience could make credible. That it is doubted by single cavilers can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues confess it with their fears."

In the same age Blackstone, in his *Commentaries*, says, concerning occult powers in connection with evil spirits: "To deny the possibility, nay, actual existence of witchcraft and sorcery, is at once flatly to contradict the revealed word of God in various passages both of the Old and New Testament; and the thing itself is a truth to which every nation in the world hath in its turn borne testimony, either by examples seemingly well attested, or by prohibitory laws which at least sup-

pose the possibility of commune with evil spirits."

Before that century closed, unsanctified philosophy had attained the *acme* of skepticism, and several of the leading men of the day proclaimed their belief that there was nothing real, except body, in the universe—neither God, nor devil, nor soul of man; and that all the functions that had been attributed to a spirit in man were but operations of his material organization. These views, however, were the vagaries of a few, carried away by metaphysical speculations. The men of science, properly so called,—the students of physical nature—took a different course. They found that many things hitherto deemed *preternatural* were assignable to natural causes; that many of the wonders of sorcery (so called) were tricks of machinery, chemistry, or sleight-of-hand; and that a great deal of the ghost-lore of the country fireside might be traced to optical illusion, ventriloquism, and hallucination. They explored the mechanism of the universe, and, to some extent, traced the plan of its government; they found it to consist of a marvelous catenation of causes and effects; whereupon they judged that all natural phenomena must depend on natural causes; they decided that scientific study implies a "postulate of constant sequences, with determinate conditions of occurrence;"* and too many of them jumped to the conclusion that the idea of any superior agency is inconsistent with "the sense of the invariable course of nature, and the scientific explanation of phenomena." "This totality of finite things," says Strauss, "forms a vast circle, which, except that it owes its existence and laws to a superior power, suffers no intrusion from without. This conviction is so much a habit of thought with the modern world, that in actual life the belief in a supernatural manifestation, an immediate divine agency, is at once attributed to ignorance or imposture." On this principle these *savans* have not only taught the present generation to spurn all belief in ghost-lore, witchcraft, and whatever else implies spiritual or supernatural agency, but they have, in as plain terms as they dare, discarded the Scripture records of miracles, prophecy, and other superhuman phenomena, representing these writings as the productions of a period when "poetry, religion, and history

were all one;" when "legend had the certainty of fact, and fact might be treated with the freedom of legend;" when "history was rather a heroic poem than an accurate narrative, and the scientific scrutiny of witnesses had not begun to be practiced." They do not hesitate to avow that this goes to sap the very foundations of the Christian faith. The leading organ of this school* says: "Religions, bound up, as they have hitherto allowed themselves to be, in the legends of supernatural appearances upon earth, in interferences by divine power with the ordinary sequences of events upon it, die away in the light of historical knowledge with the traditions to which they have linked themselves." On the same principle the doctrine of Providence is cut away from under our feet; and man, who has always loved to think himself under the benignant care of some superior power, is consigned to the stern machinery of "invariable sequences."

But it requires only a moment's consideration to perceive that this is going too fast. Science gets beyond its sphere, if it asserts that all phenomena depend on natural causes which can not be either overruled or contravened. Science has discovered many of the laws by which the material forces of the universe operate; but it has not discovered their relations to the Creator, or proved that he has bestowed on them an inherent and absolute power to perform their work without reference to his further will, and dependence on his continued energy. And therefore science is not competent to say that there can not, and never could be, miracles, that is, events suspending or contravening the laws of nature; still less that there can not be an overruling providence working with those forces, in harmony with these laws. Science has made some discoveries of the laws of spirit in connection with matter; but it knows nothing of its condition apart from it; and it is not in a position to say whether it exists without any material vehicle when it leaves the body, or whether it assumes a lighter and more manageable one usually invisible to the human eye; and if so, whether this vehicle is capable of being made denser at pleasure, and palpable to the human senses. All that regards the human spirit and its relations to another

world, must be revealed from that world; and it seems fitting that, when mortals still in the flesh were made the medium of such a revelation, their mission should be accredited by signs from heaven. We, who accept the Scriptures in their plain and obvious meaning, must believe that there has been such a revelation, given through man, and especially through the man Christ Jesus, attested by "miracles and signs and wonders." On the same authority we believe that there have been missions to earth of subordinate spirits from the unseen world, chiefly with reference to temporal matters, leading us to look on them as serving (*διάκονοι*) spirits, sent forth to wait on the heirs of salvation; while to himself, and to a human ministry, the Most High has reserved it to carry out the great work of redeeming and regenerating the fallen race. Hence, when the rich man begged that Lazarus might be sent to his father's house, he was not told that there was an impassable gulf, but that the mission would be useless. So when the disciples were terrified at the appearance of the Saviour's resurrection body, and supposed they had seen a ghost, he did not reprove them for superstitious credulity, and assure them that such apparitions were impossible; but he said: "Handle me and see; for a ghost hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have." Likewise, when that command was promulgated, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," nobody supposes the crime denounced was that of obtaining money by false pretenses, which is that which our modern magistrates impute to all members of the occult profession, sentencing them to a short imprisonment, and marveling that, in these days of education, any one can be so ignorant and superstitious as to believe that foresight can thus be obtained.

It is important to mark this, because even the Christian part of the community in the present day do for the most part adopt a tone in speaking of these things which shows they have, however unwittingly, imbibed to a certain extent the principles of this scientific skepticism. They hold, in a general way, that it is the province of education to dispel all belief in apparitions, voices, and other preternatural manifestations; and they think that if the masses of the people were instructed in the principles of science, their fears, their hopes, and their actions would

* *Westminster Review.*

no longer be influenced by any thing supposed to be the effect of spiritual agency. But this is taking it for granted that science has proved spiritual agency impossible; the inevitable consequence would be, that such a thing has never been; and then there is no ground on which we can maintain the credibility of our holy books in their obvious meaning. By what process does that which we pronounce "incredible because impossible" become credible, when removed two thousand years into the past?

Here, then, firmly we plant our foot, and affirm that, neither miracles nor apparitions may be discredited as in themselves impossible; for we devoutly believe they have been. Whether they ever happen now is a question of fact, depending on testimony; and if any individual chooses to say that he has met with no case in which the evidence satisfied his mind, he is, for aught we see, at perfect liberty to hold his incredulity without incurring the imputation of being either atheist or Sadducee. But he is not at liberty to decide *a priori* that it can not be. Likewise it is sheer impertinence to insist on first settling such questions as, "What good end would it serve? Is it worthy the divine wisdom to act in contravention of ordinary laws for purposes so slight?" If we enter on the inquiry at all, our business is first with the evidence of the alleged facts. If the thing is true, doubtless there is a reason for it worthy of the divine wisdom.

If we seek an answer to the question whether occasional interference from the spiritual world is a reality or a delusion, we perceive at once that it is one on which we can not afford to give common fair play to evidence. Our native instincts teach us to trust the evidence of our own senses, but our education makes us distrustful of that of all others. The man who has seen or heard something which he can not account for, readily supposes it preternatural; but from the very consciousness of his own weakness, if weakness it is, at least from the knowledge he has that the human mind has a tendency to such beliefs, and has often been mistaken, he will scarcely rely on another who relates a similar experience. If the thing has only appeared or spoken, it may have been imagination or illusion. If it has revealed something which proves true, it may have been a mere coincidence; or

the prediction may have proved the cause of its own fulfillment, as in the case of a death; or it may have been trickery throughout; or, finally, it may have been the result of some natural law with which we are as yet unacquainted.

Many years ago the late Rev. Joseph Entwisle told us he had visited a lady lately recovered from her confinement, and she had mentioned to him that a few weeks before, when lying quite awake in the night, she heard a voice distinctly say: "This year thou shalt die." She immediately spoke to her husband; but he had been asleep and heard nothing. She was naturally led to apprehend that the crisis then approaching would prove fatal; and regarded the voice as a warning to be prepared for her solemn change; but now, she added, that it had passed over safely, she felt the fear had been salutary, and her deliverance from its realization merciful, for the sake of her family. A few weeks afterward she had a severe attack of inflammation, in which she seemed much more absorbed in the present suffering than in any apprehension of danger. As soon as this subsided, she sent for her husband, and told him joyfully how much better she was. In vain he suggested his fear that she was not really better; she was sure of it, and could not be persuaded to forego the hope of a speedy restoration, till he felt obliged to tell her that the pain had subsided only because mortification had supervened, and she had but a few hours to live. Surprised but not dismayed, she replied, "Ah! if that is the case, it's another thing," and calmly began to give her last orders, soon after which she expired. To have known the venerable Mr. Entwisle, was to give implicit credence to his statement; but perhaps nine out of every ten who could not disbelieve him would say the lady only fancied she heard a voice. The fulfillment of its prediction was certainly a remarkable coincidence, as there seems no reasonable ground for associating them as cause and effect. Who, in the nineteenth century, would dare to say what else it was or could be? Yet it must be confessed that the same evidence on any other subject would be regarded otherwise. Not long ago a man was hanged for a deed which he averred had been perpetrated by his mother in a fit of frenzy, admitting that he had killed her to save himself from a similar fate. Suppose a female of unquestionable vera-

city, in whatever state of health, had sworn that, being awake, or believing herself so, she overheard a boy's voice exclaiming, "Help, Joseph, mother is killing me;" and if, moreover, it was proved by several others, that she had mentioned this before she could know the fact of the murder; would it not have saved Joseph Clarkson's life? Would any judge or jury have listened to the counsel for the prosecution pleading that it must have been imagination, the circumstantial evidence on the other side being strong enough to condemn him? In jurisprudence it is taken for granted that a witness may believe his senses; there is no allowance made for the possibility of hallucination or illusion, unless that is proved; nor for fraud, unless some motive can be shown, or some self-contradiction is detected. But testimony is not so easily accepted concerning this sort of occurrences. Moreover, trustworthy evidence is scanty in comparison with the amount of the alleged fact to be substantiated; and scrutiny has been remiss in allowing descriptions of difficult and doubtful phenomena to pass unheeded from lip to lip, without an attempt to set them in their true light. Most of our ghost-stories are old and beyond investigation, because the subject has been under ban, at least during the life of all the present generation. Few have cared to give publicity to any strange experience they may have had, and still fewer would peril their reputation for common-sense by looking into it. Half afraid that the phenomena were preternatural, they have shrunk from instituting an examination, lest no natural explanation should be found, and they should be shut up to conclusions that would involve them in ridicule. We remember sojourning with a family well known and highly esteemed in the religious world, while they rented a house for the bathing season near the cliffs of the Isle of Thanet. It stood alone in its own grounds, and was extremely free from holes and corners, having scarcely even a cupboard in any of its sixteen square and naked-looking rooms. Here were terrific noises night after night, consisting chiefly of violent knocking on the floors and internal walls, with sounds of footsteps, rustling of paper, groaning, etc., heard by every inmate of the house, except, perhaps, the youngest children. The only assignable cause was, that, the house being untenanted for a

great part of the year, smugglers might have made it their resort, might have excavated a subterranean way to it from the chalky cliff, might have apartments under the basement-story, and might by machinery, if not by personal ascent within the walls and between the floors, have made those noises to frighten away tenants. The supposition was plausible enough. Why then did not the family lodge information with the police or revenue-officers, who on the evidence would have been justified in raising the floors and opening the walls at the places that could have been indicated? Just because in their inmost souls they apprehended that perhaps it was no mortal thing that disturbed them; and, rather than be involved in the possibly unpleasant result of an investigation, they left the house. So an excellent opportunity was lost for discovering, if it could be discovered, what in a house could occasion those disturbances which gave it the reputation of being haunted. Doubtless there are few persons who have not known similar cases of suppressed information, though every one knows that a single *éclaircissement* is enough to swamp a host of doubtful narratives. Perhaps it is well that evidence is generally so scanty and unsatisfactory that no one can be blamed for giving little beyond a vague and general credence to the doctrines of ghost-lore.

The author whose work is named at the head of this article has undertaken to settle the faith of the present generation—to overpower and silence its unbelief—by adducing an extensive array of facts, classified under the heads of dreams, hauntings, apparitions of the living, apparitions of the dead, etc. Some of them are taken from works already well known, as Macnish's *Philosophy of Sleep*, and Abercrombie *On the Intellectual Powers*; but a large number are of comparatively recent occurrence, and have been received by him at first or second-hand.

We offer our readers an abridgment of the story which takes our fancy, more than any others, in the book: it is so circumstantial and life like in its details, so satisfactory in its results; to say nothing of the decided preference we feel for a ghost that still keeps its head-quarters in living flesh and blood.

In the year 1828, a Mr. Robert Bruce was first mate of a bark trading from Liverpool to New-Brunswick. When near

the banks of Newfoundland, the captain and mate were one day calculating their progress—the mate in the state-room, and the captain in the cabin near it. Being absorbed in his work, Bruce had not perceived that the captain had gone on deck; and, without looking round, he called out: “I make our longitude so-and-so; can that be right? How is yours, sir?” Receiving no reply, he repeated the question, glancing over his shoulder, and perceiving, as he thought, the captain busy writing on his slate. Still receiving no answer, he rose, and fronted the cabin-door, when the figure he had mistaken for the captain looked up, and disclosed the features of an entire stranger. Bruce, terrified at the grave and silent gaze, rushed upon deck, and the captain, of course, begged to know what was the matter. “The matter, sir! who is that at your desk?” “No one, that I know of.” “But there is, sir: there’s a stranger there.” “A stranger! why, man, you must be dreaming. You must have seen the steward there, or the second mate. Who else would venture down without orders?” “But, sir, he was sitting in your arm-chair, fronting the door, writing on your slate. Then he looked up full in my face; and if ever I saw a man plainly and distinctly in this world, I saw him.” “Him! whom?” “God knows, sir; I don’t. I saw a man—and a man I had never seen in my life before.” “You must be growing crazy, Mr. Bruce. A stranger! and we nearly six weeks out?” “I know, sir; but then I saw him.” “Go down, and see who it is.” Bruce hesitated. “I never was a believer in ghosts,” he said; “but if the truth must be told, sir, I’d rather not face it alone.” “Come, come, man! go down at once, and don’t make a fool of yourself before the crew.” “I hope you have always found me to do what’s reasonable,” said Bruce, changing color; “but, if it’s all the same to you, sir, I’d rather we should both go down together.” They went—the captain foremost—but no one was to be found. Taking up the slate, the captain saw the words, plainly written on it: “Steer to the nor-west.” Bruce averred it was not his writing; and the captain made him put down the same words, to compare them. The same he did with the steward, the second mate, and every man of the crew that could write at all; but none of the hands corresponded. Concluding now

that some one must be secreted on board, the captain ordered all hands up for a search; saying: “If I don’t find the fellow, he must be a good hand at hide-and-seek.” When every nook and corner of the vessel had been searched, from stem to stern, with all the eagerness of excited curiosity, but no stranger could be found, the captain seriously consulted whether the warning ought not to be obeyed; and, finally, he directed the mate to change the course to nor-west, and employ a trusty man to look out. About three o’clock, an iceberg was descried, and afterward a dismantled ship entangled in it, with many human beings on board. On a nearer approach, she was found to be a mere wreck, her provisions exhausted, and her crew and passengers almost famished. Boats were sent for them; and as one of the men from the third boat was ascending the ship’s side, the mate started back in consternation; for it was the face, the person, the dress, of him he had seen at the captain’s desk three or four hours before. When the hurry was over, and the bark was on her course again, the mate called the captain aside. “It seems it was not a ghost I saw to-day, sir. The man’s alive. One of the passengers we have just saved is the same man I saw writing on your slate at noon. I would swear to it in a court of justice.” Together they sought out the man; and the captain, inviting him down to the cabin, begged he would do him the favor to write a few words on his slate. “Suppose you write: ‘Steer to the nor-west’?” The passenger, greatly puzzled at the request, complied nevertheless. The captain stepped aside, and giving him the slate again, with the other side up, he said: “You say that is your handwriting?” “I need not say so, for you saw me write it.” “And this?” said the captain, turning the slate over. The passenger was confounded. “I wrote only one of these. Who wrote the other?” “That’s more than I can tell you, sir. My mate says you wrote it here—sitting at this desk—at noon to-day.” Some further conversation took place, in which the captain of the wreck being present, joined. He explained that this gentleman had fallen into what seemed a heavy sleep, some time before noon, and, on awaking, after an hour or more, had expressed his confident hope of deliverance, saying that he had dreamed of being on board a bark, the appearance and rig of

which he described, exactly as it appeared when she hove in sight. The passenger averred that he had no recollection of dreaming that he wrote any thing. He got the impression, he knew not how, that the bark was coming to the rescue. "There is another thing very strange about it," added he; "every thing here on board seems quite familiar; yet I am very sure I never was in your vessel before." Whereupon Mr. Bruce told him all the circumstances of the apparition he had seen; and they agreed, in the conclusion, that it was a special interposition of Providence. This story was related to Mr. Owen by Captain Clarke, of the schooner Julia Hallock, who had it from Mr. Bruce himself, about eight years after the occurrence, and has allowed his name to be used; adding, that he has lost sight of Bruce, but that "he would stake his life upon it, that he had told him no lie."

An incident in the life of the late Dr. Adam Clarke is, in principle, the counterpart of Mr. Bruce's story. During one of his preaching tours he told his son one morning that he had had a pleasing dream about going home and seeing Mrs. Clarke, who was, he said, lying not in her own but the spare bedroom, and was looking very well. It so happened that Mrs. Clarke was in the spare bedroom for that night; and being, as she believed, quite awake, she heard the sound of her husband riding up to the house, putting up his horse and saddle, ascending the stairs, and entering the apartment; she then saw him walk round the bed, gazing upon her. Dr. Abercrombie has adduced another narrative extremely like this, about the Rev. Joseph Wilkins visiting his mother in a dream, as he thought, and terrifying her into the belief that he was dead or dying. Mr. Owen adds others of the same character. In each of them a visit is received, or believed to be received, by a person lying awake, from another who at the same hour dreams of paying such a visit, the conversation and all other details coinciding.

Here is a more startling case. Dr. Kerner relates* that on the twenty-eighth of May, 1827, about three o'clock in the afternoon, being with Madame Hauffe, who was ill in bed at the time, that lady suddenly perceived the appearance of herself seated in a chair, wearing a white dress; not that which she then wore, but

another belonging to her: she endeavored to cry out, but could neither speak nor move. Her eyes remained wide open and fixed; but she saw nothing except the appearance and the chair on which it sat. After a time she saw the figure rise and approach her; then as it came quite close to her, she experienced what seemed an electric shock, the effect of which was perceptible to Dr. Kerner; and with a sudden cry she regained the power of speech, and related what she had seen and felt. Dr. Kerner saw nothing.

There are numerous examples, as well authenticated as such narrations can generally be, of apparitions at the moment of death. None of those adduced by Mr. Owen are better than one which some of the elder members of the Wesleyan Conference may recollect hearing from a junior brother many years ago. He said that when a thoughtless, if not skeptical young man, he was sitting one evening with his sister and her little boy, when suddenly the window-blinds flew open, and the figure of the lady's husband, who was serving in the Peninsular war, became distinctly visible to all of them. The child exclaimed, "It's papa," and was running forward, when it disappeared. In due time they heard that he had fallen in battle, mortally wounded; and, when dying, on that day and about that hour, was heard to exclaim: "Oh! that I could see my wife and my child!"

Mr. Owen professes not to construct a theory, but to collect facts; those facts consisting chiefly of spontaneous phenomena, rather than those which are evoked. Nevertheless, he affords a pretty clear insight into both the scientific theory and the religious belief, which, at least in his mind, are bound up with these phenomena. The substance of the former is, that there is in man not only a spirit, but a *spiritual body*; that "these coëxist while earthly life endures in each one of us; that the spiritual body, a counterpart to human sight of the natural body, may during life occasionally detach itself to some extent or other and for a time from the material flesh and blood which for a few years it pervades in intimate association; that death is but the issuing forth of the spiritual body from its temporary associate;" and that it then becomes "entirely and forever divorced from it, and passes into another state of existence."

* Scherin Von Prevorst, pp. 138, 139.

If Mr. Owen's work had so engaged our confidence that we could regard it as an authority in these matters, we could have wished that he had said more distinctly whether he considers the essence of this spiritual body to be what is usually called human electricity; whether it is this that forms the inseparable vehicle of the immortal spirit, and constitutes the means by which it makes itself seen or heard without the grosser frame of flesh and blood. We should also have been very glad if he had explained where the connection lies between these apparitions and modern table-rapping. The one he calls the spontaneous, the other the evoked, phenomena of the ultra-mundane; and he considers the former as a proper foundation for the study of the latter, into which he does not enter further than to relate how the mode of evoking spirits was discovered at Hydesville, about twelve years ago, and opened up, as he says, a new department in the science of the soul—the positive and experimental. We shall do our best to fill up this hiatus.

Without prematurely accepting the theory that electricity, or something akin to it, is the inseparable vehicle of spirit—that even during life the spirit can, with this vehicle, detach itself from the body under some peculiar circumstances, as deep sleep or trance; and that it finally departs with the spirit at death, and forms its residence till the resurrection—we may admit that such a supposition affords a very plausible solution of many undeniable psychological facts, of which at least no better explanation can be offered. That electricity is the means by which the spirit pervades and operates on the material frame, is now almost beyond question. No one has more satisfactorily proved its presence and power in the human body than Rütter, who has invented an instrument for ascertaining its comparative force in different individuals, and in the same individual under different conditions. It appears that the human body is a source of electricity, in the same sense as glass, wax, or hair; so that it can be elicited even if the body is insulated on a glass stool, whereas a machine requires to stand on the ground. The best-informed do not pretend to say whether human electricity is the same thing as chemical; for no one pretends to understand the essential nature of either; but those laws and modes of operation which are ascertained,

are similar. In some persons electricity is much more freely elicited than in others. During the winter of 1883, the wife of Major Sewell, in New-England, had but to shake her apparel in the evening, and sparks flew out with a crackling noise like bay leaves in the fire. Some ladies in this country, during frosty weather, can see sparks if they shake their woolen skirts while undressing in the dark; and it is very common to see them if a silk skirt is rapidly slipped down over a woolen one, after being worn all day.

Rütter's experiments go to prove that wounded or chapped hands produce a much more powerful current than whole ones.

The reader may, if he pleases, prosecute an interesting set of experiments on human electricity with very simple apparatus. We are all familiar with it—the shilling suspended in a glass bowl or large tumbler, by a piece of silk thread about eight inches long. If a man holds this thread between his finger and thumb, his left hand being open and loose, the shilling will presently begin to perform a rotatory motion from left to right, that is, a direct one. If another man now places his thumb on the palm of the operator's left hand, the shilling will perform a direct oscillating movement, like a pendulum; and the same, if a female places her forefinger on his left hand. Now, if a man places his forefinger, or a woman her thumb, the oscillation is transverse. Let a female hold the thread, her left hand being open and free, there will be direct oscillation; not rotation, as in the man's case. Let her clench the fist of the left hand, the oscillation becomes transverse. Let a man place his thumb in her open hand, there is a direct rotation; let a female do the same, there is reverse rotation. Let a man place his forefinger on her hand, there is reverse rotation; let a woman do the same, there is direct rotation. Let the lady take some feathers and hold them loosely, the oscillation is transverse; let her clench them tightly, it is direct—just the contrary from what she experienced with the left hand. Let a stick of sealing-wax be laid on the tips of her fingers, there is transverse oscillation in the shilling; let it be balanced on her thumb, it becomes direct. Let her put her thumb (left hand of course) in water, there is transverse oscillation; her forefinger, and it is direct. Here are deep secrets, of

which the strangest seems to be that the electric current from the man produces rotatory, and that from the female oscillatory, motion in the shilling; but that he can communicate the rotatory through her, and she can produce the oscillatory through him, by a light touch of the thumb or finger. For some of these experiments we are indebted to Rütter, who has invented a fixed instrument called a magnetoscope, to preclude the possibility of muscular action, and prove the phenomena to be purely electroid. If any one mistrusts himself in this respect, let him commit the thread to some one who does not know what ought to be the result, with directions merely to hold it quite steadily. In some of these experiments a change of motion is produced rapidly and easily; but in some it is tedious, so that the less patient and less experienced had better drop the shilling a second or two between each, and steady it again in the center.

What has all this to do with table-spinning? A great deal, indeed. Having proved the electric current within us, we apply it, not to a suspended shilling, but to a three-legged table on which we place the tips of our fingers, forming a human battery round it; and, after patient waiting, we see it begin to spin, and may subject it to further operations, and obtain from it results far surpassing any thing dreamed of before. We may deplore the trickery, the delusions, the impiety, and the immorality which have been unhappily connected with the development of this phenomenon; but we can not regard it as all trickery, still less reckon it inseparable from impiety. There have been cheats and jugglers enough in table-rapping; and it may be admitted that all professed mediums, plying their calling for money, are to be suspected and avoided. But the art has been practiced by hundreds of guileless young people at their own homes; and the pity is, that the results of the mere scientific experiment are not sought in a sober, intelligent, and Christian-like manner. The attempt to prove that table-moving is the result of involuntary and unconscious muscular force, is now generally acknowledged to have been unsuccessful; and the fact can no longer be gainsaid, that a table which requires the united strength of two persons to move it only a few inches, can, if several persons

fingers, be moved several feet at a time, without the visible or conscious application of any force whatever. Now, they proceed to further tests; and, finding symptoms, however rude, of that intelligence and volition which have always been reckoned the peculiar attributes of an immaterial principle, they forthwith conclude that the table is now possessed by some spirit from the unseen world, with whom they may converse, and from whom learn lessons of wisdom and knowledge. To ourselves it seems inexplicable that sober-minded and even scientific persons, wedded to the doctrine of invariable sequences, should believe a thing so inconsequent; that having, by purely mechanical means, charged the timber from their own bodies with that which is the immediate agent of their muscular action, they should believe its action to be any other than their own. Does it not remind one of the ancient folly of making a god out of a stump of a tree, and falling down and worshipping it? The fact that thousands upon thousands—some say, several millions—in Europe and America have embraced this delusion within the last few years, is a startling proof of the indomitable disposition of man to believe in the supernatural, and to desire intercourse with the world of spirits. The frequent detection of *mediums* who have practiced mere deception and imposture, has not led to any general discouragement of the profession; and, night after night, the young and unsuspecting attend the *séances*. Here they listen to what they believe to be voices from Hades, teaching all manner of abominations in morals, as well as errors in religion. Those who have been nursed in piety learn to trifle with holy things; the virtuous are led to the very verge of impurity; and the fallen revel in lasciviousness.

This wonderful table-rapping, however, may be tested by sober people, without a thought of any thing ultra-mundane connected with their operations. It was so tested, to our knowledge, under intelligent though not highly scientific direction, at an evening party a short time ago. The table began to spin, when the operators had kept their fingers on it for the usual time, in the approved manner. They concluded that the electric current was established. They changed their respective places; it stopped, and would not work for about ten minutes. They con-

cluded that the current had been broken, and was now reestablished. One of them mentally willed it to stop, and it stopped, notwithstanding the desire of the rest that it should proceed. A gentleman willed it to lift up the foot that was under his hand, while he directed the opposite lady to bear as lightly as possible on her side of the leaf—the foot rose; several ladies strove in vain to pull it to the ground, and an athletic man succeeded only by using a force that seemed likely to break it. The table was asked several questions, to which it replied, by lifting its foot and rapping, or rather stamping, in the fashion of which every one has heard. They satisfied themselves and the company, that the responses were the mere echo of what was passing in their minds, and never went beyond their own intelligence. For instance: they asked how many persons were in the room. One of the operators had counted and knew there were twelve; another who had not, believed there were fourteen. The table rapped fourteen; and so they proved it in several instances when they differed in their own minds as to number; it went on to the highest that any of them thought of. Whenever they asked any thing that none of them knew, the table was quite at fault. Fraud and physical force were in this case alike and completely out of the question. The facts were curious, and would be startling to those who had never heard, or at least never believed, the wonders of table-rapping. So far as they went, they tended to establish the theory that it is possible for a company of human beings to constitute themselves a galvanic battery, and charge a piece of inert matter in such wise that it shall respond to their volition and intelligence, like a limb of their own bodies. What seems wanted is, that such experiments should be repeated, extended, and directed by scientific knowledge. A few good electric or magnetic tests it may safely be predicted, would satisfy any educated company as to what had got into the timber, putting out of the question any spirit, good or bad, other than their own.

It may be remarked that table-rapping bears a close analogy to the phenomena of house-haunting, so called. Those who have carefully winnowed among the stories of this class, bear witness that the pre-dominant element in those best authenti-

cated is mischievous, freakish, boisterous, rather than either solemn or dreadful; and Mr. Owen suggests the idea of spirits of a comparatively inferior order, imps of frolic and misrule, not wicked, but tricky, a class for whom the Germans have framed the epithet *Poltergeister*. As an improvement, we should like to suggest the possibility of small quantities of electricity being produced in the walls or floors, by the action of mineral substances; or discharged from the tips of tiny fingers belonging to the "imps of frolic and misrule" in the nursery. The disturbances at the Epworth Rectory, which have been referred to by every biographer of the Wesleys, are, in some respects, strikingly familiar to the pranks of a spinning-table.

If it can be established, as doubtless it can, that a current of electricity from the human body can be made to enter inert matter, and there show itself responsive to the volition and intelligence of the immortal mind within the body from which it flowed, it will go of course very far toward proving that this is the connecting link between mind and matter, the immaterial and the material. And it seems, in the nature of things, very fitting that it should be so; that this mysterious agent which baffles every attempt to investigate its nature, this which in its very essence seems to hold a middle place between the material and the immaterial, should indeed be the medium of their action and reaction on each other. This opens a wide field for analogical reasoning and inference. For example: If electricity in the human body is the inseparable companion of intelligent spirit, can it be supposed that all the other electricity in the world is destitute of it? The hair of animals is highly electric; is it through this that they make those communications to each other of which there are undoubted proofs in the records of animal instinct? An interesting, and we think not irrelevant, example occurred under our own observation within the last few months. There were two cats in one house in the predicament of the two women who came to Solomon for judgment, one was the mother of a dead, and the other of a living, kitten. The bereaved one tried once and again to steal a visit to the little nursling, which was about ten days old; but she was driven off by the rightful mother, Patch, or Cross-patch, so called from her bad temper.

Soon after such a repulse, we saw her gently go up to Patch, who was about four feet from the kitten, and make strange-looking passes with her head about hers. It was not close rubbing; but there must have been a perfect contact of whiskers for several seconds, first on one side, then on the other. It was a bargain. Straightway she passed on to the kitten, and, lying down on her side, drew it to a close embrace, while Patch stood by consenting. We did not observe how soon the little thing appreciated the invitation to take nourishment from her, but from that day the two cats nursed the one kitten in perfect harmony.

Then, what of the electricity of the thunder-cloud? Will science lead us back to the beliefs of our nursery, and make us little children again? Or will she revive in a modified form the beautiful mythology of the Greeks, which peopled all nature with gods? Will some *savant* at a future day feel persuaded that the great Creator has committed the elements of the globe to subordinate intelligence, to be wielded according to his will, this all-pervading electricity being the medium by which their powers are brought to bear on inert matter? Will any future commentator conjecture it to be in this sense that "He maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers" (*Anglicæ* "His messengers ghosts, and his servants") "*a flame of fire?*" Will science herself one day turn round on her votaries, and shiver to atoms their doctrine of invariable sequences, by assuring them that this all-pervading element is the immediate agent of self-determining intelligence?

It is satisfactory, at least, to find that those who now lead the van in experimental science manifest no disposition to assert that electricity is itself life or spirit, but only deem it to be its constant accompaniment; and that Mr. Owen's theory of the spiritual body supposes it to be not controlling, but controlled by the immaterial principle, and by it carried whithersoever it will. This is illustrated by some touching narratives of dying mothers going off in spirit to see their children at a distance; the apparition being visible to those who were with the children, while those who watched the flesh and blood deemed that it slept, and were informed, when consciousness returned, that the children had been visited. It seems a sad pity that Mr. Owen's ghost-lore, which is

for the most part very harmless in its tendencies, should be laid by himself as a foundation for the wicked delusions connected with rapping; that after demonstrating, to his own satisfaction at least, a vehicle of electroid character, subject to an immortal, heaven-born spirit, dwelling with it in the body, and traveling with it out of the body, he should lead his readers to suppose that this spiritual body with its master can be compelled to come and sojourn in a table at the bidding of any set of idle boys and girls that choose to place their fingers on the leaf, and that it must answer all their silly questions. It is no wonder that Mr. Owen found some difficulty in pointing out the connection between ghost-lore and spirit-rapping; and so concluded his work with the ghosts, speculating on the character and uses of their intermediate state.

If we could for a moment entertain the idea of table rapping being a means of communication with departed spirits, we must denounce it as that sin of witchcraft which all laws, human and divine, have represented as rebellion against Heaven. The most particular account we have in Scripture, of a witch's proceedings, is in 1 Samuel 28, where we are told that when the Lord departed from Saul, and "answered him not, neither by dreams, nor by Urim, nor by prophets," he resorted to a witch, and required her to bring up, not an evil spirit, but that of the holy prophet Samuel, who was displeased at the disturbance. Some have striven to show that the witch only pretended to bring up ghosts, and was herself terrified at the sight of Samuel. The obvious bearing of the whole passage, however, conveys rather that her alarm arose from the sudden discovery that her visitor was the king who had been wont to punish witches, and she supposed herself caught in a snare. When reassured by Saul, she described the ghost, which he at once identified, but, as it seems, did not himself see; and the conversation proceeded, either directly, or through the witch as medium. Although the former seems most literally on the face of the narrative, yet one would infer that as Saul did not see, neither did he hear, the prophet. Let this narrative be compared with 1 Samuel 15 : 23, and Isaiah 8 : 19, and no one can doubt for a moment that to attempt to elicit communications from spirits of the dead is a most presumptuous sin. On this subject

Mr. Owen says, that God protects his own mysteries, and has rendered it impossible to overpass the limits of permitted inquiry. "If God has closed the way, man can not pass thereon; but if he has left open the path, who shall forbid its entrance?" This will not do for argument with the Bible in our hands. Did Mr. Owen forget—

"Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our
woes?"

The path to it was open, and it was a "tree of knowledge," "a tree to be desired to make one wise;" yet God said: "Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it."

But we have already said, that there is neither reason nor common-sense in sup-

posing this table-spinning to be connected with ultra-mundane intercourse. It is not only inconsequent in itself, but contrary to all tradition, sacred and profane, that spirits of the dead should be commanded by mere human power, exercised by mechanical means. It has ever been held that such control is obtained only through the prince of darkness, and by those who have renounced their allegiance to Heaven, and leagued themselves with the powers of evil; and herein the very essence of the sin of necromancy has always been considered to lie. It can of course be imputed only in a very modified degree to those who think they can summon the spirits without any one's leave. It would be as unjust to charge them with the sin, as it is impossible to believe that they enjoy its powers without committing it.

From the British and Foreign Evangelical Review.

D I D Y M U S O F A L E X A N D R I A.*

THE mind that is enlightened by the Spirit of God, when it surveys the world's mysterious history, discovers, not an aimless unprogressive rotation of events, but an advancing development of the race, which, though it may seem tedious, is steady in its onward march. To such a mind it is perplexing to observe how whole nations will sometimes, after periods of great and fruitful intellectual activity, be thrown back into the very childhood of art and culture. The dismay produced by the sight of such reverses is felt with especial acuteness in the case of nations which, once great and glorious in the kingdom of God, fall as Babylon fell when her excellency was cast down to hell, or as Bethsaida and Capernaum fell when the Lord fulminated against them a judgment more intolerable than that of Sodom. There was a time when the dioceses

* This paper, written by *Semisch*, the well-known author of the monography on Justin Martyr, is extracted from *Piper's Evangelischer Kalender*.—Ed. *P. & F. E. R.*

which encompassed the Mediterranean lay in beauty like the garden of God, diffusing the fragrance of Christian knowledge, purity, love. What are they now? Where is now the pearly girdle of the inland sea, the seat of infant Christianity and of the early Church? Alas! where formerly the eye was greeted with an unbroken array of flourishing churches, nothing is now to be seen except a few straggling Christian communities, dispersed over a scene of barbarism, which strives to conceal its hideousness under a flimsy show of civilization; the splendor of Episcopal sees exchanged for the poverty of humble villages and the solitude of weather-beaten ruins, whose very names are forgotten; the pomp of cultivated nature indolently abandoned to the wilderness; the population melted away under the baneful dominion of the crescent; the order and security of civil society hastening to ruin under the same curse; here and there perhaps a swelling bud heralding an approaching spring, but hindered

by the ungenial climate from advancing to maturity. These are the judgments of God's avenging love, which, having long and patiently held forth the offer of its heavenly benefits in all their amplitude, is at length aroused to vengeance, and punishes the contemplated rejection of them by withdrawing even those common mercies which men may in a certain sense claim as their own. Asia Minor, Palestine, Alexandria, how highly were they exalted! But their candlestick was removed out of its place because they left their first love; because, seduced by secularity and luxury, they forgot the pearl of great price; because, instead of cherishing faith and love, the life and substance of Christianity, they gratified a vain and subtle intellect in hair-splitting controversies respecting doctrinal mysteries; because, instead of honoring and blessing their faithful teachers, they despised and anathematized them. Having inwardly apostatized from the Son of Man, they were given over for a prey to the hereditary enemy of the Church.

The Catechetical School of Alexandria, as it was designated, had flourished for more than two centuries as the nursery of a Christian and believing philosophy. From it as from a fountain a stream of intellectual life diffused itself over the Church. Its influence was felt in a narrower and more extensive sphere. In the former it conducted to the faith men of cultivated intellect among the heathen, who were inquiring after salvation, and educated young Christians of ability for the service of the Church. In the latter it promoted throughout the Church at large a deeper and more intelligent acquaintance with Scripture, and a scientific apprehension of Christianity, investigated in its ultimate grounds and digested into a living, comprehensive system; it gave assistance to the Church in appropriating the literary treasures and intellectual culture of antiquity, and accommodating them to the ends of the Gospel; and, in general, it promoted a higher and more refined contemplation of the universe, so as to represent the harmonious unity of knowledge and life. The decay of this school after the expiry of the fourth century, was one of the events which gave warning and token of that general corruption of the Oriental Church which first delivered her over—already suffering from internal division, entangled in the

meshes of monachism, and hide-bound in a system of lifeless formulas—to a self-imposed spiritual slavery, and then, as a natural consequence, subjected her to the external bondage of Islam. The Church's corruption, and the effects which flowed from it, are therefore naturally associated in our minds with the life and labors of DIDYMUS, the last teacher of note in the Alexandrian school.

It is a remarkable circumstance, and one in which we may trace the special providence which watches over the Church, that a deep obscurity often invests the outward life of those of her teachers who stood forth most prominently in their day. The information we possess respecting Didymus is very scanty. This is easily accounted for in his case, since his life flowed on with few vicissitudes in the tranquil round of learning and teaching. According to a highly probable calculation, his birth took place A. D. 309, in the trying time of the Church's last decisive conflict with the imperial power of heathen Rome. He may be said, therefore, to have received at his birth the baptism of blood for a life of self-sacrifice in the service of the Lord. Antiquity surnamed him "the Blind," because he lost his eyesight when he was no more than four or five years of age, and still incapable of acquiring the elements of education. But, like many other fathers of eminence—like Justin and Augustine—he from his childhood burned with an irrepressible thirst for knowledge. He was often overheard praying that God would vouchsafe to him not natural vision, but the illumination of the heart. As it generally happens, that when one sense is lost the others afford a steadier and stronger light, his mind, which was richly endowed by nature, developed its resources with such rapid and gratifying progress, that he not only excelled all his fellows in facility of apprehension, in retentiveness of memory, in solidity of judgment, but soon amassed an immense treasure of divine and human knowledge, and attained to celebrity as the master of all the learning of the age, even in those departments which might seem least accessible to one for whom a main avenue of knowledge was shut. The ear supplied the eye's lack of service; or, as his contemporaries said: "God gave him the eyes of the soul instead of the eyes of the body." *Lettera*,

names, and, in general, every thing which could be known by the touch, he learnt with the assistance of tables on which the lines were traced. In the schools, probably of Alexandria, he acquired the knowledge of the rules of grammar and rhetoric. Turning from these to the study of philosophy, he mastered, with equal rapidity, dialectics, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music, so that he was able to solve the most difficult mathematical problems, and came behind none in intellectual adroitness and readiness. He would meditate on divine things whole days, and far into the night. As soon as the schools were closed, he caused some one to read to him; and, if the reader dropped asleep through fatigue, he ruminated on what he had heard, or repeated it from memory, so that he seemed not so much to have listened to what was read, as to have transcribed it on the tablets of his mind. Following the tendency characteristic of the Alexandrian school, he occupied himself principally with the study of the Holy Scripture. It was his daily bread by which he lived, the home of his soul in which his heart and understanding found repose. Whole books and innumerable texts he could repeat word for word. Nor was it only the words and substance of the sacred text that were present in his mind; he could give an account of the various readings, and the diversities which occurred in the translations of the Old Testament. Himself a wonder to all, he was called by the grace of God to be a spiritual guide to thousands. The great Athanasius, patriarch of Alexandria, invested him with the office of *catechist* in that city, and it is reported, with every appearance of truth, that this took place in the year 335, when he was not more than twenty-six years of age. For more than half a century he continued to discharge the duties of that influential situation, laboring with unbroken energy till his death in 395; at one time with the living voice addressing crowds of eager students, again dictating to amanuenses in his quiet retreat. To learn and to labor for others was his very life. Strangers flocked to the city to see and to hear the man whose fame was so great; Egyptians, Greeks, Latins, and all alike received an affectionate welcome. No question submitted to him was dismissed without a response; and many of his writings were composed in compliance with the requests

of visitors. Those who had studied under him were proud to call him their master. Of the more famous church-fathers, Palladius, Evagrius, Isodore, Rufinus, Jerome, sat at his feet. These marvelous effects were doubtless owing in great part to the instructiveness of the very presence of a man who, notwithstanding his blindness, had attained a culture so extensive. Much was due also to the stimulating power of his oral teaching, which, altogether devoid of such thoughts and expressions as serve only to confuse the hearer, was felt to be the utterance of his inmost life, and kindled a glow in every breast, alluring by its thoughtful simplicity, its deep knowledge of Scripture, its dialectical skill, whether in the establishment of truth or confutation of error. Contemporaries themselves felt that his writings furnished an imperfect representation of the power which made itself felt in his oral instructions. Rufinus relates that his literary productions were held, indeed, in general esteem, but his living discourse left a far deeper impression of loveliness and a certain divine majesty. Didymus was one of those who owe what they are to their personality. It is certain, at least, that he was not a man of creative genius. In the great Origen he revered the sun, whence his theology derived its light and color. He has been denominated aptly, and with truth, the last faithful follower of that illustrious Alexandrian.

Taking his stand on the fundamental idea of Origenism, his aim was to cast it into the mold of the orthodoxy of his age, and employ it in the interest of the Church; and in him the pious mind of his deceased master so entirely transformed itself into this type of orthodox thought, that he was in the habit of explaining the feelings of mistrust with which many regarded Origen, as arising solely from their inability to comprehend his ideas. In this respect, his writings furnish important assistance in the development of the later Alexandrian doctrine, and of the mystical theology, as this presents itself in the writings of Pseudo-Dionysius. But notwithstanding his avowed attachment to Origen, his thinking, in its essential elements, sprang from the common sentiment and life of the Church; and accordingly, his Polemical efforts were all put forth in the defense of her dogma. Her chief enemies in that age were the Arians and Manicheans, of whom the former in an ignorant zeal for

the unity of the divine essence, sought to reduce the incarnate Son of God, in whom the fullness of the Godhead dwelleth bodily, to the level of the hybrid creature-gods of the heathen mythology; the latter, by their doctrine of the natural necessity of evil, undermined the foundations of morality. His polemics were directed against them both, and that not merely in elaborate works, but in fugitive pieces, by the publication of which, as occasion demanded, he was ever ready to administer against them a vigorous stroke. The doctrine of the *Holy Trinity* he deemed of supreme religious importance. From the Trinity "cometh all salvation. The Father calleth us to the adoption of sons. The only-begotten Son hath saluted us as sons, and given us warrant to call God our Father. The Holy Ghost dwelling in the regenerate, redeemeth them from death and sin." Since regeneration, which is wrought by the Holy Ghost, is the supreme blessing of Christianity, the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, the denial that the Spirit is the same in substance with the Father and the Son, very God of very God, is the greatest sin a man may commit, and one for which there is no forgiveness. Now it is evident that the same sin may be committed, the same denial may be made, respecting the Father and the Son, so that it behoves us to exercise the greatest caution, lest we fall into error in our investigations respecting these divine persons.

To the Arians, Didymus proved a most formidable antagonist, because uniting as he did Platonic wisdom to skill in the dialectics of Aristotle, he was able to turn their favorite weapons against themselves. The orthodoxy thus signally displayed in the article of the Trinity was afterward imputed to him as a special honor by those who accused him of heresy. But as in the heat of combat, words and ideas often fly beyond the mark, thus it happened in the case of Didymus notwithstanding his good intentions. The Manicheans, having, like all the Gnostic sects, insisted on a fantastic disruption of the Old Testament from the New, and rejected the former as the working of the evil principle, Didymus went to the other extreme, and denied that the veil which was over the countenance of Moses and the prophets is any ground for believing that the faithful under the New Testament occupy a position of superiority to those ancient

saints as members of the kingdom of Christ. "How can Abraham be regarded as inferior—Abraham who beheld God, and in whose bosom all rest who fall asleep after Christ? How can Moses and Elias be regarded as inferior, who appeared to the Lord in the radiance of the transfiguration, since they even saw him who was born of the Virgin?" We find instances also in which mischievous elements, derived from the erroneous system he is assailing, insinuate themselves into his own views. Thus, for example, while he does not doubt that marriage, though it was not without spot under the Old Testament, is now spotless and undefiled under the Gospel, because the incarnation of the Son of God has made an end of all sin; nevertheless, he holds that there is something divine in celibacy, and that marriage, although in itself no sin, may still be described as comparatively sinful. It appears to him to be sin in relation to the higher, purer state of celibacy.

As an expositor of Scripture Didymus enjoyed the highest renown among his cotemporaries. He composed commentaries on almost all the sacred books; but with the exception of some considerable fragments, especially from the commentaries on the Psalms, Proverbs, John, and the Catholic Epistles, these works are now utterly lost. Highly as he valued secular learning—the use of which he justified by the example of Moses, who was trained up in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and of Daniel, who was reported to have excelled in the Chaldean philosophy—and thoroughly accomplished as he was in metaphysical inquiry and the art of scholastic argumentation, the Bible was ever esteemed by him as at once the foundation and the source of all theology. His writings, especially those on the Trinity and on the Holy Spirit, contain an ingeniously woven tissue of innumerable texts of Scripture, by which he seeks to demonstrate the truth of the dogma under consideration, even to its minutest details. They edify, not so much by aiming expressly and ostensibly at awakening pious feelings, as by the breath of deep love which pervades the whole, like a salutation from the heavenly world, enlivening and fructifying the driest speculations.

In another respect also, he followed the stream of the Alexandrian theology. While not indifferent to the obvious and

proper sense of Scripture, as it may be determined by the literal terms, the contexts, and historical bearings of the passage, he made it his chief endeavor to bring to light the mystical sense which was supposed to lurk within it. In every sentence of the Psalms he beholds the countenance of Christ under a prophetic veil. "The tree by the rivers of waters," in the first Psalm, is the knowledge of God; its "fruit," the mystical or spiritual sense of Scripture. The "leaves," which conceal the fruit, signify the expressions that are intelligible to every reader; and these, besides their primary design of concealing the fruit, serve for spiritual nutriment to the simple. To understand the Scripture every where, according to the literal sense, appears to him to be absurd. In Psalm 35 : 10, for example, "All my bones shall say, Lord, who is like unto thee?" the bones which are to praise God, and to testify that no creature is like him, are not the bones of the outward man, but of the soul — its spiritual powers and the doctrines of the orthodox faith. Even in those places where the Scriptures treat of articles of faith, it is evident, he thinks, that there must often be a double sense. When the Saviour, for example, declares that the Father is greater than he, this shows the sameness of his divine nature with the essence of the Father, and, at the same time, his subordination to the Father, with respect to his human nature. Didymus, for the most part, holds to the literal sense in the exposition of the New Testament, and when he is refuting opponents by testimonies of Scripture to which they themselves appealed. His penetration, which was often eagle-eyed, was apt to discover resemblances between things the most diverse, and, in handling Old Testament texts, was apt to grope about till it came upon those golden veins of Messianic prophecy which were assumed beforehand, to be every where present. Thus the simplest letters of Scriptures became hieroglyphics, from which, with the divining rod of Rabbinical alchemy, he labored to draw forth the most various ideas and mysteries. He infers, for example, the irreproachable morals of Judas, before his call to the apostleship, from the fact that Jesus sent out the twelve "like sheep among wolves." In like manner expounding Psalm 98 : 48, "Who is he that liveth and shall not see death?" his attention is attracted by

the interrogation, "Who?" This leads him to make the following distinctions: "The word Who, denotes, in the Scripture, sometimes an inquiry, as in the text, Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? Sometimes it denotes what is extraordinary, as when it is said, Who is that faithful and wise servant? Or what is impossible, as, Who hath known the mind of the Lord? Sometimes it denotes that a thing is regarded with contempt, as, If God be for us who can be against us?" This sort of playing on words was to the taste of the age. Of course it often led to the intrusion of human fancies, ingenious, perhaps, but arbitrary and trifling, into the very word of God; it led men also to neglect the difference between the adumbrations of truth delivered under the ancient preparatory dispensation, and the clear revelations now delivered since the accomplishment of redemption; but, on the other hand, it not less frequently originated in a profound perception of the exuberance of truth in the divine word, and the unity of the two dispensations. A large share of the respect which the age paid to the talents of Didymus for exposition, was due to his skill in the management of allegory, especially since he kept it as much as possible in the track of approved doctrine. He had himself a vivid consciousness of this. "Many," he said, "have undertaken to interpret the Scripture, but all do not discourse well! For they are few who have received from God the necessary gifts; on the part of many there is nothing but babbling and trifling. The word can not be salutary and powerful in the soul of the heterodox."

From allusions in the *Work of the Trinity*, it would appear that Didymus was married and had a family. But his principles made him favorable to the ascetic life, and latterly he completely abandoned himself to it, although he did not go so far as to assume the obligations of the monastic profession. His stringency of life won for him the special veneration of the Egyptian monks, and led the admiring age to surround his head with the halo of a worker of miracles. When St. Anthony, the father of monachism, made his appearance in Alexandria, like one who had dropped from heaven, to resist the rapid spread of Arianism, he honored Didymus with a thrice repeated visit, and is said to have addressed to him these

words: "Let it not distress thee, Didymus, that thou hast been deprived of the eyes of the body. Thou lackest the eyes which are possessed by us in common with flies, moths, and other contemptible insects; but rejoice that thou hast eyes like the angels—eyes whereby God is seen and his light is enjoyed." On one occasion, when Julian threatened the Church with new persecutions, Didymus, unable to eat bread, and oppressed with anxiety, sat on his chair till the night was far advanced. As he prayed, he fell asleep. Suddenly, in a vision, he beheld horsemen mounted on white steeds flying through the air, and heard them proclaiming: "This day, at the seventh hour, Julian died; carry the tidings to Bishop Athanasius." He took note of the day and hour; and it fell out as he had seen.

So long as Didymus lived, no one entertained a suspicion of his orthodoxy; and his relation to Origen was as far from causing any abatement of his renown in the Church, as he was far from affecting to conceal it. Jerome was the first to affix the stigma of heresy, and he did it after his own hateful fashion, ere the grave was well closed on the object of his enmity. He had once, on the occasion of a passing visit to Alexandria, attended the lectures of Didymus for thirty days. The universal applause in which the revered teacher lived; the amplitude of his knowledge; his serene, gentle spirit, intent on the Highest, yet accessible to every human sympathy, arrested even Jerome. Scarcely could he find words thenceforward to sound the praises of the wonderful old man. He praised him not only as the most cultivated man of his age, and as an apostolical man in the gravity of his views, and the simplicity of his teaching, but was disposed to compare him to the seers of the Old Testament, on account of the profound reach of his Biblical expositions. Didymus, he said, had exhibited to the world the manner of the ancient prophets; he had beheld with the eye of the Bride in the Song of Songs, yea with the eyes which Christ commands to be lifted up to see the fields ripe unto harvest; so that he might well be named *the Seer*. Jerome professed the desire that other learned men of the Latin Church should, with himself, participate in the eloquent Alexandrian's stores of erudition; and, accordingly, he trans-

lated into Latin the work on the Holy Spirit.

But Jerome had an idol to which he ruthlessly sacrificed the holiest feelings, and for which he set at naught the weightiest obligations. It was the fame of unspotted orthodoxy, the ambition to stand always in the front rank of those who maintained and defended whatsoever the age deemed sacred. He was at bottom of a character changeful and shallow, a worldling in the monk's hood. Accordingly, when the controversy arose about the orthodoxy of Origen, and in the course of it notice began to be taken of the relation in which he stood to the Origenistic Didymus, he permitted no feeling of pious gratitude to restrain him from a fierce attack on the man whom he had exalted almost to heaven. He would not even yet deny, indeed, that Didymus was a scholar of rare erudition, and orthodox in the article of the Trinity. But he would not tolerate even so great a master when he defended as pious and catholic what all the Church rejected. "Manifest defender of Origen," that was the cry. The reproach, it must be allowed, was so far founded on truth, that Didymus, besides inheriting Origen's enthusiasm for liberal and scientific research, and the leading principles of his theology, embraced also some of his cherished unscriptural opinions. The philosophical theory of the pre-mundane existence of souls, according to which the earth is for them only a place of pilgrimage, that the body is a prison, and which explains the early death of some children, by supposing that in their prior state their sins were less aggravated than the most, and required that they should do little more than touch the prison of the body; the doctrine that Christ, as the Saviour of heaven and of earth, died not only for sinful men, but for all intelligent spirits; the doctrine of a universal recovery of all fallen creatures, not excluding Satan himself: these hypotheses conduct into the very center of the Origenistic conception of human freedom and universal redemption. But in the writings of Didymus, and probably also in his public lectures, these errors were not permitted to obtrude themselves into offensive prominence; in this point, too, he was careful to follow the example of his teacher. For more than a hundred years the splendor of his reputation resisted all the attempts

to render him suspected. No one would disturb in his grave one who had fallen asleep in peace with the Church. It was reserved for the blind zeal of the Emperor Justinian I., who handled the question of soundness in the faith as an affair of the state, to involve Didymus in the condemnation which had been pronounced against Origen. Sentence to that effect was passed by the provincial synod of Constantinople in 544; it was renewed by Martin I., Bishop of Rome, in 649, and afterward by the œcumenical synods of the Greek Church.

Thus the darling of his own age found a place in succeeding times in the catalogue of heretics. The inevitable result of this anathema was to suppress the memory of the man and his achievements. Writings that were abhorred or suspected by all the stricter sort could not fail to disappear, for no one read or transcribed them. It is matter for grateful astonishment that so many have been preserved to our times, either in whole or in part.

But the ecclesiastical heaven of a Jerome, or a Justinian, is not the heaven of that Redeemer who will not quench the smoking flax. The services of Didymus in the domain of theological science, and his devout faith ever grounded on the divine word in the Scriptures, are not these sufficient to cast into the shade his occasional aberrations in doctrine? Those ages of the Church were never the best in which a Christian's worth was measured solely by the recognized doctrinal formulas, and heaven was opened and shut according to the relation in which he stood to their definitions, without respect to his having lived in personal communion with the Lord, and given evidence of faith by the purity and constancy of a regenerate life. So long as the evangelical Church, besides cherishing a scriptural faith and life, continues to cultivate the science of a believing theology, she will have cause still to concede to Didymus the place she occupies in her cloud of examples and witnesses to the truth.

From the British Quarterly.

LIFE AND TIMES OF COUNT CAVOUR.*

M. BRIANO is evidently a screech-owl. The noisome thickets in which he took up his nest have been cleared by the minister whom he vituperates, with a view to make room for luxuriant vegetation, and he croaks over the change as if the sight of a rapidly increasing prosperity conveyed poison to his brain. The essence of all social abuses consists in sacrificing the interests of the many to the aggrandizement of a few. The greater the selfish aggrandizement, the greater the abuse, and the more savage the howl with which the interested parties assail the re-

former who invades their asylum and hinders them from battenning upon the general interests of the community. That the greatest statesman of our era should have had his detractors—not only to traduce him while living, but to raise a war-whoop of triumph over his bier—is to our mind in conformity with the nature of things. Indeed, we should very much doubt the worth of the statesman who, in the task of reconstituting a disorganized society, did not incur the attacks of a band of inveterate assailants. When the reformer did not live to complete his work, when the harvest of his labors lies still ungarnered, it is but natural to expect that the class whose sinecures he has curtailed will not even respect his tomb. But the reader would do well to accept

* *La Riforma Italiana e il Ministero Cavour.* Di GIORGIO BRIANO. Torino: Artero E. Cotta. 1857.

Storia particolare del Ministero. Articolo Count Cavour. Di GIORGIO BRIANO. Torino: Artero E. Cotta. 1857.

every growl these gentlemen raise as proof of some abuse extinguished, and to conclude that vituperation is never more excessive than in those cases where their victim has conferred some signal advantage on mankind.

The retrogradists have paid greater tribute to the merits of Count Cavour by the extravagance of their censures, than his panegyrists by their adulation. He has been compared by some of his admirers to the late Sir Robert Peel. Others have thought they were adorning his brows with the most conspicuous wreath of laurel by placing him on the same platform as Ximenes and Richelieu. But neither Ximenes nor Richelieu can be said to have built up fragmentary and mutually conflicting states into one harmonious kingdom. Neither of these statesmen effected, in the long course of a powerful administration, what Cavour effected in the short course of a weak administration. They did not change in the space of eight years, a third-rate state into a first-class monarchy. They labored for the interests of a despotic dynasty, Cavour in behalf of regenerated humanity. We yield to none in respect for the capacity of the late Sir Robert Peel. Yet great as is our opinion of his capacity, we are bound to assert that all his talents would hardly fill up a corner of the colossal mind of Cavour. Sir Robert stimulated by enlightened public opinion and by the example of his opponents, reformed the tariff; but Cavour reformed the tariff in front of a strong parliamentary opposition, and in the teeth of benighted public opinion. England impelled Sir Robert to inaugurate a free-trade policy; but Cavour of his free choice embraced the same policy, and forced it upon a reluctant country. Sir Robert did not reorganize the elements of a bankrupt and utterly dilapidated state of society, and leave it in a healthy condition. He did not evoke order out of chaos. He did not extricate his country from the social trammels of the fourteenth century and adapt its institutions to the loftiest requirements of the nineteenth century. He did not strew that country over with a network of railways, and quadruple both its naval and military defenses. He did not reform the Church. He did not unite or redeem a jarring race, and crush beneath his heel the two-headed hydra, which nurtured their discussions and secured their subjec-

tion. He did not lead a whole continent of people from bondage to freedom. Now, all these things Cavour accomplished, almost in the same space of time during which Sir Robert was trifling with the sliding-scale. All the reforms which cost France a world of blood, which England only carried out through a long course of centuries, he achieved by pacific means within the space of a few brief years. He changed a feudal and ecclesiastical *régime*, having its roots profoundly interlaced with the institutions of society, into a constitutional *régime*, in the midst of international and domestic catastrophes the most serious that a people can undergo. To seek the Count's equal we must retire from the ground of fact to the ground of fable. We must go back to the legendary days of Greece. Even if we ransack the archives of those times in which gods were supposed to mingle with men, we shall find the most mighty of their offspring fall short of the requirements exacted from an equal of Cavour. It is only by piecing together two or three of these mighty worthies that we can get the rival of this man. Hercules cleansed his country of monsters. So did the Piedmontese statesman. Orpheus, by harmonious laws and methodized contrivances reconstructed his state. So did Cavour. But he added to the tasks of Hercules and Orpheus the functions of Theseus. He not only cleansed the earth from abuses, and reconstructed the institutions of his country, but tore down the barriers which effaced the *prestige* of his race, and formed out of the fragments of its broken people a united nation.

In order to appreciate fully the extent of Count Cavour's services to Piedmont and to Italy, it is necessary to cast a glance upon the condition of both on the eve of his accession to office. Up to 1848 the aims of the Italians seldom went beyond the expulsion of the foreigner. Though anxious to achieve their political independence, they had no intention of merging their separate states into one kingdom. Indeed, the tendency of their struggles pointed the contrary way. Genoa made several attempts to detach itself from Piedmont. Lucca withdrew from Tuscany; the Legations from the Pope. The larger States, supported in their proud isolation by the traditional glories of the Middle Ages, had not the remotest conception of allowing their own

personality to be absorbed by jealous neighbors whose claims to precedence they had for centuries contested on the battle-field and in the diplomatic circle. While desiring for their countrymen the same freedom from foreign intervention which they claimed for themselves, they had no more idea of linking their fortunes with them in one state, than country neighbors who desire to get rid of locusts have of founding upon that common aim a design of flinging down their garden-walls and living as members of one household. Even Gioberti, in whom, previous to Cavour, the idea of national unity reached its highest practical development, would have left the Pope at Rome, the Bourbon at Naples, and the Grand-Duke at Tuscany. The ill-starred attempts of Mazzini, who would have freed Italy by the mask and stiletto, only to reduce her to the slavery of the worst forms of Communism, never obtained any favor from the thinking classes of the community. These outbreaks being confined to the Reds only, led to greater acts of repression, and even if successful, must have culminated in an overpowering despotism. The great merit of Cavour is that, while allying order with liberty, he led his countrymen to place all their hopes of prosperity in the extinction of their provincial barriers, and to conspire with him so to manipulate events as to lead to the foundation of a constitutional kingdom.

As regards Piedmont, the results of Cavour's labors are of a still more marvelous character. That country, upon his accession to office, had just been disemboweled at Novara. Its standards were trailed in the dust. Its spirit cowed. Its little army almost annihilated. The finances of the country were in a state of almost irretrievable bankruptcy. Its commerce annihilated; its institutions disorganized; moreover, it stood perfectly isolated. Its ill-judged policy had left it without a friend in Europe. Now, in all these cases Cavour, with a rapidity which might almost appear the result of magical enchantment, raised Piedmont from the lowest depths of depression to the loftiest pinnacle of hope. He quadrupled the commerce and agricultural riches of the country. He rehabilitated its finance. Sardinian loans became as easily negotiable in the exchanges of Europe as English treasury bills. During the period when cholera, the vine disease, and a succession

of bad harvests were desolating Piedmont, and its institutions were undergoing rapid transformation, its bonds were as marketable as French coupons, or the English three per cents. He created an army whose prowess on foreign fields won for it the admiration of Europe. From a state of isolation he connected his country so closely with the leading first-class powers as to oblige them to recognize its claims to be admitted upon a footing of perfect equality in European councils. He poured courage into its heart, placed a sword in its hand, and flung it on the path of glory. Piedmont became in this manner identified with Italy. Cavour taught Italy to regard his country as a sort of model state, and to place their only hope of prosperous independence in fraternizing with its institutions. Hence was accomplished that union for which Rienzi had vainly sighed, and which even eight years ago would have been pronounced impossible, unless by the direct interposition of Heaven.

Count Cavour's career is distinguished more than that of any other statesman we know by straightness of aim and inflexibility of purpose. From the day of his birth (10th August, 1810) to that of his death, (6th June, 1861,) one code of doctrines kept absolute possession of his mind. He had no old opinions, no murky prejudices to extricate himself from. He seems to have gained his liberal opinions by instinct along with his manly independence of character; and these appear to have increased with his growth, until they flourished as indigenous products of his mind, rather than as the results of an acquired experience. He had, however, the good fortune to be connected by birth with the nobility, which prevented his liberal tendencies from degenerating into a licentious freedom. His father, who had been one of the leading bankers at Turin, was ennobled by Charles Albert for his financial services to the Government. But if we may believe Librario, the family is descended in a direct line from the Counts of Maarienne, whose ancestor Thomas I., assumed, as conqueror of Piedmont, in the year 1244, the title of Prince of Achaia and Morea. A sister of the first Napoleon, the Princess Maria Borghese, stood sponsor for the Count at his baptism. His early education up to his fourteenth year was intrusted to Abbé Trezet, known as the author of a French history of the

House of Savoy. But neither the courtly teaching of the priest, nor the reactionary principles of the father, could lead the boy to repress his honest convictions, or bind him to the sphere in which his family designed him to move. He was first attached as a page to the court of Charles Felix; but his independent bearing, and an incautious use of his tongue, soon caused his dismissal from that office. He then pursued mathematics under the astronomer Plana, at the Military Academy of Turin, which he quitted with the rank of Lieutenant of Engineers. His liberal opinions, however, and his close habits of study, nearly estranged him from his family and his profession. While overlooking the construction of some fortifications at Genoa in his twenty-first year, the open expression of his sympathy for the French patriots of the three glorious days caused the authorities to send him, by way of punishment, to do garrison duty at Bard. Disgusted with his profession, and feeling the atmosphere of Piedmont, which was fast drifting into a profound lethargy under the guidance of Della Margherita, too cramped for his large spirit, the young engineer flung up his sword, and withdrew to England.

To the Count's stay in this country, his love for her institutions and laws, his study of her social and fiscal reforms, must be ascribed nearly all the great features of the policy which distinguished his ministerial career. It ought to be an Englishman's pride that the policy which made Piedmont instrumental in the resurrection of Italy, was imparted from this country. We afforded a great proof of how liberty can be secured without revolution, and stability allied with progress; nor was the Count slow in learning the lesson. Even before returning to Turin, he preached the great evangel of British civilization to Ireland. He demolished with inexorable logic the arguments of the school committed to the repeal of the union. He showed that, instead of detaching themselves from this country, the true interests of the Irish lay in tightening the bonds of alliance.* He also, in a separate publication, developed the principle of relative rights which is systematized in the British Constitution, as an effective counterpoise to the spread

of communistic ideas, with an acuteness of analysis and an amplitude of comprehension, which remind his reader of Burke.* He had, previously to his arrival on these shores, turned over the works of the great Scotch economists. Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* formed one of his earliest introductions to a knowledge of the English language. It was his catechism. He slept with it under his pillow. When Sir Robert Peel began his series of fiscal experiments, the Count raised his voice across the Alps to recommend the new commercial policy to the adoption of his country.† Nothing, during his five years' residence with us, could possibly escape him, from the latest invention in machinery, or the newest model farm, to the least improvement in the accouterments of our Horse Guards, or the smallest bulletin from our Chambers of Commerce. It is amusing to find him in Italy getting up agrarian agitations, tilling his land, and directing the Parliamentary Chambers at Turin, quite in the same manner as if he had been a corn-law agitator of Manchester, a constitutional lawyer of Lincoln's Inn, or a bluff farmer in the wolds of Kent. He devoutly believed that England was the leader of the world, and he determined to make Piedmont the England of Italy.

From England he passed over to France, whose language had been the tongue of his infancy, and in which country he had many connections on his mother's side. The social phenomena of Paris were interesting to him, as they afforded an *experimentum crucis* of the axiom that the want of what constituted the glory of France, proved the ruin of Italy. He left Piedmont under the old feudal *régime* which oppressed France before the Revolution. He had therefore the opportunity of examining with his own eyes the benefits which accrued to France from the abolition of that *régime*, and of increasing his conviction that similar results would follow similar reforms in his own country. If England furnished him with the commercial and constitutional model, France supplied him with the ecclesiastical model. While, however, accepting the results of the Revolution, Cavour

* *Des Idées Communistes et des Moyens d'en combattre le Développement.*

* *Sur l'Etat actuel de l'Irlande, et Sur son Avenir*, which subsequently appeared December, 1843, and June, 1844, in two successive numbers of the *Bibliothèque Universelle* of Geneva.

† *Dell' Influenza che la Nuova Politica Commerciale Inglese dese esercitare sul Mondo Economico, e sull' Italia in particolare.*

had a holy horror of the means by which they were realized. If Italy was to be regenerated, it must be by progressive reforms, and the development of its industrial resources, rather than by erecting barricades in its streets, by storming its prisons, or gutting its palaces. Cavour wisely thought that people long bent beneath the yoke of feudal and ecclesiastical misrule, could only be ripened for free institutions by discipline, by patient forethought, by hard labor. With this bias he wrote, during his stay in Paris, a series of papers in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on the establishment of railways in Italy, and the means of extending its commerce by the adoption of low tariffs. After some stay in Geneva, the birth-place of his mother, he returned to Turin, after a self-imposed expatriation of eight years.

From the year 1842 to 1847, Cavour's existence in Turin might be summed up in three words—patience, industry, hope. He founded an Agrarian Society, through the *Agricultural Journal* by which he made his country acquainted with all the improvements made in English husbandry. This society gradually brought within its sphere twenty thousand of the most intellectual portion of Piedmontese society. Under the pretext of discussing the rotation of crops, or the relative value of different manures, they broached social problems which it is just possible, had they been openly announced, would have led the jealous government of Soltera dell Margherita to visit the society with unceremonious extinction. On the accession of Pius IX., when the strong cry of liberation arose, the veil was discarded, and the society became a sort of political focus. Through it the liberal party consolidated their forces, and pressed on Charles Albert the consideration of moderate reforms. It was at this juncture that the *Risorgimento* was established. Cæsare Balbo assumed the principal direction of the journal, but was assisted by Cavour, D'Azeglio, Santa Rosa, Alfieri, Buoncompagni, and by Briano, who now lifts his voice to assail his early coadjutors. This party, strong in intellectual resources and the inexpugnable position which they took up, stood between the democrats on the one hand, and the feudal aristocracy and the clergy on the other. By advocating representative institutions and progressive reforms they sought to ward off

a collision. During the opening weeks of 1848, deputations crowded into Turin from the leading towns of Piedmont, to clamor for a constitution. The Turin municipality joined in the request. Cavour and Santa Rosa were deputed by a general meeting to carry a petition to that effect to the foot of the throne. Cavour sent to the King through the post the minutes of the preceding meeting, the publication of which the censorship would not permit. In two days after the presentation of the petition, the constitution was granted.

Cavour was returned to the Chamber of Deputies by the first electoral college of Turin. Charles Albert had previously drawn his sword against Austria, (23d March, 1848,) grounding his resolution on her atrocities in Venice and Milan, but in reality impelled by the fervor of his subjects, and by the secret conviction that the issue of the struggle would leave him master of Northern Italy. Six weeks afterward, at the first ominous turn in the fortunes of the war, the deputies met. Cavour had become unpopular by denouncing the democrats of Paris, whose tumults he had the sagacity to predict would end in conducting Louis Napoleon to the throne of the empire;* and by opposing the principle that Italy could make herself—*l'Italia fara de se*. He urged the executive to accept the proffered alliance of France. Hence the first words he uttered in that assembly, which was shortly to be the scene of his greatest triumphs, were greeted with a storm of hisses. In the succeeding autumn, even after the retreat of Milan and the humiliating armistice of Jalasco, because he predicted nothing but misfortune for Piedmont in the renewal of hostilities, he was denounced by his opponents as a croaking prophet of evil. Avigdor, a fellow-deputy of Nice, called him into the field, thinking to acquire some fame by sending to his account the man who had become so unpopular with his country. At the approaching general election, in January, 1849, a radical, who was unfit to carry his messages, was preferred to him. If, however, he was prevented from answering his opponents in the Chamber amidst the tumultuous hisses of the galleries, he gibbeted them in the columns of the *Ri-*

* These prophetic words appeared in the *Risorgimento* of the 16th November, 1848.

sorgimento. When he could not warn his country from the tribune, he did so from the newspaper. At length the fatal fight of Novara realized the truth of his predictions. The Old Chamber would not vote the treaty dictated by Austria sword in hand at the gates of Turin. The new King appealed to the country to return a Parliament more in accord with the necessities of their situation. Cavour was returned by his old constituency. On his proposition the treaty of Novara was voted in dignified silence.

A statesman of Cavour's powers could not be kept long out of the cabinet. Whether he expounded his views on commerce, on finance, or on foreign affairs, each of the ministers who held the portfolios of their departments regarded him as their superior. Zanga consulted with his colleagues, in 1850, on the expediency of resigning finance in his favor, but the death of Santa Rosa suddenly left the Bureau of Commerce vacant, and no one was thought so fit for the appointment as Cavour. As soon as he entered on his duties, a new spring was felt in every department of the administration. The movement of his own bureau, before and after his accession, might be compared to the progress of a carriage on wheels and the pace of a rattling express-train. In one short year he concluded commercial treaties with every country in Europe, on the basis of free-trade. He made known to all the world that Sardinia was ready to abolish her tariffs in favor of any country who would reciprocate her distinction. Even such towns as Lubeck, Bremen, and Hamburg did not escape him. Into the smallest Rhenish principality he sent his agents, paper in hand, saying: "Will you sign this business with me?" His commercial overtures reached the sunny shores of the Bosphorus, as well as the misty peaks of Norway. Nor were even the least significant of British colonies overlooked.

It was said at Downing street, during this period, that an entire staff of clerks were required to readjust Sardinia's new relations with our dependencies alone. Into whatever harbor he could send a ship, in whatever port he could establish a depot, in whatever town he could plant a consul, the spot was immediately hunted out and the business done. With the first-class states these trading compacts became of infinite importance in a moral

point of view. They withdrew Sardinia from the isolated position in which the revolution had left her. No one had a readier perception than Cavour of the speed with which fiscal relations develop into political relations.

The aim of Cavour in these enterprises was not so much to increase the revenues of the state, as to amass individual wealth, and to shake off the fatal lethargy which oppressed his countrymen, by plunging them into direct competition with other nations. The result showed that he could sacrifice large duties without diminishing the receipts of the treasury, while he lightened the springs of industry, and quadrupled the material resources of his country. The growth and manufacture of silk has increased three times in extent since the passing of the last custom laws in 1853. Cotton manufacture has grown five-fold. The construction of machinery has progressed in a similar ratio. According to the report of the Sardinian Minister of Commerce, both exports and imports show a fluctuating increase, though the latter have risen far above the former, as the Piedmontese are not such fools as to expend their own labor upon products which the new tariff laws enable them almost to pick up for nothing in foreign markets. In 1853-54, the increase of exports amounted to one hundred and sixty-six millions of francs, that of imports to ninety millions. In 1855-56, the advance upon the preceding year was, for exports alone, two hundred and two million nine hundred and twenty-three thousand francs, for imports, seventy-three million one hundred and thirty-three thousand francs. It must likewise be taken into account that this rapid augmentation in trade took place at a period when a large share of the internal capital of the country was withdrawn from commerce to be invested in the establishment of cheap means of transit and quick channels of communication. During the joint administration of Cavour and Paleocapa four hundred and three kilometres of railway were laid down at an outlay of £5,600,000: three hundred and forty-six additional kilometres were laid down by private companies, which Cavour encouraged by guaranteeing dividends, traffic, and other advantages. How immensely internal traffic has been extended by railways in Piedmont may be inferred from the fact that in 1857 they yielded a gross income of

£520,000, and in 1858, £580,000. Telegraphs have been constructed with a similar lavish hand, and with proportionate success; for, while equal in number to those of Belgium, they exceed them in receipts. The submarine lines link Turin with the Isle of Sardinia, with Malta, and Africa; while those overland bring the Government in connection with every city in Piedmont and every capital in Europe.

In the face of facts of this character, it is somewhat amusing to have the administration of Cavour traduced as unfortunate to the material interests of his country. Yet this attempt has been made by the Ultramontanes in our own Parliament, amidst the cheers of the great Conservative party! Mr. Thomas Boyer, and his colleague of King's county, are strong in statistics. The latter gentleman went over to Piedmont in the winter, and brought home a box of documents to prove that Piedmont had lost her trade, destroyed her shipping, played the bankrupt with her exchequer, and taken the last farthing out of the pockets of a starving people, by indulging the whim of Italian nationality. The figures quoted by this stump orator might be in the main correct, but that the inference from them expressed just the reverse of the truth, is evident upon the slightest examination, though such an acute logician as Lord John Manners pronounced the conclusion irrefragable. The declension in the freights of the Sardinian ports is evidence of no thing else than a change in the means of transport. It is calculated that three fourths of the commerce of Sardinia lies with France. Before the inauguration of railroads only one sixth of this took the overland route. The rest went round by Genoa and Marseilles. But since the line has been opened to Susa, which is to connect Turin with Paris, the land-traffic has considerably increased, and the shipping declined in proportion. A similar revolution has been effected by the line through Novara to the Lago Major, which is to connect Turin with Switzerland through the Simplon. Had Mr. Henessy lived in the days of the Melbourne ministry, he might have proved satisfactorily to his Conservative backers that British commerce had received a fatal check from the adoption of the Reform Bill, and based his argument on the decline of stage-coaches.

The other gravamen of the charge, that

Cavour tripled the debt of Sardinia and materially increased the taxation, may also be admitted without exposing his financial administration to the charge of bankruptcy. England in the sixteenth century had no debt. Her taxation, also, did not amount then to one fortieth of the sum it has reached in our day. But what political economist would be so hardy as to affirm that the England of the sixteenth century was richer than the England of the nineteenth century? That Sardinia could bear eight new imposts, and the augmentation of some half-dozen old ones, is to our mind an irrefragable argument that her people had thrived under the new system. At all events, the rate in the increase of population sprang from three for every hundred to six for every hundred. To estimate the financial condition of a nation, as well as that of an individual, we must balance its assets against its debentures. If its property increases in a far greater ratio than its debts, it is in a prosperous condition. This is precisely the condition of Piedmont. The money invested by the government in public railroads alone, and which it could realize by selling them to-morrow, would more than liquidate the pecuniary burdens which Cavour imposed on the nation. But the great bulk of the loans which he borrowed went to the creation of a vast naval port at Spezzia, the transformation of sailing into steam-frigates, the fortifications of Casal and Alexandria, the establishment of military schools, and the boring of Mont Cenis. By these undertakings, the nation came into possession of property quite equal to the money invested by which it was enabled not only to defend the wealth it possessed, but to acquire more.

That Cavour increased the debt of Sardinia from 225,649,316 francs to upward of 760 millions of francs ought to form a matter of very little surprise. When we consider the end he had in view, the great task he had to perform, and the magnitude of the result he accomplished, the marvel is not that he borrowed so much, but that he did not borrow more. He merely increased Sardinia's debt by shillings, to the same extent in which Pitt increased ours by pounds. But there is this difference between Pitt and the Piedmontese statesman, that while Pitt raised his loans upon terms utterly ruinous to the nation, and squandered the money reck-

lessly in purchasing defeat, Cavour never paid more for his loans than the fair market price,* and applied the proceeds in augmenting the material riches of his country, or fitting it for the encounter which was to terminate in the absorption of the whole of Italy. Besides, he foresaw the operation which has just been performed, when the debts of the extinct governments would be consolidated, and the Peninsula made jointly responsible for the loans which Sardinia had contracted in its liberation. The debt, however, would have been still smaller, had it not been for Cavour's practice of applying a surplus to the conversion of the funds upon the basis of a reduced rate of interest rather than to the extinction of the capital. By this means he kept the industrial energies of his country unshackled, while he indulged the conceit which forms the weakest point in his financial system, that no minister can regard his country as advancing with great strides in the path of progress, until she enjoys a large credit. Had he lived a month longer, his wishes would have been gratified to an ample extent. The consolidated debts of Italy have been recently returned at two milliards and a half of francs, which is equal to the whole debt of Holland.

Up to the spring of 1852, Cavour, as Minister of Finance, gave his hearty support to D'Azeglio's administration. But the revival of the French Empire immediately changed the situation. Before the *Coup d'Etat* he believed representative institutions in danger from the Reds; he, therefore, with the right opposed the left center. After the *Coup d'Etat* he believed the institutions of Piedmont in danger from absolutism, and flung in his lot with Ratazzi, the chief of the liberal opposition. The consequence was the defeat of the D'Azeglio ministry, in opposing the election of Ratazzi to the Presidency of the Chamber. An appeal to the country followed. But the premier's tendencies were not sufficiently liberal for the new Parliament. The King, after trying one or two other possibilities, sent for Cavour. The Count declined to form a ministry, on account of the Archbishop of Genoa (Chavari) seeking to impose conditions favorable to Rome. The King interposed, and allowed Cavour to choose

his colleagues unshackled by any ecclesiastical pledges.

Cavour has incurred the odium of the clerical party by his support of the Civil Marriage Bill, and the prominent share he took in carrying to a successful issue Riccardi's measure for the abolition of ecclesiastical jurisdiction in all matters within the sphere of the civil law. As soon as he felt that his administration was strong enough to enable him to do a little business in this way upon his own account, he showed that the clergy had not misreckoned their man. There existed three hundred and twenty-one convents in Piedmont. They had been enfeoffed with land at the Restoration valued at a hundred millions of francs. This either lay out of cultivation, or was cultivated so badly that its produce might be said to be completely lost to the state. It was amenable, like other lands in mortmain, to no tax. Cavour determined to suppress all such institutions which were not directly concerned in the exercise of some useful function, and to apply the proceeds to the extension of schools, and the augmentation of the revenues of the poorer clergy. He also rendered the establishment of conventual institutions illegal without the direct sanction of the state. Canons were likewise excluded from the Chamber of Deputies, on the ground that their functions implied residence near their cathedral. The clergy raised a cry that the ministers were the sons of Satan. Some predicted an immediate return to heathenism. The Pope fulminated the sentence of mass excommunication against all concerned in the passing of the iniquitous enactment. The government was charged with mimicking the worst follies of the French Revolution. All the penalties which the apostolic constitutions and the sacred canons inflict on those who despoil the Church of its property, were heaped on their heads by an indignant priesthood. Yet Cavour and his colleagues declared they had not touched an obolus. They left the Church in possession of its entire revenue of seventeen million francs, which was equal to the tenth part of the effective produce of all the goods of the state, and more than four times the income which the Belgian Church possessed for attending to the spiritual concerns of a larger population. Whence, then, the occasion of this mighty tempest? Had Cavour treated the Vati-

* Sometimes three, certainly never more than five per cent, without bonus of any kind.

can too cavalierly? He had attempted to gain by a concordat with the Pope only one tenth part of the privileges which Pius VII. conceded to the First Consul, under fear that France would otherwise become Protestant by a decree of General Bonaparte. The Vatican was not very consistent in charging the Sardinian minister with undermining the foundations of the Church by acts which its chiefs had occasionally performed themselves, and which they had frequently allowed to others.

Two courses were open to Cavour in bringing the Church of Piedmont in harmony with the wants of the age and the spirit of the new constitution. He might have reduced the Church to the Belgian model, as Ratazzi advised, by a wholesale confiscation of its property, and brought the priests in complete subjection to the state. This policy would have despoiled the clergy of their material weapons, and rendered them the creatures instead of the assailants of the government. But Cavour set his face against violent and wholesale proscriptions, even when they tended to his advantage. The course of moderate reform might be slow, but it was sure. It led to no reaction; it was in harmony with nature; hence Cavour preferred to leave the clergy with means in their hands of imperiling the safety of his government, rather than risk the attainment of his ultimate purposes by any radical spoliation. What their hostility was, the reader may form some conception of, who has witnessed the clerical agitation in Ireland during a general election. Every parish furnished the focus of an association for upsetting the government. Every chapter-house was a magazine of sedition. The confessional, the pulpit, the weekly *prône*, the parochial visit, each were turned into a channel of virulent attack upon the government. When the time for choosing a new Chamber came round in 1857, all the armory of attack was consolidated and extended. Those who voted for the ministerial candidate were menaced with deprivation of the sacrament. Those who refused to support the clerical candidate would have to answer for the crime at the day of judgment. Both were threatened with exclusion from Christian burial. All the powers of heaven and hell were convoked to intermingle in the election of a representative for the petty municipality of a

little state, and the celestial hierarchies were made to tremble upon the issue of the fray, as if the destinies of the universe depended on the victory of the fat conservative mayor over the lean radical professor. Ministers, splashed with a torrent of fiery talk, and haunted by monsters conjured up from the depths of Phlegethon, quailed for a moment. Cavour resigned in favor of Durando, April, 1855. But the latter gentleman could not form a ministry. The bishops gave way; and Cavour and his colleagues, strong in the justice of their cause, ultimately triumphed.

As soon as Cavour had matured his Convent Bill, he exchanged the Home Office, which he had previously presided over in connection with that of Finance, for Foreign Affairs. His preceding ministerial career had only been prelusive; but now he was to draw up the curtain on the first act of that eventful drama which was to end in the unification of Italy. The difficulties which involved the Western Powers in the early stages of the Russian war, had led them to knock at the doors of every principality in Europe for assistance. Even the late King of Naples was invoked to put forth his arm on the occasion. But no statesman either in Germany or Italy seemed to understand the advantages which might be drawn from the crisis but Cavour. He told his countrymen the way to free Italy was not to indulge in idle tirades against Austria, or to write school-boy declamations on the sacredness of liberty as imaged in the virtues of Timoleon and Brutus, but to take a sword in their hands, and display their prowess on the battle-fields of Europe. The overtures of the Anglo-French alliance were accepted. Cavour dispatched no mean force to the Crimea, which on the banks of the Tchernaya, by their gallant resistance to the Russians in the sight of two fine armies, earned for themselves the applause of Europe. In the subsequent Council of War, held in Paris, their chief, La Marmora, took his seat along with the other commanders in the expedition. In the subsequent Congress, Cavour found himself discussing, for the first time, with the leading plenipotentiaries of Europe, high questions of policy affecting the loftiest European interests. After attaching Napoleon to his interests, by supporting his views on the union of the two Principalities and on the free navigation

of the Danube, in opposition to Austria, he dexterously availed himself of the occasion, in a note to Lord Clarendon, (25th March, 1856,) to draw the attention of Congress to the abnormal state of the Pontifical Legations, and Austria's infringement of the Vienna treaties, by her protracted occupation of Central Italy. His views found an echo in the breasts of the English and French plenipotentiaries. But Count Buol, on the part of Austria, declared his incompetence to discuss any questions not arising out of the Eastern war. Though the Congress closed without any decision being taken, Cavour had gained his object. He had taken the Italian question out of the chamber of conspirators, and carried it before the councils of kings. He had many expressions of the warmest sympathy, not from a club of excited revolutionists or reckless partisans, but from the lips of the representatives of the kingdoms of the first rank in Europe. Italy leapt up at his words. At last she had found the clue to her regeneration. Busts and medallions were showered on the Turin premier upon his return. The spark had been applied to the train which was to lead to the resurrection of his country.

For some years past an estrangement had been rapidly increasing between the Courts of Turin and Vienna. The liberal policy of the Government, and the ecclesiastical reforms which had drawn upon it the hostility of the Holy See, doubtless furnished the nucleus of the hatred which was on the eve of breaking out into open war. The sequestration of the goods of such Lombard subjects as became naturalized subjects of Sardinia, on the occasion of the Milanese riot in 1853, and the supercilious silence with which the Viennese Court treated Victor Emanuel's notification of the death of his wife, the Archduchess Maria, doubtless blew the smoke into a flame. The abuse with which the Piedmontese press greeted the Emperor's visit to Milan in 1855, and Cavour's gracious reception of the deputations which thronged into Turin from all parts of Italy, to thank him for his exertions in behalf of their country at the Congress of Paris, furnished the occasion of a diplomatic war, which ended in the mutual recall of their ambassadors. Austria also took umbrage at the activity displayed in manning the fortress of Alexandria, and at the erection by public

subscription of a monument to the bravery of the Sardinian army at Milan. In the diplomatic fence which followed, Cavour certainly had the best of the argument. The Austrian fortifications at Piacenza justified Sardinia in mounting cannon at Alexandria. He could not, when public sympathy was offered to Piedmont for her services in the cause of Italy, reject it. Austria was as anxious as Turin to get public opinion on her side. Count Buol was told that the Sardinian press was amenable to the laws, and that Count Paar, the Austrian envoy at Turin, might cite it before the proper tribunals. The Emperor, indeed, should be the last person to complain of the virulence of the Turin press, in the sight of the tirades which issue against Sardinia from his own. For the most virulent attacks of the Piedmontese journals could do the Emperor no harm, as they were not admitted into his dominions, while those of Vienna were found in every café of Turin. Besides, Victor Emanuel's Government had no power over its own press, and disapproved of its virulence. But the journals of Vienna might be suppressed by royal edict, while the abuse which appeared in its columns was evidently inspired by people breathing the atmosphere of the court. Buol affirmed in reply that the allusion to the Viennese press was a feint to get out of a difficulty, and that it was inconsistent with the dignity of the Austrian envoy to be dragging every day the editors of journals before the legal tribunals. Paar demanded his passports, and said he would return when the attacks of the press ceased. Cavour recalled Cantono from Vienna, and appealed to the Western Powers for a confirmation of the justice of his cause. At that juncture the *Morning Advertiser* was distinguished for its daily tirades against Austria. Cavour asked, why did not the Austrian Legation quit London? Why complain at Turin, and leave St. James's without a remonstrance? Why such susceptibilities with the weak, while so tolerant with the strong?

There can not, we think, be a doubt, from the bold tone assumed by Cavour in these dispatches, and from his defiant attitude, there was an understanding between the courts of Turin and Paris, even on the breaking up of the Paris Congress, that in case of war Sardinia might depend on the aid of France. The

visit to Plombières in the middle of the succeeding year (1858) only sealed the compact that Piedmont was to yield Savoy for Lombardo-Venetia. Cavour, from his French education and his maternal kinship, had been a constant advocate of a French alliance. In his visits to the Tuileries during the short interregnum of office in 1852, when he was accompanied by Ratazzi, and in the autumn of 1855 when he accompanied the King, he doubtless was not backward in pointing out to Napoleon the many advantages that would accrue to him from aiding Sardinia to expel Austria from Italy. These floating ideas doubtless assumed form and consistence before Cavour began his career of Italian agitation, and threw up breastworks at Casal and Alexandria. The new year's salutation which Napoleon addressed to Hübner, and the marriage of his cousin with the Princess Clotilde, which followed in due sequence, showed that war was inevitable. The speeches of the Savoy deputies in the Turin Chambers also plainly revealed what was to be the price of its success. But Cavour had taken his measures so well as to outwit the Emperor. He had arranged with the liberal party in Modena, Parma, Tuscany, and the Romagna, as soon as the Austrians were expelled, to rise and fraternize with Piedmont. Hence, while Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel were driving the enemy within the confines of the quadrilateral, Cavour was busy suppressing the divisions between Piedmont and Central Italy, and preparing the way for its complete annexation. And those states fell into his lap like ripe pears from a shaken tree. While Cavour was complacently bagging the spoil, Napoleon pulled up at Villafranca. The appropriation of Central Italy was more than he had bargained for. This never entered into his idea. It was not in the bond. He resolved to leave Austria in Italy that Sardinia might not be independent of France.

The ensuing peace extinguished Cavour's administration and the rising hopes of Italy. Ratazzi and Marmora succeeded, but Cavour, though behind the scenes, was the power which still directed the moves. By him the Central States were emboldened to persevere in their resolve to consummate their union with Piedmont. The overtures of the emissaries of the expatriated princes, of Austrian

spies, and Napoleonic agents were firmly resisted. The confidence of Italy was reassured. Napoleon could not employ an army to dragoon the people into his views, and he was bound in honor to prevent Austria from doing so. Cavour was recalled to the helm in the January of 1860. He boldly accepted the votes of the inhabitants of the liberated States, and annexed them to Piedmont. Napoleon, after demurring, and sacrificing his foreign minister who had pledged his word for the return of the exiled dukes, demanded Savoy and Nice as the price of his acquiescence in the appropriation. These were of much greater extent than Venice. He had, therefore, a claim to the fulfillment of the original compact. Cavour knew that resistance was useless. The retention of Savoy was of little moment to Piedmont. But the concession was of great moment to Napoleon, as it brought France more in harmony with his dynasty, by making the Alps the monument of his victories, and feeding the minds of his subjects with military glory.

Cavour had made a despot subservient to his designs of founding a great constitutional kingdom. He was now to turn the services of an extreme republican to account in the enlargement of a monarchy. That Cavour was not loved by Napoleon, that he was positively hated by Garibaldi, only projects into bolder relief the great ability of the statesman who could mold agents so incongruous to his purpose, and employ minds of so stubborn a texture to give a death-blow to the progress of their own opinions. Cavour had always crushed the democrats in the Chamber, yet we find them ready to become his allies in the field as soon as the prospect of a rupture with Austria approached its culmination. While Europe was amused with the feint of a congress in the spring of 1859, Cavour called out the contingent, and threw thirty thousand men into Casale, and signed the commissions of Cosenza, Garibaldi, and Medici as chiefs of the new corps of hunters of the Alps. The ascendancy over heterogeneous materials, evinced by the alliance of the red republicans with the soldiers of an iron despotism in the succeeding war, was, however, surpassed by the dexterous manner in which the same democrats were flung with a forlorn hope into the Neapolitan territory, and the

skill with which they were appropriated by a minister whom they were anxious to dethrone. The advantages which Garibaldi and his companions achieved over large masses of Austrian troops in the Como district emboldened them to join their co-revolutionists in Sicily. If the Sardinian cabinet did not suggest, they certainly favored the expedition. Though Cavour had just united the deputies of eleven millions of Italians in one parliament, his position did not promise much stability. France had tolerated rather than approved of the annexation of Central Italy. Europe had been estranged from Piedmont by her cession of Savoy and Nice. The Pope was collecting a large force under an able general upon the Sardinian frontiers. The King of Naples had an immense army ready to move as soon as the Emperor Francis Joseph gave the word. It was evidently Cavour's interest, that the democrats should be prevented from instigating public opinion to coerce his government into any rash enterprise, by alluring them to take the initiative, and to turn to account any new situation which might arise favorable to his own government. His bold yet delicate handling of the events which accompanied and arose out of the Sicilian expedition furnish the crowning features of his political sagacity.

Sardinia, in bad odor with European courts through the surrender of her ancient monarchy, disavowed the undertaking. Yet she fed its first successes with arms and men. As soon as King Francis had quitted Naples, Cavour landed one thousand Bersaglieri upon its shores. A few days after, eleventh September, he advised the King to receive a deputation from Umbria and the Marches, claiming deliverance from the new Papal mercenaries who stifled the expression of public opinion, and subjected the inhabitants to grievous exactions. The occasion was critical. Garibaldi, who had just entered Naples, threatened to march on Arne, and make a breakfast meal of Lamoriciere's condottieri on his way. He even went so far as to write to Victor Emmanuel demanding the dismissal of Cavour and his colleagues. The resolute minister at once ordered Cialdini to advance into Umbria, and defended in a memorandum to foreign courts his violation of neutral territory on the ground of national requirements. The exceptional character

and the legitimate interest of the situation, showed how much it behoved monarchical states to have those interests settled by a regal and well-ordered government rather than by the emissaries of revolution. The victory of Castel Fidardo led the Sardinian army across the confines of Naples just as Garibaldi had received his first check under the walls of Capua. Its arrival was all the more welcome. The soldier of the people resigned his dictatorship into the hands of the King. The inhabitants of Sicily and Naples on the twentieth of October voted themselves members, with Piedmont and Central Italy, of one common country. The eleven millions of subjects under Victor Emmanuel became at a stroke twenty-two millions. His dominions, a few months before shut up between the Po and the Alps, extended from Susa to Palermo.

In the spring of this year, Count Cavour opened the first Parliament of the kingdom of Italy. To interpellations respecting Rome and Venice, he replied that he had no specific means of untying the knot which detached those states from the rest of the country. The problem was difficult. The mathematicians of diplomacy had not the requisite data for its immediate solution. Without Rome, however, for the capital of the new kingdom, there could be no satisfactory adjustment of the Italian question. But the completion of the nationality of Italy was only a question of time. Austria, since the unification, would find every day her difficulties increase with regard to Venice. For the moral world was governed by laws analogical to the physical, and bodies attracted each other in proportion to the mass. Catholic Europe would also feel that its august chief was likely to be more free and independent in the exercise of his functions when surrounded with the love and respect of twenty-five millions of Italians, than as defended with twenty thousand foreign bayonets. The minister was right in thus counseling patience. He could afford to preach caution, as he had shown himself, as often as the proper opportunity presented itself, the most daring of statesmen. There was, in addition, a world of work to do in completing the consolidation of the North with the South. States so dissimilar as Naples and Piedmont are not amalgamated by a decree scrawled

upon a scrap of paper. Nor can new administrative ties be improvised in the course of a single week. They require months of conjoint action and of ministerial labor. Had the Count been spared, no one entertains a doubt that, in the course of a year or two, he would have found some opportune juncture to set the corner-stone to the structure of Italian nationality. But fortune had favored him too much to allow him to consummate his triumph on the steps of the Capitol. Like his country's most cherished bard, as the laurel wreath was on the eve of preparation, he sank, the victim of his physician's unskillful treatment of a fever brought on by over-work. He expired in the same house, in the very room, in which he was born.

Count Cavour is represented in the ordinary accounts of his career as being the inheritor of a large fortune. But this is a mistake. As the cadet of the family, he had only a few hundreds a year; but he early increased this small patrimony by private speculation. It seems ridiculous to state—which is really the truth—that by selling matches he gained the great bulk of his fortune. When lucifers first made their appearance in Italy, by his large investments in the trade he realized thirty thousand pounds. He also reaped a considerable harvest by introducing guano and other manures into Piedmont. He prepared himself, by constructing his own fortunes, for becoming the architect of the fortunes of his country. This is a far greater standard of fitness for office and command in the state than the highest university distinction. What he gained easily he spent with a lavish hand. He never allowed the consideration of ways and means to stand between himself and his objects, or financial restraints to curtail the grandeur of his plans, or check the profuse liberality of his disposition.

Cavour's habits of work were something terrific. While minister, one bu-

reau seldom sufficed him; he generally held two of the offices of state in common. During the Austrian war of 1859, he held four portfolios in his grasp. His ordinary hour for rising was four o'clock. In conference, he came at once to the point at issue, and did not allow his time to be wasted by idle garrulity. But in the evening he would receive a few of the deputies at dinner, and talk over state affairs with his intimate circle at the opera. But when midnight came round, he was frequently so exhausted as to be overtaken with sleep while taking off his clothes.

His attainments out of the region of mathematics and political economy were not profound. To accurate scholarship he had not the slightest claim. Even his Italian was never pure. It was the French idiom strained through an Italian translation. None of his speeches can be called eloquent in the same sense in which Mirabeau's or Canning's can be called eloquent. While his writings are distinguished for limpid clearness of thought and clever repartee, and most clenching logic, they are sadly deficient in musical rhythm of language, in scholar-like neatness of phrase, and vigor of expression. Literary studies seem not have arrested his attention. Of the grand regions—the seductive vistas—of the ideal world, he knew little and cared less. The whole vigor of his intellect was absorbed in the practical element. He is the only example on record of a great statesman whose mind never traveled beyond the material aspects of humanity, leading a passionate people to throw off by the sheer force of enthusiasm their foreign oppressors, and reënter on the path of their ancient glory. What the scathing iron of Machiavelli, the classic eloquence of Rienzi, the boiling imagination of Dante, could not achieve for their highly susceptible countrymen, was accomplished by the matter-of-fact student of Scotch political economy.

From the London Review.

NOVELS AND NOVELISTS.*

It is useless to shut our eyes to the fact that fiction, so long exposed to indiscriminating reproach, has stepped at last into a certain place among the literary "powers that be." Thirty years ago many sober people had strong things to say against fiction. Some averred that, like olives, it was nauseous to the natural taste; and that the child's invariable question—"Is it a true story?" attested the first uncorrupted instincts of youth. Some went so far as to declare that fiction was falsehood, because it was not fact. Fairy tales were banished from the nursery not less rigorously than three-volume novels were declared contraband in the parlor, thirty years ago. Such restrictions were then possible. Children spent more time in active employments, more time in the kitchen, the stable, the garden, the farm-yard; less, a great deal less, with books. With no cheap crimson and gold volumes for presents, no circulating library at the corner of the street, no monthly serials to introduce the poison in a diluted form, young people could be easily limited by domestic police to the perusal of unobjectionably stupid books, or—of none at all. But this becomes impossible when hosts of periodicals and cheap books offer supplies of fiction suited to every class and age. All sorts of philanthropic societies, with the Religious Tract Society at their head, fight against the most vicious part of the press with its own weapons, and seek to invade the

enemies' camp by furnishing truth and morality with the pass-word of fiction. But this service, be it observed, is done by stories, not by novels; at least not by novels in their three-volume form. Serials stand on a ground of their own: and, though many sober people read novels without scruple in their pages, they would be shocked to call them by their right name. It would seem that an unquestionable novel ceases to be the poisonous thing it is, when it appears in monthly numbers. But only let the stories in *Chambers* or *Fraser* be bound up in that particular brown calf which stamps the circulating library, and they become in a measure tabooed, to be pushed off serious drawing-room tables, and excluded from serious book-clubs. Doubtless all our readers could point out certain households and literary circles to which magazines are readily admitted, while three-volume novels are forbidden.

So far from taking this view of the case, we contend not only that stories and novels stand on the same ground, but that they stand on the same ground as all other books, and must be judged by the same rule. If fiction is not in itself sinful—and those who allow stories yield this point; if it has a special purpose to serve—and those who give stories to their children yield this point; then, a work of fiction is to be judged by its own merits *as* a work of fiction, just as a sermon is judged by its own merits *as* a sermon. It is a separate question whether novels which give innocent amusement and recreation, may not be turned into a source of injury by being made a predominant and habitual study. We must not confound the good of novels with the evils of novel-reading, any more than we should confound the wholesomeness of sugar with the mischief of a surfeit. As to our bodily food, the common experience of mankind determines whether sugar is eatable or not, and afterward the chemist determines whether sugar is adulterated or not; but finally, each individual must

**Oceola*.—*The War Trail*. By MAYNE REID.
Felicita.—*The Romance of Agostini*. Blackwood.

The Neighbors. By Miss BREMER.
DICKENS'S WORKS.

Framley Parsonage.—*The Three Clerks*.—*The Bertrams*. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Vanity Fair.—*The Newcomes*. By THACKERAY.
Hypatia. By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Adam Bede.—*The Mill on the Floss*. By GEORGE ELIOT.

Tom Brown's School Days.—*Tom Brown at College*.

The Caxtons. By SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

The Heir of Redclyffe. By MISS YONGE.

Zanoni. By SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

determine whether sugar agrees with him or not. Just so, when the common-sense of mankind has decided that fiction does minister to the refreshment of our mental faculties, it is the part of the analyst to test each particular sample, and discover how much is nourishment and how much is sweet clay or poison; but when that is done, each individual reader must decide whether it shall minister to health by moderate use, or to disease by excess.

Perhaps the lowest sort of novel is that which derives its interest from wild adventures or horrors; and in these the author of *The War Trail* and *Oceola* greatly excels. We should have judged that his popularity would be almost limited to school-boys, who rejoice in wild adventures, and call every thing that belongs to the softer sentiments "bosh;" but, considering how much all uneducated people delight in horrors, we incline to think he may be popular among the lower order of readers; and, indeed, we have often seen Mayne Reid's works in the hands of adult second-class railway passengers. It would be hard to say that this style of writing does harm; much more hard to suppose that it does any good; but, like the clay with which the wild Indian fills his stomach when he can not get food, it may possibly allay a craving without doing injury. The wild improbability of these stories is in favor of their harmlessness. When we plunge into Indian wars and stratagems with *Oceola*, in the swamps of Florida, we find ourselves in a sphere completely separated from our own. It is not *our* life; not *our* joy and grief, *our* good and evil. We do not weigh or consider it—we pass no judgment, learn no lesson; we look on it as a spectacle, and that is all. If we are but young enough or ignorant enough to lose sight of the gross improbability, then, the more wonderful and appalling the incidents, the better we shall enjoy the phantasmagoria of our adult magic-lantern.

Something of the same influence hangs over us in the perusal of novels of a higher class which profess to give us pictures of civilized but foreign life: such as the two pretty Italian stories which have lately appeared in *Blackwood*, and the well-known novels of Miss Bremer. Just so far as the life presented to us is like our own, we look on it with the interest of sympathy; just so far as it is unlike our

own, we look on it with the curiosity of spectators: and the two feelings meet in a suspension of judgment highly favorable to the authors of such works. Every thing that is true and good is set down to their credit as well drawn; while every thing that is silly or coarse is set down to the discredit of the life they have sketched for our benefit. When the young Italian, in *Felicita*, calmly discourses to the cousin he loves, about the intended wife whom he does not love, it does not jar on our feelings as it would do in the mouth of an English lover. When little Lucy makes her wild compact of endless trust with the young Roman painter—when that young Agostino himself suddenly rises from an idler into a hero—in short, when the whole story bears on its face the romance which it bears in name, we read it with indulgence, and are willing to accept the faults of the story as part of the social system that belongs to Italy rather than to England. This is equally the case with Miss Bremer's novels. If some of her scenes seem vulgar, some of her characters ill-drawn, some of their sentiments high-flown, we scarcely venture to apply these terms to such unfamiliar phenomena: perhaps they are only Swedish life and Swedish feelings. When the young married couple find their respected *chère mère* fiddling to her dancing servants on Sunday afternoon; when she slaps and pinches the young bride, and gives them a bundle of veal-cutlets for their breakfast the next morning; when a wife of twenty-seven and a husband of forty scuffle and romp till he is rolled into a ditch—we stare and laugh, but pass no judgment, for perhaps these are Swedish manners. In short, we accept the home life of *The Neighbors*, with its quiet wisdom and right feeling, as part of our common humanity; and we accept every thing peculiar or fantastic as a Swedish slide in the magic-lantern which amuses us by its novelty, and with regard to which we never pause to decide how far its tragic and comic figures are caricatures of life.

We would fain hope that many of the French novels which we do *not* here notice, owe much of their circulation in England to this suspension of judgment. Unwatchful and dangerous as such suspension is, we would rather think that our innocent boys and girls are thrown off their guard by the novelty of these features of foreign life, than that, seeing all the human loath-

someness that lies beneath the French clothing, they should yet read and enjoy such depraved books.

The union of life interest with the interest derived from spectacles unlike our own life, is characteristic of one of our most popular English novelists—Dickens. Sometimes he gives us horrors and adventures, robbery and murder, storm and shipwreck, great Fire of London, spontaneous combustion; oftener he gives us scenes of foreign life—for what are the lives of thieves, beggars, clerks, footmen, prisoners, and policemen, but foreign to the mass of his readers? But his chief forte consists in delineating that particular aspect of life which admits of high caricature. On this ground he stands forth the unrivaled master of his art. His harlequin slides in the magic-lantern are inimitable; but, when he rises into the higher regions of feeling and passion, his tendency to caricature becomes ridiculous; and when he rises into principles, he shocks us. Yet in the simpler emotions that belong rather to pathos than passion, Dickens is more successful. Little Nelly, for instance, in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, has been greatly praised; yet we suspect most readers turn with a feeling of relief from her to the incomparable Richard Swiveller. Generally speaking, we like a little pathos interspersed with his delightful fun, as we like a wafer with an ice, less for the sake of the wafer than for the better enjoyment of the ice. As for his principles, they may be said to resolve themselves into three cardinal points, continually implied though never formally expressed, in his writings. First: that no woman ought to be judged hardly who is led astray by her affections. Secondly: that illegitimacy is no sort of disgrace. Thirdly: that it is an excessively harsh thing that society should make us eat the fruit of our own doings! There is scarcely one of his works which does not contain something uncomfortable or revolting, and something altogether distorted by caricature. He is especially unfortunate in his sketches of women. His ungente women, Mrs. Dombey, Miss Wade, and Rosa Dartle, are monsters; and his gentle women have a particular aptitude for making mistaken marriages. Madeline Bray would have married the wretched usurer Arthur Gride; Florence, the young lady, marries Walter the sailor-boy; Ada marries poor lost Richard Car-

stone, and Esther would have married Mr. Jarndyce, if he had not had sense enough to prevent her just in time. And then what sad stories are found in his works; what sin, and sorrow, and disgrace! Illegitimacy in *Oliver Twist*, *Bleak House*, and *Little Dorrit*—seduction in *David Copperfield*—plotted adultery in *Dombey*—hatred between father and child in *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *Dombey*—murder in *Oliver Twist*—suicide in *Nicholas Nickleby*—murder and intended parricide in *Martin Chuzzlewit*; and, saddest, though not worst of all, gradual deterioration of character, and waste of gifts of high promise, in Richard Carstone and Steerforth; and all these dark spots and stains relieved, not so much by contrasted brightness, by energy in action, or heroism in endurance, as by drollery and broad fun. Perhaps these flaws are less evident in *David Copperfield* than in any other of his works; it has less caricature, either tragic or comic, less stilted emotions, less broad merriment, and is more like life in its subdued gayety and pathos, and pleasant cheerfulness. Yet, even in *David Copperfield*, Rosa Dartle and Miss Mowcher are outrageous caricatures. Authors have a standing jest against the sagacity of critics, based upon the fact that such alleged caricatures are often the only characters in the book that have been actually sketched from life. As if that altered the case! The most exact of all likenesses, sun-drawn likenesses, are often unpleasant caricatures; and for this reason, that they do what an unskillful author does when he makes an exact copy of nature, apart from the accessories with which nature surrounds her living models. Nature has atmosphere and movement to tone down all her peculiarities; but if a writer does not tone them down to compensate for the want of movement and variety which is found in life, and which surrounds our social existence as the atmosphere does our outward forms, we shall have an exact likeness, all the more a caricature as it is exact. Dickens's sketches are not always devoid of malice, but we trust they have done little harm. This, at least, must be said for the caricaturist, that if he teaches us any thing wrong, he does his best to undermine his own influence, by having accustomed us never to look to him for any sort of teaching. We do not under-rate the office of the comic writer: as *Punch* is to politics, Dickens is to our

social life; and, in the laughter they have both raised, they deserve a place, we will not say how high a place, among the benefactors of mankind. Some of Dickens's characters are admirably drawn. Sam Weller, Tom Pinch, and Mr. Bucket will live—ah! we dare not say how long they will live; for the short-lived peculiarities of the age are woven around them; and when England outgrows the nineteenth century, we take it for granted she will outgrow Dickens. What matter? If we minister to our own age, it is as much as man or God requires of us. Merely to amuse is not a high vocation or one with which any man should be content; else were the privileged half-witted jester as high in creation as ourselves. Nevertheless, when mirth is innocent and in the right place, the benefit it confers on health and spirits, and the barrier it raises against sourness and ill-temper, is what no wise man will despise.

Next to the great master of comedy and caricature stands one of the pleasantest writers of the present day. He gives us pictures of our own veritable English life, but with a less disturbed atmosphere; for Anthony Trollope is less an Englishman than a Greek. Gay, good-humored, a reveler in pleasant things, a firm believer in the general rightness and brightness of the course of human affairs, he is quite sure they ought to come right, and quite determined that they shall come right, as far as he can manage it. This by no means implies the absence of sorrow and suffering, weakness and wickedness; for these things are deeply mixed with our mortal life, and must needs appear in all true pictures of it. But then they are introduced in manageable proportions; and our sympathies are enlisted with the smooth working of the great social machine, which demands not only that gentleness and goodness should prosper, but that weakness should suffer, and wickedness be punished. Yet he is a very tolerant and patient master of his puppets; and if there be any strength to battle with the weakness, or lingering worth to balance the wickedness, he is sure to give them new opportunities, and lend them a helping hand. But his unmitigated scoundrels, like Undy Scott, never go scot-free; indeed, our humanitarians would be shocked at the unction with which he expresses his vehement desire to hang Undy, instead of consigning him to the

disgrace and ruin of a detected black-guard. In *The Three Clerks*, poetical justice is fully carried out: Charley Tudor, thrown, as a mere boy, into bad company and bad circumstances in London, must be helped by friends and circumstances; Alaric, more free to choose right, and therefore more culpable in choosing wrong, must suffer more deeply, and struggle back through suffering; and Henry Norman, always good and pleasant, but a trifle "spoony," must have a smooth and prosperous conclusion. Not that Anthony Trollope ever *says* any thing like this; it is one of his great merits, that he narrates without perpetually stopping to comment and moralize. He shows us what he wants us to see, and makes his speakers say what he wants us to hear, scattering here and there his own maxims of good-humored, serviceable worldly-wisdom.

"'Those high political grapes had become sour,' my sneering friends will say. Well! is it not a good thing that grapes should become sour which hang out of reach? Is he not wise who can regard all grapes as sour, which are manifestly too high for his hand? Those grapes of the treasury bench, for which gods and giants fight, suffering so much when they are forced to abstain from eating, and so much more when they do eat; those grapes are very sour to me. I am sure that they are indigestible, and that those who eat them undergo all the ills which the *Revalenta Arabica* is prepared to cure. And so it was now with the archdeacon. He thought of the strain which would have been put on his conscience, had he come up there to sit in London as Bishop of Westminster; and in this frame of mind he walked home to his wife."—*Framley Parsonage*, chap. xxv.

Again:

"It is not surprising that at such a moment Gertrude found that Alaric's newer friends fell off from him. Of course they did; nor is it a sign of heartlessness or ingratitude in the world, that at such a period of great distress new friends should fall off. New friends, like one's best coat and polished patent-leather boots, are only intended for holiday wear. At other times they are neither serviceable nor comfortable; they do not answer the required purposes, and are ill adapted to give us the ease we seek. A new coat, however, has this advantage, that it will in time become old and comfortable; so much can by no means be predicated with certainty of a new friend."—*The Three Clerks*, chap. xlii.

But Anthony Trollope has higher morality than this: if it be not the very highest, it is sound and true, as far as it goes.

He never teaches us to call right wrong, or wrong right; and rarely forces on us a tolerance of wrong, by the personal argument that we, too, under the same temptation, might have felt or done the same. We should hold him to be a keen politician; for some of his severest observations are political hits. Conservative as we desire to be in all good things, we think the following remarks have been amply deserved:

"At that time men had not learnt thoroughly by experience, as now they have, that no reform, no innovation, stinks so foully in the nostrils of an English Tory politician, as to be absolutely irreconcilable to him. When taken in the refreshing waters of office, any such pill can be swallowed. Let the people want what they will, Jew senators, cheap corn, vote by ballot, no property qualification, or any thing else, the Tories will carry it for them if the Whigs can not. A poor premier Whig has none but the Liberals to back him; but a reforming Tory will be backed by all the world—except those few whom his own dishonesty will personally have disgusted."—*The Bertrams*.

Framley Parsonage is, perhaps, the best of Trollope's novels, when read in numbers; but it is a question whether the frequent dialogue may not make the book too prolix as a whole: yet we should be loth to curtail its conversations, especially those of the ladies, so full of wit and tact, of tenderness or spite. The delineation of female character is one of Trollope's chief excellencies. Gertrude and Mrs. Woodward, in *The Three Clerks*, are well drawn, and almost all the female figures in *Framley Parsonage* are admirable sketches. Fanny Robarts especially is a perfect woman, without the flatness which generally belongs to perfection; graceful, spirited, true-hearted, and loving, a pattern friend and wife. The scenes in which she is introduced are charming, especially that in which her husband, driven to extremities, confesses the folly and weakness which have entangled them all in debt. She comes to him in his study, and sees his misery in his face:—

"'O Mark! is there any thing the matter?'"

"'Yes, dearest; yes. Sit down, Fanny; I can talk to you better if you will sit.'"

"But she, poor lady, did not wish to sit. He had hinted at some misfortune, and therefore she felt a longing to stand by him, and cling to him."

"'Well, there; I will, if I must, but, Mark,

do not frighten me. Why is your face so very wretched?'"

"'Fanny, I have done very wrong,' he said. 'I have been very foolish. I fear that I have brought upon you great sorrow and trouble.' And then he leaned his head upon his hand, and turned his face away from her."

"'O Mark, dearest Mark, my own Mark! what is it?' and then she was quickly up from her chair, and went down on her knees before him. 'Do not turn from me. Tell me, Mark! tell me, that we may share it.'"

"'Yes, Fanny, I must tell it you now; but I hardly know what you will think of me when you have heard it.'"

"'I will think that you are my own husband, Mark; I will think that—that chiefly, whatever it may be.' And then she caressed his knees, and looked up in his face, and getting hold of one of his hands, pressed it between her own. 'Even if you have been foolish, who should forgive you, if I can not?'"

"And then he told it her all, beginning from that evening when Mr. Sowerby had got him into his bedroom, and going on gradually, now about the bills, and now about the horses, till his poor wife was utterly lost in the complexity of the accounts. . . . The only part to her of importance in the matter was the amount of money which her husband would be called upon to pay; that, and her strong hope, which was already a conviction, that he would never again incur such debts."

"'And how much is it, dearest, altogether?'"

"' If I will have to pay it all, it will be twelve or thirteen hundred pounds.'"

"'That will be as much as a year's income, Mark; even with the stall.' That was the only word of reproach she said—if that could be called a reproach."

"'Yes,' he said; 'and it is claimed by men who will have no pity in exacting it at any sacrifice, if they have the power. And to think that I should have incurred all this debt without having received any thing for it. O Fanny! what will you think of me?'"

"But she swore to him that she would think nothing of it—that she would never bear it in her mind against him—that it could have no effect in lessening her trust in him. Was he not her husband? She was so glad she knew it, that she might comfort him. And she did comfort him, making the weight seem lighter and lighter on his shoulders as he talked of it. And such weights do thus become lighter. A burden that will crush a single pair of shoulders, will, when equally divided—when shared by two, each of whom is willing to take the heavier part—become light as a feather. . . . And this wife, cheerfully, gladly, thankfully took her share. To endure with her lord all her lord's troubles was easy to her; it was the work to which she had pledged herself. But to have thought that her lord had troubles not communicated to her, that would have been to her the one thing not to be borne."—*Framley Parsonage*, chap. xxxiii.

Framley Parsonage, like *The Three Clerks*, is a comfortable book. It would have been easy to make Lady Lufton's prejudices triumph over her affections, and so produce estrangement between her and her son, high tragedy between him and Lucy, and unassisted difficulties to Mark. But why should a Greek, who loves bright faces, make mischief by wrong-doing, if he can make happiness by right-doing? No, Lady Lufton's loving heart shall triumph over her temper and her prejudices, her son and Lucy shall be happy, and Mark shall suffer no more than he well deserves. But this benevolence shall not degenerate into weakness; and Mr. Sowerby, who has given others a bitter cup to drink, shall himself drain it to the dregs. As for the minor characters, let them have their heart's desire; we do not love them enough to visit them with discipline. Griselda Grantly, with her Dives taste for purple and fine linen, shall have a life of purple and fine linen; and so shall the Duke of Omnium—Nemesis behind them, waiting for the day when Lazarus takes his turn.

In speaking of Mr. Trollope's merits, we shall ignore one of his works, counting it an exception to the usual course of his genius. *The Bertrams* is a bad book. What right has any author to bring before the public a woman—a lady—so destitute of all the refined instincts of her sex, that she could marry one man at the very time when her heart was so full of another that her utmost pride and self-command could not banish his haunting image? What right has any one to bring the two lovers together, (one, now another's wife,) and let them recall remembrances and exchange assurances of love that would not die? Doubtless, wrong may be so brought before us as to help the cause of right. We are not so squeamish as to think that every narration of immorality must, in itself, be immoral. There are questionable scenes in Charley Tudor's London life, in *The Three Clerks*; but they are set before us in all their coarseness and degradation, to warn, and not to tempt. And perhaps this was the writer's purpose in *The Bertrams*; perhaps he only meant to warn, by describing the wretchedness that follows one great false step; forgetting the temptation that arises in the reader's mind to excuse, almost to tolerate, error, if the erring are made too

wretched, too much oppressed by their hapless doom. In that sad interview between Bertram and Lady Harcourt, in which their love and misery are so touchingly told, we think any reader might be conscious of a wish to excuse, or even to indulge them in a few more loving words: pity overpowering indignation, at the sight of such extreme wretchedness. It is immoral to make us feel thus. It is immoral to hide the inward guilt and stain which belong to such words of love, under the reckless despair that dictated them, or under the self-command which prevented them from ending in outward shame. And Trollope is guilty of another immorality: he allows a past false step which has ceased to be under our control, to serve as excuse for a present false step over which we still have control. That Bertram was too harsh to Caroline when he broke their engagement, is allowed in plea for his being too tender to Lady Harcourt. That Caroline was wrong in marrying her husband while she still loved another, is allowed in plea for deserting him when the return of her lover makes her feel the dreadful conflict before her. But enough of *The Bertrams*. We trust its faults will prove a solitary exception to Mr. Trollope's high excellence as a writer of fiction.

After the young Greek follows an old one, probably of the cynic school. Thackeray gives us to understand that he writes as a moralist:

"My kind reader will please to remember, that this history has 'Vanity Fair' for a title and that Vanity Fair is a very vain, wicked foolish place, full of all sorts of humbugs, and falsenesses, and pretensions. . . . People there are living and flourishing in the world. . . with no reverence except for prosperity, and no eye for any thing beyond success. . . faithless, hopeless, charityless: let us have at them, dear friends, with might and main."

And how does Thackeray carry out this intention? He makes us almost like Becky Sharp by endowing her with those deservedly popular qualities, tact, wit, good-humor, and good temper; and by putting her in contact with other persons equally wicked but not equally pleasant, and with one or two worthy people whom he contrives to make ridiculous or contemptible. We are inclined to pardon Becky's wickedness in "doing" every one she comes across, when every one she comes across so well deserves to be "done." Especially has he failed in put-

ting her in contrast with Amelia, that mean-minded, whimpering little woman, whose loving temperament never inspires her with one noble sentiment. Becky has at least one element of greatness; she honors even her enemies when they are worthy of honor; while Amelia is incapable of appreciating true merit even in her friends. We pardon her infatuation for George Osborne, that "selfish humbug, that low-bred cockney-dandy," as Becky rightly calls him; we pardon it as a delusion of early youth, riveted by the premature death of her husband on the battle-field; but we can not pardon her low estimate of, and petty tyranny over Dobbin; we can not even pardon her hasty marriage, bringing, as it was sure to do, ruin on the man she loved. That hard intellectual type of woman-kind which is commonly stigmatized as "strong-minded," is frightening authors from the study of qualities essentially womanly. It is woman's vocation to be strong, not in mind, but in noble and generous impulses; that, while her husband and sons know best what is expedient, logical, or wise, she should know best what is true, gallant, and right. *Vanity Fair* is a remarkable book, brilliant, entertaining, life-like, (as far as life is bad and base;) but if we plunge beneath the sparkling surface, it is a dreary book. It gives the real, and utterly omits the ideal: it strips away the veil which our love or trust throws over our neighbors' actions, and holds them up in all their possible selfishness and falseness. The blossom of the gay epicurean is gone, and we are fed to satiety on the cynic's bitter fruit. Are we so silly as to imagine that there is such a thing as disinterested service and love? Pooh!

"What love, what fidelity, what constancy is there equal to that of a nurse with good wages? They smooth pillows, and make arrow-root; they get up at nights; they bear complaints and querulousness; they see the sun shining out of doors and don't want to go abroad; they sleep on arm-chairs, and eat their meals in solitude; they pass long, long evenings doing nothing, watching the embers, and the patient's drink simmering in the jug. Ladies, what man's love is there that would stand a year's nursing of the object of his affections? Whereas a nurse will stand by you for ten pounds a quarter."

As for affection;—Miss Crawley

"had a balance at her banker's which would

have made her beloved any where. What a dignity it gives an old lady, that balance at the banker's! How tenderly we look at her faults! If she is a relative, what a kind, good-natured old creature we find her! Your wife is perpetually sending her little testimonies of affection; your little girls work endless worsted baskets, cushions, and foot-stools for her. What a good fire there is in her room when she comes to pay you a visit. The house during her stay assumes a festive, neat, warm, jovial, snug appearance not visible at other seasons. You yourself, dear sir, forget to go to sleep after dinner, and find yourself all of a sudden (though you invariably lose) very fond of a rubber. Is it so, or is it not so? I appeal to the middle classes."

As for kindred ties:

"You who have little or no patrimony to bequeath or to inherit, may be on good terms with your father or your son, whereas the heir of a great prince, such as my lord Steyne, must naturally be angry at being kept out of his kingdom, and eye the occupant of it with no very agreeable glances. 'Take it as a rule,' this sardonic old Eaves would say, 'the fathers and elder sons of all great families hate each other. . . . If you were heir to a dukedom and a thousand pounds a day, do you mean to say you would not wish for possession? Pooh! And it stands to reason that every great man, having experienced this feeling toward his father, must be aware that his son entertains it toward himself; and so they can't but be suspicious and hostile.'"

Don't let us trust any one, dear friends. Not our lovers, lest while we picture them "bivouacking, or attending the couch of a wounded comrade, or studying the art of war in their own desolate chamber," our angel-thoughts happily find the barrack-gates shut, and can not pass through to "hear the young fellows roaring over their whisky-punch." Not our wives; for

"the best of women are hypocrites. We don't know how much they hide from us: how watchful they are when they seem most artless and confidential; how often those frank smiles which they wear so easily, are traps to cajole, or elude, or disarm. I don't mean it in your mere coquettes, but your domestic models and paragons of female virtue. . . . A good housewife is of necessity a humbug: and Cornelia's husband was hoodwinked as Potiphar was—only in a different way."

Not our friends' kind thoughts and remembrance:

"Did we know what our intimates and dear relations think of us, we should live in a world that we should be glad to quit, and in a frame

of mind, and a constant terror, that would be perfectly unbearable. . . . Could the best and kindest of us who depart from the earth have an opportunity of revisiting it, I suppose he or she would have a pang of mortification at finding how soon our survivors were consoled. And so Sir Pitt was forgotten—like the kindest and best of us—only a few weeks sooner."

Not in such an old-fashioned thing as constancy :

"Perhaps in *Vanity Fair* there are no better satires than letters. Take a bundle of your dear friend's of ten years back—your dear friend whom you hate now. Look at a pile of your sister's: how you clung to each other till you quarreled about the twenty pound legacy! Get down the round-hand scrawls of your son, who has half-broken your heart with selfish undutifulness since: or a parcel of your own, breathing endless ardor and love eternal, which were sent back by your mistress when she married the nabob—your mistress, for whom you now care no more than for Queen Elizabeth. Vows, love, promises, confidences, gratitude, how queerly they read after a while! . . . The best ink for *Vanity Fair* use would be one that faded utterly in a couple of days, and left the paper clean and blank, so that you might write on it to somebody else."

But we must eat the fruit of these ways, my brothers :

"The bustle, and triumph, and laughter, and gayety which *Vanity Fair* exhibits in public, do not always pursue the performer into private life and the most dreary depression of spirits and dismal repentances sometimes overcome him. . . . The success and pleasure of yesterday becomes of very small account when a certain (albeit uncertain) morrow is in view, about which all of us must some day or other be speculating. O brother, wearer of motley! are there not moments when one grows sick of grinning and tumbling, and the jingling of cap and bells? This, dear friends and companions, is my amiable object—to walk with you through the Fair, to examine the shops and the shows there; and that we should all come home after the flare, and the noise, and the gayety, and be perfectly miserable in private."

How should we not be miserable and depressed, when good people are the only ones in this upside-down world who do *not* eat the fruit of their own ways? How many are destined

"to perform cheerless duties; to watch by thankless sick-beds; to suffer the harassment and tyranny of querulous disappointed old age! How many thousands of people are there, women for the most part, who are doomed to endure this long slavery!—who are hospital nurses without wages—sisters of charity, if you

like, without the romance and the sentiment of sacrifice—who strive, fast, watch, and suffer, unpitied; and fade away ignobly and unknown. The hidden and awful wisdom which apportions the destinies of mankind is pleased so to humiliate and cast down the tender, good, and wise; and to set up the selfish, the foolish, or the wicked. 'Vanity of vanities, is all vanity.'"

Oh! what a dreary book! Give us its narrative, its comedy, its brilliant jesting and wit, and let us laugh and be merry; but spare us these reflections, O bitter cynic! if you would not drive us to despair. The grave irony that praises base-ness, or the grave censure that condemns it, leaves us equally helpless and hopeless if you show us no way of escape. When did the bitterness of the fruit ever prevent men from clutching at the fair outside? We want something better, something substantial on which to rest and feed, in the place of this universal negation, this desolate hollowness and barrenness of life. Human nature is bad enough; but while God reigns over the world, and while his Spirit is abroad in it, we rejoice to think that glimmerings of truth and trust and kindness, of faithful service and disinterested love, are ever breaking through the darkness, witnesses of that gracious Presence which offers light and peace to all.

There is a better and brighter tone in *The Newcomes*, due perhaps to those Solomons, the critics, against whose verdict on his former work the author jeers in his introduction. The narrative is less effectively told, but there is more variety and less cynicism. Points which are touched with bitter irony in one, are softened into pathos in the other. Characters are not so completely separated into milk-and-water and *sauce piquante*. We are given something to admire or love in the Colonel and Ethel, even in Clive and Lord Kew, and in Miss Honeyman, J. J. Ridley, and Madame de Florac. Nay, we find to our surprise, that there is such a thing as constancy and disinterestedness in affection; that it is possible for a younger brother to rejoice when the earl, his senior, recovers from the effects of a duel; more surprising still, we are told that there is something higher than the world's customs and maxims, with which the world is at odds:

"It is an old saying that we forget nothing; as people in fever begin suddenly to talk the language of their infancy, we are stricken by

memory sometimes, and old affections rush back on us as vivid as in the time when they were our daily talk, when their presence gladdened our eyes, when their accents thrilled in our ears, when with passionate tears and grief we flung ourselves upon their hopeless corpses. Parting is death, at least as far as life is concerned. A passion comes to an end; . . . and we see it no more: but it has been part of our souls, and it is eternal." "If love lives through all life; and survives through all sorrow; and remains steadfast with us through all changes; and in all darkness of spirit burns brightly; and, if we die, depletes us forever, and loves still equally; and exists with the very last gasp and throb of the faithful bosom, whence it passes with the pure soul beyond death—surely it shall be immortal? Though we who remain are separated from it, is it not ours in heaven? If we love still those we lose, can we altogether lose those we love?"

This is very beautiful. Again:

"Oh! to think of a generous nature, and the world and nothing but the world to occupy it—of a brave intellect, and the milliner's band-boxes, and the scandal of the coteries, and the fiddle faddle etiquette of the court for its sole exercise!—of the rush and hurry from entertainment to entertainment, of the prayerless rest at night, and the awaking to a godless morrow." "This book is not a sermon, except where it can not help itself, and the speaker pursuing the destiny of his narrative finds such a homily before him. O friend! in your life and mine, don't we light upon such sermons daily? don't we see at home as well as among our neighbors that battle betwixt Evil and Good? Here on one side is Self and Ambition and Advancement; and Right and Love on the other. Which shall we let to triumph for ourselves?—which for our children?"

This is brave, and yet—and yet—Thackeray does not surfeit us with any overwhelming quantity of Right and Love. It is disappointing to have no higher ideal of manhood than the noble-minded simpleton Colonel Newcome, the generous but weak and undisciplined Clive, or the kind-hearted *roué* Lord Kew. Thackeray seems unable to realize the union of strength and tenderness, of good principles and gay geniality. If any one is excellent, we must expect him to be weak or blundering; if any one is clever and agreeable, we must excuse him for being dissipated. When Ethel has struggled out of the abyss of vanity and selfishness, there is not a man in the book who is fit to touch her hand, (we except the Colonel and J. J. Ridley, who escape the world's brand, only as being unfit to

live in it.) As to poor, weak, womanly Clive, his utmost heroism is to bear the destiny he can never conquer. Lord Kew's return to better thoughts, after his duel, is well and happily told: nevertheless, we do not believe in Lord Kew; we do not believe that a young man can range through every form of sensuality from earliest boyhood, and yet remain "simple, kindly, and modest." In one respect we entirely agree with Thackeray; we do not want sermons in novels, but we want the very thing he never gives us—a purer atmosphere to breathe. If the novel-reader catches any thing from the novelist, he does it by sympathy, not by reflection; and in vain is the writer's touching pathos or cynical wisdom, whilst, surrounded by hazy views of right, and open tolerance of wrong, we grope with him through the black mist of worldliness, which, like a sooty London fog, hangs over all his pictures of life. If there is one truth which he is in earnest to proclaim in *The Newcomes*, it is this, that marriage without love is the seed of misery and ruin: yet he should rather have said that marriage without the qualities that excite love is the real source of misery. Men and women are not so unhappily constituted that, when thrown into that close relationship, they should not learn to look with kindness on each other, if there be ought to inspire kindness. But we can not reform this great social evil, while the influences that minister to it remain unchanged. Are women to bring their whole hearts to the altar, while men bring the burnt-out cinders of theirs? While men are thoughtless, selfish, and sensual, are women to be disinterested and pure? While men love wine and gambling, and the nymphs of the opera, and the gold that supplies these pleasures, are women *not* to love dress and diamonds, fine houses and carriages, and the rank and fashion which they symbolize? There is no remedy for the evil Thackeray deplores, except the higher standard which he never gives us. Let us rejoice if, scared by his terrible picture, one victim here and there may escape the dark abyss; *au reste*, let us take up his writings in our tired hours, as a source of infinite amusement, rapidly turning over the pages that bring reflections rather depressing than hopeful.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE. BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

XVI.

IN WHAT MANNER THE OBSEQUIES OF KING HENRY VIII. WERE CELEBRATED.—SHOWING HOW THE FUNERAL PROCESSION SET FORTH FROM THE PALACE AT WESTMINSTER.

THE time appointed for placing the late King within the tomb now drew nigh, and as the obsequies were the most magnificent ever celebrated in this country, or perhaps in any other, we may be excused for dwelling upon them at some length; the rather, that besides presenting a very striking illustration of the customs of an age that delighted in shows and solemnities of all kinds, the extraordinary honors paid to Henry on his interment, prove the estimation in which his memory was held by his subjects; and that notwithstanding the tyranny of his rule, he was regarded as a mighty monarch. By its unprecedented splendor, his burial worthily closed a reign which was one long pageant—a pageant for the most part gorgeous; sometimes gloomy, tragical, and even awful; but ever grand and imposing. Luckily, ample materials for accurate description are provided for us, and we shall avail ourselves freely of them, in order to present a full account of the most remarkable Royal Funeral on record.

Embalmed by apothecaries and surgeons of greatest skill in the art, wrapped in cerecloth of many folds, and in an outer cover of cloth of vairy and velvet, bound with cords of silk, the corpse of the puissant monarch was at first laid out on the couch whereon he had expired, with a scroll sewn on the breast containing his titles and the date of his demise, written in large and small characters. The body was next cased in lead, and deposited in a second coffin of oak, elaborately sculptured, and of enormous size.

Enveloped in a pall of blue velvet, whereon was laid a silver cross, the ponderous coffin was removed to the privy-chamber, and set upon a large frame covered with cloth of gold, where it remained for five days; during which time lights were constantly burning within the chamber, a watch kept night and day by thirty gentlemen of the privy-chamber, and masses and orisons offered for the repose of the soul of the departed monarch by the chaplains.

Meanwhile, all the approaches to the chapel within the palace were hung with black, and garnished with escutcheons of the King's arms, descents, and marriages; while in the chapel itself the floor and walls were covered with black cloth, the sides and ceiling set with banners and standards of Saint George, and the high altar covered with black velvet, and adorned with magnificent plate and jewels. In the midst of the sacred apartment, surrounded by barriers, clothed with black, with a small altar at its foot, adorned like the high altar with plate and jewels, was set a superb catafalque, garnished with pensils and escutcheons, and having at each corner the banner of a saint beaten in fine gold upon damask. A majesty of rich cloth of gold, with a valance of black silk fringed with black silk and gold, canopied this catafalque, which was lighted by four-score square tapers, each two feet in length, and containing altogether two thousand pounds weight of wax.

In regard to some of the accessories here particularized, or which will be subsequently mentioned, it may be remarked, that the "banner," which could be borne by none of inferior degree to a banneret, was square in form, and displayed the arms of the sovereign all over it. The "standard" differed in shape from the banner, being much longer, and slit at the extremity. This ensign did not display armorial bearings. The "pennon"

was less than the standard, rounded at the extremity, and charged with arms. "Bannerols" were banners of great width, representing alliances and descents. "Pensils" were small flags shaped like the vanes on pinnacles. Banners of saints and images were still used at the time of Henry's interment, when, as will be seen, many of the rites of the Church of Rome were observed.

On Wednesday, second of February, 1547, being Candlemas-day, during the night, the coffin, having been covered with a rich pall of cloth of tissue, crossed with white tissue, and garnished with escutcheons of the King's arms, was removed with great ceremony and reverence to the chapel, where it was placed on the catafalque, all the tapers about which had been previously lighted. A rich cloth of gold, adorned with precious stones, was then thrown over the coffin.

On the day after the removal of the royal corpse, the Marquis of Dorset, as chief mourner, with twelve other noblemen, foremost among whom were the Earls of Arundel, Oxford, Shrewsbury, Derby, and Sussex, assembled in the pallet-chamber, arrayed in sable weeds, with hoods over their heads, and thence proceeded in order, two and two, to the chapel—the chief mourner marching first, with his train borne after him. Officers of arms and gentlemen ushers headed the solemn procession, which was closed by the vice-chamberlain and other officials, all in suits of woe. On arriving at the catafalque, the Marquis of Dorset knelt down at its head, and his companions on either side of it.

Then Norroy, king of arms, appearing at the door of the choir, cried with a loud voice: "Of your charity pray for the soul of the high and most mighty Prince, our late sovereign lord and King Henry VIII."

Next, Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, Tunstal, Bishop of Durham, and Bonner, Bishop of London, came forth from the vestry in their full robes, and proceeding to the high altar, a solemn requiem was sung, the whole choir joining in the hymn.

Here the body remained for three days, constant watch being kept about it, and the tapers continuing ever burning. The solemnities connected with the burial were to occupy as many more days. The royal corpse was to be conveyed with all possible

ceremony to Windsor Castle. The first day's halt was to be at the convent of Sion. On the second day, Windsor was to be reached. On the third day, the interment was to take place in Saint George's Chapel.

At an early hour on the morning of Monday, fourteenth February, the solemn ceremonial began. The shades of night had not yet wholly fled, but abundance of flaming torches cast a strange and lurid light on the gates, towers, and windows of the palace, and on the numerous dusky groups collected in its courts.

Before the great hall door was drawn up a right noble funeral chariot, wherunto were harnessed seven Flanders horses of the largest size, wholly trapped in black velvet, down to the pasterns, each horse bearing four escutcheons of the late King's arms, beaten in fine gold upon double sarcenet, upon his trappings, and having a shaffron of the King's arms on his head. The car was marvelous to behold. It was of immense size, and its wheels, being thickly gilt, looked as if made of burnished gold. The lower part of the vehicle was hung with blue velvet, reaching to the ground between the wheels; and the upper part consisted of a stupendous canopy, supported by four pillars overlaid with cloth of gold, the canopy being covered with the same stuff, and having in the midst of it a richly gilt dome. Within the car was laid a thick mattress of cloth of gold and tissue fringed with blue silk and gold.

After the funeral-car had thus taken up its station, there issued from the chapel a solemn train, consisting of mitred prelates in their copes, and temporal lords in mourning habits, the Bishops walking two and two, and reciting prayers as they moved along. Then came the coffin, borne by sixteen stout yeomen of the guard, under a rich canopy of blue velvet fringed with silk and gold, sustained by blue staves with tops of gold, each staff being borne by a baron—namely, the Lords Abergavenny, Conyers, Latimer, Fitzwalter, Bray, and Cromwell. After the coffin followed the Marquis of Dorset and the twelve mourners, the latter walking two and two. Many torch-bearers attended the procession, the greater number marching on either side of the body. When the coffin had been reverently placed within the chariot, a pall of cloth of gold was cast over it.

Then was brought forward an object, considered the grand triumph of the show, which excited wonder and admiration in all who looked upon it. This was an effigy of the departed monarch, beautifully sculptured in wood by the most skillful carver of the day, and painted by a hand no less cunning than that of Holbein himself. Bedecked in Henry's own habiliments of cloth of gold and velvet, enriched with precious stones of all kinds, this image had a marvelous and life-like effect. In the right hand was placed a golden scepter, while the left sustained the orb of the world with a cross. Upon the head was set a crown imperial of inestimable value. Over the shoulders was the collar of the Garter, and below the knee was the lesser badge of the order as worn by the King himself in his lifetime. The attitude of the figure was noble and commanding, and exactly like that of the imperious monarch.

Borne by the three gigantic warders of the Tower, who seemed not a little proud of their office, this image was placed in the chariot under the superintendence of Fowler and other gentlemen of the privy-chamber, its feet resting upon a cushion of cloth of gold, and its upright position being secured by silken bands fastened to the four pillars of the car.

The effigy of the King being fixed in its place, six bannerols of marriages and descents were hung on either side of the chariot, and one bannerol at each end. All being now arranged, Sir Anthony Denny and Sir William Herbert, chief gentlemen of the privy-chamber, entered the car, stationing themselves, the one at the head of the coffin, and the other at its foot.

During these preparations, which occupied a considerable time, a vast crowd had collected within the precincts of the palace, and this assemblage began now to manifest impatience in various ways. Even the solemnity of the occasion did not prevent many quarrels and scuffles, which the halberdiers and mounted pursuivants of arms strove in vain to check. As the time advanced, and the crowd grew denser, these disturbances became more frequent, and the guard had enough to do to keep the tumultuous and noisy throng outside the barriers, which extended from the palace-gates beyond Charing-cross, the whole of this space being filled by countless spectators, while

every window was occupied, and every roof had its cluster of human beings.

Just as the bell of Westminster Abbey tolled forth the hour of eight, the great bell of Saint Paul's, never rung save on the death or funeral of a monarch, began its awful boom, and amidst the slow and solemn sounding of bells from every adjacent steeple, coupled with the rolling of muffled drums, the funeral procession set forth from the courts of the palace.

First rode two porters of the King's house, bearing long black staves; after them came the sergeant of the vestry, with the verger; next, the cross, with the children, clerks, and priests of the chapel, in their surplices, singing orisons. On either side of this train, from the cross to the dean of the chapel, walked two hundred and fifty poor men, in long mourning-gowns and hoods, having badges on the left shoulder—the red and white cross, in a sun shining, with the crown imperial above it. Each of these men carried a long blazing torch, and the number of these flambeaux made an extraordinary show. Two carts laden with additional torches for use during the progress of the procession, attended them. This division was closed by the bearer of the Dragon standard, with a sergeant-at-arms holding a mace on either side of him. Backward and forward along the line rode mounted pursuivants to keep order.

Next came a long train of harbingers, servants of ambassadors, trumpeters, chaplains, esquires, and officers of the household, according to degree.

After this miscellaneous troop came the standard of the Greyhound, borne by Sir Nicholas Stanley, with a sergeant-of-arms on either side. Next followed the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, and after them the knights bannerets, chaplains of dignity, and all those of the King's household who were knights, with other notable strangers. This division was under the conduct of two heralds and other officers, who rode from standard to standard to keep order.

Next came the standard of the Lion, borne by Lord Windsor, hooded and trapped, and attended by two sergeants with maces. He was followed by the lower council, walking two and two; by the lords of the council; and by a long line of noble strangers and ambassadors. With the ambassador of the Emperor Charles V. came the Archbishop of Can-

terbury. Order was maintained by four mounted heralds.

Next came the embroidered Banner of the King's Arms, borne by Lord Talbot, with his hood drawn over his head, and his horse trapped in black. Then followed Carlisle, herald of arms, bearing the King's helm and crest, his horse being trapped and garnished. Then Norroy, king at arms, bearing the target. Then Clarencieux, with the King's rich coat of arms curiously embroidered. All these had escutcheons on the trappings of their horses, and were under the guidance of sergeants-of-arms, furnished with maces.

The funeral-car now came in sight. Before it were carried twelve banners of descents, the bearers walking two and two. Led by grooms in mourning apparel, the seven great horses appointed to drag along the ponderous machine were ridden by children of honor, arrayed in black, with hoods on their heads, each of them carrying a bannerol of the King's dominions and of the ancient arms of England. On either side of the horses walked thirty persons in sable attire, holding tall flaming staff-torches. Besides these there were numerous grooms and pages.

At each corner of the car walked a knight, with a banner of descents; and on either side of it rode three others, cloaked and hooded, their steeds being trapped in black to the ground. Those on the right were Sir Thomas Seymour, Sir Thomas Heneage, and Sir Thomas Paston; those on the left were Sir John Gage, Sir Thomas Darcy, and Sir Maurice Berkeley.

In the rear of the funeral-car rode the chief mourner, the Marquis of Dorset, alone, with his horse trapped in black velvet, and after him came the twelve mourners, with their steeds trapped to the ground. After the mourners rode the Earl of Arundel, lord chamberlain of the household, with his hood on his shoulder, to intimate that he was not a mourner. After the lord chamberlain came Sir Anthony Brown, master of the horse, bare-headed, and leading the King's favorite milk-white steed, trapped all in cloth of gold down to the ground.

Nine mounted henchmen followed next, clad in suits of woe and hooded, their horses trapped to the ground, and having shaffrons on their heads, and themselves bearing bannerols of the arms of England before the Conquest.

Then followed Sir Francis Bryan, master of the henchmen. Then Sir Anthony Wingfield, vice-chamberlain and captain of the guard, followed by a large company of the guard, in black, marching three and three, each with a halberd on his shoulder, with the point downward. A long line of noblemen's servants and others closed the cortege.

It was now broad day, though dull and foggy, but the countless torches lighted up the procession, and gave it a strange, ghostly look. Thus seen, the black, hooded figures appeared mysterious and awful. But it was upon the stupendous funeral-car that all regards were concentrated. So wonderfully life-like was the effigy of the King, that not a few among the credulous and half-informed spectators thought Henry himself had returned to earth to superintend his own funeral ceremony; while on all hands the image was regarded as a miracle of art. Exclamations of wonder and delight arose on all sides as it went by, and many persons knelt down as if a saint were being borne along. The head of the cortege had passed Spring Gardens some time before the rear issued from the courts of the palace, and, seen from Charing-cross, the long line of dusky figures, with the standards, banners, torches, and chariot, presented such a spectacle as has never since been seen from that spot, though many a noble procession has in after-times pursued the same route.

At the foot of the noble Gothic cross a crowd of persons had been collected from an early hour. Amongst them was a tall Franciscan friar, who maintained a moody silence, and who regarded the pageant with so much sternness and scorn, that many marveled he should have come thither to look upon it. When the ponderous funeral-car, after toiling its way up the ascent, came to the Cross, a brief halt was called, and during this pause the tall monk pressed forward, and throwing back his hood, so as fully to display his austere and death-pale features, lighted up by orbs blazing with insane light, stretched out his hand toward the receptacle of the royal corpse, and exclaimed, with a loud voice: "In the plenitude of his power I rebuked for his sinfulness the wicked King whom ye now bear to the tomb with all this senseless pomp. Inspired from above, I lifted up my voice, and told him, that as his life had been desperately wicked, so

his doom should be that of the worst of kings, and dogs would lick his blood. And ere yet he shall be laid in the tomb my words will come to pass."

At this juncture two pursuivants rode up and threatened to brain the rash speaker with their maces, but some of the crowd screened him from their rage.

"Strike him not!" cried an elderly man of decent appearance. "He is crazed. 'Tis the mad Franciscan, Father Peto. Make way for him there! Let him pass!" he added to those behind, who charitably complying, the monk escaped uninjured.

XVII.

WHAT WAS SEEN AND HEARD AT MIDNIGHT BY THE WATCHERS IN
THE CONVENTUAL CHURCH AT SION.

BEAUTIFULLY situated on the banks of the Thames, between Brentford and Isleworth, and about midway between the metropolis and Windsor, stood the suppressed Convent of Sion, selected as the first halting-place of the funeral cortege. In this once noble, but now gloomy and desecrated monastery, which had been stripped of all its wealth and endowments by the rapacious monarch, was confined the lovely but ill-fated Catherine Howard, who had poured forth her unavailing intercessions for mercy from on high at the altar near which, later on, the body of her tyrant husband was to rest, and who had been taken thence, half frantic with terror, to die by his ruthless decree on the scaffold. Guilt she might have, but what was her guilt compared with that of her inexorable husband and judge!

Shortly after the events about to be narrated, Sion was bestowed by Edward VI. on his uncle, the Lord Protector; but from the time of its suppression up to this period, it had been, comparatively speaking, deserted. Reverting to the crown, the estate was next granted to the Duke of Northumberland, on whose attainder it was once more forfeited. The monastery was restored and reëdowed by Mary—but it is needless to pursue its history further.

Mighty preparations had now been made within the neglected convent for the lodging and accommodation of the immense funeral retinue. Luckily, the building was of great extent, and its halls and chambers, though decaying and dilapidated, capable of holding an incredible num-

ber of persons. Their capacity in this respect was now about to be thoroughly tested. Hospitality, at the period of our history, was practiced at seasons of woe on as grand and profuse a scale as at festivities and rejoicings, and the extraordinary supplies provided for the consumption of the guests expected at Sion were by no means confined to funeral baked meats. Cold viands there were in abundance—joints of prodigious size—chines and sirloins of beef, chines of pork, baked red-deer, baked swan, baked turkey, backed sucking-pig, gammon of bacon pie, wild boar pie, roe pie, hare pie, soused sturgeon, soused salmon, and such-like—but there was no lack of hot provisions, roast, boiled, and stewed, nor of an adequate supply of sack, hippocrass, Rhenish, Canary, and stout October ale.

Every care was taken that the lords spiritual and temporal, with the foreign ambassadors and other persons of distinction, should be suitably lodged, but the majority of the actors in the gloomy pageant were left to shift for themselves, and the dormitories of the convent, even in its most flourishing days, had never known half so many occupants. The halls and principal chambers of the ancient religious structure were hung with black and garnished with escutcheons, and the fine old conventual church, refitted for the occasion, was likewise clothed with mourning, the high altar being entirely covered with black velvet, and adorned with all the jewels and gold and silver plate of which the shrines of the monastery had been previously plundered. In the midst of the choir, protected by double barriers, was placed a catafalque even more stately than that provided in the chapel of the palace at Westminster, with a lofty canopy, the valance whereof was fringed with black silk and gold, and the sides garnished with pensils, escutcheons, and bannerols. Around this, burnt an immense number of large wax tapers.

The progress of the funeral cortege was necessarily slow, and it was past one o'clock ere it reached Brentford, at which place a number of nobles, knights, and esquires, together with the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, rode on toward Sion, and arranged themselves in long lines on either side of the convent gates. About two o'clock, the funeral-car drew up at the west door of the

church, and the effigy of the King was first taken out by the three gigantic warders, and carried by them with befitting care and reverence to the revestry. After which the coffin was ceremoniously brought out, and conveyed through two lines of nobles and ambassadors to the receptacle provided for it within the choir—the bishops in their miters and copes preceding it. Thus deposited, the coffin was covered with a blue velvet pall, having a white cross embroidered upon it. At the head of the pall were laid the King's helm and crest, on the right and left his sword and targe, and his embroidered coat at the foot. All round the exquisitely carved choir were ranged the various banners and standards used in the procession.

Illumined by a thousand tapers, crowded with mourners of the highest rank, and with ecclesiastical dignitaries occupied in their sacred functions, with chaplains, choristers, and others, the appearance of the choir, decorated as already described with banners and escutcheons, was singularly striking, and when a solemn dirge was performed by the Bishop of London and the choristers, the combined effect of spectacle and hymn was almost sublime. Not only was the choir crowded, but the entire body of the large conventual church was filled to inconvenience by those engaged in the ceremony.

No sooner, however, was the service ended than the church was speedily cleared of all save the watchers, and the demolition of the good cheer prepared for them in the halls and refectory commenced in right earnest. Eating and drinking there was from one end of the monastery to the other, and the purveyors, grooms, and yeomen of the kitchen, larder, cellar, and buttery, had enough to do to answer the incessant demands made upon them. Much merriment, we regret to say, prevailed among the mourners, and some ditties, that did not sound exactly like doleful strains, were occasionally heard. Provisions were liberally given to all comers at the convent-gates, and alms distributed to the poor.

Constant watch was kept about the body, and the guard was relieved every hour. But, notwithstanding the vigilance exercised, a singular incident took place, which we shall proceed to relate.

A little before midnight it came to the turn of the three gigantic warders to take

their station beside the body, and as the elder brother stood on the left of the hearse, leaning on his enormous halberd, he remarked that a dark stream had issued from beneath the pall covering the coffin, and was slowly trickling down the scutcheoned side of the catafalque. Horror-stricken at the sight, he remained gazing at this ensanguined current until some drops had fallen upon the ground. He then uttered an exclamation, which quickly brought his brothers to him.

"What alarms thee, Og?" cried the two giants.

"Look there!" said the other. "'Tis the King's blood. The coffin has burst."

"No doubt of it!" exclaimed Gog.

"'Tis a terrible mischance—but we can not be blamed for it."

"A truce with such folly!" cried Magog. "'Tis the rough roads between this and Brentford, which shook the car so sorely, that are in fault, and not we! But what is to be done? Methinks the alarm ought to be given to the Grand-Master."

"Ay," replied Og; "but the flow of blood increases. We ought to stay it."

"How can that be done?" cried Gog.

"Can we mend the bursten coffin?"

"Others may if we can not," cried Og. "No time must be lost in obtaining aid. These fearful stains must be effaced ere the bearers come to-morrow."

Without more ado he hurried toward the great western door of the church, and was followed by his brothers, who seemed quite bewildered by the occurrence. But they had scarcely reached the door, when they were suddenly arrested by a fierce barking, as of hounds, apparently proceeding from the choir.

Appalled by the sound, they instantly stopped, and, turning round, beheld a spectacle that transfixed them with horror. Within the barriers, and close beside the coffin on the side of the catafalque down which the loathly current had flowed, stood a tall, dark figure, which, under the circumstances, they might well be excused for deeming unearthly. With this swart figure were two large coal-black hounds of Saint Hubert's breed, with eyes that, in the imagination of the giants, glowed like carbuncles. Encouraged by their master, these hounds were rending the blood-stained cover of the catafalque with their teeth.

"'Tis Satan in person!" exclaimed Ma-

gog. "But I will face him, and check those hell-hounds in their infernal work."

"I will go with thee," said Og. "I fear neither man nor demon."

"Nay, I will not be left behind," said Gog, accompanying them.

But, notwithstanding their vaunted courage, they advanced with caution, and ere they gained the entrance of the choir the dark figure had come forth with his hounds, which stood savagely growling beside him. They then perceived that the fancied infernal being was a monk with his hood drawn closely over his grim and ghastly features.

Stretching out his hands toward them, the monk exclaimed, in tones that thrilled his hearers with new terror: "My words have come to pass. Henry sold himself to work wickedness, and I warned him of his doom as Elijah the Tishbite warned Ahab. The judgment of Ahab hath come upon him. On the self-same spot where Catharine Howard knelt before her removal to the Tower, dogs have licked the wife-slayer's blood—even his blood!"

Before the giants recovered sufficiently from their stupefaction to make an attempt to stay him, Father Peto, with his hounds, effected a retreat by a lateral door, through which it is to be presumed he had entered the church.

Filled with consternation, the giants were debating what ought to be done, when the wicket of the great western door was opened, and the Lord St. John, Grand-Master, with three tall yeomen of the guard, entered the church. The torn hangings of the catafalque rendered concealment impossible, even if the giants had felt inclined to attempt it, but they at once acquainted Lord St. John with the mysterious occurrence.

While listening to the strange recital, the Grand-Master looked exceedingly angry, and the giants fully expected a severe reprimand at the least, if not punishment for their negligence. To their surprise, however, the displeasure of their auditor changed to gravity, and without making any remark upon their relation, he proceeded to examine the condition of the catafalque. Having satisfied himself of the truth of the extraordinary statement he had received, the Grand-Master gave orders for the immediate repair of the coffin, the restoration of the torn hanging, and the cleansing of the floor, charging the giants, on pain of death, not

to breathe another word as to the mysterious appearance of Father Peto and the hounds.

Strict watch was kept throughout the rest of the night, and care taken to prevent further intrusion.

XVIII.

HOW THE ROYAL CORPSE WAS BROUGHT TO SAINT GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

NEXT morning, the numerous occupants of the convent arose betimes, and prepared for the journey to Windsor. The majority of the persons composing the procession had been obliged to sleep on stools or benches, or on the rushes with which the floors were thickly strewn. However, all were astir long before break of day. In those hearty times, breakfast differed but slightly from dinner or supper, and a very substantial repast, wound up with spiced wines and cates, was set before the guests preparatory to their setting forth.

Precisely at seven o'clock, the funeral procession started from the convent-gates in the same order as before, accompanied by a like number of flaming torches. The bells were tolled in Isleworth church as the lugubrious train approached the village, and priests and clerks came forth to cense the royal corpse. Similar ceremonies were observed in every hamlet subsequently passed through.

At length the cortege reached Eton, then as now surrounded by stately groves. Near the gates of the noble college, founded about a century previously by the unfortunate Henry VI., stood Doctor Robert Aldrich, Bishop of Carlisle and Provost of Eton, in full pontificals, attended by the masters and fellows of the church in their vestments and copes, and by the scholars of the college in white surplices. The latter, who were extremely numerous, some of them being of very tender years, were bareheaded, and carried lighted tapers. As the corpse went by, they knelt down and censed it, chanting the *De Profundis*, their young voices giving a touching effect to the solemn psalm.

From the northern terrace of Windsor Castle, the somber procession slowly making its way from Eton to the bridge across the Thames, presented a remarkable and deeply interesting sight; but few were there to witness it. Most of the inmates of the Castle were engaged in preparing

for the arrival of their expected guests, and such as were not so occupied had repaired to the bridge across the Thames, at the foot of which were stationed the Mayor of Windsor, the aldermen, benchmen, and burgesses, and the priests and clerks of the church of St. John the Baptist within the town. From this point to the Horseshoe Cloisters within the Castle, the road was railed on either side, the rails being hung with black cloth to the ground, and covered with escutcheons of arms and marriages. As at the Convent of Sion, though on a far more sumptuous and extensive scale, preparations were made at the Castle for the numerous and important visitors and their attendants. All the apartments assigned to the principal nobles and ambassadors were hung with black, as were Saint George's Hall and the interior of the Garter Tower.

The royal standard on the keep was furled, and an immense hatchment of black velvet, emblazoned with the King's arms, worked in gold, was placed on the outer side of the gate of the lower ward, the battlements of which were thickly hung with banners. Numberless spectators thronged the barriers throughout their entire extent, and the windows of all the habitations in Thames street were densely occupied. Slowly did the long train make its way to the Castle gate, and it was with great difficulty that the seven powerful horses could drag the ponderous funeral-car up the steep ascent. At last, however, the feat was accomplished; the car entered the broad court of the lower ward, and was brought in safety to the western door of the chapel of Saint George.

Meanwhile, all the attendants upon the ceremonial, porters, servants of the royal household, harbingers and pursuivants, with a multitude of others, including the two hundred and fifty poor men in mourning habits, had entered the church, and stationed themselves in the nave—a wide passage being left from the western door to the choir, to be traversed by the bearers of the coffin. The more important personages, however, remained in the area of the Horse-shoe Cloisters, awaiting a summons to enter the church.

Fairer ecclesiastical fabric does not exist than the collegiate chapel of Saint George at Windsor; and at the period in question the goodly structure was seen at its best. No desecrating hands had then

marred its beauty. Externally, it was very striking—the numerous crocketed pinnacles being adorned with glittering vanes supported by gilt lions, antelopes, greyhounds, and dragons. The interior corresponded with the outward show, and luckily the best part has undergone little mutilation. Nothing more exquisite can be imagined than the richly decorated stone ceiling, supported by ribs and groins of incomparable beauty—than the light and graceful pillars of the nave—than the numerous chapels and chantries—or than the matchless choir. Within the nave are emblazoned the arms of Henry VIII. and those of his renowned cotemporaries and survivors, Charles V. and Francis I., both of whom were companions of the Order of the Garter. At the period of which we treat all the windows were filled with deep-stained glass, glowing with the mingled and gorgeous dyes of the ruby, the topaz, and the emerald, and casting a “dim religious light” on the architectural marvels of the fane. Commenced in the previous century by Edward IV., continued and further embellished by Henry VII., who contributed the unequaled roof of the choir, the finishing stroke to the noble pile was given by Henry VIII., traces of whom may be found in the heraldic insignia decorating the splendid ceiling of the body of the church, and in other parts of the structure.

In preparation for the ceremony about to take place within its walls, portions of the body of the church were hung with black, the central pavement of the nave being spread with black cloth, and the pillars of the aisles decorated with banners and escutcheons. The floor of the choir was likewise carpeted with black, and the pedestals of the elaborately carved stalls of the knights companions of the Garter clothed with sable velvet. The emblazoned banners of the knights still occupied their accustomed position on the canopies of the stalls, but the late sovereign's splendid banner was removed, his stall put into mourning, and a hatchment set in the midst of it. The high altar was hung with cloth of gold, and gorgeously ornamented with candlesticks, crosses, chalices, censers, ships, and images of gold and silver. Contiguous to it on the right was another and lesser altar, covered with black velvet, but destitute of ornament.

In the midst of the choir, surrounded by double barriers, stood a catafalque,

larger and far more sumptuous than either of those used at the palace of Westminster or in the conventual church of Sion. Double-storied, thirty-five feet high, having eight panes and thirteen principals, curiously wrought, painted, and gilded, this stately catafalque was garnished with a rich majesty and a double-valanced dome, around which were inscribed the King's name and title in beaten gold upon silk. Fringed with black silk and gold, the whole frame was covered with tapers, (a consumption of four thousand pounds' weight of wax having been calculated upon,) and was garnished with pensils, scutcheons of arms and marriages, hatchments of silk and gold; while bannerols of descents depended from it in goodly wise. At the foot of the catafalque was a third altar covered with black velvet, and decorated with rich plate and jewels.

Beneath this stately catafalque lay the sepulcher, into which the royal corpse was ere long to be lowered by means of an apparatus somewhat resembling that now common to our cemeteries. In this vault was already deposited the once lovely Jane Seymour, by whose side Henry had directed his remains to be laid. Here also, at a later period, was placed the body of the martyred Charles I.

By his will Henry had given particular directions that he should be interred in the choir of Saint George's Chapel, "midway between the state and the high altar," enjoining his executors to prepare an honorable tomb for his bones to rest in, "with a fair grate about it, in which tomb we will that the bones and body of our true and loving wife, Queen Jane, be put also." Thus much of his instructions was fulfilled, but he desired more than any executor could achieve. "We will and ordain," he appointed, "that a convenient altar be there honorably prepared, and appareled with all manner of things requisite and necessary for daily masses, there to be said perpetually, while the world shall endure."

While the world shall endure! Alas! for the vanity of human designs. Who heeds that fiat now? Who now says daily masses for Henry's soul?

Moreover, full instructions were left by the King for the erection of a most magnificent monument to himself and his third, and best loved consort, Jane Seymour, within the mausoleum so lavishly embellished by Cardinal Wolsey. On the

white marble base of this monument, which was intended to be nearly thirty feet high, and adorned with one hundred and thirty-four statues and forty-four bas-reliefs, were to be placed two black touchstone tombs, supporting recumbent figures of the King and Queen, not as dead but sleeping, while their epitaphs were to be inscribed in gold letters beneath.

Vain injunction! the splendidly-conceived monument was not even commenced.

To resume. All being arranged within the choir, and the thousand great tapers around the catafalque lighted, the effigy of the King was first brought in at the western door of the church by the three gigantic warders, and conveyed by them to the choir; after which, the coffin was carried by tall yeomen of the guard down the alley reserved for its passage, the canopy being borne by six lords. The Bishop of Winchester, with other mitred prelates in their copes, marched before it to its receptacle, wherein it was reverently deposited. This done, it was covered with two palls, the first being of black velvet, with a white satin cross upon it, and the other of rich cloth of tissue. The effigy was then set upon the outer pall.

No sooner had the funeral-car quitted its station at the western door of the church than the procession, which had been previously marshaled in the Horse-shoe Cloisters, began to stream into the sacred edifice. After a throng of knights, bannerets, barons, viscounts, earls, and ambassadors, came the Archbishop of Canterbury in his full robes, and attended by his crosses. After him marched the mourners, two and two, with their hoods over their heads, followed by the chief mourner, who in his turn was followed by Garter in the King's gown, the train of the latter being borne by Sir Anthony Wingfield, vice-chamberlain. On reaching the catafalque, the mourners took up their customary places beside it.

Meanwhile, the Bishop of Winchester, on whom, as chief prelate, devolved the performance of the sacred offices, had stationed himself at the high altar, on either side whereof stood the rest of the bishops. The council, with the Lord Protector at its head, and immediately behind him the Lord Chancellor, now entered the choir, and seated themselves on

either side it, the Archbishop of Canterbury occupying a place nearest the high altar.

The four saints having been set, one at each corner of the catafalque, the Lord Talbot, with the embroidered banner, took a place at its foot. Before him was the standard of the Lion; on the right the Dragon, and on the left the Greyhound. A multitude of other bearers of banners were grouped around the receptacle of the coffin.

At this juncture, a movement was heard in the gallery above, and the Queen-dowager, preceded by two gentlemen ushers, entered the royal closet. Attired in black velvet, and bearing other external symbols of woe, Catherine looked somewhat pale, but bore no traces of deep affliction in her countenance. She was attended by the Marchioness of Dorset and her daughter, the Lady Jane Grey, the Countess of Hertford, Lady Herbert, and other ladies and gentlewomen, all in deep mourning. Behind appeared a throng of ambassadors and other strangers of distinction. But neither the Princess Mary nor the Princess Elizabeth were present. Moreover, as will have been remarked, the youthful King took no part in the funeral ceremony.

As the Queen-dowager sat down alone in front of the closet, all the other ladies remaining standing, Norroy advanced, and in his accustomed formula besought their charitable prayers for the repose of the departed King's soul. A requiem was next chanted, and mass performed by the Bishop of Winchester and the other prelates.

On the conclusion of the service, the whole assemblage quitted the church, leaving the choir vacant of all save the watchers by the body, the number of whom was greatly increased.

Profuse as had been the display of hospitality at Sion, it was far exceeded at Windsor. A grand banquet was given to the nobles and other distinguished personages in Saint George's Hall, the Lord Protector, with the council, the mourners, and the ambassadors, occupying seats on the dais. Tables were likewise spread in the various refectories, at which the numerous esquires, captains of the guard, heralds, pursuivants, and others, sat down. The four enormous fire-places in the great kitchen scarcely sufficed to supply the wants of so many guests. Our three

giants found their way to the larder, and were well cared for by the yeomen and grooms. Prodigious was the quantity they consumed.

Night had far advanced ere the feasting had ended. Even then there were lingerers at some tables. Much bustle, moreover, still prevailed, not only within but without the Castle. In the courts of both upper and lower wards, yeomen ushers, grooms and serving-men of all descriptions, were continually passing and repassing.

The terraces, however, were deserted, though the extreme beauty of the night might well have tempted some of the many guests to enjoy a moonlight walk upon them. Toward midnight a postern door in one of the towers on the south side of the Castle opened, and Sir Thomas Seymour and his esquire issued from it. Both were wrapped in black velvet mantles furred with sable. They proceeded quickly toward the eastern terrace, without pausing to gaze at the glorious prospect of wood and glade that lay stretched out beneath them, and, having made the half-circuit of the walls, reached the northern terrace, which was thrown into deep shade, the moon being on the opposite side of the heavens. Far out into the meads below was projected the irregular shadow of the mighty pile, but the silver Thames glittered in the moonlight, and the collegiate church of Eton slumbered peacefully amidst its groves. A holy calm seemed to rest upon the scene, but Seymour refused to yield to its influence. He had other matter in hand, which agitated his soul. Roused by the bell striking midnight, he passed, with his esquire, through an archway communicating with the lower ward, and proceeded to Saint George's Chapel. Making for the lateral door on the left of the Bray Chapel, he found several yeomen of the guard stationed at it, together with two gentlemen ushers belonging to the Queen-dowager's suite. On beholding the latter, his heart leaped with joy. He knew that Catherine was within the church, and he at once entered it with his esquire. The aisles and nave were plunged in gloom, and looked all the more somber from the contrast they offered to the choir, which was brilliantly illumined. The watchers were stationed around the catafalque; chaplains were standing at the high altar; and a dirge was being sung by the choris-

ers. Halting near a pillar in the south aisle, Seymour dispatched Ugo to the choir. After a short absence the esquire returned, and said: "The Queen is there, kneeling at the altar beside the coffin."

"I will await her coming forth. Retire, until I summon thee."

Full quarter of an hour elapsed ere Seymour's vigilance was rewarded. At the end of that time Catherine issued from the choir. As Sir Thomas expected, she was wholly unattended, and was proceeding slowly toward the door near the Bray Chapel, when Seymour stepped from behind the pillar, and placed himself in her path.

"Pardon me, Catherine! pardon me, queen of my heart!" he cried, half-prostrating himself before her.

Much startled, she would have retired, but he seized her hand and detained her.

"You must—you shall hear me, Catherine," he cried.

"Be brief, then," she rejoined, "and release my hand."

"I know I do not deserve forgiveness," he cried, "but I know, also, that your nature is charitable, and therefore I venture to hope. O Catherine! I have recovered from the frenzy into which I had fallen, and bitterly repent my folly. You have resumed entire empire over my heart, and never again can be dethroned."

"I do not desire to reign over a heart so treacherous," rejoined Catherine severely. "You plead in vain, Seymour. Perfidy like yours can not be pardoned."

"Say not so, fair Queen," he cried passionately. "Doom me not to utter despair. Show me how to repair my fault, and I will do it. But condemn me not to worse than death."

"Having proved you false and forsworn, how am I to believe what you now utter? Can I doubt the evidence of my own senses? Can I forget what I overheard?"

"But I am cured of my madness, I declare to you, Catherine. My fault shall be atoned by years of devotion. I will submit to any punishment you choose to inflict upon me—so that a hope of ultimate forgiveness be held out."

"Would I could believe you!" sighed the Queen. "But no!—no!—it must not be. I will not again be deceived."

"On my soul I do not deceive you!" he cried, pressing her hand to his lips. "Grant me but another trial, and if I

swerve from my present professions of unalterable attachment, cast me off forever!"

There was a slight pause; after which Catherine said, in a relenting tone: "I must have time for reflection."

"Till when?" he cried imploringly.

"I can not say. Not till the tomb has closed over Henry will I speak more on this subject. I give you good night, Sir Thomas."

"Good night, fair Queen. Heaven grant your decision prove favorable!" exclaimed Seymour, as she departed.

And as his esquire cautiously approached him, he said exultingly: "Vittoria! Ugo, è fatto!"

XIX.

FULVIS PULVERI, CRIBIS CINERI.

At six o'clock next morning, all the knights companions of the Garter attendant upon the funeral repaired to the vestry of Saint George's Chapel. The assemblage comprised the Lord Protector, Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, the Earls of Essex, Arundel, Shrewsbury, and Sussex, the Lords Saint John, Lisle, Abergavenny, and Russell, with Sir John Gage, Sir Anthony Brown, Sir Anthony Wingfield, Sir Anthony St. Leger, and Sir Thomas Cheney. Having arrayed themselves in the rich sky-blue mantles of the order, and put on their hoods, they proceeded to the choir to hear matins, and make their oblations.

The service was performed by the Dean of Windsor, Doctor Franklin, and the canons. At its conclusion, after divesting themselves of the habits of their order, the knights adjourned to the deanery, where a goodly breakfast had been provided them by the portly dean. During this repast some conversation took place between Doctor Franklin and the Lord Protector touching a bequest by the late King of certain manors and lands to the dean and canons to the value of six hundred pounds a year—a considerable sum in those days—and the dean respectfully inquired whether he had been rightly informed as to the amount.

"Ay, forsooth, good master dean," replied the Protector. "His late majesty—whose soul may Jesu pardon!—bath by his will left you and your successors lands, spiritual endowments, and promotions of

the yearly value you mention, but on certain conditions."

"What may be the conditions, I pray your Highness?" asked the dean. "I have not heard them."

"They are these," rejoined the Protector. "That you find two priests to say masses at an altar to be erected before his Majesty's tomb; that you hold four solemn obits annually for the repose of his soul within the chapel; that at every obit ye bestow ten pounds in alms to the poor; that ye give twelve pence a day to thirteen indigent but deserving persons, who shall be styled Poor Knights, together with garments specified by the will, and an additional payment to the governor of such poor knights. Other obligations there are in the way of sermons and prayers, but these I pretermit."

"His Majesty's intentions shall be religiously fulfilled," observed the dean, "and I thank your Highness for the information you have so graciously afforded me."

As Henry's tomb, however, was never erected, as we have already mentioned, it may be doubted whether the rest of his testamentary instructions were scrupulously executed.

While the Knights of the Garter were breakfasting at the deanery, feasting had recommenced in the various halls and refectories of the Castle. Our giants again found their way to the larder, and broke their fast with collops, rashers, carbonados, a shield of brawn and mustard, and a noble sirloin of beef, making sad havoc with the latter, and washing down the viands with copious draughts of humming ale.

However, the bell began to toll, and at the summons each person concerned in the ceremony hied to Saint George's Chapel. Ere long all were in their places. Around the illumined catafalque within the choir were congregated the mourners in their gowns. The council, with the Archbishop of Canterbury at their head, were seated in the stalls. The Bishop of Winchester, in his full pontificals, with the other prelates, were at the high altar. The Queen-dowager was in her closet, with her ladies ranged behind her. No one was absent.

Thereupon mass was commenced, at which the Bishops officiated. At the close of the requiem, the Marquis of Dor-

set advanced to the altar, and, with much humility and reverence, offered a piece of gold as the mass-penny; after which, he returned to his place at the head of the corpse. The King's embroidered coat of arms was next delivered by Garter to the Earls of Arundel and Oxford, by whom it was reverently offered to the Bishop of Winchester; which ceremony being performed, the coat was placed by Garter on the lesser altar. The royal target was next consigned to the Earls of Derby and Shrewsbury, offered by them to the Bishop, and placed beside the coat by the herald. Norroy then presented the King's sword to the Earls of Sussex and Rutland, which was offered and laid upon the altar. Carlisle gave the helm and crest to the same nobleman who had carried the target, and these equipments were offered and placed beside the others.

Then occurred the most striking part of the ceremonial. Some commotion was heard in the nave, and those within the choir, who could command this part of the church, which was thronged with various officials, beheld a knightly figure, in complete steel, except the head-piece, and mounted on a black, richly-barded war-horse, enter the open western door, and ride slowly along the alley preserved by the assemblage. Flaming torches were borne by the foremost ranks of the bystanders on either side, and their light, gleaming on the harness of the knightly figure and the caparisons of his steed, added materially to the effect of the spectacle. The rider was Chidiock Pawlet, King Henry's man-at-arms, a very stalwart personage, with handsome burly features clothed with a brown bushy beard. In his hand he carried a pole-ax, with the head downward. As Pawlet reached the door of the choir, and drew up beneath the arch, all eyes were fixed upon him. It was strange, almost appalling, to behold an equestrian figure in such a place, and on such an occasion. For a brief space, Pawlet remained motionless as a statue, but his horse snorted and pawed the ground. Then Lord Morley and Lord Dacre advanced, and aided him to alight. Consigning his steed to a henchman, by whom it was removed, Pawlet next proceeded with the two lords to the altar, and offered the pole-ax to the Bishop, with the head downward. Gardiner took the weapon, turned the

point upward, and delivered the pole-ax to an officer of arms, who laid it on the altar.

Then Richard Pawlet, brother to Chiodock, with four gentlemen ushers, brought in each a pall of cloth of gold, of bawd-kin, which they delivered to Garter and Clarencieux, by whom these palls were placed at the foot of the King's effigy.

Hereupon, the emperor's ambassador, with the ambassadors of France, Scotland, and Venice, were conducted by the gentlemen ushers to the altar, to make their offering. Then the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Protector, the Lord Chancellor, and the rest of the council offered. Lastly, Sir Thomas Cheney, treasurer, and Sir John Gage offered.

After all the offerings had been made, a pulpit was set directly before the high altar, and the Bishop of Winchester, mounting it, commenced a sermon, taking his text from the Revelations: "*In diebus illis, audivi vocem de coelo, dicentem mihi, Scribe, Beati mortui qui in Domino moriuntur. A modo jam dicit spiritus, ut requiescant à laboribus suis. Opera enim illorum sequuntur illos.*"

A fervid and fluent preacher, Gardiner deeply moved his auditors by his discourse, which was as remarkable for learning as for eloquence. At the close of the sermon the mass proceeded, and as the words, "*Verbum caro factum est,*" were pronounced, Lord Windsor offered the standard of the Lion; Lord Talbot the standard of the embroidered banner; and the rest of the standards and banners were offered in their turn.

After this, the Dean of Windsor and the canons took the palls which had been placed at the feet of the King's effigy, and conveyed them to the revestry. The image itself was next removed by the three gigantic warders, and carried to the same place.

The solemn moment had now arrived. Gardiner and the other officiating prelates descended from the high altar to the catafalque, and the Archbishop of Canterbury took up a station a little behind them with his crosses. The whole choir burst forth with the "*Circumdederunt me,*" the Bishops meanwhile continuing to cense the corpse.

Ere the solemn strains had ceased, the mouth of the vault opened, and the coffin slowly descended into the sepulcher.

Thus vanished from the sight of men all that was left of a great monarch.

Amid the profound silence that ensued, Gardiner advanced to the mouth of the vault. He was followed by all the chief officers of the household—namely, the lord great-master; the lord chamberlain of the household, the treasurer, comptroller, gentleman porter, and the four gentlemen ushers. These personages carried their staves and rods, and ranged themselves around the aperture.

Earth being brought to the Bishop, he cast it into the sepulcher, and when he had pronounced the words, "*Pulvis pulveri, cinis cineri,*" Lord Saint John broke his staff over his head, exclaiming dolefully, as he threw the pieces into the vault: "Farewell to the greatest of kings!"

The Earl of Arundel next broke his staff, crying out with a lamentable voice: "Farewell to the wisest and justest prince in Christendom, who had ever England's honor at heart!"

Sir John Gage next shivered his staff, exclaiming in accents of unaffected grief: "Farewell to the best of masters, albeit the sternest!"

Like sorrowful exclamations were uttered by William Knevet, the gentleman porter, and the gentlemen ushers, as they broke their rods.

There was something inexpressibly affecting in the destruction of these symbols of office, and the casting the fragments into the pit. Profound silence prevailed during the ceremony, but at its close a universal sigh broke from the assemblage.

At this moment, Sir Thomas Seymour, who was standing in a part of the choir commanding the Queen's closet, looked up. Catherine had covered her face with her handkerchief, and was evidently weeping.

De profundis was then solemnly chanted, amidst which the chasm was closed.

At the conclusion of the hymn, Garter, attended by Clarencieux, Carlisle, and Norroy, advanced to the center of the choir, and with a loud voice proclaimed: "Almighty God of his infinite goodness give good life and long to the most high and mighty Prince, our sovereign Lord, Edward VI., by the grace of God King of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and in earth, under God, of the Church of England and Ireland, the supreme Head and Sovereign, of the most noble Order of the Garter."

This proclamation made, he shouted lustily: "Vive le noble roi Edouard!" All the assemblage joined in the shout, which was thrice repeated.

Then the trumpeters stationed in the

rood-loft blew a loud and courageous blast, which resounded through the pile.

So ended the obsequies of the right high and puissant king Henry VIII.

From the London Spectator.

THE LATE ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

It is very painful to record the death of one from whom we had hoped so much as from Mrs. Browning, in the fullness of her powers, and too soon, perhaps, for the perfect maturity of her rich unchastened genius. By far the greatest, if not the only, Englishwoman whose name deserves to be ranked among our genuine poets, Mrs. Browning had not learned the difficult lesson of strictly subordinating the great wealth of her creative fancy to the guidance of a calm and lucid intellect. This steady self-denial of the imagination was, perhaps, the only quality wanting to perfect a rare and unique though a strongly marked and even eccentric genius. It was difficult to hope too much, though it might have been easy to hope in the wrong direction, from the authoress of *Aurora Leigh*. That extraordinary book, great alike in its merits and its faults, gave promise of the very highest excellence in one particular region of poetry, if the author should ever learn to be completely mistress of her own powers—to keep her teeming fancy true to the service of her own brightest thoughts. All these hopes are now wrecked. One of the very few truly creative minds of whom England could still boast—one who, in poetic gifts, ranked far above all her countrywomen, if not all her sex, in this or any other age—has been taken from us at a time when we can ill spare her. In any age of dry and frigid criticism, the power and the passion of so noble a mind as Mrs. Browning's, even though its highest moods had not always the white simplicity of the fullest inspiration, is an influence which can not be lost without leaving a

deep consciousness of that loss in English society; and it is well that it should be so.

All that is known of Mrs. Browning's private life is little indeed, compared with the knowledge of her mind, which any one who has read her poems, with any thing like insight, must have derived from them. Seldom have poems of any kind reflected more fully or more exclusively the personality of the poet than do those of Mrs. Browning. We have, however, one source of independent testimony, the recollections of her intimate personal friend, Miss Mitford, who thus describes her before years of suffering had elicited the remarkable genius which years of happiness subsequently matured.

"My first acquaintance," she writes in 1851, "with Elizabeth Barrett, commenced about fifteen years ago. She was certainly one of the most interesting persons that I had ever seen. Every body who then saw her said the same, so that it was not merely the impression of my partiality or my enthusiasm. Of a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large tender eyes, richly fringed by dark eyelashes, a smile like a sunbeam, and such a look of youthfulness that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend in whose carriage we went together to Chiswick, that the translatress of the *Prometheus* of Æschylus and the authoress of the *Essay on Mind* was old enough to be introduced into company—in technical language, was *out*."

In the following year, which we infer was the year 1837, Miss Barrett broke a blood-vessel on the lungs, which refused

to heal, though it did not lead to consumption, and she was ordered to spend some time at Torquay. During her residence there a tragical event, which permanently impaired her health and most painfully affected her imagination, deprived her of her brother. On a fine summer day the boat containing him and two of his companions went down, apparently without cause, in crossing the bar, within sight of the very windows of the house, and the bodies were never found. "This tragedy," says Miss Mitford, "nearly killed Elizabeth Barrett. The house that she occupied at Torquay stood at the bottom of the cliffs, almost close to the sea, and she told me herself that during that whole winter the sound of the waves rang in her ears like the moans of one dying." For a period of many years afterward she lived entirely in a darkened room, seeing only her own family and most intimate friends, but reading voraciously, and living in an imaginative world of her own. In one of the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, she says, with strict autobiographic truth:

"I lived with visions for my company
Instead of men and women, years ago,
And found them gentle mates, nor thought to
know
A sweeter music than they played to me."

This long recluse life accounts for the unique and often eccentric character of much of Mrs. Browning's poetry. Like a plant that is reared in darkness, her imagination had grown into grotesque shapes in the absence of the healthy magnetism of the common sunlight, and when restored to the world it was not possible to restore at once the law of normal growth. One of her greatest delights was the study of Greek poetry and philosophy—we suppose on the principle of contraries—for never was there a more strongly-marked specimen of the romantic imagination than Mrs. Browning's, or less trace of the influence of the classical school of poetry on an original mind. Yet numbers of her poems show the passionate love with which she had read Homer, the tragedians, and even the later Greek poets, especially Theocritus. The striking lines on the "Wine of Cyprus" contain, perhaps, the most concentrated evidence of these studies, and show the remarkable contrast between her own genius and her classic taste.

"As Ulysses' old libation
Drew the ghosts from every part,
So your Cyprus wine, dear Grecian,
Stirs the Hades of my heart.

"And I think of those long mornings
Which my thought goes far to seek,
When betwixt the folio's turnings
Solemn flowed the rhythmic Greek."

About the year 1847, Miss Barrett married Robert Browning, the well-known author of *Paracelsus*, and went with him to take up her residence in Italy, first at Pisa, then at Florence, where she continued to live till her death. Here it was that she wrote most of her maturer poems, especially her greatest work, *Aurora Leigh*, and the little poem, *Casa Guidi Windows*, suggested by the abortive Tuscan revolution of 1848-9. Mrs. Browning's sympathy with Italy was so deep and true that it led her even into the extravagance of addressing a kind of hymn to the present Emperor of the French, for his intervention on behalf of Piedmont in 1859, the appearance of which, under the title of *Poems before Congress*, is still fresh in our reader's memory. English spectators were not able to share this enthusiasm, but Mrs. Browning's view was perhaps not much more false on one side than the common anti-Napoleonic hypothesis in England was on the other. *Casa Guidi Windows* will remain, however, the most popular of her political poems, though these are in every respect greatly inferior to those of pure imaginative sentiment. Still there is strength as well as eloquence in her rebuke to the party who resisted English intervention in Italy on the plea of the sacredness of peace.

"What! your peace admits
Of outward anguish while it sits at home!
It is no peace, 'tis treason stiff with doom:
'Tis gagged despair, and inarticulate wrong,
Annihilated Poland, stifled Rome,
Dazed Naples, Hungary fainting 'neath the
thong,
And Austria wearing a smooth olive-leaf
On her brute forehead, while her troops outpress
The life from these Italian souls. In brief,
O Lord of Peace, who art Lord of Righteous-
ness!
Constrain the vanquished worlds from sin and
grief,
Pierce them with conscience, purge them with
redress,
And give us peace which is no counterfeit!"

Mrs. Browning died at Florence on the twenty-ninth of June last. She has herself delineated her own type of genius, and, with the fine passage to which we allude from *Aurora Leigh*, we will close this imperfect record of our own and England's loss. There was little of the calm joy of tranquil vision about Mrs. Browning's genius; her art was, as she herself delineates it, the overflow of long-accumulated suffering, and even her happiest efforts bear evidence of this painful travail. The following noble lines might well be selected as the best epitaph on her rich but turbid genius:

"Art
Sets action on the top of suffering;
The artist's part is both to be and do,
Transfixing with a special central power
The flat experience of the common man,
And turning outward with a sudden wrench,

Half-agony, half-ecstasy, the thing -
He feels the inmost: never felt the less
Because he sings it. Does a torch less burn
For burning next reflectors of cold steel,
That *he* should be the colder for his place
"Twixt two incessant fires—his personal life's
And that intense refraction which burns back
Perpetually against him from the round
Of crystal conscience he was born into,
If artist born? O sorrowful great gift
Conferred on poets, of a two-fold life,
When one life has been found enough for pain!"

P.S.—The only portrait of this remarkable woman we have seen was engraved from a portrait painted at Florence, from life, by T. Buchanan Read, Esq., the painter of Philadelphia, and published in *THE ECLECTIC*. It has been the most popular portrait ever published in this journal, and much called for. Copies may still be had on large paper for framing.—EDITOR.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

T H E S P I R I T - W O R L D .

Last night, when all the household slept,
The north wind blew so wild,
That I lay in my bed and wept,
Bitterly, like a child.
I know 'twas weak and coward-like;
Once I was bold and brave,
Ready to march, ready to strike,
Now I yearn for the grave;
Yearn to the souls of those above,
Who in God's light are furled—
To feel the bliss of reawakened love,
And live in spirit-world.

I walk alone, where fresh winds blow,
Over the rocky shore,
And feel God's world in beauty grow
Ever and evermore;
I steal away and sit apart,
While all the world is gay;
In solitariness of heart
I go alone to pray;
And in the silent summer night,
When dim, blue mists are curled,
I watch the dying amber light,
And live in spirit-world.

When through the aisle and cloister dim
The ghostly twilight falls,
And sunset shadows flit and skim
Over the sculptured walls,
Alone, I touch the organ-chords,
And bid the music roll,
And seem to hear an angel's words
Of greeting to my soul.
The music lingers round the bells,
Then seems to Heaven whirled,
And bears me upward with the swells
To realms of spirit-world.

Weak, oh! weak is my woman's will,
And gone from my control,
In vain I bid the tumult still,
Or peace be in my soul;
For never more is rest in life,
Or home on earth for me:
But evermore is endless strife,
And struggles to be free.
For life is shorn of love, one by one
My joys their sails have furled,
And those who with me voyaged have gone
To dwell in spirit-world.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

T H E A R T O F S W I M M I N G .

WE particularly recommend this article to our lady readers, for they should all learn how to swim. At some of our favorite bathing-places we have been pleased to see how many good swimmers and floaters are to be found among the lady visitors to these delightful places of resort.

As it is at this season that the healthy pastime of swimming may be pursued, we venture to give those of our young friends who may be inexperienced in the art a few hints which may serve them in time of need. Great caution is required in the commencement, for it is too often a failing in youth to tempt danger, and incur risks, (often fatal,) from not having acquired the knowledge of averting them.

The tonic and reviving qualities of cold water are of the most remarkable character. How wonderfully refreshing it is to bathe merely the face and hands in cold water.

On first plunging into cold water, there comes a shock which drives the blood to the central parts of the system; but immediately a reaction takes place, which is assisted by the exercise of swimming, producing, even in water of a low temperature, an agreeable warmth. The stay in the water should never be prolonged beyond the period of this excitement. If the water be left while this warmth continues, and the body immediately dried, the healthy glow over the whole surface will be delightful.

To remain in the water after the first reaction is over, produces a prolonged chilliness, a shrinking of the flesh, and a contraction of the skin by no means favorable to health or enjoyment; for it is only in water thoroughly warmed by the summer heats where we may bathe for hours with impunity.

Certain precautions are necessary. Moderate exercise, by summoning into action the powers of the system and quickening the circulation, is better than inactivity. We should never go into water immediately after a meal, nor while the process

of digestion is going forward. Nor should we plunge into the water when violently heated or in a state of profuse perspiration. Such imprudences are often fatal, especially if the water be unusually cold. If too warm, the temperature of the body may be reduced by bathing the wrists and wetting the head.

Times and Places for Swimming.—Before meals rather than after, and especially before breakfast and before supper, are proper seasons for bathing. The heats of the day are to be avoided, but in very hot weather a bath is useful to cool the blood and secure refreshing sleep. If in the middle of the day, a shaded place should be chosen, or the head protected from the sun by being kept wet or by wearing a straw hat—as is practiced by the fashionable French ladies at their watering-places.

The sea is the best place for swimming. Owing to the greater specific gravity of salt water than fresh, the body is more buoyant in it, as are other substances. A ship coming out of salt water into fresh sinks perceptibly in the water. The difference is nearly equal to the weight of the salt held in solution.

The bottom should be of hard sand, gravel, or smooth stones; sharp stones and shells cut the feet, and weeds may entangle them. The swimmer must avoid floating grass and quicksand. The beginner must be careful that the water does not run beyond his depth, and that the current can not carry him into a deeper place, also that there be no holes in the bottom. As persons are ever liable to accidents, cramps, etc., it is always best that boys or girls should be accompanied by those who are older than themselves, and who will be able to save them in an emergency.

Aids in Learning to Swim.—Probably one of the best ways of learning to swim is to go, with a competent teacher, in a boat in deep water, this supporting the body more buoyantly than that which is shallower, and preventing the constant

tendency of beginners to touch the bottom, which here is, of course, impossible.

The teacher should fasten a rope securely around the waist, or—better still—to a belt, which can neither tighten nor slip down. The rope may be fastened to a short pole. Supported in this manner, the pupil may take his proper position in the water, and practice the necessary motions, and the support of the rope may be gradually lessened until the pupil finds himself entirely supported by the water.

Corks and bladders are often used as supports for learners; but it is much better to begin without them. As, however, they may be a protection in some cases against accidents, and enable the learner to practice the proper motions for rapid swimming more carefully, they are not to be entirely condemned. Several large pieces of cork, uncut into stopples, must be strung upon each end of a piece of rope, long enough to pass under the chest and reach just above the shoulders; or well-blown and properly secured bladders may be fastened in the same way. Care must be taken to confine these supports near the shoulders, as by their slipping down they would plunge the head under water, and produce the very catastrophe they were especially designed to prevent.

A great variety of life-preservers have been invented, made of India-rubber and cork-shavings, in the form of jackets, belts, etc., which may be used like the corks and bladders; but, as their bulk is generally all around the chest, they hinder the free use of the arms and impede the velocity of motion. As life-preservers they would do very well if people ever had them on when they were needed, or had presence of mind enough to fit and inflate them in sudden emergencies. The best life-preservers are the self-reliance and well-directed skill of a good swimmer.

Swimming with the plank has two advantages. The young bather has always the means of saving himself from the effects of a sudden cramp, and he can practice with facility the necessary motions with the legs and feet, aided by the momentum of the plank. A piece of light wood, three or four feet long, two feet wide, and about two inches thick, will answer very well for this purpose. The chin may be rested upon the end, the arms used; but this must be done carefully, or the support may go beyond the young swimmer's reach.

A better method, as many think, than any of these, is for the teacher to wade into the water with his pupil, and then support him in a horizontal position by placing his hand under the pupil's chest, while he directs his motions. He may withdraw his support almost imperceptibly. But we do not see what advantage this method has over that first noticed with the boat, unless it be that the teacher can better enforce his precepts by example, and, in swimming himself, give practical illustrations of his theories of propulsion.

The rope is another artificial support which has its advantages. A rope may be attached to a pole fastened (and mind that it be well fastened) in the bank, or it may be attached to a branch of an overhanging tree. Taken in the hands, the swimmer may practice with his legs, or, by holding it in his teeth, he may use all his limbs at once. The rope, however, is not so good as the plank, as it allows of less freedom of motion, and the latter might easily be so fixed as to be laid hold of by the teeth, and held securely.

The Cramp.—Those persons who plunge into the water when they are heated by exercise, and remain in it until they are benumbed with cold, or exhaust themselves by very violent exertion, are the most subject to attacks of cramp. The moment the swimmer is seized by cramp in the legs, he must not suffer himself to feel alarmed, but strike out the limb with all his might, keeping the heel downward, and drawing the toes as far upward as he can, although at the time these movements give him great pain. He may also turn on his back, and jerk the limb into the air, though not so high as to throw himself out of his balance. Should these attempts prove unsuccessful, he must try to reach the shore with his hands, or at all events keep himself afloat until assistance can be procured. If he can not float on his back he may swim upright, keeping his head above the surface, by striking the water downward with his hands near the hips, and thus make steady progress without using the legs. If only one leg be attacked, the swimmer may strike forward with the other; and, to acquire confidence in cases of cramp, it is advisable to practice swimming with one hand and leg, with the hands only, or even with one leg.

Entering the Water—Striking Out.—We now come to the most important di-

rections. As the pupil must gradually acquire confidence in this new element, he should not be urged to plunge in against his inclination. After wetting his head, he may wade in until the water is up to his breast, then, turning toward the shore, inflate his lungs, and incline forward until the water covers his chin. The head should be thrown backward, and the back hollowed, and the chest as much as possible expanded. In swimming, the feet should be about two feet below the surface. The hands should be placed in front of the breast, pointing forward, the fingers kept close together, and the thumb to the fingers, so as to form a slightly hollow paddle. Now strike the hands forward as far as possible, but not bringing them to the surface; then make a sweep backward to the hips, the hands being turned downward and outward; then bring them back under the body, and with as little resistance as may be, to their former position, and continue as before.

The hands have three motions: First, from their position at the breast, they are pushed straight forward; second, they sweep round to the hips, like an oar, the closed and hollowed hands being the paddle portion, and their position in the water and descent serving both to propel and sustain the body; and third, they are brought back under the body to the first position.

Having learned these motions by practicing them slowly, the pupil should proceed to learn the still more important motions of the legs. These are likewise three in number—one of preparation and two of propulsion. First, the legs are drawn up as far as possible, by bending the knees and keeping the feet widely separated; second, they are pushed with force backward and outward, so that they spread as far as possible; and third, the legs are brought together, thus acting powerfully upon the wedge of water which they inclosed.

The motion in the water should be as straight forward as possible, and the more the head is immersed the easier the swimming. Rising at every stroke—*breasting*, as it is called—is both tiresome and inelegant.

All these movements should be made with slowness, and deliberately, without the least flurry. The learner will soon breathe naturally, and, as the motions are

really natural, he will not be long in acquiring them. If he draw in his breath as he rises, and breathe it out as he sinks, he will time his strokes, and avoid swallowing water. Those who have been accustomed to fresh water must be particularly careful when they go into the sea, the water of which is very nauseous.

Plunging or Diving.—In leaping into the water, feet first, which is done from rocks, etc., the feet must be kept close together, and the arms either held close to the side or over the head. In diving head-foremost, the hands must be put together, so as to divide the water before the head. The hands are also in a proper position for striking out.

It is wonderful how easy the swimmer directs his course under water. If he wishes to go down or come up, or swim to the right or left, he has but to bend his head and body in that direction, and, after a little use, he will do this almost unconsciously, as if his movements were the result of volition alone.

In descending in the water, bend the head so as to bring the chin near the breast, and curve the back in the same direction; in ascending, hold back the head and hollow the back. In swimming over the surface, look up to the sky; it is quite impossible to dive beneath the surface in this position.

Swimming in Deep Water.—In the swimming schools of Prussia, the pupils are taught in deep water, sustained by a belt and a rope attached to a pole, which the teacher holds as a lever over a railing. The motions of the arms, then of the legs, and then both together, are practiced by word of command, like military exercises. The support is given as required. After a few lessons the pole is dispensed with, then the rope; but the pupil is still kept, until proficient, within reach of the pole. This mode of learning to swim is like that practiced in teaching boys to ride in the circus. A rope, fastened to a belt, passes through a ring in the saddle, and the end is held by the riding-master in the center of the ring. If the boy falls, his teacher has only to draw upon the rope, and he is secure from danger, and ready to spring to his feet again.

Those who are learning to swim in shallow water, and without a teacher, may find an advantage in the following method: When the learner has acquired some facility in swimming, and wishes to try to

swim out of his depth, he should first venture to cross a stream which may be a foot or two overhead in the middle. He must not be alarmed at not feeling ground under his feet, or make quick and short strokes, and breathe at the wrong time, so that he involuntarily swallows water—all which mishaps, of course, increase the hurry and agitation, and make it difficult for him to get back to shore. Learners should, therefore, never venture out of their depth without having first practiced such distances only as they are certain they can accomplish; for, if they can swim eight or ten yards without allowing their feet to touch the bottom, they can fearlessly attempt to cross a deep stream of only half that width, and so on, increasing the distance by degrees; they will thus progressively attain presence of mind, and find that the deeper the water the greater is its sustaining power, and the easier they will be enabled to swim in it.

Treading Water.—This is a favorite position in the water, and useful as a means of resting in swimming long distances. The position is perpendicular; the hands are placed upon the hips or kept close to the side to assist in balancing the body, being moved, like fins, at the wrist only; the feet are pushed down alternately, so as to support the head above water, and the body may be raised in this way to a considerable extent. While in this position, if the head be thrown back so as to bring the nose and mouth uppermost, and the chest somewhat inflated, the swimmer may sink till his head is nearly covered, and remain for any length of time in this position without motion, taking care to breathe very slowly.

Upright Swimming—System of Bernardi.—Bernardi, an Italian teacher of swimming, who has written a treatise upon the subject, warmly recommends the upright position in swimming as being in conformity with the accustomed movements of the limbs, from the freedom of the hands and arms, greater facility of breathing, and less risk of being caught hold of by persons struggling in the water.

Though this method can never supersede that taught by nature and the frog—her best professor—it may be practiced for variety's sake. The great difficulty is in keeping the head properly balanced, for whichever way it inclines over goes the body.

Side-Swimming.—In swimming on

either side the motions of the legs have no alternation, but are performed as usual. To swim on the left side, lower that side, which is done with the slightest effort, and requires no instruction; then strike forward with the left hand and sideways with the right, keeping the back of the latter to the front, with the thumb side downward, so as to act as an oar. In turning on the other side, strike out with the right hand, and use the left as an oar. To swim on each side alternately, stretch out the lower arm the instant that a strike is made by the feet, and strike with the other arm on a level with the head at the instant that the feet are urging the swimmer forward; and while the upper hand is carried forward and the feet are contracted, the lower hand must be drawn toward the body. This method is full of variety, and capable of great rapidity, but it is also very fatiguing.

Thrusting.—This is a very beautiful variety of this exercise, and much used by accomplished swimmers. The legs and feet are worked as in ordinary swimming, but the hands and arms very differently. One arm (say the right) should be lifted wholly out of the water, thrust forward to the utmost reaching, and then dropped upon the water with the hand hollowed, and then brought back by a powerful movement, pulling the water toward the opposite armpit. At the same time, the body must be sustained and steadied by the left hand working in a small circle, and as the right arm comes back from its far reach to the armpit, the left is carrying in an easy sweep from the breast to the hip. The left arm is thrust forward alternately with the right, and by these varied movements great rapidity is combined with much ease.

Swimming on the Back.—This is the easiest of all modes of swimming, because in this way a larger portion of the body is supported by the water. It is very useful to ease the swimmer from the greater exertion of more rapid methods, and especially when a long continuance in deep water is unavoidable. The swimmer can turn easily to this position, or, if learning, he has but to incline slowly backward, keeping his head on a line with his body, and letting his ears sink below the surface; then placing his hands upon his hips, he can push himself along with his feet and legs with perfect ease and considerable rapidity.

The hands may be used to assist in propelling in this mode by bringing them up edgewise toward the armpits, and then pushing them down, the fingers fronting inward, and the thumb part down. This is called "winging."

The hands may be used at discretion, the application of force in one direction, of course, giving motion in the other; and the best methods are soon learned when once the pupil has acquired confidence in his powers of buoyancy.

From the London Eclectic.

LAYS AND LEGENDS OF CROMWELL AND THE NONCONFORMIST HEROES.*

PURITANISM and Nonconformity have not been often made the subjects of poetry; yet they have always seemed to us to have in their history plenty of material both for the drapery of the tale and the vehement utterance of the striking fact. The volume we introduce somewhat surreptitiously to our readers, since it was not sent to us, and very likely was only written or published for the behoof of a very limited circle indeed. Modesty well becomes the writer; for his lays are far enough from equal to the worth and grandeur of the various themes. It may be presumed that if they do not owe much to the inspiration of Lord Macaulay's lays, they were, at any rate suggested by those of Professor Aytoun.

We have ourselves never entertained any very high appreciation of Mr. Aytoun's lays. Some friends of ours, who have tough Nonconformist hearts, conjoined with cultured sensibilities, have professed to us their admiration of them. To us they have ever seemed a dreary maundering of nonsense and falsehood in verse, after the Professor's best fashion. They want incident, and movement, and sparkling point, and pith. The topics are chosen from the least known, and therefore least regarded, circumstances of the history. Far be it from us to assert that, among the ranks of the Cavaliers, and the followers of Montrose, there were to be found no incidents of nobility and daring. Indeed, we wish that the author of the volume before us had a little ex-

panded the idea to do fitting honor to some scenes and names consecrated to veneration for loyalty and law. But we admit the difficulty of such a task. The Stewarts, notwithstanding Mr. Aytoun's veneration, were a worthless race. They were all baptized into the name of "the world, the flesh, and the devil;" and a baptism in their font is not a dedication service likely to lead poor souls to much good. Loyalty to law, and to usage, and custom, especially loyalty to the sovereign, is very beautiful and touching, and most sentimentally charming; but loyalty to conscience, and purity, and justice, and righteousness—these also are charming.

We have often grieved that no writer has been found to commemorate, in fitting words, the prisons of the martyrs, their lives, and their death-places, and their memories; and, we must even say, we are thankful for so much as we have got out of the present writer, only regretting that what we have has not a higher quality to recommend it, so that we might even beg of him to emerge from his anonymousness and obscurity, or at any rate to give these private and evidently all too carelessly-written and uncorrected lays to the world. His style sadly lacks quiet and compression. We have reason to believe that most of these pages have been written many years, and evidently too much beneath the influence of spasmodic models. We counsel our young friend to read "Helps" for his English, and to kindle his fire from the fuel of Homer, and so begin again, and a few years hence give us some more lays and legends.

* *Lays and Legends of Nonconformist Heroes.* Privately printed.

However, such as they are, we do propose to introduce several of them to the eye of the reader who may be courteous enough to the author to bear with his attempts, less for what they are than for the subjects they attempt to commemorate. Of course, in a volume upon Non-conformist Heroes, the mighty soldier of Puritanism, Cromwell, stands forth no doubt the foremost man, as usual. Our author devotes to him some pages of eulogistic and elucidatory writing; and, although so much has been said, and is said still, upon him, we do not believe there is danger that too much will be said. The process of conversion has been long in working; but, at last, brief and rapid. Opposite theories, however, may be found still. Our author says:

"It was at this time, too, that he saw the destinies of the contest, and from among the freeholders and their sons in his own neighborhood he formed his immortal troop of Ironsides—those men who in many a well-fought field turned the tide of conflict—men who jeopardized their lives on the high places of the field. These men were peculiarly molded; their training was even more religious than military; they were men of position and character. Oliver preached to them, prayed with them, directed their vision to all the desperate and difficult embroilments of the times. These men were Puritans all; Independents; men who, however horrible it may be to our more Christian notions, used their Bible as a match-lock, and relieved their guard by revolving texts of holy writ, and refreshed their courage by draughts from God's Book.

"Oliver said, at a later time, he saw that all the Cavaliers were a dissipated race of godless men; there could be no hope for success but in religious and godly men. He allied the cause of Puritanism with such an enthusiasm, such a blaze of martial glory, that—indeed they could be no other than irresistible—they grasped the sword of the Spirit, the word of God; they held communion with the skies, these men. What! shall we compare Tancreds and Ivanhoes, and Red Cross Knights with these realities—this band of Puritan Havelocks? Not soldiers of a tournament were they; in very deed, fighting against principalities, and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places—piety exasperated to enthusiasm, and blazing at last into warlike madness! Then, the civil war was up in earnest, and Oliver soon found work. Since the last civil wars, the battles of the Roses, several generations had passed away, and England had grown in wealth and power; but widely different were the interests represented by the two contests to the mind; this was the struggle, indeed, with the last faint life of feudalism. In some sort

the contest of the city and the castle was represented even by the wars of the Roses; but much more here; and hence over the whole land soon passed the echoes of strife. Old villages that had slept quietly for centuries beneath the shadow of the church spire or tower; old halls, famous for the good cheer and the merry songs of roystering Christmas time; fields, spreading wide with the rich herbage and green meadow-land—all these were dyed with blood. The river that had for ages crept lazily along through the woodland became choked with the bodies of the dead, and crimsoned with the blood of the slain. Winding round many a graceful bend of road where nature had touched the scene with tenderness, the Roundhead clad in iron, saw the waving plume of the Cavalier. Soon the two straggling parties were locked in deadly conflict, and the spot became memorable for ages after for the blood shed in a skirmish which could not be dignified by the name of a battle. Throughout the land family ties were severed; every where a man's foes were they of his own household. 'Old armor came down from a thousand old walls, and clanked upon the anvils of every village smithy;' 'boot and saddle' was the order of the day and night; every buff coat, and every piece of steel that could turn or deal a blow, became of value. Even the long-bow, the brown bill, and the cross-bow, resumed their almost forgotten use; rude spears, and common staves, and Danish clubs, assumed the rank of weapons. The trumpets of the Cavaliers rang out fearlessly through the half of England, and thrilled the spirits of the people with the cries of *Loyalty*; responded to by the shrill blast of the Roundhead, and the cry of *Liberty*. 'Those,' says Carlyle, 'were the most confused months England ever saw; in every shire, in every parish, in court-houses, ale-houses, churches, and markets, wheresoever men were gathered together, England was, with sorrowful confusion in every fiber, tearing itself into hostile halves, to carry on the voting by pike and bullet henceforth.' 'The spirit of war stalked forth; many times we find the record of men who slew an enemy, and found a parent in the corpse they were about to spoil. The face of nature became changed, and peaceful homesteads and quiet villages assumed a rough, hostile look; and the old familiar scenes rang with the fatal, fascinating, bugle-notes of war. Every house of strength became a fortress, and every household a garrison.'

"Romance and poetry have woven gay garlands, and sung highly-wrought and glowing melodies around the achievements of knight-hood and chivalry; but romance and poetry shrink back startled and appalled before the deeds of the mighty Puritan heroes—the Ironsides of Cromwell. The carnal mind of the succeeding century has succeeded in defacing the features, and soiling the fair fame of the Knight-hood of Puritanism; but do you not think that the Soldiers of the Cross may deserve words as eloquent, and songs as soul-kindling, as those

which echoed around the rabble rout of the strange Red Cross Knights of Norman feudalism?"

Our author, we should think, is no peace man; if so, then a very inconsistent one, for many of his pages are devoted to the description of the great Puritan battle-fields:

"It was MARSTON that first developed the power of Cromwell on the field—I know the spot well; I know the little village of Long Marston well—Marston Moor, seven miles from York. How came that battle to be fought at all? The old city of York is a venerable city, crowned with its tiara of proud towers, and stands like an old queen on the banks of the Ouse. And it has witnessed memorable things in the course of its history; but not one more memorable than that great fight in which, for the first time, the genius of Cromwell rose triumphant and complete upon the field. York, the old city, was in possession of the Royalists; and so weak were they, that it seemed the Roundheads, who lay encamped before the city, must soon find an entrance there. But just then the fiery Rupert came plunging across the Lancashire Hills, with twenty thousand of the flower of the Royalist and Cavalier army, and the Puritan forces drew out to Marston Moor. Had Rupert contented himself with relieving and succoring York, the whole tide of conflict might have been different; but he did not know the strength of his foes. Charles, indeed, had written to him, 'If York be lost, I shall esteem my crown to be little less' than lost. There, outside of the city, lay the Royalist army, lay the protecting host of Rupert; and there, yonder along the Moor, the armies of the Parliament, a calm summer evening, on the twenty-fourth of June, 1644. I can scarcely even now think that Rupert, even with his madness, could have wished to hazard a battle when the advantage so decidedly his own could only have been hazarded and risked by conflict; and yet let us recollect that the letter of Charles to him was carried by him on his heart to the day of his death as his warrant for that well-fought fatal field; and he did not know the strength of that army of yeomen and volunteers; above all, he did not know Cromwell. The evening of the day closed in gloom, the heavens were covered with clouds, thick, black murky masses swept over the sky. Hymns of triumph rose from the ranks of the Roundheads and the Parliament, while Prince Rupert would have a sermon preached before him and the army, and his chaplain took a text which seemed to challenge the issue of the morrow, from Joshua: 'The Lord God of gods, the Lord God of gods, he knoweth, and Israel he shall know; if it be in rebellion, or if in transgression against the Lord, save us not this day.' Still, dark, and gloomy, and more gloomy, fell the evening; thunder pealed along the heavens, and the forked flame glanced on the terrible mass of

iron-clad men. Between the two armies lay a drain. On the opposite bank to the Royalist forces in the center stood Leven and Fairfax, the commanders of the Parliament; on the left yonder, Cromwell with his Ironsides. Rupert had with wild, furious, characteristic energy fallen upon that center, and his life-guards had scattered and routed them, so that amidst the storm of shot, the maddening shouts, the thundering hoof, pursuing and pursued, they swept across yonder field, cutting down remorselessly all, scattering the whole host like leaves before the storm-wind. Goring, the other Royalist general, was not idle; his desperadoes charged on, and with wild tumultuous rout they hewed down the fugitives by scores; two thirds of the field were gained for Rupert and for Charles. Fairfax was defeated, he fled through the field, through the hosts of the Cavaliers, who supposed him to be some Royalist general, he posted on to Cawood Castle, arrived there, and in the almost or entirely deserted house, he unbooted and unsaddled himself, and went like a wise old soldier to bed. Leven, the brave old Leslie, was a prisoner. But amidst all that rout the carnage and flying confusion, one man held back his troops. Cromwell there to the left, when he saw how the whole Royalist force attacked the center, restrained the fiery impatience of his Ironsides, he drew them off still further to the left, his eye blazed all on fire, till at the moment he uttered his short, sharp, passionate word to the troops, 'CHARGE IN THE NAME OF THE MOST HIGH,' beneath the clouds, beneath the storm, beneath the night-heavens flying along, he scattered the whole mass. You know it was wondrous to see him in those moods of highly-wrought enthusiasm, and his watchword always struck along the ranks. 'Truth and Peace' he thundered along the lines; 'Truth and Peace' in answer to the Royalist cry of 'God and the King.' 'Upon them—upon them.' That hitherto unknown man and his immortal hosts of Puritans poured upon the Cavaliers. The air was alive with artillery. Cromwell seized the very guns of the Royalists, and turned them upon themselves. Thus, when the Royalists returned from the scattering the one wing of their foes, they found the ground occupied by victors. The fight was fought again, but fought in vain; in vain was Rupert's rallying cry: 'For God and for the King!' Through the black and stormy night was seen the gleaming steel of other hostile lines. The Cavaliers were scattered far and wide over the plain—over the country; while, amidst the thousands of the dead lying there, the shattered carriages, Rupert made the last effort of flying from the field to York; across the bean-field, over the heath, the agonized young fieryheart made his way. And there amidst the gathering silence, and amidst the groans of the dying, rises the magnificent genius of Cromwell."

In a more advanced part of the volume we have another battle-field:

"On the field of Marston the genius of Cromwell shone forth for the first time, amazing by its majesty alike the army of the Parliament and the King. On 'the field of Naseby' the baton of Cromwell struck down the scepter from the hand of Charles, never in his day to be lifted by royal hands again. Naseby, you know, is a little village town in Leicestershire, near Market Harborough, and remains, I understand, to this day very much what it was on the day of the battle in June, 1645. A wide, wavy, open country it is; between two hills lies the field—spot of battle, spot of doom, 'valley of the shadow of death' to how many brave men. They still show the old table at Naseby where the guards of Rupert—the Cavaliers—sat the night before the battle; an old oak table, deeply indented and stained with the carousals of ages. The battle at Marston field had closed about ten at night, the battle of Naseby began about ten in the morning, a bright summer morning. When they met there, those two armies, amidst the green heraldry of indignant nature, beneath the song of the startled lark, and the gay varieties of the green earth, and the dappled sky, and the springing corn—there rose the Royalists' cry of 'Queen Mary,' answered by the stern, gruff battle-shout of the Ironsides: 'God is with us.' Rupert knew that Cromwell was on the field, and sought to bring his troops against the mighty Roundhead; but he found Ireton instead, a soldier who, afterward, as Cromwell's son-in law, exhibited much of the iron resolve of his yet more illustrious father. If any field could have been won by passion alone, Rupert would have won not only Naseby, but many another field; but we know that as passion is one of the most frail elements of our nature, so Rupert was one of the most frail of men. At the head of his Cavaliers, in white sash and plume, he indeed flamed in brilliant gallantry over the field, shouting, 'Queen Mary, Queen Mary,' while the more rough and unknighly soldiers thundered: 'God is with us, God is with us.' Beholding Cromwell flying from one part of the field to another, like lightning, breaking the enemy's lines, it might seem that he too, like Rupert, was only impersonated passion; but his vision included the whole field, and held all that passion in mastery and in check. At one moment a commander of the King's, knowing Cromwell, advanced briskly from the head of his troops to exchange a single bullet with him. They encountered, their pistols discharged, and the Cavalier, with a slanting back-blow of the sword, cut the string of Oliver's helmet, or morion; he was just about to repeat the stroke, but some of Cromwell's party passed by, rescued him, and one of them threw the head-piece on his saddle; hastily he caught it, placed it on his head the wrong way, and so through the day he wore it; and every where his words, 'God is with us, struck like light over his soldiers' hearts—like lightning over his enemies. What was there in the poor cry, 'Queen Mary'—and such a Mary! to kindle feelings like that? Then, at last, the

tide of the day turned, and the Royalists sunk, or attempted to retain a retreating fight among the gorse bushes and the rabbit-warrens, which checked the Roundheads' charge. But on this field the passionate Rupert, as at Marston, supposed that he had won the day, and thinking the victory all his own, he clove his way back to the spot where the poor hapless King was cheering his dismayed troopers. Yes, I can almost weep as I hear that cry from the King: 'One charge more, gentlemen, one charge more, and the day is ours.' He placed himself at the head of the troopers, and a thousand prepared to follow him. One of his courtiers snatched his bridle, and turned him from the path of honor to that of despair. 'Why,' says one writer, 'was there no hand to strike that traitor to the ground?' Alas! if the King's own hand could not strike that traitor to the ground, was it possible that another's could? Who would have dared to have taken Cromwell's bridle at such a moment? And so at the battle of Naseby the crown fell from the King's head, and the scepter from his hand, and he was henceforth never more in any sense a king. Poor King. 'Who will bring me,' cried he in despair, 'this Cromwell dead or alive?' Alas! your majesty! Who?"

In the following estimate of Cromwell's character and intentions we see nothing new, but it illustrates the enthusiastic homage our author pays to the purity of his hero:

"And I think this is the moment to say two or three words upon that ever difficult problem, What were Cromwell's intentions with reference to himself and to Charles? I can not see that there is foundation for any other thought than that Cromwell especially intended to preserve English law; to him I dare say a king was not more sacred than a man; and a lawless king not so sacred as an obedient and law-keeping man. Yet I see no reason to think that he was either beckoned on by any shades of unlawful ambition, nor do I see any reason to doubt that he did at one time fully intend to save the king. There is an important principle in Guizot's story of the English Commonwealth, which I believe to be substantially sound and just; namely: 'That God does not grant it to the great men who have set on disorder the foundations of their greatness, the power to regulate at their pleasure and for centuries, even according to their better desires, the government of nations.' This is true substantially. But it is also true that Charles had really set on disorder the foundations of his greatness. The race of men who first confronted Charles—Pym and Hampden especially—were men of law; they no doubt desired to see the government settled in a constitutional manner. I do not believe that those first actors were republicans. Certainly not in the sense in which John Milton, and Sir Harry Vane, and Algernon Sydney, and Har-

rington were republicans. To them the great thing that England wanted was good, just, equitable law; they were men who would have made some such arrangement as that which was actually made when William mounted the throne. The King threw all this desire into a hopeless imbroglio. The raising of his banner, and the subsequent civil war, created a hopeless anarchy. Cromwell, although he had some education for the law, and was originally intended for the legal profession, had little of the lawyer in his nature. Casuistries and subtleties enough might spin their cobwebs through his brain, but they were not such as lawyers love, in catches and in technicalities. He had, I believe, a strong love of English justice. He had, I believe, a resolute desire to see things established by law. Does any one suppose that had power or ambition been his mark, he might not have achieved it in a far readier way than by that sophistical and doubtful Protectorate? If the King would have allowed himself to be saved—if, I say, he could have been honest—Cromwell would have served him and have saved him. And had he not prized the happiness of his daughter too highly, what was to prevent his acceptance of the offer of Charles Stuart, the exile, in which case the name of Cromwell might have been associated with the royal line of kings? But I think little of these things. Can you think that that man who struck down the majesty of England at Marston and Naseby; who laid Ireland groaning at his feet; and crushed even the haughty Presbytery at Dunbar; can you suppose that any feelings of fear restrained him from decking his brows with the round of sovereignty? That the idea of monarchy came to him again and again, I can well believe. But I can believe also, and do believe, that nothing but the purity of his own purposes restrained his hand from grasping the crown. Be sure of this, no fantastic republican was he. He knew the mind of England too well. He knew human nature too well. He knew history too well; for let us not forget that he had received the education of a scholar and a gentleman; and scholars admired his magnificent and well-selected library in a day when the collection of books was not a fashion. But having conquered Charles,

he saw, of course, that power and responsibility must reside somewhere and in some person. Where? In that House whom he retained in existence, whose greatest spirits were all dead, or, if remaining there with their theories of impracticable governments, framed on Grecian models or Italian oligarchies, surrounding their whole conceptions with a mist and a haze? What that Long Parliament was fitted to be we see by what it was when he appeared in its midst, and by what it did when once more it assembled and laid England under so damnable and disgraceful a tyranny, that every nerve in English flesh thrills with pain and shame when we think that our land has known such atrocious and iniquitous misrule. Cromwell, I believe, all along used the circumstances as they transpired as best he could. What would you have had him do? When the king was conquered, would you have had him place the conquered tyrant once more upon the throne, without any promise or constitution? We have seen that there was no reliance on his faith. What then? Charles Stuart the Second—should he place him on the throne? No; we may well believe that child of light had no fellowship with that Belial. The house was composed only of about seventy members. They had passed an Act that they would not be dissolved but by their own consent. They would by that Act have been sitting there now. Cromwell would not trust that weakness. He had also, I believe, no great regard for his own head; still, I dare say, he thought it fitted its own neck very well, and he determined to do his best to keep it there. On the whole, he saw, I believe, that the people must return to their ancient monarchy; but many prejudices, and much ill blood must die out first. He determined to watch over the interests of England like the sentinel of Providence, and he called himself the Lord Protector. Well did he deserve the name."

That our author has been greatly indebted to Carlyle for his colors in the following rendering of the battle of Dunbar, none of our readers will doubt. We believe, however, he has used them in such a way as to make them his own:

"THE BATTLE OF DUNBAR.

"AS RECITED BY ONE OF THE PURITAN ARMY IN 1686.

"Come gather round this winter hearth, and I will tell a tale
Shall make the coldest heart beat high, and blanch the tyrant pale;
Shall bid all true hearts to be strong, since truth can never fail,
And warn the oppressor that his hour comes floating on the gale.
I'll tell you how at Freedom's call, arose the blast of war,
I'll tell you how our Cromwell fought and conquered at Dunbar.

"The Scots they sought to conquer us, though we had lent them aid
To rend the hated cassock off from their own mountain plaid:
They sought to gird our land within the Presbytery's shade,
And so to crown Charles Stuart king, they led their highland raid,
To crush our faith the highlands' clans came flocking near and far,
And we were there to conquer them, or perish at Dunbar.

" Each English heart that day beat high, with hope and courage rare,
Such hope may England ever have, to make her foes despair.
Yet heavy was the cannon's roll, and stern the trumpet's blare;
It was not fear, but faith to death—I know, for I was there.
This arm on many a foeman laid the bloody brand of war,
When our Protector, Cromwell, fought and conquered at Dunbar.

" Like sheep for slaughter there we lay; alas! what power had we?
Behind us stretched, all drear and grim, the dread and awful sea;
And there the hosts of Leslie lay, we could not fight nor flee;
We only knew the Lord of Hosts would our deliverer be.
We held his promise to our hearts, like good news from afar,
He saved on Marston's bloody field, and why not at Dunbar?

" Then came the night—and such a night! the mists fell cold and chill,
The solemn tones of brooding winds were speaking on the hill.
The hum of those two mighty hosts made stillness yet more still,
And girt, with mailed bands, the strength of every iron will.
I looked o'er all the cloudy heavens, but could not see a star,
As there we lay, beneath the shades and crags of old Dunbar.

" It was a night for daring deeds! dark clouds, and winds, and rain;
The full moon faintly touched the clouds, then veiled her face again;
The sea mourned hoarse, but audibly—'twas like a soul in pain;
And phantom sounds and phantom sights were scudding o'er the plain.
I looked o'er all the cloudy heavens—I could not see a star,
Nor light, save where a flickering torch shone o'er thy fields, Dunbar.

" We knew to-morrow's sun would shine upon a bloody field,
We could not hope that we could make those haughty thousands yield;
We could but throw for our dear land, our bodies as a shield,
And charter with our faith and blood the faith our fathers sealed.
If conquest fled afar from us, in this last gasp of war,
We'd leave our bones to bleach, for faith and freedom, at Dunbar.

" The stertorous hum of drowsy life rose upward through the calm,
And midst it rose from out the ranks some soldier's pious psalm;
And some, to quell their care, would list the preacher's loud alarm,
Or muse if they that day might change the hauberk for the palm,
Thus mount the fiery chariot, from the red smoke of war,
And pass to take the crown of joy, from thy dread field, Dunbar.

" I could not sleep, I could not watch; I passed the night alone.
I mused, I could not sing, nor preach, nor bide the preacher's tone.
Eternity seemed crowded there—things present, future, gone!
And dark and light, each sat by turns upon my spirit's throne.
I knew by many a well-fought field, the doom and dread of war,
But never doom or doubt so deep as that of old Dunbar.

" We thought of many a holy text, and promise made of old,
Of Daniel in the lions' den (a sheep within the fold :)
And how for Israel's tribes the waves to walls of safety rolled,
When they, like us, were hemmed and girt by foemen fierce and bold.
We held that story to our hearts, like good news from afar,
The Lord would rise in might for us, and conquer at Dunbar.

" We thought of him, the Captain strong, the mighty Jerubbaal,
Who met the Midianitish host with numbers small and frail;
And while our lesser numbers lay along the misty vale,
That Gideon's sword and Gideon's Lord, would o'er our foes prevail.
And while the moon rolled murkily above thy fields, Dunbar,
We thought of Him who rode above old Israel's awful JAH!

" For me—old Gideon haunted me!—I saw his gleaming sword,
I heard the shout, I knew the cry, I felt the Spirit's word;
I heard the falling pitchers break, with one distinct accord;

I felt my own weak heart upheld by good news from the Lord.
 'Thou canst not fail in this dread hour,' said I, 'O Lord of War!
 Oh! nerve our Gideon's arm to strike, and conquer at Dunbar!'

"Should we so false or fickle prove, or do so mean a thing
 As hail 'the young man Charles' to be our own anointed king;
 To bow the knee to those proud Scots when they their Prince should bring
 His lecherous, craven, coward glance along our land to fling;
 And we to sink to faithlessness, or bide the blast of war,
 Said I, No! let us rot to death beneath thy cliffs, Dunbar.

"A tramp—a step—and then a voice: 'Ha! Captain, who goes there?
 Why, these, methinks, are precious hours to spend in words of prayer.'
 Said I: 'Lone hearts may catch the spark which numbers have to share.'
 'Tis well,' said he, and grasped my hand—oh! honor high and rare!
 It was the Gideon of our hosts, who led our ranks to war,
 Our mighty Cromwell on his rounds the night before Dunbar.

"Hark! was not that the bugle's blast? I grasped a comrade's hand;
 Again that wild, swift, piercing scream—it swept along the strand;
 It fell like lightning in the midst of Leslie's mighty band,
 And where with us the heart lay cold, the breath of faith was fanned.
 It was the blast that summoned us to dare the blaze of war,
 And wave aloft a bloody sword, high o'er thy field, Dunbar.

"Shout answered shout! blast answered blast! amidst the twilight dim,
 The dark gray curtain of the dawn hung bodingly and grim;
 'Midst hailing shot and dying screams, arose the sacred hymn.
 My memory holds them—I was there—else all my senses swim.
 But pride will pant within my heart, the pride and pomp of war,
 Whene'er I think of fight so dread and bloody as Dunbar!

"Then rose the hurtling cannon shower along the startled coasts,
 Then dashed on Lambert's iron-hearts through Leslie's scattered posts;
 Then rose their cry, 'THE COVENANT!' mid sneers, and taunts, and boasts;
 'THE LORD OF HOSTS!' our Captain cried: 'THE LORD—THE LORD OF HOSTS.'
 THE WORD that healed our aching hearts in many an ancient scar,
 That was the word by which we fought and conquered at Dunbar.

"'Twas when the storm of fight was o'er, the battle almost done,
 From forth the sea, beyond the rocks, looked up the great red sun,
 Our General saw the flying hosts—'THEY RUN!' he cried, 'THEY RUN!
 LET GOD ARISE, AND LET HIS FOES BE SCATTERED!'—we had won.
 High o'er the plain his voice arose; we heard it near and far—
 So our good Lord Protector fought and conquered at Dunbar.

"Then halting on the battle plain, he raised, so clear and loud,
 A psalm of praise. Its mighty voice pealed o'er the awe-struck crowd;
 The warrior dropped his blood-red sword, the helmed head was bowed;
 It reined the warrior's mailed hand, and checked the passion proud,
 It stilled the clash of sounding swords, it stilled the passion's jar;
 Oh! never saw the world a field like that of old Dunbar!"

The following are some of the closing reflections of the paper called *Cromwell's Death-Bed*:

"'Yet is their strength labor and sorrow;' this, after all, must be said even of this great and most successful man. My conception of him is such that I can well believe he longed to be at rest. It was an amazing work that in which he was the actor; but with what toil, and endurance, and sleepless energy, had he to travail day and night! The honor of knighthood

and five hundred pounds a year forever, was offered by a proclamation, by Charles Stuart, from his vile, ragged, and filthy court in Paris, to any who would take the life of the Protector; and they were many in England who longed to see the mighty monarch dethroned. In his palace-chambers lived his noble mother, nearly ninety, now trembling at every sound lest it be some ill to her noble and royal son.

"I am not surprised at the absence of much that seems, to our minds, happiness in those last days. The higher we go, brother, in the

great kingdom of duty, the less we must expect to enjoy, apparently, in the picturesque villages of happiness. Ah! but the sense brightens and sweetens within; for these are they 'who taste and see that the Lord is good.' 'Do you not see,' says my anti-Cromwell friend, 'a divine compensation in this of the unhappiness of Cromwell?' No, I do not. What, in his old age was Baxter happier? or Vane? or were the last days of Owen more sweetly soothed? On the contrary. Weak Richard Cromwell—who does nothing—steps into the by-lanes of life, and goes serenely off the stage. Would you rather, then, be Richard than Oliver—rather have Richard's quiet than Oliver's unrest? It is well to sigh for calm; but to sigh for it, indeed, we must deserve it. Easy it is for us who do nothing worth calling a deed, to take our Rhine journeys, to stand in Venice, or to see the broad sun shine on us from Ben Macdhuil or Loch Lomond, or the moon rise over Grasmere. But men who have done a thousand times over our work never know that hour of rest. What, then, they are rewarded better than we are and shall be! No, thou caltiff, coward royalist! Say not to me, See, here is the life thou callest a brave one going out in ashes. What is Oliver, the just and the holy, better than I with my songs, and my harlots, and my dice? And I say, Thou poor, halt, and maimed rascal, he is every way better; for he has peace. Oh! doubtless, then, the hard, rough hand of the old Marston and Naseby soldier would take once more the gentle hand of Elizabeth, clasped tightly thirty-eight years ago; floods of tenderness would come over him as they come over all such men. In those last days it was he said to his Parliament: 'There is not a man living can say I sought this place—not a man or woman living on English ground. I can say, in the presence of God, in comparison with whom we are like creeping ants upon the earth, I would have been glad to have lived under my woodside, and have kept a flock of sheep, rather than have undertaken such a government as this.' Yes, you can see him there, in the great, stately palace, in some quiet room, talking with Elizabeth over the old, free, healthy, quiet days at Huntingdon, and St. Ives, and Ely, and Ramsey—days, never, never to be known again, until the deeper quiet of eternity is reached. Do you not sympathize with that quiet, timid, lady-like wife, in her dove-like beauty, trembling near the eagle-heart of her great husband, and wondering if he is gone: 'What will, what can become of me?' As I walk in fancy through the old palace chambers, I think many such things about them."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

JUDICIAL PUZZLES.—SPENCER COWPER'S CASE.

At the summer assizes at Hertford, on the sixteenth of July, 1699, a young barrister, rising into eminence in his profession, the son of a baronet of ancient family, who was one of the representatives, and the brother of a king's counsel, who was the other representative of the town in Parliament, held up his hand at the bar to answer a charge of murder. It was not for blood, shed in an angry brawl—it was not for vindicating his honor by his sword in defiance of the law, that Spencer Cowper was arraigned. He was accused of having deliberately murdered a woman, whose only fault was having loved him too devotedly, and trusted him too implicitly. He was called upon to plead to a charge which, if proved, would not only

consign his body to the gibbet, but his name to eternal infamy.

Sarah Stout was the only daughter of a Quaker maltster in the town of Hertford. Her father was an active and influential supporter of the Cowpers at the elections, and the kind of intimacy which ordinarily takes place under such circumstances, arose between the families. Attentions highly flattering no doubt to their vanity, were paid to the wife and daughter of the tradesman by the ladies of the baronet's family; and an intimacy arose between Spencer Cowper and Sarah, which did not cease when she was left an orphan upon the death of her father, and he became the husband of another woman. He managed the little fortune which had been

bequeathed to her; he occasionally took up his abode (whether as a guest or a lodger does not appear) at her mother's house, when business called him to Hertford; and he unhappily inspired her with a violent, and, as the event proved, a fatal passion.

Never did the truth of the proverb, *Cucullus non facit monachum*, or rather, in this case, *monacham*, receive a stronger confirmation than from the story of poor Sarah Stout. Stormy passions beat under the dove-colored bodice, and flashed from the eyes which were shaded by the close white cap and poke bonnet of the Quakeress. Her whole heart and soul were given to Spencer Cowper. A man of sense and honor would, under such circumstances, at once have broken off the connection, and saved the girl, at the cost of some present suffering, from future guilt and misery. A man of weak determination and kind feelings might have got hopelessly involved in attempting to avoid inflicting pain. Cowper did neither. He carried on a clandestine correspondence with her under feigned names, and received letters from her breathing the most ardent passion, which he displayed among his profligate associates. He introduced a friend to her as a suitor, and then betrayed to that friend the secrets which, above all others, a man of honor is bound to guard with the strictest fidelity. He behaved as ill as a man could do under the circumstances.

On the morning of Monday, the thirteenth of March, the first day of the spring assizes of 1699, Spencer Cowper arrived in Hertford, traveling (as was then the custom of the bar) on horseback. He went direct to the house of Mrs. Stout, where he was expected, in consequence of a letter which had been written, announcing his intended visit. He was asked to alight, but declined to do so, as he wished to show himself in the town. He promised, however, to send his horse, and to come himself to dinner. This promise he kept, and having dined with Mrs. Stout and her daughter, he left the house about four o'clock, saying that he had business in the town, but that he would return in the evening. At nine he returned, asked for pen, ink, and paper, to write to his wife, and had his supper. Mrs. Stout, the mother, went to bed, leaving Spencer Cowper and her daughter together, orders having been given to make a fire in

his room. Between ten and eleven o'clock Sarah called the servant-girl, and, in Cowper's hearing, desired her to warm his bed. She went up-stairs for that purpose, leaving Spencer Cowper and Sarah alone in the parlor together. As she went up-stairs she heard the house-clock (which was half an hour too fast) strike eleven. In about a quarter of an hour afterward, she heard the house-door shut to, and, supposing that Cowper had gone out to post his letter, she remained warming his bed for about a quarter of an hour longer. She then went down-stairs, and found that both Spencer Cowper and her young mistress were gone.

The mother could not be examined upon the trial, as she was a Quaker, and could not take an oath. The account of the transactions of that day, therefore, rests solely upon the evidence of Sarah Walker, the servant, who deposed as follows :

"May it please you, my Lord, on Friday before the last assizes, Mr. Cowper's wife sent a letter to Mrs. Stout, that she might expect Mr. Cowper at the assize time; and therefore we expected Mr. Cowper at that time, and accordingly provided; and as he came in with the judges, she asked him if he would alight? He said, 'No; by reason I came in later than usual, I will go into the town and show myself,' but he would send his horse presently. She asked him how long it would be before he would come, because they would stay for him? He said he could not tell, but he would send her word; and she thought he had forgot, and sent me down to know whether he would please to come? He said he had business, and he could not come just then; but he came in less than a quarter of an hour after, and dined there, and he went away at four o'clock; and then my mistress asked him if he would lie there? And he answered yes, and he came at night about nine; and he sat talking about half an hour, and then called for pen, ink, and paper, for that, as he said, he was to write to his wife; which was brought him, and he wrote a letter; and then my mistress went and asked him what he would have for supper? He said milk, by reason he had made a good dinner; and I got him his supper, and he eat it; after she called me in again, and they were talking together, and then she bid me make a fire in his chamber; and when I had done so, I came and told him of it, and he looked at me, and made me no answer; then she bid me warm the bed, which accordingly I went up to do as the clock struck eleven; and in about a quarter of an hour I heard the door shut, and I thought he was gone to convey the letter, and staid about a quarter of an hour longer, and came down, and he was gone and she; and Mrs. Stout, the mother, asked me the reason why he went out when I was warm-

ing his bed? And she asked me for my mistress, and I told her I left her with Mr. Cowper; and I never saw her after that, nor did Mr. Cowper return to the house."*

Cowper, who defended himself with great ability, asked the witness in cross-examination:

"When you came down and missed your mistress, did you inquire after her all that night?"

"A.—No, sir, I did not go out of the doors; I thought you were with her, and so I thought she would come to no harm.

"Mr. Cowper.—Here is a whole night she gives no account of. Pray, mistress, why did you not go after her?"

"A.—My mistress would not let me.

"Mr. Cowper.—Why would she not let you?"

"A.—I said I would seek for her. 'No,' says she, 'by reason if you go and seek for her, and do not find her, it will make an alarm over the town, and there may be no occasion.'"[†]

Maternal solicitude could not be very strong in the breast of Mrs. Stout, or she was disposed to place a more than ordinary degree of confidence in the discretion of her daughter and young Cowper. Sarah Stout was never again seen alive. The next morning her body was found in a mill-dam something less than a mile distant. Cowper never returned to Mrs. Stout's; he was seen at an inn in the town at eleven, and arrived at other lodgings, which he had hired in the town at a quarter past. Here the evidence ends.—A vast amount of testimony was given at the trial, as to whether the body of the girl floated or not; as to whether a body thrown into the water after death would float or sink; but it came to nothing. The coroner's inquest had been hurried over, and no examination of the body had taken place till long after decomposition had proceeded too far to allow of any satisfactory result being arrived at.

In a former number we observed on the effect of the rule of law which excludes a prisoner not only from giving evidence on his own behalf, but also from tendering himself for cross-examination. If Cowper was innocent, that rule bore hardly upon him in the present case. We will, however, give him the full benefit of his own account of the matter. He said †—and in this he was confirmed by the evidence of his brother—that having received a pressing invitation to take up his quarters during the assizes at Mrs.

Stout's, he had resolved to do so, his object being to save the expense of other lodgings at the house of a person of the name of Barefoot, where he had been in the habit of staying with his brother. Finding that his brother would be detained in London by his parliamentary duties, he requested him to write and countermand the lodgings at Barefoot's. This he neglected to do, and on Spencer Cowper's arrival at Hertford, he found them prepared for him. Finding that he should have at any rate to pay for these lodgings, which were nearer to the court-house and more commodious than Mrs. Stout's, he determined to occupy them. His account is as follows:

"My Lord, as to my coming to this town on Monday, it was the first day of the assizes, and that was the reason that brought me hither: before I came out of town, I confess, I had a design to take a lodging at this gentlewoman's house, having been invited by letter so to do; and the reason why I did not was this: my brother when he went the circuit, always favored me with the offer of a part of his lodgings, which, out of good husbandry, I always accepted. The last circuit was in parliament time, and my brother, being in the money-chair, could not attend the circuit as he used to do: he had very good lodgings, I think one of the best in this town, where I used to be with him; these were always kept for him, unless notice was given to the contrary. The Friday before I came down to the assizes I happened to be in company with my brother and another gentleman, and then I showed them the letter by which I was earnestly invited down to lie at the house of this gentlewoman during the assizes, (it is dated the ninth of March last;) and designing to comply with the invitation, I thereupon desired my brother to write to Mr. Barefoot, our landlord, and get him, if he could, to dispose of the lodgings; for, said I, if he keeps them they must be paid for, and then I can not well avoid lying there. My brother did say he would write, if he could think on it; and thus, if Mr. Barefoot disposed of the lodgings, I own I intended to lie at the deceased's house; but if not, I looked on myself obliged to lie at Mr. Barefoot's. Accordingly I shall prove as soon as ever I came to this town, in the morning of the first day of the assizes, I went directly to Mr. Barefoot's, (the maid and all agree in this,) and the reason was I had not seen my brother after he said he would write, before I went out to London; and therefore it was proper for me to go first to Mr. Barefoot's to know whether my brother had wrote to him, and whether he had disposed of his lodgings or not. As soon as I came to Mr. Barefoot's, I asked his wife and maid-servant, one after another, if they had received a letter from my brother to unbespeak the lodgings; they told me no, that

* 13 *State Trials*, 1112. † Ibid. 1114. ‡ Ibid. 1149.

the room was kept for us; and I think they had made a fire, and that the sheets were airing. I was a little concerned he had not writ; but being satisfied that no letter had been received, I said immediately, as I shall prove by several witnesses, If it be so, I must stay with you; I will take up my lodging here. Thereupon I alighted, and sent for my bag from the coffee-house, and lodged all my things at Barefoot's, and thus I took up my lodgings there as usual. I had no sooner done this, but Sarah Walker came to me from her mistress to invite me to dinner, and accordingly I went and dined there; and when I went away, it may be true that, being asked, I said I would come again at night; but that I said I would lie there, I do positively deny; and knowing I could not lie there, it is unlikely I should say so. My lord, at night I did come again, and paid her some money that I received from Mr. Loftus, who is the mortgager, for interest of the two hundred pounds I before mentioned, (it was six pounds, odd money, in guineas and half-guineas;) I writ a receipt, but she declined the signing of it, pressing me to stay there that night; which I refused, as engaged to lie at Mr. Barefoot's, and took my leave of her; and that very money which I paid her was found in her pocket, as I have heard, after she was drowned.*

When Cowper recurs, at a later period of the trial, to the events of that night, he says:

"Now, if your lordship pleases, I would explain that part of Sarah Walker the maid's evidence, when she says her mistress ordered her to warm the bed, and I never contradicted it."

And after calling the attention of the court to the warm expressions contained in the letter he had received from the girl, he goes on:

"I had rather leave it to be observed than make the observation myself, what might be the dispute between us at the time the maid speaks of. I think it was not necessary she should be present at the debate; and therefore I might not interrupt her mistress or the orders she gave; but as soon as the maid was gone I made use of these objections; and I told Mrs. Stout by what accident I was obliged to take up my lodging at Mr. Barefoot's, and that the family was sitting up for me; that my staying at her house, under these circumstances, would in all probability provoke the censure of the town and country, and that therefore I could not stay, whatever my inclination otherwise might be; but, my Lord, my reasons not prevailing, I was forced to decide the controversy by going to my lodging; so that the maid may swear true when she says I did not contradict her orders."†

It will be observed that Cowper first

puts his change of intention as to staying at Mrs. Stout's solely on the ground of having other lodgings on his hands. He says that until he found those lodgings were engaged, he had determined to take up his abode at Mrs. Stout's. The question was simply one of the cost of the lodgings. When, however, he has to account for the servant-girl's evidence as to his consent to the preparations for his passing the night there, orders for which were given in his presence, then, for the first time, he begins to talk of "provoking the censure of the town and country."* It is impossible to know what took place after the servant-girl left the room. Cowper himself leaves it unexplained whether he left Sarah Stout in the house, or whether she quitted it at the same time that he did. The latter would seem to be the more probable conjecture, from the fact that the door was only heard to shut once, and it was proved that it was not easy to shut the door without being heard. If Cowper had been entitled to submit himself to cross-examination, these facts might have been, and probably would have been explained.

Here not only the evidence, but the whole substance of Cowper's defense ends. The trial was prolonged by an enormous mass of testimony, partly from men of the highest eminence in the medical profession, and partly from persons who had seen great numbers of bodies, some of which had been thrown into the sea after death, and others of which had been drowned in naval engagements and shipwrecks, as to whether the fact of a body floating afforded any evidence that life was extinct before it had been thrown into water. On this point the evidence was, as might be anticipated, contradictory, but had it been otherwise, it would have been of no value; for the question, whether Sarah Stout's body floated or sank was not proved either one way or the other. It was found entangled among some stakes in the mill-dam, in a manner which rendered it impossible to say whether it was supported or kept down.† There was therefore no

* *State Trials*, 1177.

† See the evidence of Berry, Venables, Dell, Ulfe, Dew, Edmunds, Page, How, and Meager, 12 *State Trials*, 1116 to 1122. All these witnesses, who were present when the body was found in the mill-dam, agree in asserting that the body "floated," and they no doubt believed what they said, their evidence affording an example of how far a preconceived idea will affect belief; they describe

* 13 *State Trials*, 1150. † *Ibid.* 1170.

basis on which to found the scientific evidence, and the case against Cowper rested upon a very few facts, and may be summed up in very few words. He was the last person in Sarah Stout's company. His conduct on leaving the house was mysterious and unexplained. When he left, instead of going direct to his lodgings, he went to the Glove and Dolphin Inn to pay a small bill for horse-keep. This had somewhat the appearance of a desire to secure evidence of an *alibi*. He was, on his own showing, embarrassed by Sarah Stout's pertinacious attachment, and had a stronger motive to get rid of her than has sometimes been found sufficient to prompt men to the most revolting crimes. On the other hand, it must be remembered that Cowper was not, like Tawell, a man who prided himself on his reputation for the respectabilities of life, but, as well as his more celebrated brother—a man of known libertinism, not likely to commit a crime of the deepest dye for the purpose of concealing a disreputable intrigue. To have convicted Cowper of murder upon this evidence would have been, of course, impossible. But the case must ever remain shrouded in the darkest mystery. If not guilty of what the law defines as murder, there can be no doubt that Cowper's conduct was the immediate cause of the death of the unhappy girl. When the servant left the room they were on the most amicable terms. This is fixed by the evidence, as nearly as possible, at half-past ten by the town-clock. As the clock struck eleven, Cowper entered the

Glove and Dolphin Inn.* In that short half-hour he had either incurred the guilt of murder, or by his unkindness had driven a woman, who loved him with the most devoted affection, to rush uncalled into the presence of her Maker. Cowper, if not a murderer, which we think he was not, must, at any rate, have been a man of a singularly cold and unfeeling disposition. According to his own version of the story, the girl, whom he had left only a few moments before, immediately upon his quitting her, sought a refuge from her love, her sorrows, and her shame, under the cold waters of the Priory river. On the next morning he heard of her fate, and the first thing he did was to send the hostler from the inn to her mother's house for his horse, fearing lest, if the coroner's jury should bring in a verdict of *felo de se*, the animal might, being found in her stable, be claimed as forfeited to the lord of the manor. From first to last there is not one word of tenderness or regret. He never went near the bereaved mother, but he attended the coroner's inquest, gave his evidence with the most admirable coolness, and the next day proceeded on circuit as if nothing unusual had taken place. Three other persons were indicted along with Cowper as the accomplices of his crime, but against them there was not even the shadow of a case. The jury, after deliberating for about half an hour, acquitted all the prisoners.

The relations of Sarah Stout attempted to bring Cowper to a second trial by means of a proceeding now abolished, entitled "The Appeal of Murder." The attempt failed through the influence of the Cowpers, who tampered with the sheriff, and procured the destruction of the writs. The sheriff was fined and imprisoned for his misconduct, Holt, the Chief Justice, severely animadverting on the foul play which had been employed to impede the course of justice.† Cowper continued to practice at the bar, and was at last raised to the bench of the Court of Common Pleas, a remarkable instance of a man who had held up his hand on an arraignment for murder trying others for the same offense. He is said to have learned a lesson of caution and mercy from his

the body as lying on the right side, the head and right arm being driven between the stakes, which were something less than a foot apart, by the stream. Robert Dew and Young, who were called on behalf of the prisoner, and who were also present when the body was taken out of the water, assert equally positively that the body *sank*. See p. 1151. These two witnesses describe the mode in which the body was entangled in the stakes with more particularity than the witnesses for the prosecution. The judge, in his charge to the jury, treated this evidence like a man of sense. "I shall not undertake," he said, "to give you the particulars of their evidence; but they tell you she lay on her right side, the one arm up even with the surface of the water, and her body under the water; but some of her clothes were above the water; particularly, one says, the ruffles of her left arm were above the water. You have heard, also, what the doctors and surgeons said, on the one side and the other, concerning the swimming and sinking of dead bodies in the water; but I can find no certainty in it; and I leave it to your consideration.—18 *State Trials*, 1188.

* Evidence of Elizabeth Spurr, 18 *State Trials*, 1177.

† Lord Raymond, vol. i. 575, *R. v. Toler*.—18 *State Trials*, 1199.

own experience, and to have been remarkable for both those qualities.

One might have supposed that poor Sarah Stout would have been allowed to sleep in peace without having her name revived, and her sad story made famous more than a century and a half after her death. But such was not to be her fate. The opportunity of a double fling at Quakers and Tories has been too great a temptation for Lord Macaulay. It was a right-and-left shot at the game he loved best. Accordingly, in the fifth and concluding volume of his *History*, in that part which we are told by the editor he had left "fairly transcribed and revised," we find four pages devoted to the case of that unhappy girl. The whole passage is so eloquent, so picturesque, so ingenious in insinuation, so daring in the misrepresentation of facts and the distortion of evidence, and affords so good an epitome of the best and the worst qualities of the author, that we give it entire.

"One mournful tale, which called forth the strongest feelings of the contending factions, is still remembered as a curious part of the history of our jurisprudence, and especially of the history of our medical jurisprudence. No Whig member of the Lower House, with the single exception of Montague, filled a larger space in the public eye than William Cowper. In the art of conciliating an audience, Cowper was pre-eminent. His graceful and engaging eloquence cast a spell on juries; and the Commons, even in those stormy moments when no other defender of the administration could obtain a hearing, would always listen to him. He represented Hertford, a borough in which his family had considerable influence; but there was a strong Tory minority among the electors; and he had not won his seat without a hard fight, which had left behind it many bitter recollections. His younger brother, Spencer, a man of parts and learning, was fast rising into practice as a barrister on the Home Circuit.

"At Hertford resided an opulent Quaker family named Stout. A pretty young woman of this family had lately sunk into a melancholy, of a kind not very unusual in girls of strong sensibility and lively imagination, who are subject to the restraints of austere religious societies. Her dress, her looks, her gestures, indicated the disturbance of her mind. She sometimes hinted her dislike of the sect to which she belonged. She complained that a canting waterman, who was one of the brotherhood, had held forth against her at a meeting. She threatened to go beyond the sea, to throw herself out of the window, to drown herself. To two or three of her associates she owned that she was in love; and on one occasion she plainly said that the man whom she loved was one whom she

never could marry. In fact, the object of her fondness was Spencer Cowper, who was already married. She at length wrote to him in language which she never would have used if her intellect had not been disordered. He, like an honest man, took no advantage of her unhappy state of mind, and did his best to avoid her. His prudence mortified her to such a degree that on one occasion she went into fits. It was necessary, however, that he should see her when he came to Hertford at the spring assizes of 1699, for he had been intrusted with some money which was due to her on mortgage. He called on her for this purpose late one evening, and delivered a bag of gold to her. She pressed him to be the guest of her family, but he excused himself and retired. The next morning she was found dead among the stakes of a mill-dam on the stream called the Priory river. That she had destroyed herself there could be no reasonable doubt. The coroner's inquest found that she had drowned herself while in a state of mental derangement. But the family was unwilling to admit that she had shortened her own life, and looked about for some body who might be accused of murdering her. The last person who could be proved to have been in her company was Spencer Cowper. It chanced that two attorneys and a scrivener, who had come down from town to the Hertford assizes, had been overheard, on that unhappy night, talking over their wine about the charms and flirtations of the handsome Quaker girl, in the light way in which such subjects are sometimes discussed even at the circuit tables and mess tables of our more refined generation. Some wild words, susceptible of a double meaning, were used about the way in which she had jilted one lover, and the way in which another lover would punish her for her coquetry. On no better grounds than these, her relations imagined that Spencer Cowper had, with the assistance of these three retainers of the law, strangled her, and thrown her corpse into the water. There was absolutely no evidence of the crime. There was no evidence that any one of the accused had any motive to commit such a crime; there was no evidence that Spencer Cowper had any connection with the persons who were said to be his accomplices. One of these persons, indeed, he had never seen. But no story is too absurd to be imposed on minds blinded by religious and political fanaticism.

"The Quakers and the Tories joined to raise a formidable clamor. The Quakers had, in those days, no scruples about capital punishments. They would, indeed, as Spencer Cowper said bitterly, but too truly, rather send four innocent men to the gallows than let it be believed that one who had their light within her had committed suicide. The Tories exulted in the prospect of winning two seats from the Whigs. The whole kingdom was divided between Stouts and Cowpers. At the summer assizes Hertford was crowded with anxious faces from London, and from parts of England more distant than London. The prosecution was

conducted with a malignity and unfairness which to us seem almost incredible; and unfortunately, the duller and most ignorant judge of the twelve was on the bench. Cowper defended himself and those who were said to be his accomplices with admirable ability and self-possession. His brother, much more distressed than himself, sat near him through the long agony of that day. The case against the prisoners rested chiefly on the vulgar error that a human body found, as this girl's body had been found, floating in water, must have been thrown into the water while still alive. To prove this doctrine, the counsel for the Crown called medical practitioners, of whom nothing is now known except that some of them had been active against the Whigs at Hertford elections. To confirm the evidence of these gentlemen, two or three sailors were put into the witness-box. On the other side appeared an array of men of science whose names are still remembered. Among them was William Cowper, not a kinsman of the defendant, but the most celebrated anatomist that England had then produced. He was, indeed, the founder of a dynasty illustrious in the history of science; for he was the teacher of William Cheselden, and William Cheselden was the teacher of John Hunter. On the same side appeared Samuel Garth, who, among the physicians of the capital, had no rival except Radcliffe, and Hans Sloane, the founder of the magnificent museum which is one of the glories of our country. The attempt of the prosecutors to make the superstitions of the forecastle evidence for the purpose of taking away the lives of men, was treated by these philosophers with just disdain. The stupid judge asked Garth what he could say in answer to the testimony of the seamen. 'My Lord,' replied Garth, 'I say that they are mistaken. I will find seamen in abundance to swear that they have known whistling raise the wind.' The jury found the prisoners Not Guilty, and the report carried back to London by persons who had been present at the trial was, that every body applauded the verdict, and that even the Stouts seemed to be convinced of their error. It is certain, however, that the malevolence of the defeated party soon revived in all its energy. The lives of the four men who had just been absolved were again attacked by means of the most absurd and odious proceeding known to our old law, the appeal of murder. This attack too failed. Every artifice of chicane was at length exhausted; and nothing was left to the disappointed sect and the disappointed faction except to calumniate those whom it had been found impossible to murder. In a succession of libels, Spencer Cowper was held up to the execration of the public. But the public did him justice. He rose to high eminence in his profession; he at length took his seat with general applause, on the judicial bench, and there distinguished himself by the humanity which he never failed to show to unhappy men who stood, as he had stood at the bar. Many who seldom trouble themselves about pedigrees

may be interested by learning that he was the grandfather of that excellent man and excellent poet, William Cowper, whose writings have long been peculiarly loved and prized by the members of the religious community which, under a strong delusion, sought to slay his innocent progenitor.*

"Though Spencer Cowper had escaped with life and honor, the Tories had carried their point. They had secured against the next election the support of the Quakers of Hertford; and the consequence was, that the borough was lost to the family and to the party which had lately predominated there."

Notwithstanding the fact that Lord Macaulay has given so large a space to this case, he has read it with more than ordinary carelessness. He says: "The case against the prisoner rested chiefly on the vulgar error that a human body found, as this poor girl's body had been found, floating in the water, must have been thrown into the water *while still alive*."† The argument was exactly the reverse. It was urged that the fact of her body floating proved that she was thrown into the water *after she was dead*; and it was sought to be inferred that she had been strangled—that if, as was argued on behalf of the prisoner, she had drowned herself, her body would have been filled with water, and would have sunk. The evidence as to whether the body did in fact float or sink was, as we have seen, contradictory. The *post-mortem* examination was delayed so long that the medical testimony had really no foundation of facts to rest upon. At the trial an attempt was made on the part of the prisoner, to establish the insanity of the girl; but nothing more was proved than might be easily shown to have occurred in the case of any love-sick girl who was, or fancied herself, the victim of an unrequited passion. Lord Macaulay's treatment of this evidence is amusing. Three of the circumstances on which he relies to prove her insanity are: First, That "she sometimes hinted a dislike of the sect to which she belonged"—(rather

* "It is curious that all Cowper's biographers with whom I am acquainted—Hayley, Southey, Grimshawe, Chalmers—mention the judge, the common ancestor of the poet, of his first love, Theodora Cowper, and of Lady Hesketh, but that none of these biographers makes the faintest allusion to the Hertford trial, the most remarkable event in the history of the family; nor do I believe that any allusion to that trial can be found in any of the poet's numerous letters."

† Vol. v. p. 238.

an odd proof of insanity, in the mouth of Lord Macaulay;) second, that "she complained that a canting waterman, who was one of the brethren, had held forth against her at a meeting," (which happened to be true, and seems to be a tolerably reasonable ground of annoyance;) and third, that, "to two or three of her associates she owned she was in love." (Alas, for all young ladies from sixteen upward, in white satin, and their confidantes in white linen, if this is to be taken as a proof of insanity!) But when Lord Macaulay comes to the facts connected with Cowper's writing to announce his intention of staying at the house, his dining there, his return in the evening, and his mysterious disappearance at night simultaneously with the girl, he condenses them into the following words, "He, *like an honest man*, took no advantage of her unhappy state of mind, and did his best to avoid her," (it was, to say the least, an odd mode of avoiding her that he adopted.) "It was necessary, however, that he should see her when he came to Hertford at the spring assizes of 1699, for he had been intrusted with some money which was due to her on mortgage. He called on her, *for this purpose*, late one evening, and delivered a bag of gold to her." (The "bag" exists only in Lord Macaulay's imagination—the "gold" was the petty sum of six pounds and a few odd shillings, which Cowper had received for her as interest on a sum of two hundred pounds which he had placed out on mortgage on her behalf, and the payment of which certainly did not make it necessary that he should be with her from two till four, and again from nine till half-past ten at night.) "She pressed him," adds Lord Macaulay, "to be the guest of the family, but *he excused himself and retired.*"

It is worth while, as a matter of philological curiosity, to enumerate over again the facts which one of the greatest masters of the English language can compress into the phrase—"he excused himself and retired." Cowper went to the house on his arrival in the town, dined there with the family, left at four, returned at nine, supped, wrote his letters, was present whilst his bed and his bedroom fire were ordered, and the maid was sent up to warm his bed; sat alone until half-past ten o'clock at night with a girl who he knew was violently in love with him, and

who had been in the habit of addressing the most passionate letters to him under a feigned name, and then—"abijt—excessit—evasit—erupit." His departure only announced by the slamming to of the street-door. This is Lord Macaulay's notion of "excusing himself and retiring." He and the girl disappeared together. In the morning he is at other lodgings in the town, and she a corpse in the mill-dam.

For the charge that Lord Macaulay makes that "the prosecution was conducted with a malignity and unfairness which to us seem almost incredible," we can not discover the slightest ground. Certainly none is to be found in the very ample and detailed report in the *State Trials*. Indeed, a far greater latitude was allowed to the prisoner in his defense than would be permitted at the present day. What authority Lord Macaulay may have had for describing Hatsell, who presided at the trial, as "the dullest and most ignorant judge of the twelve," we know not. He seems to have tried the case with strict impartiality and very fair ability, and his charge to the jury was decidedly in favor of the prisoners.

We have frequently had occasion to remark upon the caution which ought to be observed before relying upon Lord Macaulay's marks of quotation. An amusing instance of this occurs in the passage we have just cited. A sailor of the name of Clement deponed that he had frequently observed that when a corpse was thrown into the sea it floated, whereas, if a man fell into the water and was drowned, his body sank as soon as life was extinct. In confirmation of this he cited his own experience at the fight off Beachy Head, where the bodies of the men who were killed floated about, and at a shipwreck, where between five and six hundred men were drowned, whose bodies sank. This evidence was curious, and if it had been proved whether Sarah Stout's body floated or sank, would have been valuable. The judge felt, no doubt, that it was so; and when Garth swore that "it was *impossible* the body should have floated," and boldly stated his belief that "*all* dead bodies fall to the bottom unless they be prevented by some extraordinary tumor,"* he directed his attention to the evidence which had been giv-

* 13 *State Trials*, 1157.

en, and asked him "what he said as to the sinking of dead bodies in water?" Garth replied that: "If a strangled body be thrown into the water, the lungs being filled with air, and a cord left about the neck, it was possible it might float, because of the included air, as a bladder would." Upon this the judge recalled his attention to the question as follows:

"*Baron Hatsell.*—But you do not observe my question: the seaman said that those that die at sea and are thrown overboard, if you do not tie a weight to them, they will not sink—what do you say to that?"

"*Dr. Garth.*—My Lord, no doubt in this thing they are mistaken. The seamen are a superstitious people: they fancy that whistling at sea will occasion a tempest. *I must confess I have never seen anybody thrown overboard, but I have tried some experiments on other dead animals, and they will certainly sink: we have tried them since we came hither.*"*

Now in this, we confess, it seems to us that the judge appears to greater advantage than the physician. Garth was evidently desirous to evade the question, and he attempted to do so by a sneer. The superstition of the sailors had nothing to do with the question whether a man killed in battle and falling into the water floats or sinks. Garth was compelled to admit he had no experience on the subject. He said, and said truly, that "the object of tying weights to a body is to prevent it from floating at all, which otherwise would happen in some few days."† The well-known instance of the floating of the body of Caracciolo, notwithstanding the weights which were attached to his feet, will occur at once to the mind of the reader. The inquiry of the judge was pertinent to the evidence, and the reply might have been material to the question of the guilt or innocence of the prisoner. Lord Macaulay disposes of both question and answer in the following words: "The *stupid* judge asked Garth what he could say in answer to the testimony of the seamen. 'My Lord,' replied Garth, 'I say that they are mistaken. I will find seamen in abundance to swear that they have known whistling raise the wind.'" There was no stupidity that we can discover in the question, and the answer is misquoted.

Lord Macaulay, however, does not trouble himself with the facts of the case.

He finds for once the Quakers and the Tories united (or rather, we ought to say, he assumes their union; for from first to last in the trial there is not a particle of evidence that political feeling intervened,) and he infers that they could only be united for the purpose of committing a judicial murder; that the object of the Quakers was to "send four innocent men to the gallows rather than let it be believed that one who had their light within her had committed suicide,"* and that the Tories were urged on to the same atrocity by "the prospect of winning two seats from the Whigs." Lord Macaulay makes no account of the feelings that would be awakened amongst relations, friends, and neighbors by the sudden and violent death of a young and beautiful girl, who, whether murdered or not, had unquestionably been cruelly trifled with by a man who, if not directly, was at any rate indirectly the cause of her death. "Religious and political fanaticism" are motives the power of which Lord Macaulay was certainly not likely to underrate. Yet it might have been supposed that the religion of Sarah Stout was one which he would have been disposed to treat, if not with respect, at least with tenderness, however mistaken his more mature convictions might lead him to consider it to be.

To gratify his political and family aversions, Lord Macaulay has raked up the ashes of poor Sarah Stout, and has revived a not very creditable incident in the history of a very eminent family. He expresses surprise that none of the biographers of the poet Cowper should have alluded to this adventure of his grandfather. An old proverb might have told him that there are certain families among whom it is a breach of good manners to make any mention of "hemp." We think it was Quin who once introduced Foote to a company as "a gentleman whose father was hanged for murdering his uncle." Polite and pious biographers such as Hayley and Southey generally avoid all allusion to such disagreeable subjects. Lord Macaulay is puzzled by what appears to him unnecessary delicacy, and has made the whole scandalous story (for scandalous it must remain, even taking the most favorable view) as notorious as possible. Where one reader dives into the *State Trials*, a thousand will read Macaulay's

* *State Trials*, 1158. † *Ibid.* 1158.

* Vol. v. p. 287.

fifth volume; and all the world now has the advantage of knowing that the grandfather of "that excellent man, excellent poet," as Lord Macaulay justly calls William Cowper, behaved extremely ill to a pretty Quaker girl, and had a narrow escape of being hanged for murdering her.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE FAREWELL OF THE SEAL.

[THERE is, or there was, a tradition in Shetland that seals come sometimes on shore, and, divesting themselves of their skins, dance upon the sands, after which they resume their covering and return to their natural element. It is said that on one occasion a female seal, who may be considered as a sort of mermaid, having mislaid her skin upon the land, and being thus unable to return to the sea, came into the possession of a Shetlander, with whom she lived for some years as his wife, and bore him several children. One of the children having accidentally found on the beach an old hide, brought it to his mother, when it proved to be the long-lost skin. With many tears and marks of agitation, the mother put it on, and taking an affectionate leave of her children, plunged into the sea, and swam off in company with a large male seal who had often before been seen hovering on the coast.]

HUSBAND, farewell! for many a year
I've proved a true, obedient wife:
Your hopes to crown, your heart to cheer,
Has been my aim for half a life.
How poorly I have done my part
I can not now but feel and say;
But earlier wishes claimed my heart,
And bore my fancy far away.

This earth was not my native home,
And human love was all unfelt:
'Twas mine in other realms to roam,
With other sympathies to melt.

I longed to float on ocean's breast,
And dive beneath its swelling wave;
To wander, or to be at rest
In sparry grot or marble cave.

There was the region of my birth;
And there I dwelt a happy bride,
Ere yet I learned to walk the earth,
Or breathe beyond the salt-sea tide.
There with my bosom's genial lord,
My hours flew by with sunny glee:
How has he since my loss deplored,
And sought in vain to set me free?

But fortune has redressed the wrong
That bound me to the dreary land:
Again, in native vigor strong,
I haste to quit th' unkindly strand.
With him, my first and rightful mate,
I soon shall cleave the foaming brine;
Yet mindful in my happier state
Of what I lose in thee and thine.

My children! there indeed I feel
That parting is a bitter pain:
Tears, like a woman's, downward steal,
To think we ne'er must meet again.
Oh! foster them with double care,
As of one parent thus bereft:
Tell them my bosom still they share,
And ever shall, while life is left.

From yonder rock, at evening hour,
When soft the mermaid's music rings,
As wandering near they feel its power,
Say 'tis for them their mother sings.
But, hark! I'm summoned to the deep;
I feel the surging waters swell;
Some kind remembrance strive to keep
Of her you loved: farewell! farewell!

From the London Journal of Sacred Literature.

THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD, AS FORETOLD IN THE BOOK OF GENESIS.

WHEN Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, had spoiled Jerusalem once, and was preparing for his second visit of final desolation, and when Jeremiah heard already with the quick ear of prophecy "the snorting of his horses from Dan," Hananiah the son of Azur of Gibeon, took upon him to assure the people of Israel that the yoke of the Chaldean was broken, and that within two full years the captivity should return. A very solemn scene followed. Jeremiah answered him: "Amen, the Lord do so, the Lord perform thy words! Nevertheless, hear thou this word. The prophets that have been before me and before thee of old, prophesied both against many countries and against great kingdoms, of war and of evil and of pestilence. The prophet which prophesieth of peace, when the word of the prophet shall come to pass, then shall the prophet be known that the Lord hath truly sent him." It happened so in this case. Hananiah's word perished, and he himself died; Jeremiah's word lived, and was accomplished; the cities of Judah were made desolate without inhabitant.

It is evident that this principle applies to the written prophecies of Scripture. Prophecy is a miracle of knowledge, and accomplished prophecy announces divine prescience. It is impossible therefore to over-estimate the importance of the prophetic evidence of Holy Scripture. But if it can be shown that prophecies were written after the events to which they refer; or that having been written before, they have failed of accomplishment, this evidence of their divine origin is of course destroyed. Both methods accordingly have been tried, nay, are being tried at this moment. The argument of Porphyry in the second century, that the famous prophecies of Daniel were written after the events had come to pass, is reproduced in the midst of us now; and great pains are being taken to show that the prophets of Scripture have spoken many times without any corresponding fulfillment.

It may not therefore be lost labor to select a prophecy which occurs at the very commencement of the history of the human race—that of Noah respecting his three sons. This prophecy can not have been written after the event, for the event has been in all past ages, and is now. And we find the prophecy in the Septuagint Version of the Old Testament three hundred years before Christ, and in the Samaritan Pentateuch seven hundred years before him. And as to its fulfillment, every honest-minded inquirer must acknowledge that it has been as minute, special, and particular, as the most exacting faith can demand.

We have said that this prophecy occurs at the commencement of human history; it was uttered just after the deluge. That terrible act of judgment, of which traces are to be found in the traditions of every people, makes a break in the story of our race. The world before the flood had no prophetic chart of its fortunes, and its history was but a tale of violence and blood. The human family prevented from its natural increase by the internecine strife which filled the world, seems never to have extended beyond the regions of Central Asia. But other destinies were in store for man. And before, in fulfillment of these destinies, the sons of Noah began to overspread the earth, He, to whom the end is known from the beginning, prophesied the fortunes of the infant race.

The prophecy is in the form of a poem, in three stanzas:

"Cursed be Canaan,
A servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren.

Blessed be Jehovah, the God of Shem,
And Canaan shall be his servant.
God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem:
And Canaan shall be his servant."

Before, however, proceeding to the illustration of these words, we have a few remarks to make. The word which we

have translated "enlarge," may also be rendered "persuade." Again, as the passage stands in the original and in the Septuagint, it may be either Japheth or the blessed God who is to dwell in the tents of Shem. The words will bear both renderings; the fulfillment justifies both. Finally, according to eminent critical authority, "Cursed be Canaan," may be considered an equivalent to "Cursed be Ham, the father of Canaan;" this interpretation of Noah's meaning is, besides, more agreeable to the context.

It may be well to quote at length, in confirmation of these remarks, the versions of this prophecy, given severally by Bishop Lowth and the learned Boothroyd.

The Bishop reads:

"Cursed be Canaan,
A servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren.
Blessed be Jehovah, the God of Shem.
And Canaan shall be their servant.
God shall enlarge Japheth,
And shall dwell in the tents of Shem,
And Canaan shall be their servant."

Boothroyd reads:

"Accursed shall Ham be in his son Canaan,
The most abject slave shall he be to his brethren.
Blessed of Jehovah my God, shall Shem be,
Yea, among the tents of Shem shall he dwell,
And to Shem shall Canaan be a slave.
God shall greatly enlarge Japheth,
And to him also shall Canaan be a slave."

Our course then is very simple. Let us begin with that rendering of the patriarch's words which is in accordance with our authorized version. Let us observe the fulfillment of this promise-prophecy, *first*, to Shem, the father of the Jew, and *secondly*, to Japheth, the father of the Gentile, including, necessarily, in this review the predicted curse on Ham. Let us, then, take the other renderings, following the same course. It is difficult to say which of the renderings is most accordant with correct philology. They all demonstrate unanswerably the truth of the word of God.

First Rendering.

I. PROMISE TO SHEM, WITH CURSE ON CANAAN.

"Blessed be Jehovah, the God of Shem,
And Canaan shall be his servant."

It is a remarkable characteristic of the

words of God, that while triumphantly true in the end, their progress toward accomplishment is generally gradual and slow. Noah lived after the delivery of this prophecy for three hundred and fifty years. Before his death, therefore, he must have seen the earth peopled with his descendants, and its kingdoms divided among them. But he saw nothing which had the remotest appearance of the fulfillment of his words. So far from the children of Ham being in that early age of the world's history, subject to Shem or Japheth, they started first in the race of worldly glory, and first attained to conquest and dominion. We have only to read the tenth chapter of Genesis which narrates the early settlement of the nations, to be satisfied of this; all the names which occur in it, to which any renown attaches, are of the family of Ham. Mizraim, the founder of the Egyptian monarchy, and Canaan, the father of the Canaanites, were both sons of Ham; whilst the famous Nimrod, whose name passed into a proverb as the earliest conqueror, and who built imperial Babylon and Nineveh, was his grandson. But about the time that Noah was gathered to his fathers, if we follow the chronology of our authorized version, Shem's promise began to bud, for Abraham was then born. Never has a single man exercised so mighty an influence over the destiny of his species. It pleased Almighty God to separate him from the mass of idolatry with which he was surrounded, and of which indeed he formed a part, and to constitute him and his family the depositaries of the true religion. By this act of distinguishing grace, he afforded the first development of the meaning of Noah's words — "Jehovah, God of Shem;" for he left the families of Japheth and Ham to their own dark and blinded ways, whilst in the line of this illustrious patriarch, he established his covenant with Shem. But the progress of the promise toward completion, was still of the most gradual kind. Jehovah had indeed declared himself the God of Shem; but instead of Canaan, on this account, acknowledging Shem's lordship, he went on rather to increase in worldly glory and power. Nor did Shem attempt to interfere with him. Abraham and his immediate descendants were peaceful men, dwelling in tents and tending their cattle. They bought from the Canaanite a field

in which to lay their dead; beyond this they never possessed a foot's breadth of land in Canaan. When the family of Jacob went down into Egypt, the land of Mizraim, they went down, not as conquerors, but as guests. The haughty children of Ham would not so much as eat bread with them, though from motives of gratitude they showed them kindness for a season. That season too was very brief; a new dynasty arose over Egypt, and Israel was subjected to grinding and intolerable oppression for three hundred and fifty years. The period of their sojourn was in all four hundred and thirty; and if to this we add two hundred and ninety, as elapsing from the birth of Abraham to the going down into Egypt, and three hundred and sixty from the flood to that patriarch's birth, it gives us a period of one thousand and eighty years from the delivery of this prophecy by Noah, to its manifest fulfillment by the omnipotent power of God. If that fulfillment had been slow, it was also sure; it began in the glorious Exodus, it was consummated in the conquest of Canaan. Egypt's idol-river was turned into blood; frogs came up into her palaces and defiled the temples of her gods; her dust was turned into lice; her land was corrupted by grievous swarms of flies. Again God's hand was stretched out and all her cattle died; her harvest was destroyed by the hail or devoured by the locust. It was stretched out once more, her first-born were smitten, and Israel was suffered to go free. Egypt's infatuated monarch pursued them into the depths of the Red Sea, but its waters overwhelmed him, "and Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea-shore." Shem's children were thus finally emancipated from the tyrant grasp of Ham. But the prophecy yet rested on them, and demanded further accomplishment. And what it demanded, it received. Having been tried and disciplined for forty years in the wilderness, Israel under the leading of Joshua, passed into the land of Canaan. Six out of its seven nations, the Canaanites, Hittites, Amorites, Perizzites, Hivites, and Jebusites, were either exterminated by their victorious sword, or, having only a miserable remnant left, were constrained to submit to their authority. And thus Shem became Canaan's master, inheriting his substance and ruling over his children. Israel came into possession of cities which

they had not builded, wells which they had not digged, vineyards and oliveyards which they had not planted; Ham's children had builded, digged, and planted in unconscious preparation for these new inheritors. Whilst in those of the Canaanites which yet remained as hewers of wood and drawers of water to the victorious children of Shem, the prophecy of Noah was literally accomplished: "Canaan shall be his servant."

It is not, however, in the simple fact of Israel's emancipation from Egyptian bondage, nor is it in the simple fact of their subduing the Canaanites and becoming masters of Canaan, that we find the accomplishment of this prophecy of Noah. It is also in the manner, the singular and unprecedented manner, in which these things were brought about. The style of the prophecy is altogether peculiar. It intimates, not only that Canaan is to be Shem's servant, but that this is to be because Jehovah is Shem's God. Israel might have shaken off her Egyptian yoke by a determined struggle to be free; she might also have conquered Canaan as imperial Rome conquered the world; but the prophecy would not have been fulfilled. It required for its fulfillment, that facts should develop that connection between its parts to which reference has just been made. And what it required, it received. When Israel was groaning under Egyptian bondage, her cry of distress, the sacred historian tells us, "came up unto God, and God remembered his covenant with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob"—remembered that He was the God of Shem. And her deliverance was his work. It was He that turned the river of Egypt into blood, and filled the land with darkness; it was he that smote her harvest, her cattle, her first-born. It was he that parted the Red Sea and overwhelmed her chosen warriors in its mighty waters. It was he also that divided the Jordan and gave to Israel a safe passage into Canaan; it was he that delivered its seven nations into the hand of Joshua, and divided its fields and vineyards among his chosen people. When Moses went in unto Pharaoh, it was as God's ambassador; his message was: "Let my people go." And from that hour to the time of Israel's final settlement in the land of their inheritance, the work was so entirely divine, that those who saw the end from the beginning, must have been pen-

etrated, as it proceeded step by step, and especially at its close, with the profoundest sense of obligation. We can well conceive Joshua and Caleb, as they looked round in the repose of a quiet old age, upon the green hills and valleys of the land of promise, and saw the remnant of the Canaanites in humble submission at their feet, to have expressed this sense of obligation in the very language of the prophecy, saying: "Blessed be the Lord God of Shem, Canaan is our servant."

And the subsequent history of the chosen people presents us with the very same fulfilment of the prophecy. Let us look at Israel in the days of the Judges. As long as they remembered their covenant God, the Canaanites continued subject; but as often as they forgot him, the Canaanites threw off their yoke, and found strength to become their masters. And Israel's successive deliverances from their hands and the hands of the heathen round about them, were achieved, not by their skill and prowess, neither by the valor of their warriors, nor the wisdom of their statesmen, but by successive manifestations on their behalf, of the power of their covenant God. And when this chosen people ceased at last to rule in Canaan, it was in punishment of their manifold apostasies. The ten tribes forsook the God of their fathers and were carried captive to Assyria; the two tribes also forsook him, and were carried captive to Babylon. From this latter captivity, through another manifestation of the power of Shem's God, which made even the heathen stand astonished, they returned after a season; but it was only to consummate their apostasy in the murder of his anointed Messiah. And since that fatal hour, "tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast," masters no longer any where, but servants every where, they have proved to the world the conditions of Noah's prophecy. Shem was to have dominion by abiding in the covenant of God: his dominion has ceased because he has forgotten that covenant; his crown has fallen to the earth because he has ceased to acknowledge Jehovah.

II. PROMISE TO JAPHETH, WITH CURSE ON CANAAN.

"God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem: and Canaan shall be his servant."

The difference of style here is at once

perceptible. Japheth is to be enlarged; he is to dwell in the tents of Shem, he is to have lordship over Canaan; but not one word is said about Jehovah being Japheth's God. His enlargement of territory, his intrusion into the possessions of his elder brother, and his subjection of the younger, have nothing whatever to do with religious character; they are to be the fruit merely of superior valor and wisdom, of ordinary circumstances or of the fortune of war. In watching, therefore, the development of this prophecy, we look for a fulfilment of a totally different kind from the last. And we are not disappointed; we meet with a fulfilment exactly according to its terms.

The Exodus and the conquest of Canaan, following, as they did, the one upon the other, were a serious blow to the power and greatness of Ham. Egypt, which before had been the first of kingdoms, declined from that fatal hour; whilst the Canaanites, long renowned for their martial prowess, and esteemed "the terrible of the nations," were all but exterminated by Joshua's victorious sword. Still, though eleven hundred years had passed since Noah's prophecy had been delivered, there was no sign of God enlarging Japheth. Ham's descendants still ruled in Eastern Africa, whilst some of the Canaanites, escaping from the sword of Joshua, fled across the sea to Western Africa, and there, in process of time, founded Carthage. This latter circumstance is one of the most interesting facts in all history, and there is no want of evidence to prove it. The concurrent testimony, and universal tradition of antiquity, establishes the Phœnician origin of that famous city. When Hannibal, at the close of the second Punic war, abandoned his country and fled to Tyre, he was received there, the historian tells us, with the honors due to a man who had shed such glory on the Phœnician name. The superstitions and religious rites of the Carthaginians were all of Phœnician or Canaanitish origin. We find Hannibal in the crisis of the second Punic war, offering sacrifice to the gods of Tyre; and when Carthage, during the first Punic war, was attacked by Regulus, the children of her noblest citizens were burnt in the fire to Moloch, to save their endangered country. Those who actually founded Carthage, seem to have been Girkashites. For though the name of that people occurs among the

seven devoted nations, we have no record of their destruction. We have, moreover, an ancient Phœnician inscription cited by Procopius, "We are they who flee from the face of Jesus the robber, the son of Nave;" and other ancient monuments attest the fact that a portion of the Canaanites at the time abandoned their country, and found refuge in Western Africa. The Gîrgashites inhabited that part of Canaan which lies northward of the lake Gennesareth, and seem to have migrated in a body as victorious Israel advanced. And having thus escaped the sword of the Lord for a season, they continued a great people for more than a thousand years.

Ham was thus humbled, but not subdued; his descendants, the Egyptian and the Canaanite, still held up their heads among the nations, though with diminished glory. If the promise of God to Japheth seemed in the mean time to sleep, it was only because Shem's promise was receiving its accomplishment. But when a thousand years had passed, and the glory of Israel had begun to wane, when the ten tribes were captive in Assyria, and the two tribes were left a subject remnant in Judea, the enlargement of Japheth began. He first passed over into Asia, appropriating to himself the inheritance of his brother Shem; from Asia he passed into Egypt, subduing the descendants of Ham. Nor was this the limit of his enlargement; he attacked the Canaanite in Western Africa, destroyed him and possessed his land. This career of conquest on the part of Japheth, could never have been foreseen by any human sagacity. From the possession on Shem's part, at once of wealth, of numbers and of power, it was much more likely that he should have encroached on his brother than that his brother should have encroached on him. Nor was this encroachment unattempted. The Asiatics were of Shem, the Greeks and Romans were of Japheth. The expedition, therefore, of Xerxes and his Asiatics into Greece, was an attempt on the part of Shem to dwell in the tents of Japheth. But it only demonstrated the truth of the prophecy; for who has not heard of its discomfiture? Three hundred only of the sons of Japheth stopped, at Thermopylæ, the innumerable host of Persia from advancing; at Marathon and Platæa, the Asiatics fell by tens of thousands beneath the avenging sword

of Greece; and after the destruction of their fleet at Salamis, they returned into their own land, discomfited and overwhelmed with shame. But mere discomfiture was by no means the only result of this attempt; it kindled in the bosom of the Greeks those feelings of undying resentment which expressed themselves afterward, in ample and terrible retribution. When the states of Greece, through the ascendancy of Philip of Macedon, became in process of time united under one head, her military strength was wielded by his son the famous Alexander. Greece then poured herself into Asia; and with incredible celerity, from the Hellespont to the Indus, from the Indus to the borders of Egypt, Greece made Asia her own. Here was enlargement indeed; the hand of the Lord was on Japheth that he might accomplish the word which had passed on him. And it was more than mere enlargement; it was, in the language of the prophecy, a dwelling in the tents of Shem. For nothing could be more unlike the ephemeral conquests of Napoleon than the enduring successes of Alexander. Asia Minor and Syria, in consequence of these successes, were pervaded in every part, by the laws and institutions of Greece; Greek was the language of the court, of the government and of literature, and there was spread over Asia, from the shores of the Ægean to the Indus, an outer covering at least of Greek civilization and character. Nor was this impression temporary; it lasted for centuries, having been effaced only by the Saracen and Turk after the lapse of nine hundred years.

But Japheth was not satisfied even with this measure of enlargement. Having conquered Asia, Alexander passed into Egypt, which, almost without a struggle, owned him for its sovereign. This arose from the deadly hatred with which Egypt regarded her Persian rulers, for her race of native princes had long been destroyed, and Shem's children were masters in the land of Ham. They were now, however, compelled to relinquish their conquest, and Egypt became the inheritance of Japheth. It continued under the Ptolemies, the successors of Alexander, for three hundred years; from them it passed to the Romans, who held it for six hundred years more; from their hands, at the period of the Saracenic conquests, it

passed again under the dominion of the children of Shem, who bear rule over it at the present hour. But from the fatal era of the Persian conquest, five hundred years before Christ, no prince of the race of Ham has occupied the throne of the first and greatest of Ham's ancient kingdoms. Well has Israel's quarrel been avenged on Egypt! Trodden down alternately by Shem and Japheth, that unhappy land has fulfilled to the letter, the word of the Lord concerning Ham: "A servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren."

God had thus enlarged Japheth; Asia and Egypt were his. But the promise had only begun to be fulfilled; nobler fortunes awaited him. The generation which had witnessed the successes of Alexander, had not yet passed away, when his kinsman Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, was invited by the Tarentines into Italy, to protect them from a barbarous enemy who aimed at the dominion of the entire Peninsula. That barbarous enemy was the Roman people, the most illustrious of the descendants of Japheth, to whom God gave afterwards, in ample fulfillment of his promise, the dominion, not of Italy only but of the whole civilized world. Pyrrhus could do nothing against them; they drove him back to his own land, subjected those whom he came to aid, and made Italy their own. Having done this, they looked abroad, meditating new conquests. Accidental circumstances, if any thing in this world can be called accidental, brought them then into collision with the Carthaginians, the descendants of Canaan on the western coast of Africa. And through the three dreadful Punic wars, and in many a hardly contested and well-fought field, the question was tried at length, whether Ham or Japheth was to be master of the world. God decided it in Japheth's favor, and in doing so, kept his word.

In the whole range of ancient history there is no subject so replete with interest as this contest between Rome and Carthage. At the commencement of that contest, Carthage was a great city, containing more than half a million of inhabitants, possessed of an abundant and fertile country at home, and mistress of Sicily and Sardinia. She was able to add Spain to these possessions after the contest had begun, so that had she been permitted in the providence of God, to have over-

whelmed Rome and added Italy to her dominion, she might have achieved the conquest of the world. Greece was then in her dotage, and would have fallen almost without a struggle before her advancing power, and the Canaanite reappearing in his ancient Asiatic seats, might again have humbled the descendants of Shem. And probabilities, for a season, seemed all in favor of this issue.

No one at all acquainted with ancient history, will require to be reminded of the unprecedented bitterness and mutual animosity which marked this famous contest. When the Roman ambassador Marcus Fabius Buteo, shook out the folds of his toga in the presence of the Carthaginian council, in token that the truce which had concluded the first Punic war was ended and that hostilities were again to commence, he was answered by a shout: "With all our hearts we welcome them." And this spirit marked the deadly struggle from that recommencement to its end. The heathens themselves seem to have regarded it less as a contest between flesh and blood, than between their respective deities, the tutelary gods of Carthage and of Rome. Nothing is more strongly impressed on the recollections of our boyhood, than the narrative of the remarkable scene that was enacted at Carthage, when Hannibal, then a child of only nine years, was made to swear on the altar of the gods of his country, eternal enmity to the Roman people. And we have a yet more remarkable proof of this in Hannibal's famous dream, when no longer a child, but his country's general, the leader of his country's armies. Being about to break up from Saguntum to cross the Alps into Italy, he offered solemn sacrifice to the ancient deities of Canaan, and prayed their blessing on his enterprise. And in the night during sleep, as he narrated afterward, he fancied himself called into their council. They charged him to invade Italy and destroy their enemies, they favored him with an appalling vision of its coming desolation, and one of them went with him and his army to guide them on their way. And, to speak for a moment in the language of heathenism, well did these tutelary gods of Carthage perform their promised part. The passage of the Alps was completed successfully; the Romans were repulsed on the Ticinus, and defeated on the Trebia; and Hannibal, still marching south-

ward, routed their army with the death of its general, on the shores of the Thrasymene lake. And these disasters were forgotten in the fearful overthrow of Cannæ. One of Rome's consuls and nearly a hundred of her senators were left dead on that fatal field, and her victorious enemy was within four days' march of her walls. It really appeared as if Hannibal had been right in supposing that a spiritual influence guarded him; Satan seemed moving hell from beneath to defeat the purposes of God. But though Rome was as far from knowing the true God as Carthage, an Almighty providence watched over her. That providence in former ages, had raised up Cyrus to destroy Babylon: it now raised up Fabius to defend his native city. The storm of the Carthaginian invasion passed by; and after spending many fruitless years in Italy, the urgent peril of his native land constrained her unconquered general to return in haste to Africa.

This is God's world, and nothing happens in it without his special appointment. And it is impossible not to remark the combination of singular providences which prevented this greatest of the sons of Ham from achieving his long-cherished purpose against the children of Japheth. We may note three circumstances in particular, without which, to speak after the manner of men, Rome could not possibly have been saved. Soon after the defeat of the Romans at Cannæ, Hannibal concluded an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the second Philip, King of Macedon. Had this alliance been allowed to take effect, there would have been added to his irresistible African cavalry, a body of heavy-armed Macedonians, and a force of artillery and engineers such as Greek science alone could supply. And what could Rome have done to save herself? She was already dejected and dispirited by a series of defeats, and to have met her inevitable fate in a manner worthy of her former glory, was all she could have hoped for. But God averted the danger. The Macedonian ambassadors on their way back to their native land, were taken by the Roman squadron; Rome was made aware of her danger; and before Philip could send another embassy, the opportunity was lost forever. The second circumstance is equally striking. The weak arm of the Carthaginian was his artillery. Had he been possessed of suitable mili-

tary engines, he might have advanced on Rome after Cannæ, and destroyed her. And there was a man then living, and at no greater distance than Syracuse, who could have enabled him to do so. That man was the illustrious Archimedes. But Hiero, the king of Syracuse, the strict ally of Rome, was yet alive, though in extreme old age. And though his death happened while Hannibal was still in Italy, Archimedes was almost immediately occupied in defending his native city against Rome, and was slain in its defense. Had either of these things been otherwise—had Hiero been the ally of Carthage, as all Sicily had once been, or had Archimedes survived the ruin of his country, and in vindication of her wrongs, passed over to the camp of Hannibal, it must have gone hard with Rome. His very name was a terror to the Roman soldiers; they fled even at the sight of his formidable engines of war.* The third circumstance is the most remarkable of all. The family of Hannibal seem to have concentrated in themselves the whole military genius of Carthage. In the crisis of the second Punic war, when the fate of Rome was trembling in the balance, Hasdrubal advanced from Spain through Gaul into Italy, to effect a junction with his brother, that they might together march on Rome. The Romans themselves felt that if these redoubted sons of Hamilcar were suffered to meet, their days as a people were numbered, and the intelligence filled them with despair. But God again averted the danger. Hannibal was most unaccountably absent from his usual position in the south of Italy when the messengers of his brother came to seek him; they were in consequence made prisoners and brought before the consul Nero. Apprized by their dispatches, which most singularly were not written in cipher, of his country's mortal peril, he marched night and day to join his colleague Livius; and, attacked by their combined forces, Hasdrubal was overthrown and slain.

* This may appear to some a little overstrained: let me therefore refer to the very eminent authority of Dr. Arnold: "The Roman army was checked at Syracuse, by an artillery such as they had never encountered before, and which HANNIBAL POSSESSED IT, WOULD LONG SINCE HAVE ENABLED HIM TO BRING THE WAR TO A TRIUMPHANT ISSUE. An old man of seventy-four won the pure glory of defending his country successfully against a foreign enemy. This old man was ARCHIMEDES."—*History of Rome*, vol. iii. p. 285.

Hannibal was in consequence left alone in Italy, with a force insufficient for the successful conclusion of the war. The Romans in their blind idolatry offered sacrifices and incense to Jupiter Stator, but we discern in this deliverance that God of truth of whom even an enemy has borne witness: "Hath he said and shall he not do it, or hath he spoken and shall he not make it good?"

Defeated thus in the object to which he had been as sacredly devoted, as ever was Joshua to the work of God in Canaan, Hannibal returned to Africa. We need not dwell on the events that followed, so disastrous to Carthage, so glorious to Rome. Zama was Hannibal's first defeat, but it was decisive. Carthage was obliged to sue for peace, to cede all her foreign possessions, and to indemnify her rival for the expenses of the war. And this humbling of her pride and crippling of her power, was only the prelude to her final destruction. Rome had been too thoroughly alarmed by the terrible successes of Hannibal, to think herself safe whilst even the name of Carthage existed. And God made use of this feeling for the accomplishment of his own purposes. The second Scipio Africanus, who like Cyrus of old, knew not the God of Israel, was yet like him, his chosen instrument of vengeance. The resistless sword which Joshua had once wielded, was put into his hand, and that remnant of Canaan which had escaped thirteen hundred years before, now fell beneath its edge. Carthage was destroyed as completely as ever Jericho and Ai had been, and made, like them, a desolation. Nor was it the city only that was destroyed; the whole nation, with the exception of an insignificant remnant, were cut off by the Roman sword. Of seven hundred thousand, her estimated population, five thousand only were found alive when she was taken, and the most of these must have perished during the seventeen days that her temples and palaces were given up to the devouring fire. The country which had owned her sway, was then made a Roman province, and those that remained of her people, became the subjects or slaves of Rome.

Rome was now delivered from the only rival which was at all able to compete with her, and advanced rapidly to universal empire. Corinth was destroyed in the same year with Carthage; and Macedo-

nia, the kingdom of the Great Alexander, submitted at the same time. Soon all Greece owned her sovereignty; and after Greece, Asia; and after Asia, Egypt. So that when one hundred and fifty years after, Augustus Cæsar shut the temple of Janus, Rome was mistress of the world. The words of Noah were then literally accomplished: "God had enlarged Japheth; he dwelt in the tents of Shem, and Canaan was his servant."

A glance at modern history will convince us that these words have been fulfilled to this day. And what makes the fulfillment more remarkable, is that there has been more than one attempt, and these partially successful, on the part of man to defeat it. The Saracens were of Shem. We are familiar with the history of their conquests. Issuing from their desert-home in the fervor of religious zeal, they conquered Asia and Africa, and thence poured into Spain. Though the country of Japheth, Spain yielded to their arms; and advancing beyond the Pyrenees, the Saracens threatened Europe. It now really seemed as if the prophecy were about to be inverted, and Shem's children were to dwell in the tents of Japheth. But He who had raised up Leonidas and Miltiades and Themistocles to defeat this attempt of old, now raised up Charles Martel; on the field of Tours the Saracens were totally defeated, and though they possessed Spain for seven hundred years, the rest of Europe was never again molested by them. Even from this portion of Japheth's territory they were driven about that time; the Spanish monarchs Ferdinand and Isabella being permitted the double glory of driving Shem's children from the land of Japheth, and enlarging Japheth's boundaries, by their patronage of Columbus, into new and distant worlds. But while these things were passing in Western Europe, Shem made another attempt in the East to possess himself of Japheth's land. We allude to the Turkish invasion, the subversion of the Roman Empire, the conquest of Constantinople and of Greece by the famous Mohammed II. All Europe trembled at that awful time, and again it seemed for a moment, as if Shem was to be Japheth's master. But the danger passed away, and is no more. The waves of Turkish conquest, instead of advancing, have ever since been receding; Greece at this hour is free; and a very small fraction of Japheth's territory, held with a

weak and trembling hand, is all that now remains to these once formidable descendants of Shem.

And, as has been already remarked, about the time that the Saracens were driven from Spain, God began again to enlarge Japheth. That enlargement has ever since been progressing, is progressing still, and is of a character so astonishing as to throw into the shade all former fulfillments of this prophecy. His descendants now possess as their own, two entire quarters of the world, Europe and America; for both in North and South-America the aborigines have been driven into corners to make room for them. We are of Japheth. And how amazing is the enlargement which God has granted to us! Our great enemy Napoleon used to say, that England aimed at the sovereignty of three quarters of the globe; and it is at this hour our boast that the sun never sets upon our empire. Besides what belongs to us in North-America, we possess the West-India Islands; Southern Africa, the land of Ham, is ours; we are colonizing Australia; we have begun to colozize New-Zealand; we have gained a footing in China. And this enlargement, from its very nature, must go on to increase. No one who considers the vast amount of fertile and unoccupied territory in some of these regions of the earth, can doubt for a moment that when a few generations have passed, they will be found teeming with population, the seats of industry and enterprise, the centers of moral influence and intellectual power. We can indeed see no limit to the enlargement of Japheth. From their superiority in moral and intellectual qualities, his descendants already possess an influence incomparably greater than that of all the rest of mankind put together; and so long as these qualities continue, the word which has passed upon him, must of necessity, fulfill itself. This fulfilment too is hastened and must continue to be so, as that other part of the prophecy which speaks of his dwelling in the tents of Shem, is accomplished in the providence of God. It has begun to be so already, and that in a most singular manner. What an astonishing phenomenon is our Indian Empire! It is not two hundred years since our merchants began to trade to Hindostan, which then belonged to the Mohammedans, and was the empire of the great Mogul. The utmost limit of their first ambition was to estab-

lish a lucrative commerce; and when they were driven to take up arms, it was to defend themselves against the perfidy and cruelty with which they were surrounded. In prosecution of this object, however, they soon found it necessary to conquer and appropriate territory to themselves; and so, by small degrees, we find ourselves now the undisputed masters of India, from the Himalaya Mountains to Cape Comorin. Delhi, the royal city of the magnificent and illustrious Aurengzebe, Agra, and Benares the city of gods, places whose very names are associated with the fondest recollections of the children of Shem—all own the sway of Japheth. And what has been remarked already of the Greek conquest of Asia, is still more true of the British conquest of Hindostan. It is a *dwelling* in the tents of Shem. Were our scepter now to be broken, the effects of our rule are indelible. We have begun to leaven India with our arts, our sciences, our customs, and above all with our religion; and what has begun must go on, its progress is irresistible. Heathen ignorance and superstition are giving way on every side. Already the more intelligent portion of the Hindoo population, convinced of the folly of every thing in which they have hitherto believed, are earnestly soliciting the full benefits of English education: already even the bigoted Brahmins are prophesying the downfall of the old superstitions, and the complete ascendancy of Christianity. May God hasten it in his time! If the presence even of the heathen Greek and Roman, when he dwelt in Shem's tents of old, proved a blessing to the Persian and Assyrian, surely the presence of the Christian Briton should prove the very fullness of blessing to the Mohammedan and Hindoo!

And there is yet another most important sense in which Japheth according to the word passed on him, has dwelt in the tents of Shem. He has not only, as in ancient times, enriched Shem with his arts, his sciences, his laws, and in modern times with his religion also; he has received as well as given. There has been an inter-communion of the races, and Shem has been the greater benefactor, the larger giver of the two. The gods of Japheth were dumb idols; we have forsaken them forever, and now worship the God of Shem. Of Shem we have received the Saviour; Jesus Christ our

Lord was "an Hebrew of the Hebrews," "the Son of David, the Son of Abraham." Of Shem we have received the Bible; no part of God's living oracles was written by a son of Japheth. We read in our churches the words of Moses and Samuel, of Isaiah and Ezekiel; we praise God in the Psalms of David; we are enlightened, cheered, and comforted by St. Matthew, St. John, and St. Paul. These are the riches *which we have found in Shem's tents*; if he has been permitted for a season to despise them, it is that we may be possessed of them forever. And it is because we are possessed of them that we are able to repay the giver.

If the history of the ancient world demonstrates the stern reality of the curse pronounced on Ham, the history of modern times demonstrates it yet more clearly. Africa, Ham's land, has in fact no modern history. Since the day that Egypt sank in the east, when her native dynasty was destroyed by the successors of Cyrus, since the day that Carthage was annihilated in the west, what city, what people, what state of Africa has challenged the attention of the world, or what has her story been save one of degradation and shame? And there is one prominent circumstance in that melancholy story which brings out the truth of the prophecy so clearly that it is impossible to pass it by. We allude to the accursed slave-trade. When the European found that the constitution of the African fitted him for hard labor under a burning sun, he coveted his services in that new world which the discoveries of Columbus had opened to his enterprise. But these services required to be enforced. And so the white man made the negro his victim, sending the ruthless kidnapper to entrap him, establishing slave-depots and factories along his coasts, treating him in all respects as an article of ordinary commerce, and reducing into a regular system the most monstrous iniquity of which the world has ever heard. But monstrous as it is, every European nation whose shores are washed by the Atlantic, have had their share in it, and some to this very hour. It is little more than fifty years since we, as a nation, delivered ourselves from that shame, which our brethren in Christian America still uphold and glory in. But the wickedness of man illustrates the truth of God, by accomplishing his faithful word. And a more

exact accomplishment of his word by Noah than that which the slave-trade furnishes, it is not possible to conceive. Let us contemplate the poor Africans hurried in troops to the coast like beasts of burden; stowed on board the slave-ships; sold, on landing, to the planters; divided, according to their purchasers' convenience or caprice, between one plantation and another; driven to their work by the lash, and mercilessly kept at it till disease and death ensue! This is more than a condition of servitude; nothing expresses the fullness of its calamity but the words of the prophetic patriarch—"a servant of servants," that is, the most degraded of servants shall he be. He was to be so, to both his brethren. And whilst the Egyptian has long groaned under the oppression of Shem, the Negro, in whom the word has had its chief accomplishment, has been for the last three centuries the victim of the relentless cupidity of Japheth. God's word to the youngest son of Noah, has thus in all respects been fulfilled. Divine mercy has enlarged him, he dwells in Shem's tents, he is lord of Ham's children.

We might now conclude our review of this famous prophecy, were it not for those other renderings of it to which I have already referred. But if we can read without violence to the original, "God shall enlarge Japheth, and shall dwell in the tents of Shem;" if we can also read, "God shall persuade Japheth and shall dwell in the tents of Shem," we can not pass by words so full of precious meaning, and which in this world's past history, have been so signally fulfilled.

Second Rendering. "God shall enlarge Japheth, and shall dwell in the tents of Shem."

The fulfilment of these words so far as Japheth is concerned, has been already commented on. We need not be reminded of his enlargement by the victories of Alexander and his successors, by which Daniel's vision (Dan. 8 : 21, 22) of the rough goat, the great horn between his eyes, and the four horns which stood up when it was broken, was so signally demonstrated as true. Nor need we be reminded of the conquests of the Roman people, "the fourth beast" of Daniel, (Dan. 7 : 19,) "which was diverse from all the others, whose teeth were of iron and his nails of brass; which devoured, brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with

his feet." Never were prophetic words so justified by the event. It has been said and truly, that—

"Learning and Rome alike to empire grew,
And art still followed where her eagles flew."

But it is still more true that

"Beneath her iron hoofs of pride
Where'er they tramped, freedom died."

She literally "devoured, brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with her feet." Others had done so before her, but she was "diverse from them all." The conquests of the Chaldean, the Persian, the Greek, were those of individuals; her victories were those of a people. But whilst nation after nation was compelled to crouch at her feet, and she was advancing step by step, to the dignity of sovereign of the world—whilst Japheth's children were thus enlarged, how was God dealing with Shem? He was dwelling in his tents, if we follow the Hebrew; he was abiding among his abodes, if we prefer the Septuagint. Both statements are literally true. From Moses to David, a period of five hundred years, the God of Shem, to use his own words, (2 Sam. 7 : 6,) "walked" among his chosen people, "in a tent and a tabernacle." He was found, sometimes at Shiloh, sometimes at Ephrath, sometimes in the fields of the wood, (Ps. 132.) David at length found it in his heart, to build an house for his name. And from his days to those of Christ, a period of one thousand years, the God of Shem had his fixed and settled *abode* among the dwellings of Jacob. His chosen and magnificent dwelling-place crowned the hill of Zion, overlooking Jerusalem the city of his love. It was "the house of prayer for all nations;" he commanded his people to seek him there, he promised that none who sought him should go unblest away.

Shem and Japheth had thus their respective portions meted out to them according to the prophetic word. To Japheth were assigned worldly glory and dominion; but Shem had something far better, in the love and presence of his covenant God.

Third Rendering. "God shall persuade Japheth, and shall dwell in the tents of Shem." A fulfilment is now forced upon our attention, of an equally striking but totally different kind. We

have Shem's God, first dwelling among his own people, and secondly persuading the stranger.

1. "In the beginning," writes St. John, "was the Word, . . . the Word was God, . . . the Word was made flesh, . . . and came unto his own; . . . he **PITCHED HIS TENT AMONG US**, and we beheld his glory, full of grace and truth." The image here is that of one coming to an encampment, pitching his tent with the others, and dwelling among the people as one of themselves. "Blessed be Jehovah, God of Shem," says the patriarch, he shall so deal with Shem's children. And it was indeed Jehovah who vouchsafed to stoop so low. "A virgin shall conceive," writes the prophet, "and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us." "Being in the form of God," says the Apostle speaking of Christ, "he thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but emptied himself and took on him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient." The glory which Shem's children beheld while this blessed One dwelt among them, was the fullness of grace and truth. "He went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed." "Whithersoever he entered, into villages, or city, or country, they laid the sick in the streets, and besought him that they might touch, if it were but the border of his garment, and as many as touched him were made perfectly whole." The multitudes marveled, they glorified the God of Israel, they said: "He hath done all things well, he maketh both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak." Nor did they marvel less at the truth which dwelt in him, as it poured itself forth in his continual teaching. They "were astonished at his doctrine, for he taught them as one that had authority;" they "bare him witness and marveled at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth;" they said, "never man spake like this man." This leads us to remark the most amazing feature in this prophecy—one which stamps it indelibly with the impress of divine foreknowledge. When Isaiah declared that these things should be—that Immanuel should come of a virgin, that at his coming the eyes of the blind should be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped, that at his command the lame man should leap as a hart,

and the tongue of the dumb sing, that at the opening of his mouth the waters of life and truth should break out in the wilderness, till the parched ground became a pool—he uttered what required the utmost stretch of faith to believe. But those who did believe him, would naturally be led to conclude that when such gracious things were done, the most blessed results would follow. When God shall thus visit his own, they would say, his own will of necessity return to him and seek his face; the most determined prejudice, the most hardened unbelief, the most inveterate love of sin, will yield to a demonstration so surpassingly gracious: if God dwells in Shem's tents, it can not be but that Shem will be persuaded by him. But what says the prophetic patriarch? "God shall PERSUADE JAPHETH, and shall dwell in the tents of Shem." This silence is emphatic and ominous; Shem was not to be persuaded. And they were accomplished; he was not persuaded. When Shem's God came unto his own, "his own," writes the Apostle, "received him not." And these words tell only half a tale; Calvary must tell the rest. They desired a murderer instead of the Prince of life; they sought the heathen Cæsar for their king instead of the Lord of glory; they said of him who had pitched his tent among them to bless them, "His blood be on us and on our children;" they nailed him to the accursed tree. And even these dreadful acts were but the commencement of their rejection of him. After he had passed through death and risen to immortality, and was about to leave this world to go to the Father, he charged his apostles, when they proclaimed his forgiving mercy, to begin at Jerusalem. And they obeyed his command. "Ye are the children of the prophets," they reminded their countrymen, "and of the covenant which God made with our fathers; unto you first, God having raised up his Son Jesus, hath sent him to bless you." And it did indeed seem for a season as if they would accept the blessing. Three thousand of them received the word at its very first proclamation by St. Peter; within a few days there were five thousand believers in Jerusalem; multitudes both of men and women were soon after added to the Lord: and so steadily did this advance, that when St. Paul visited Jerusalem thirty years afterward, he found many myriads of Jews believing.

And we can conceive both him and his fellows to have been encouraged exceedingly by such manifestations of God's grace, and to have looked for still greater things. We can conceive them to have said, surely our fears are to be disappointed, and our hopes exceeded, Israel shall yet be gathered; God hath dwelt in Shem's tents and Shem shall be persuaded by him. But alas! it was not so to be. The generation which had rejected the Saviour, furnished indeed a people to bear witness for his name, but the mass of the Jewish nation sank into deeper impenitence and more determined unbelief. The Roman came at length to fulfill their own frantic imprecation; the sacred blood of Jesus was required at their hands, and returned on their guilty heads; and Shem, unpersuaded of his God, was driven forth a fugitive and a vagabond. As such, still unpersuaded, he still wanders bearing on his forehead the mark of Noah's truth. For of him, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, and yet he is shut up in unbelief till the promised day of mercy.

2. And in what condition was Japheth when God was thus visiting Shem? Was there any thing about him morally or spiritually to lead to the conclusion that when his elder brother rejected the Most High, he would receive with open arms the revelation of his grace? Let an inspired apostle answer. He describes Japheth at that period of the world's history, "as filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness," as "full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity," as a whisperer, a backbiter, a hater of God, as without understanding, without natural affection, implacable and unmerciful. Judging, therefore, from human probabilities, we should have said, if Shem will not hear, there is no hope for the world, for Japheth will most certainly despise the message of God. But here again is the remarkable feature of the prophecy before us—it contradicts these probabilities. God shall persuade Japheth, is the patriarch's express assurance. And this assurance has been fulfilled. The circumcised children of Shem, who thanked God that they were neither extortioners, unjust nor adulterers, who fasted twice in the week, and gave tithes of all that they possessed, saw no beauty in the Saviour and rejected him; whilst the sons of Japheth, brutalized by idolatry, debased by licentiousness, and steeped in crime,

turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God, and to wait for his Son from heaven. The word of mercy was first declared and believed also in the house of Cornelius. It was published next in the provinces of Asia; it passed into Greece, Italy, and Spain; it reached the farthest bounds of the West, even the isles in which we now dwell. And wherever it was published, the same divine blessing attended it. It gathered families, cities, nations to the obedience of Christ, it went on conquering and to conquer, till the banner of the cross waved over the capitol, and the false gods and deified heroes of antiquity gave place to that name which is above every name. And the conquest has been permanent. Two thousand years have passed, and two hundred and eighty millions of the children of Japheth acknowledge Jesus to be Lord. He is still the persuaded one, while beside him are unbelieving Shem, and Ham the servant of servants. Surely these coincidences so marvelous in their character, are not the result of accident. From whom can they have proceeded save "from the Lord of hosts who is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working"?

Having now considered this prophecy in all the renderings of its meaning, we may put it to all candid and fair-judging men, does the past history and present condition of the human race agree or not with the prophetic chart of its fortunes given in the book of Genesis, while yet that race was in its cradle? If only one answer can be returned to this question, and that answer in the affirmative; if, moreover, we bear in mind that this earliest prophecy contains the germ of all that have succeeded it, and that salvation itself is developed out of the pregnant words, "Jehovah, God of Shem," the prophecies of Scripture become one of the pillars of our faith. They enable us not only to stand on the defensive when attacked, but to carry the war into the camp of the skeptic; for he is unable, and he knows it, to account for their fulfillment.

A scoffing infidel remarked that the patriarch was surely still under the influence of his wine, when he could pronounce upon one member of his family so unreasonable a curse, and promise to the others, blessings so disproportioned to any thing they had done to deserve them.

Our only answer to this profanity, is, Go and do thou likewise. Pronounce a curse upon one of thy children when he offends thee, and upon his descendants to the latest posterity; make large promises of blessing to another when he pleases thee, and to his children's children with him; and see whether the God of nature and providence will confirm thy words. He has, beyond all contradiction, confirmed the words of Noah; instead of scoffing therefore, let us be filled with awe. The destruction of the old Canaanite by Joshua, and of Carthage by Scipio, the existence to this hour, of the slave-trade with all its horrors, admonish us to tremble before his words of wrath, and to fear exceedingly to bring down the edge of these words upon ourselves. Whilst the call of Abraham, the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the conversion of the Gentile world to the faith of his blessed name, give delightful evidence of the truth of his promises of mercy, inviting us to put our trust in them for time and for eternity.

To conclude: if the Bible has proved so true, as far as this world is concerned, in its revelations of the past and the present, we may trust its prophetic intimations of the future destiny of our race. And blessed be God, these destinies are glorious: darkness has long brooded over this wretched earth, but at evening time it shall be light. Shem shall not be always unpersuaded: he shall yet return and be reconciled to the God of his fathers, and be a blessing in the midst of the earth. "Again I will build thee, and thou shalt be built, O virgin of Israel!" is the promise of Shem's God. "Thou shalt again be adorned with thy tabrets, and go forth in the dances of them that make merry. They shall come with weeping, and with supplications will I lead them; they shall look upon me, whom they have pierced, and mourn." And when the Jew shall thus return to God, the other nations who have come of Shem, shall follow in his train. If God says by Isaiah, looking to the prophetic future, "Blessed be Israel, mine inheritance," he adds in the same divine sentence, and "Assyria, the work of mine hands." For if the casting away of the Jew, says St. Paul, "has been the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead!" Nor shall Ham always be the servant of servants. He shall yet

be made free with the glorious liberty of the Gospel, and the yoke of the oppressor shall be broken from off his neck. His children are expressly included in that divine sentence to which I have just referred. "In that day," says the prophet, "shall Israel be a third *with Egypt* and with Assyria, whom the Lord of hosts shall bless, saying, blessed be *Egypt my people*." The Egyptian then shall yet acknowledge Jehovah; and with the Egyptian, all the descendants of Ham, for the kingdoms of *this world*, we are assured in the Apocalypse, shall in that day be the kingdoms of our God. We already see the budding of these glorious purposes; and we see what is most cheering of all, Japheth of whom we are, Japheth the persuaded, the enlarged one, used by Almighty God for their furtherance and accomplishment. Look at the zeal for the Jew, which of late years He has put into our hearts; look at our labors among Shem's other children, in Eastern India, in Persia and in China. And how signally have these labors been owned! India is now beginning to stretch out her hands unto God. Nor have Ham's descendants been forgotten. The names of Wilberforce, of Clarkson, of Buxton, all sons of Japheth, are identified forever with the cause of injured Africa. And many of the sons and daughters of our country, whose names are not chronicled by man, have left their bones in her soil, in fulfillment of that mission of love which impelled them to seek her shores. These labors, moreover, begin to be largely acknow-

ledged. The oppressor's arms, in God's mercy, are now turned against himself. The sable sons of Africa, redeemed by our cruisers from the slave-ships, and painfully instructed by our missionaries, are carrying back to their own land the glad tidings of salvation. It is delightful to remember that some of these have had the hands of our own metropolitan bishop laid on them; it presents the cheering spectacle of Japheth blessing Ham.

"Heavily every bosom pineth,
Heavily oh! heavily oh!
Where the bond of slavery twineth."

Long has unhappy Africa proved the truth of these words.

"Merrily every bosom boundeth,
Merrily oh! merrily oh!
Where the song of liberty soundeth."

And soon shall Africa, soon shall all the nations of the earth prove that this is true; they shall prove it when redeemed from the tyranny of Satan, and brought into the liberty of the sons of God. Noah's children shall then cease their vain contests for power and glory, they shall hang the trumpet in the hall, and study war no more. The only strife shall be who shall best do God's will, who shall minister most largely to his fellow's blessing; precedency either of nations, families or individuals, shall be desired only as increasing the power to bless. May God hasten that day; may his kingdom come!

W. T.

A FAMILY TIE.—Mr. Howard was one day at a great dinner party which the late Duke of Norfolk gave to several of his neighbors. He sat at the bottom of the table, the Duke being at the head, and one of the gentlemen who sat near the Duke called out to him and said: "Mr. Howard, will you drink a glass of wine with me? There was a connection between our families." "With a great deal of pleasure, sir," replied Mr. H., "though I don't know exactly what the connection is; but in this county there have been several marriages between neighbors." "Why, sir," resumed the gentleman, "your ancestor, Lord William Howard, hung up twenty-three out of twenty-seven of my family, and you must own that was a tie." This reminded me of an anecdote I heard at Brighton. General Dalrymple,

who was between ninety and a hundred years of age, was introduced by the King to Lord Errol as an old friend. "Ah! my Lord," said the General, "the last of your family I have seen was Lord Kilmarnock's head on Temple Bar."

A DISTINGUISHED physician recommends elm-bark for the bite of a mad dog—just as if the bark could cure the bite.

How is it possible to proceed in two opposite directions at the same time? By walking from the forward to the aft part of a vessel while sailing.

TAUPE souls are made brighter by sorrow. The ocean is most phosphorescent after a storm.

From the London Review.

R E C E N T P O E T R Y . *

THE diffusion of civilization through all classes is producing singular results in literature. This is an age of experiments in literature generally, and especially in poetry. Never was the adage that experiments are dangerous more signally verified. The men of to-day contrive to extract a larger amount of excitement out of life than was possible at any former period, both doing harder work and demanding fiercer pleasures. Civilization, on the one hand, adds fury to the battle of life, and gradually increases the difficulty of obtaining the means of living; on the other hand, it creates a demand for pleasure and novelty, which is unsatisfied by the relaxation of mere leisure. Literature consequently is compelled to recommend itself by every artifice. Piquancy, smartness, and at least the semblance of wit and humor, are indispensable qualities for literary success. A writer must now be amusing, whether he be instructive or not.

Another result of the spread of civilization is the enormous increase of the number of readers, and the vast quantity of printed matter daily and almost hourly published for their consumption. While it may be questioned whether there is not a diminution in the number of real readers, of those who can bring taste and cultivation to the discussion of an author, and who make a demand for the higher species of literary composition; those readers who glut themselves with magazines and newspapers, without care for any thing better, are numerically on the increase. The literary world presents the strangest anomalies. More ephemeral literature is

produced, and less that will live forever, than in any former time. The literary profession is so common as to be scarcely a profession at all. Every man you meet at a public dinner is a contributor to a periodical; a third of the number consists of authors of books. Literature is a source of occasional income to most members of the professions; and literary labor is so cheapened that those who are really fitted for it can find in it neither honor nor profit.

All these anomalies act with double force upon the highest form of literature. Poetry exhibits them in the highest intensity. The number of persons now living who have published volumes of poetry has been estimated at about one thousand: a number, that is, which may show its twenties for the tens of real poets that the whole human species has produced. On the other hand, the public sale of a book of poems is not much, as a rule; and publication generally entails loss. There is no demand for poetry as a separate thing; and many of its noblest forms are extinct. When we read of the salary of old Ben Jonson being withheld "until he should have produced some fresh specimens of his art," we are enviously reminded that there actually was once a time when there was a public curiosity about poetry. And yet poetry of a certain kind (of *what* kind we shall see presently) must be in vogue; for it forms a standing ingredient in the magazines. And this circumstance reacts, again, unfavorably upon the prospects of genuine poetry. The majority of readers take their standard of perfection from the magazines; and are unprepared to appreciate or comprehend any thing of higher character. The chance which a real poet, on his first appearance, has of a proper reception, is diminished by the very fact that a vast amount of inferior poetry is read and relished by his countrymen. The reverence which an entirely unaccustomed nature might feel in the presence of mighty art, is superseded by half-familiarity. Real

* *The Wanderer*. By OWEN MEREDITH. Chapman & Hall. 1859.

Lucile. By OWEN MEREDITH. Chapman & Hall. 1860.

Poems before Congress. By MRS. BROWNING. Chapman & Hall. 1860.

Poems. By the Author of John Halifax, Gentleman. Hurst & Blackett. 1860.

Faithful for Ever. By COVENTRY PATMORE. J. W. Parker & Son. 1860.

criticism, moreover, is very rare. There is scarcely a professed critic in any one of the periodicals who knows anything about poetry. The newspaper critics, in their treatment of poets, alternate between ignorant indifference and insolent contumely. We may remark in passing, that if poets themselves would occasionally contribute some idea of the principles of their art to the public, in the shape of criticism, in the periodicals, it would tend to improve the prospects of poetry. The great Duke's maxim, that every man is the best judge in his own profession, holds good in the case of poetry. A poet alone is truly able to criticise a poet. It may be answered that the inspiration of a poet does not necessarily entail a knowledge of the principles upon which poetry proceeds. Whether this were true in earlier ages or not, it certainly is not true now. In this advanced age every one who hopes for eminence is compelled to go through a preparation, which must involve the sifting of principles. And as matter of fact the few criticisms that have been written by poets are most valuable. The observations on Milton in the letters of Keats recur to us as an example. They are generally minute and finished expositions of particular passages, which show how inestimable would have been a more extended criticism. Among our poets there are many now living who are obviously in the fullest degree in possession of their own principles, and capable of imparting them to the public. The amiable professor of poetry at Oxford has ably entered upon this work in the dissertations prefixed to his own volumes. Mr. Alexander Smith has combated some of the popular errors regarding poetry in his *Essay on Burns*. Owen Meredith is certainly versatile enough to criticise others as well as to write himself, and would do it with a poet's sympathy, knowledge, and discrimination. Since poetry has lost favor with the public, it becomes the duty of poets to "speak prose" — to let the world know what their work really is, and how important it is for the good of the world that the noblest of the arts should not suffer from public discouragement.

One living poet alone can be said to have gained the ear of England; and we are far from a desire to undervalue the importance of Tennyson, when we say that we wish heartily that his empire were divided. The innumerable imitators of

Tennyson in the magazines are the men who present the literary world with the conception which it entertains of the nature and ends of poetry. And it is precisely the weakest points in Tennyson that these imitators select. There is no masculine grandeur in him; but, on the contrary, a feminine sweetness and passionateness pervade his poetry. This quality is conjoined with wonderful breadth of imagination, suggestive and associative power, sense of beauty, perfection of language, and depth of heart, which render him one of the greatest of English poets. But his popular imitators do not attempt, as a rule, to penetrate the real secret of the man, to get at the root of his greatness: they are merely intoxicated with the atmosphere he breathes forth, and catch his manner. It is in his feebleness, more feminine and domestic pieces that he is most frequently caricatured. The *Miller's Daughter*, *The Day Dream*, and parts of *Will Waterproof*, are, in style of reflection, kind of painting, and even in meter, repeated week by week, and month by month, until the public must be saturated with the idea that the office of poetry is really little more than to exhibit "houses with their fronts off." The domestic hearth, its joys and sorrows, conjugal and parental, are the eternal theme of the Clio of the nineteenth century. A half-terrified sense of the discrepancies of life, a mournful lament over toil and suffering, are joined, in this kind of verse, with a faith which believes only in itself, and eschews any religion more positive. Hence arises the shallow, oft-repeated creed of the arising of good out of evil. This idea of the good perpetually succeeding to the evil is the grand notion pervading the poetry of Longfellow, and to which his popularity is mainly due. It is the first idea which faith conceives; but men of deeper heart perceive that evil succeeds good, as well as good evil, and learn at last to leave the problem to its only Solver, or, if they must needs speak of it, try to present it in its entirety, omitting nothing and traducing no one. From such deeper insight alone can arise true grandeur of song, grandeur of emotion, grandeur of those who "refuse to be comforted." But lesser men seek comfort, and find it chiefly in family joys. They delight to see their comfort reproduced in poetry; and hence the domesticity of the popular English muse. Is it not rath-

er the true office of song to set before even these men that there is another side to the questions which they think are answered?

We might extend these remarks, but our present purpose is to show what we believe to be the dangerous effect of these anomalies on several persons unquestionably possessed of real poetical talent. We revert, then, to what we said at the outset, that the poetry of the age shows the danger of experiments. Almost every work of genius now published is peculiar in this, that it is totally unlike any thing ever seen before. It has, or ostentatiously aims at, something entirely "new and strange." There is a general tendency to force thought and expression; continual attempts are to be witnessed to institute new directions of fancy and feeling. We can not complain of want of originality, though that is sometimes affirmed against the age. We rather murmur at the undue pursuit of originality as a primary object. We would ask our poets whether originality ought to be their first aim? Is it not in danger of degenerating into straining after effect? Ought it to be sought before truth and beauty? Originality is not in itself a very valuable quality. A madman may be an original without being an original genius. The originality of much even of the genuine poetry of the age is gained, we unhesitatingly affirm, at the expense of reverence for authority, good taste, beauty, and, above all, that tranquil fullness and serenity of soul which is indispensable to the highest art. It is usually originality of aim rather than of mind; and it is precisely because men so often dream of gaining fame simply from putting poetry to some use for which it was never intended, while they, in such cases, only possess very ordinary powers of composition, and therefore only rhapsodize, that we hear the hackneyed charge of want of originality in the age. The age is only too original; and the greatest poetical ages never have been so at all, in this use of the word. We wish especially to advert to one particular, the abandonment of the old time-honored types or forms in which poetry used to be cast. The greatest poetical intellects have in every age shown a tendency to mold themselves in the forms left by their predecessors. Virgil, one of the greatest masters of language, threw his poem into the type of Homer. Was

Virgil's originality destroyed in so doing? Not at all; his style and mode of conception is so distinct from that of his master, as to be even dissimilar; and he has shone forth ever as one of the great prompters and directors of human speech and thought. Milton, again, framed his grand work upon the epic of Virgil, and found that most fitting for the display of his own mighty qualities. Keats was obviously forging his Titanic epic into the proportions of the *Paradise Lost*, when death cut short what would have been one of the grandest poems in the language. These are weighty examples, and would that they were borne in mind! At present, the very last thing we expect on hearing of a new poem is, that it will be an epic, or an ode, or a genuine drama, or, indeed, that it will resemble in its general form any thing that has gained the sanction of antiquity. We speak the more strongly on this point, because we belong to the "new school" in poetry, and are far from wishing to trammel a poet either in his rhythm or meter by the exploded canons and conventional rules of the so-called "Augustan age" of Queen Anne. It is of the general abandonment of the old forms, which the greatest masters have sanctioned, that we complain, and that not so much for the sake of these forms themselves as because of the uncertainty of aim, or restlessness of purpose, which their abandonment surely must imply.

We suppose that among living poets the third place is due to Owen Meredith. We well remember the sensation caused in the undergraduate circles at one of the universities by the appearance of his first volume, containing *Clytemnestra* and the *Earl's Return*. That volume gave unmistakable evidence that its author possessed two of the very highest poetical qualities, dramatic passion (we do not say dramatic power) and melodious sweetness of versification. To these were added an assemblage of many other faculties which go to the making of a great poet. It is true that the book wanted weeding; there was a great deal of nonsense in it, studies of other poets which had better been left out; and several vicious tendencies were observable, as, for example, in the song about hollyhocks, where the forced adherence to a peculiar meter, or even the recurrence of a particular rhyme in one part of the

stanza, is supposed to give value to verses which the poet himself must acknowledge to be void of feeling and worthless. The same mistake is committed, for instance, in Leigh Hunt's *Song of Flowers*. Yet no first work had borne greater promise. The great redeeming feature in it was vigor and freshness.

The next publication of Owen Meredith was *The Wanderer*, in 1859. This is the title given to a vast number of miscellaneous short poems, which were written in different countries visited by the author. But very few of them profess to be descriptive of man or nature in various climes; the bulk of them might have been written any where. The first thing to be said of them is that there are too many of them by half. Four hundred and thirty pages of miscellaneous poetry in a young author's second volume! As a mere feat of fertility it is remarkable; but we presume that the author would not desire this praise alone. Keats, who threw away sonnets in letters; Burns, who could produce his pencil and improvise a dozen stanzas at a dinner-party, could have rivaled this fecundity, had either of them chosen. But none better knew than they that the only facility of composition which is of value must be the result of long practice and completely mastered thought. The true master will aim at condensation as the first requisite; rapidity or ease of writing will be a thing that he will care literally nothing about. He will be thankful for it when it comes; but meanwhile do his work slowly. Along with this fecundity there is, in *The Wanderer*, a fearful diffuseness, which is among the greatest of poetical crimes. We are tempted to ask the Carlylean question: "Could he not have taken pains, and written it in half the number of verses?" There is another defect in *The Wanderer*, as compared with the earlier poems; it shows a conclusive failure of power of language. This is the natural result of the diffuseness of which we have complained. A further fault must be noted in the tendency to run into strange meters, which are sometimes elaborate without being effective, sometimes irregular without being wild. *The Wanderer*, on the other hand, shows increased power of thought and wider knowledge and sympathy; its author does unquestionably possess "the deep poetic heart," with its tremulous compassion of human

life, its sense of mysteriousness and infinity, its faculty of discerning sorrow in joy, and evoking joy out of sorrow. But this sympathy is, we think, not so natural nor so healthy as in the earlier volume: it is less inclined to deal with noble and honest things: it escapes on the one hand into depiction of human nature in its baser and more voluptuous moods; on the other, into the common-places of the grotesque, into a disgusting communion with ghouls, goblins, vampires, and worms. This last peculiarity, especially, which is strongly marked in *The Wanderer*, is the sign of a morbid feebleness singularly in contrast with the beautiful health of the first volume. How different is that real power over apparitions, possessed by such glorious natures as Shakspeare or Titian, whose spiritual creatures walk the earth, or "wing up and down the buxom air," in perfect beauty, from the peevish, ghastly, and horrible imaginings in which modern poets have too often indulged!

Some poetical minds seem incapable of cultivation, and can therefore never attain the highest perfection. Longfellow is one of these. His poetry is the most uncultivated possible. It has, however, a superficial smoothness, both in versification and tone of feeling, which satisfies the general run of readers, though no real judge of poetry would for a moment mistake this for true melody or deep reflection. Such a mind has its use, and Longfellow has fulfilled his vocation. But Owen Meredith is a very different and higher nature. Were he not so, we should have been much more lenient in our remarks. He is capable of extremely high cultivation, and is himself conscious of the fact. In the immense number of pieces published in *The Wanderer*, there is not one that is self-satisfied. All bear marks of a restless anxiety to render them effective; all bear marks, that is, of an attempted cultivation. It is this very anxiety which partly renders them, as we unwillingly pronounce them to be, failures. Poetical cultivation is the education of the whole man; the increase of the spirit in serenity, temperance, joy; the purifying and strengthening of the vision; the gentle reception of the teaching of the Divine Framer of the outer world and inner soul; not the restless adoption of man's devices or the fever of ambition. We can not trace this growth of the soul in *The Wanderer*. There is no love in

the work, except of a painful and horror-struck kind. The single sonnet which Juliet shares with Romeo on the night of the Capulet festival is worth it all.

We believe Owen Meredith to be capable of very high cultivation; and we further believe that he has sedulously attempted to educate himself; but we are also of opinion that he has proceeded in a wrong direction, upon a false method, and has made mistakes of a magnitude which, under other circumstances, would settle the question whether or not he is a great poet. Great poets may make mistakes, but they do not in general persistently carry them out. But Owen Meredith lives in a peculiar age under peculiar circumstances. The age is given up to experiments. He is, all the world knows, the son of an eminent writer, and is doubtless fevered with the filial anxiety to support his father's laurels—born to the purple, and eager to win battles. All this must be kept in mind while we estimate his position and work. If circumstances were different, the vast mistakes which he has made might be considered irretrievable. We believe them not to be so, and maintain that the world may yet receive something of real value from his pen. Part of his mistake has been over-anxiety and over-cultivation, or rather over-production. He seems to have set himself to the production of a vast number of verses as rapidly as possible, confiding in his poetical cleverness for their being good, without remembering that production is only one part of the poet's duty. Incessant production is not to be confounded with real poetical education. Rest is essential to the poet; and no mind can fail to deteriorate without this.

The year after the publication of *The Wanderer*, *Lucile* appeared. In this poem we have the result which Owen Meredith's poetical education has attained. *The Wanderer* is more in the character of a process, somewhat incautiously given to the public. *Lucile* is a work; it is the first finished product of that process. Its author has acquired his skill; and now the question is whether what he has gained the power to do be worth the doing. It is with heart-felt reluctance that we pronounce *Lucile* to be not of great value as a work of art. Although we grant it to be a great deal more important than *The Wanderer*—so far as the two can be com-

pared, either by regarding *The Wanderer* as a whole, or by cutting *Lucile* in pieces—yet it falls far short of the promise displayed in the *Chrytemnestra* volume. In the first place it has the faults of *The Wanderer*. It is excessively diffuse; and although the language displays a kind of appositeness which is frequently brilliant, yet, as compared with the work of the great masters of language, it is defective in power. Then the length! Owen Meredith's first volume must have been printed about 1855. Within the five years between then and 1860 he has published *The Wanderer*, the length of which is considerably over eight thousand verses, and *Lucile*, which exceeds seven thousand. Is he aware that, if he publishes fifteen thousand verses every five years, in a comparatively short working-life of twenty years he will be the author of sixty thousand verses? Chaucer only wrote seventy thousand in the course of at least double that number of years. Milton's poetical works amount to about twenty thousand. The poems of Tennyson or of Browning fall somewhat below that sum. Spenser, Shelley, and Wordsworth are, indeed, instances of a similar fecundity to that of Owen Meredith; but diffuseness was the bane of all three, even of the first, whose conceptions of art were superior to those of the other two. Byron was equally rapid, it is true, and much more concentrated; but he is a solitary example. We certainly think that Owen Meredith would do well to consider the necessity of retrenching. His works might then acquire a very much higher value than at present belongs to them.

In the dedication of *Lucile* the author says: "In this poem I have abandoned those forms of verse with which I had most familiarized my thoughts, and endeavored to follow a path on which I could discover no footprints before me, either to guide or to warn." We may grant, indeed, the claim of originality, but still the question of value remains. In the first place, the author, whom we acknowledge to be a poet, and one of no ordinary powers, would perhaps be surprised to hear his critic ask the question: "Is *Lucile* a poem at all?" It might almost be described as a three-volumed novel rendered into a kind of verse. And another Carlylean inquiry comes in with terrible force: "Could not this

have been written in prose?" There are certain subjects and modes of feeling that are sacred to meter, and set themselves naturally to song; they could not be adequately expressed in any other manner. Is *Lucile* such a subject? It modern life in saloons and at watering-places a fit theme for poetry? In some of its aspects it may indeed afford scope for passionate or indignant lyric; but can it bear such a studied and length work as *Lucile*? The author found no foot-prints of direction or warning; was it not sufficient warning if he found no foot-prints at all? Exceedingly poetical we grant his work to be, but not more so than many novels; there are many parts, in fact, a large share of the volume, which are necessarily prosaic, and many other parts which are only redeemed from prose by satire, which is the lowest form of poetry. On the whole, we question whether it is a poem. We may remark, that there is now a tendency to desert the common walks of poetry, and choose out strange, unfrequented by-paths, which too often lead nowhere. The only answer in favor of Owen Meredith appears to be that he evidently takes pains to represent the life which he has seen himself; no great man really cares for what he has not seen; and Owen Meredith unquestionably shows in all his works the very highest conscientiousness and love of truth. To this consideration great importance ought to be attached.

The originality of *Lucile* consists in its being an attempt to revive the forgotten art of telling a story in verse. It is unsuccessful, because the verse is made subordinate to the story. It is a very interesting and, indeed, exciting book, so long as the reader does not regard it as a poem. When looked at as a work of poetic art, its grave defects become only too manifest. Its anapestic meter is the most unmelodious of all meters, and least of all adapted for a continued effort. Nor can we say that, bad as it is in itself, it is well managed. There is no poem of such pretensions in other respects, which has such small pretensions to the rather important merit of melody. On the other hand, this anapestic meter is the easiest of all to write in; it is the next remove from prose. It might be argued, that in this bold attempt to revive a forgotten art, Owen Meredith has a right to take the easiest meter. But the object, in the

first instance, in telling a story in verse rather than prose, is, that the story may gain by verse, not that verse may lose by the story. So far as a story is unfit for verse, it should be discarded; at all events, the dignity of poetry must not be conceded. This seems the reason why in Shakspeare many unpoetical things are set down in plain prose. It is also the reason why the poets who have been most endowed with the story-telling faculty have been noticeably fond of "twice told tales," of stories already well known, rather than of self-invented ones; so that there is in the world a regular cycle of poetical legend which the poets are never weary of repeating each in his own way. For the poets dread mere narrative, and, as a rule, wisely prefer well-known stories, which they need not elaborate to issues not known beforehand, which they can at pleasure diversify with incident, and treat as they like. It is true, that at first sight there seems no reason why a new story should not be told in verse. Scott and Byron wrote new stories in verse. But then, in their stories the poetry was every thing; the story would have been poor indeed, if set down in plain prose. Tennyson's *Maud* is a case more in point, because it is a story of modern English life. We think that it offers a very complete contrast to *Lucile*. The story in *Maud* is extremely slight, the charm of the poem entirely depends upon the treatment. The interest is concentrated upon one figure, one tone pervades the whole; it is a tale of "star-crossed love," like Romeo and Juliet; 'this key-note is struck at once, and repeated again and again; we feel the lovers are predestined to misfortune, and so we are at once prepared for its coming, and care the less how it comes; all minor interests are suspended in presence of the one catastrophe which is imminent from the first. For these reasons we regard *Maud* as a masterpiece of treatment; and this noble unity of purpose has enabled its great author to throw his whole strength into the versification; so that we know of no poem in the language which is so wonderful a piece of connected and varied melody. It is a sonata with every movement except the scherzo. *Lucile* is the opposite of all this. The interest is certainly not in the versification, it is therefore in the story, or to be more just, in the story together with the powers of

thought exhibited in considerable width and depth by the author. There is no unity of purpose, and the interest is scattered over the three or four principal personages. There might have been many endings to the story; several apparently impending catastrophes are got over, and the action still continues, or, rather, the action changes while the actors continue the same. The versification is what we have described. It is so bad as again and again to interrupt with disgust what would otherwise have been a very interesting story. But there remains also the graver difficulty of deciphering the moral purpose of such a poem. Has it a deep moral meaning? Is it, or is it not, a great woe-begone poet's complaint on life and fate, like *Maud*? or does it set forth a poet's insight into the sources of human encouragement? The author seems to sum up its intent in the following verses:

"For her mission, accomplished, is o'er.
The mission of genius on earth! To uplift,
Purify and confirm by its own gracious gift
The world, in despite of the world's dull endeavor
To degrade, and drag down, and oppose it forever.
The mission of genius to watch and to wait,
To renew, to redeem, and to regenerate.
The mission of woman on earth! to give birth
To the mercy of Heaven descending on earth.
The mission of woman; permitted to bruise
The head of the serpent, and sweetly infuse,
Through the sorrow and sin of earth's registered curse,
The blessing which mitigates all; born to nurse
And to soothe and to solace, to help and to heal
The sick world that leans on her. This was
Lucile."

The old moral of the coming of good out of evil might have been illustrated in a much shorter and simpler way.

We shall not attempt an analysis of the story of *Lucile*. It is very interesting, and very completely told. The characters are very graphically drawn, and show great power of analysis. Indeed, unflagging vigor in description of men and nature is one of the great features of the work. There is vast knowledge of modern life, and the keenest, occasionally the most satirical, observation. The reflective element, also, in the amount of miscellaneous thought upon such subjects as art, art-morality, the claims of poetry

on the world, is extremely remarkable. These are some of the characters which claim our most willing admiration.

If these remarks should ever chance to meet the eye of Owen Meredith, he may be assured that they are those of a friend and well-wisher—of one to whom the interests of poetry are as dear as they can be to himself—of one who has watched his career with great interest, and who believes that he only needs more judicious self-training and legitimate ambition in order to become a great poet. The hand that has drawn the strangely reserved, strangely passionate, strangely bold, strangely spiritual *Lucile*, is surely capable of grand dramatic effects. But we will not impertinently advise; we only criticise. We conclude by quoting what is perhaps the finest passage in the book, the description of a storm in the Pyrenees:

"And the storm is abroad in the mountains!
he fills
The crouched hollows and all the oracular
hills
With dread voices of power. A roused million or more
Of wild echoes reluctantly rise from their hoar
Immemorial ambush, and roll in the wake
Of the cloud whose reflection leaves livid the lake.
And the wind, that wild robber, for plunder descends
From invisible lands o'er those black mountain ends;
He howls as he hounds down his prey; and his lash
Tears the hair of the timorous wild mountain ash,
That clings to the rock, with her garments all torn,
Like a woman in fear. Then he blows his hoarse horn,
And is off, the fierce guide of destruction and terror
Up the desolate heights, 'mid an intricate error
Of mountain and mist.
There is war in the skies!
Lo! the black-winged legions of tempest arise
O'er those sharp-splintered rocks that are gleaming below
In the soft light, so fair and so fatal, as though
Some seraph burned through them, the thunderbolt searching,
Which the black cloud unbosomed just now.
Lo! the lurching
And shivering pine-trees, like phantoms that seem

To waver above in the dark; and yon
stream,
How it hurries and roars, on its way to the
white
And paralyzed lake there, appalled at the
sight
Of the things seen in heaven!

Through the darkness and awe
That had gathered around him, Lord Alfred
now saw,
Revealed in the fierce and evanishing glare
Of the lightning that momentarily pulsed through
the air,

A woman alone on the shelf of a hill,
With her cheek coldly propped on her hand,
and as still
As the rock that she sat on, which beetled
above
The black lake beneath her.

All terror, all love
Added speed to the instinct with which he
rushed on.

For one moment the blue lightning swathed
the whole stone

In its lurid embrace, like the sleek, dazzling
snake

That encircles a sorceress, charmed for her
sake,

And lulled by her loveliness; fawning it played
And caressingly twined round the feet and
the head

Of the woman who sat there, undaunted and
calm

As the soul of that solitude, listing the psalm
Of the plangent and laboring tempest roll slow
From the cauldron of midnight and vapor
below.

Next moment, from bastion to bastion, all
round,

Of the siege-circled mountains, there trembled
the sound

Of the battering thunder's indefinite peal,
And Lord Alfred had sprung to the feet of
Lucile."

Mrs. Browning speaks, in her preface to *Poems before Congress*, of the necessity which poets are under of justifying themselves "for ever so little jarring of the national sentiment, imputable to their rhymes." That national sentiment, which prefers to meet with assonance where it is to be expected, has often enough been jarred by *her* rhymes. In the same preface, Mrs. Browning expresses a supposition that her verses may appear "to English readers too pungently rendered to admit of a patriotic respect to the English sense of things." They are rendered too pungent, not merely by unpatriotic fury, but by bad taste. They are a perfect shriek. When we were reviewing Owen Meredith, we felt inclined to quote Waller to the effect that—

"Poets we prize, when in their work we find
Some great employment of a worthy mind."

We now feel more inclined to refer to a certain text about meddling with things too high. We regret to find in this volume the old, wild, reckless propensity to use the most sacred names and associations in a totally irreverent connection. Mrs. Browning surely can not expect to influence the English people by frantic all-to-nothing rhapsodies. The volume contains some of the very worst specimens of her worst mood. In one of her raptures on "the gloomy sporting man," Napoleon III., which we wonder whether he has read, she says:

"Is this a man like the rest,
This miracle made unaware
By a rapture of popular air,
And caught to the place that was best?
You think he could barter and cheat,
As vulgar diplomatists use,
With the people's heart in his breast?
Prate a lie into shape,
Lest truth should cumber the road;
Play at the fast and loose,
Till the world is strangled with tape;
Maim the soul's complete
To fit the hole of a toad;
And flitch the dogman's meat
To give to the people of God?"

However, we will say no more about this strange book, and its almost disgraceful close in the celebrated "Curse," but that it contains one passage at least of splendid lyrical power. The whole (chapters vi. and vii. of *Napoleon III. and Italy*) is too long for quotation; we give the end of it:

"Now, shall we say,
Our Italy lives, indeed?
And if it were, not for the beat and bray
Of drum and tramp of martial men,
Should we feel the underground heave and
strain,
Where heroes lift their dust as a seed
Sure to emerge one day?
And if it were not for the rhythmic march
Of France and Piedmont's double hosts,
Should we hear the ghosts
Thrill through ruined aisle and arch,
Throb along the frescoed wall,
Whisper an oath by that divine
They left in picture, book, and stone,
That Italy is not dead at all?
Ay, if it were not for the tears in our eyes,
Those tears of a sudden, passionate joy,
Should we see her arise
From the place where the wicked are over-
thrown,
Italy, Italy? loosed at length

From the tyrant's thrall,
 Pale and calm in her strength?
 Pale as the silver cross of Savoy,
 When the hand that bears the flag is brave,
 And not a breath is stirring, save
 What is blown
 Over the war-trump's lip of brass,
 Ere Garibaldi forces the pass."

The poems of the author of *John Halifax* are not by any means so good as her prose. They may be taken as a favorable specimen of the many volumes which in these days are written by persons of sensibility and thoughtfulness, who have certainly no vocation to be poets. Such persons very frequently produce pleasing verses; but to feel thoughtfully or even deeply is not enough to warrant them in coming before the public in the character of poets. There is an *amateur* appearance in this lady's volume; her pieces are generally of a languidly mournful nature, containing the usual things which every body now seems to think it necessary to say about life and death, and grief and angels, and statues and flowers. In the midst of all this we are startled by a lyric so beautiful and passionate, that it might have been written by Burns himself. It is entitled, *Too Late*.

"Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
 In the old likeness that I knew,
 I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
 Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

"Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
 I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do:
 Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
 Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

"Oh! to call back the days that are not!
 My eyes were blinded, your words were
 few;
 Do you know the truth now up in heaven,
 Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

"I never was worthy of you, Douglas;
 Not half worthy the like of you;
 Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—
 I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

"Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
 Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew,
 As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
 Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."

There is not a poem in the language which more perfectly expresses its one sentiment than this; the simplicity, beauty, intense

passion, and sweetness of this little lyric are inexpressible. It is one of the most perfect gems in our language. Several other pieces in the book show great lyrical power, such as "Lettuce," "Lost in the Mist," and "The Voice Calling." A volume of lyrics from this lady might probably be of great value.

The writings of Mr. Coventry Patmore offer in many respects a pleasing contrast to the other works now under review. They have a culture to which Owen Meredith can lay no claim, a quiet dignity to which Mrs. Browning is a stranger, and an artistic completeness unattempted by the author of *John Halifax*. Mr. Patmore is what may be called a good poet, if the term be admissible, in contradistinction from a great one. His work is never hasty, and, even when tedious, can not be called diffuse. He does not rush into print with a first draft; nor produce a volume of inferior pieces, relieved here and there by something on which art has been really expended. On the contrary, every line published by him has been carefully weighed, and the whole work bears the equalizing touch of a careful workman. He has thus, more especially in his last poem, produced what has more of the character of a perfect whole than any other living poet except Tennyson and perhaps Browning. Of course there are some passages finer than others, but the change is not from bad to good, from diffuse to intense; but from good to better, from a less interesting to a more interesting part. It is impossible, in a word, to assign any thing but the highest praise to Mr. Patmore's execution. His command of language is very great; his meaning being always fully and deliberately expressed, without effort or violence: and this is one of the highest merits in a work the nature of which is to enter into the subtlest moods of the deepest of human passions. One of the peculiarities of his style is the power of using long words beautifully. But the great character which separates his work from that of every other genuine poet that we know, is the universal diffusion of the deepest quietude. It is difficult to express the effect of this. It is not the quiet of dullness or coldness; on the contrary, we can only describe it as the quiet of a soul full of the deepest emotions, but without any vivacity or animal spirits; of a man who

can be touched to the core by joy or sorrow, but to whom lyrical utterance is wholly denied, and who can but trace his emotions in a measured, monotonous chaunt. It is curious to observe how this element pervades his descriptions even of exciting natural phenomena, where the soul of Scott or of Burns would have danced for joy. For example, what can be more admirably faithful, yet more exceedingly quiet, than this description of a thunder storm?

"And now a cloud, bright, huge, and calm,
Rose, doubtful if for bale or balm;
O'er toppling crags, portentous towers
Appeared at beck of viewless powers
Along a rifted mountain range,
Untraceable and swift in change
Those glittering peaks, disrupted, spread
To solemn bulks, seen overhead;
The sunshine quenched, from one dark form
Fumed the appalling light of storm:
Straight to the zenith, black with bale,
The Gypsies' smoke rose deadly pale;
And one wide night of hopeless hue
Hid from the heart the recent blue.
And soon with thunder crackling loud
A flash within the formless cloud
Showed vague recess, projection dim,
Lone sailing rack and shadowy rim."—P. 226.

This is very beautiful and perfect as description; but has not a touch of that wildly formative imagination of which Scott was a conspicuous master, and of which Wordsworth has many traces. The impulsively imaginative man could not have staid to limn the storm so quietly; he would have partially distorted it, run into it, so to speak, bathed in it, shrieked in it, battled in it, beholding its bulks as gigantic specters, its fury as the combat of gods. On the other hand, when this quietness is really appropriate, and may be conceived to be the sudden reining-in of an impetuous imagination, it is sometimes very fine.

"There fell
A man from the shrouds, that roared to quench
Even the billows' blast and drench.
None else was by but me to mark
His loud cry in the louder dark.
Dark, save when lightning showed the deeps
Standing about in stony heaps."—P. 61.

Here there is such a hurry of action, that the last quiet line, in itself immensely fine, is in that truth of situation in which the great lines of true poets are always placed. The contrast between the urgent need of promptness to save life,

along with the slender means of doing so, and the idle mightiness of the heavens, is one of the most perfect effects in modern poetry.

This quietness is at the root of Mr. Patmore's extraordinary analytical power, through which he is enabled to lay an arresting hand upon the most transient phases of the passion which he delineates. This is a valuable gift, though not a specially poetical one. Indeed, the analytic is in some sort the converse of the dramatic faculty. It enables Mr. Patmore to make his hero a type of "delicate love," but takes away all his individuality. He is simply an exceedingly good man, who has proper feelings on all occasions. Now a great poet would shrink from the unflinching exhibition of the feelings which Mr. Patmore gives us. His verse is so calm, and his manner so self-possessed, that neither he nor his readers are conscious that he is taking a great liberty with them. We confess to a feeling of half-offense at seeing emotions and facts of poor human nature, common to every man, not pathetically hinted at, in the manner of great poets; but pursued in this unflinching calm march, and detected in these unflinching chosen words. There is no sense of mystery, no distance, no acknowledgment of a reserve between man and man which can never be over-passed, and a silence which can never be lawfully broken. Then we really are constantly annoyed and ashamed at the revelations of domestic life. Love should be the poet's theme, not marriage. The parts on love are by far the best; but there is in every part the same enormous defect. A great poet could never have written so about love. It is the most unpathetic book we ever read.

Although, then, we give every credit to Mr. Patmore for conscientious execution, artistic attainment, and rectitude of purpose, we regard his popularity as a sign of vitiated taste on the part of the public. We said at the outset, that the English muse was become domestic, and had lost all idea of greatness. Mr. Patmore has domesticated her to the utmost, indeed, made her a housewife; and we regret that the nation seems to admire her so much in this capacity. Is there nothing in the countrymen of Milton, Bacon, and Keats, to demand and respect grandeur of purpose and fulfillment, those mighty workings of imagination through-

out heaven and earth, that deep and pathetic insight into human life and suffering, those mighty hues "of earthquake and eclipse," which were once comprehended in the name and work of a poet? or are they content to be addressed in strains like this?

"Dear mother, I just write to say
We've passed a most delightful day,
As, no doubt, you have heard from Fred.
(Once, you may recollect, you said,
True friendship neither doubts nor doats,
And does not read each other's notes;
And so we never do.) I'll miss,
For Fred's impatient, all but this;
We spent—the children, he, and I—
Our wedding anniversary
In the woods, where while I tried to keep
The flies off, so that he might sleep,
He actually kissed my foot—
At least, the beautiful French boot,
Your gift—and, laughing with no cause
But pleasure, said I really was
The very nicest little wife;
And that he prized me more than life."—P. 283.

Since the above was written, the small volume by Owen Meredith, entitled, *Serbski Pesme, or National Songs of Servia*, has been put into our hands, together with the *Saturday Review* of March twenty-third. An article in the latter contains severe strictures affecting the ingenuousness of Owen Meredith. The writer, evidently a man well acquainted with the subject, accuses the poet of entire ignorance of the language from which he professes to translate, and convicts him of a series of puerile blunders whenever he attempts to quote Servian. He furthermore proves, by parallel extracts, that Owen Meredith is indebted for most of the information contained in his own lengthy introduction to a French writer, M. Dozon, who has made a prose version of the Servian ballads in his own language. In effect, Owen Meredith has "cribbed" wholesale, transferring to his own pages not only the information, but the words, of what may be called his French original. All the pieces, also, of which he offers a metrical version, exist already in

M. Dozon's prose translation. The question is, how far Owen Meredith is justifiable, how far excusable. He acknowledges his obligations to M. Dozon, but not so directly as their extent calls for; and, although he seems to imply, he does not distinctly affirm, that he gained his information and took down his ballads from the mouths of Servian bards. Had he distinctly affirmed this, he could not have escaped the charge which the *Saturday Reviewer* brings. He might have had his "Dozon" on the Carpathian mountains, as he had his "Murray;" and the profession that his materials were gathered on the spot may refer to no more than the inspiring influences of the scenes where the ballads were once enacted. But that, if it be so, he might have said so more plainly, can not be denied. As to the extent of obligation, the question is less grave. The poetry of Owen Meredith is his own, and his version may be as legitimately derived from the prose of M. Dozon, as the plays of Shakspeare from the tales of Boccaccio. If he is ignorant of Servian, so was Pope of Greek. It is with regard to the Introduction and Notes that the charge of plagiarism presses. Here it seems undeniable that Owen Meredith has borrowed largely both in matter and words. He, however, probably considered that these were the least important part of the work, and that a poet might be allowed to enter into the labors of other men. And as he has made an acknowledgment of his debt to M. Dozon, we think the grave allegations of the *Saturday Review* sink into comparatively trivial dimensions.

With regard to the merit of the work, little can be said. It is only a fresh proof of the unrest of mind which is leading this once hopeful man to shower his verses by thousands over the world. Some of the lines are pretty and graceful; but they are much less a translation of a ballad literature than Pope is of Homer. They are the most luscious, self-conscious, intemperate style of the degraded modern school.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE BURIAL OF CAVOUR.

THE deep-mouthed cannon speak, and, as each throb
Of the void air the shock convulsive owns,
From Naples' waves to the Alps' snowy zones,
Answers Italia's full heart with convulsive sob.
Toll the sad bells !

Gone to the earth the ethereal mind which trained
Spirits that slept t' aspire, held out the hand
Of union to the severed of one land,
Gilding the page once more dulled, gory, and tear-stained.
Roll the deep drums !

Oh ! o'er peaked Alps, and Apennine, and sea,
Through the young realms late loud with joy and hope,
The cloud lowers, glooming the bright horoscope,
And all the drooping hearts his skilled hand had set free.
Trumpets, sound wail !

To the resurgent banners' blazonry
Add the fourth hue of grief—for he that wrought
In the mind's strife, no less than those who fought
On sanguined fields of arms, now dies for Italy.
Captains, lower swords !

To the fragrant earth where Dante, Petrarch, rest,
Whence he, bright sun-flower, rose, lay him once more ;
His work done, mapped the chart of Freedom's shore,
The weary child returns to his loved mother's breast.
Fire, cacciatori !

Thought hath he waked, words spoke may not expire,
The vivifying finger to the clay
Hath placed, and, quickened to a brighter day,
The corse-like form upsprings on feet that shall not tire.
Forward, artillery !

Though the beacon he and his lit far appears,
Time conquers distance ; *that* his wise words teach
Shall win i' the end. Howe'er faint, still gleams reach
E'en where poor Venice mourns, sob-choked and blind with tears.
Gunnery, charge home !

Shall not the cause live his great heart that broke,
Shall not the captive's last bond yet be riven,
Shall jailer's hand aye work hell 'neath such heaven ?
No ! o'er all Italy's land hath an archangel spoke—
Freemen, stand fast !

Spirits of all, since Thrasymene that died,
You'll greet him, you of red Palestro's fray,
And you the left wing held Solferino's day,
As would a lover's arms a cherished long-lost bride—
Arise !

Big heart, that, weak of means, with the majesty
Of a high cause and mighty aim, dared think

The giant to face, safe treading ruin's brink ;
But every man a giant once content to die.
Fire !

'Mid statesmen ranks did higher name e'er allure,
'Mid patriot names what loftier deed was done,
Than kindle Savoy's spark to Italy's sun,
Gilding such opposite natures—thou deplored Cavour,
Farewell !

Laid in the grave—the salutes' volleys o'er ;
The wreathing smoke hath passed from earth on high,
E'en as thy orient fame, no more to die—
Prometheus of to-day, join Romulus of yore !
Farewell !

J. C. F. K.

From the British Quarterly.

PAUL THE POPE AND PAUL THE FRIAR.

THE most interesting of the moral phenomena presented by the close of the sixteenth century was the reaction by which Roman Catholicism was, in modern phrase, "restored." The strife in which it had been engaged was in great part political, but, in greater part, theological. In the strife of the fourteenth century, on the contrary, its troubles—notwithstanding the embroilment therein of mutually-excommunicating popes—were essentially political and not theological, much less not religious or spiritual. Out of these, it is to be noted, Rome extricated herself without having suffered much, as was thought, and her nominal power became once more as great as ever. In her next great war against the interests of mankind she was utterly worsted. The curses, which Leo X. and his immediate successors scattered over Europe with unexampled profusion, failed on this occasion to produce the legions of either destroying angels or destroying devils which were to have given them effect. The giant whose limbs had been bound with green withes while he slept, unexpectedly awoke,

and, perceiving the ignoble shackles with which he was bound, he burst them asunder with irresistible strength, and has insisted ever since on retaining the use of his limbs. But a "gigantic man" metaphor is inconvenient, no matter for its recent sanction ; and dismissing it we must rather say, that the lately awakened might, and the new clearness of European thought were, even in that ever-glorious sixteenth century, neither strong enough to rend all the shackles with which in some parts it continued bound, nor clear enough to convince all into whose minds it had endeavored to throw light. Of the realms from which the incipient heresy of Reformation principles had been apparently eradicated, and in which the Pontifical authority was bowed to with an unquestioning and scarcely interrupted submission, was the Republic of Venice. By the time, however, that the seventeenth century approached, it had become evident to the Papal Court that the orthodoxy of its theological professions was not accompanied by that traitorous servility in its politics and government, without which it was impossible for Venice to please the Pope. These evil symptoms were from time to time aggravated, till, in 1605, Rome declared they had come to a head and required prompt use of knife

* *Paul the Pope and Paul the Friar*. A story of an Interdict. By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, Author of *Filippo Strozzi*: *A Biography*; *A Decade of Italian Women*, etc. etc. London: Chapman & Hall, 1861.

and cauterizing. The newly elected Paul V. declared with loud haughtiness that the aggressions of the Republic could be no longer endured, and demanded, on pain of his severest displeasure, that they should be immediately and thoroughly remedied. Paul V. was not a man to withdraw an inexcusable demand on any compulsion of mere moral reason, and his insolent unreasonableness was just as insolent and unreasonable as ever, when he had been shown that his wrongs were imaginary and his requirements unjust. He had immense decision of character—decision of that sort which Foster has described as arriving at its conclusions, not by any process of reasoning or reflection, but by a sort of natural gravitation of obstinacy, settling down into irrevocable resolve much as a stone flung into a pond gravitates to the mud at its bottom. Before his elevation to the Papacy, Paul V. was a diligent lawyer, magistrate, and inquisitor—in holy orders. Narrow, hard, despotic, pedantic, “obstinate as an Azazel camel,” it may be wondered why he should have been chosen for so important an office. Mr. Trollope assures us it was *pour pis aller*—that he was chosen because he had no political enemies, and that he had no political enemies because he was wholly unknown to the political world. Perhaps it was rather hard upon the College of Cardinals that in the course of only three months they should have to elect two popes. But they had to do it notwithstanding. On the death of the wise and politic Clement VIII., they had made Leo XI. Pope. Unfortunately, he enjoyed his dignity for only twenty-six days, and then, to oblige some charlatan of a soothsayer who had predicted that Clement’s immediate successors would be a Leo and a Paul, he went off the stage altogether and left the Cardinals to bury him almost as soon as they had crowned him. In these circumstances they could not agree. Indeed, about this the most important and sacred of their functions—that of electing a Vicar of Christ, a Viceroy of the Almighty—they scarcely ever did agree. But they practiced upon each other the most knavish trickery and fraud, and were guilty of more revolting hypocrisy and rascality than could have been provided for by any “Corrupt Practices at Elections bill” soever. Soon after Leo’s death they proceeded to find his successor, and on the eleventh of May,

1605, were shut up from all intercourse with the profane external world in a part of St. Peter’s allotted to such purposes. They would be at liberty to return to society and their palaces as soon as they should have provided the bereaved Church with a new Pope—and no sooner. Couches, clerks, attendants, cooks—be sure the cooks were not forgotten—and a great variety of etceteras shared their seclusion, and their fate was ameliorated by all the appliances possible to such circumstances. All through the night of the eleventh, and on, without intermission, to the evening of the fifteenth, these most reverend and most holy fathers plotted and counterplotted, made this concession and required that, put up one candidate and withdrew another, to no purpose. Faction A performed absolute incredibilities to win over from faction B enough of cardinals to carry their man. Faction B was resolute not to be outwitted or outmatched, was consummate in cunning, and “up” to every move on the board; indeed, it went so far as to defy either A or C, or A plus C, to outwit, to outwatch, or to overreach it. When at length all these parties had repeatedly given checkmate to each other; when neither a *coup de main* nor a *coup d’inspiration* would carry it; when, *parva cum magnis comparare*, like hostile enemies suspending their exertions to plan yet greater ones, the more numerous party had withdrawn to the Sistine Chapel, and the less numerous, having enlisted a few hitherto undecided recruits, had established itself in the Pauline Chapel; when, after infinite maneuvering, it was found that nobody could be outmaneuvered, and that, under present conditions, the requisite majority was not to be obtained; the several leaders put their heads together, agreed to a drawn game, and, having admitted that there was one Camillo Borghese whom they had none of them taken the trouble to hate, the leaders and their factions coalesced and made him Pope accordingly. “Wholly ignorant,” says Mr. Trollope, “of the state and tendencies of the public mind of Europe, and of all those circumstances of the various states, which taught the wiser Popes when to insist and when to temporize,” he entered on his office under the title of Paul V., with a conscientious resolution which no reasoning could shake, and nothing but compulsion could change, to recognize “no rule

of conduct save that deduced from the writings in which Rome had registered her own notions of her own rights and claims. Thus eminently fitted to get himself and mankind into trouble, Paul at once resolved on putting Venice into its place—what he foolishly deemed its place. In the contest which he thus early commenced, and which soon led to deadly quarrel between Rome and Venice, the Republic took into its service Pietro Sarni or Paul the Friar.

For the moral or political, the commercial or state reasons which appear in the manifestoes of hostile governments in our day, the governments of that day—especially if Rome was concerned, published theologico-political treatises, and gave innumerable references to Seraphic Doctors and Apostolic Fathers.

Paul the Friar, a Venetian by birth, and taking the Venetian view of the matters in dispute; being, moreover, a most learned theologian, a consummate casuist, a ready writer, a severe thinker, and an indefatigable combatant, was an invaluable ally to Venice, and was appointed by the Doge and Senate their Consulting Theologian at a salary of two hundred ducats a year. In consequence of his

ecclesiastical relation to the Pope, he was also guaranteed personal protection from all adverse consequences of his championship.

We have no space for an account of the bloodless war which the two governments waged, or of the discharge by Rome of her smokiest and noisiest broadside, an Interdict. Suffice it that Paul the Pope was in the end obliged to remove the Interdict; that it had done injury only to himself, his power, and his Church; that Venice acquitted herself with admirable skill and boldness combined with discretion, and came off at last, chiefly through her terrible Friar, unscathed and triumphant.

For further information concerning this matter, as for much else, we must refer our readers to Mr. Trollope's book. It is very interesting, abounds in information, is clear in arrangement, and animated in style. We are happy to mention in conclusion that Mr. Trollope's views of the relations of the State to the Church, and of the essential incompatibility of their union, are those which we have long advocated, and that they appear to us to be unfolded with clearness, and to be defended with force.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

SOCIAL LIGHTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

If a practical knowledge of mankind could be gathered from many volumes of biographical memoirs, we of the present day should have little left to learn regarding our forefathers in the eighteenth century. Time and the printing-press have done nearly as much for them as personal intercourse and the newspapers have done for the prominent characters of our own day. If they had no photographers to multiply their personal, or cunning correspondents to draw out their mental likenesses, they have found plenty of kind friends and admiring descendants to put together the dry bones of their former

selves, and to embalm forever in printer's ink the stories erewhile left to molder away in mildewed manuscripts and half forgotten traditions. Whether the dry bones might not sometimes have been allowed to lie as they were, and the stories have been consigned to the flames or the rag-merchant, certain it is, that the rage for personal memoirs, growing like the dropsy with its own surfeit, has turned the printing-press into one vast reservoir of old family papers of every kind, from which the future historian will be even more puzzled to pick his matter than thankful for the aid thus granted in the

collection of it. Printing has become so easy a process, and literary gossip is already in such wide demand, that ere long every family which owns a dozen old letters hidden away for years in a musty old box, will doubtless hasten to prove its respectability by getting them published for the benefit of the world at large.

Besides those who read them for love of gossip alone, or from an idle thirst for any thing new, personal memoirs have a certain charm for the many who look to see in them a reflection more or less faithful of their own minds and circumstances. It tickles their vanity, or at any rate wakes their sympathy, to find their own thoughts and feelings dressed up for them in words such as they, too, might in their turn have used; and the pleasure is all the greater if the person speaking to them moves in a different circle or happened to live a hundred years ago. Great is the surprise awakened in such people at discovering the resemblance between their own experiences and those of some one whose recent death may have furnished the best excuse for writing the history of his life; but greater still is their surprise when they are engaged in realizing the wonderful fact, that human beings who made more or less noise in the world a century or two ago, were not so very unlike their countrymen of the present day. To them history speaks almost in vain, unless it clothe itself in a heap of personal details, or put on the mask of a historical romance. They worship Charles the First for his Vandyke face, and see no good in the great Protector who wore his hair cut short, spoke with the twang of a modern Methodist, and was charged by his enemies with having kept a brewery. Of George the Third they remember nothing but his domestic virtues, while the infamy of Charles the Second is glossed over by a kindly prejudice in favor of the King whose taste in women was so largely illustrated by Sir Peter Lely. William of Orange had few warm partisans until Macaulay attempted to prove that he had really been very fond of his wife. Could Mary Queen of Scots and Elizabeth have changed faces, we should have heard but little of the latter's cruelty and the former's innocence. Chatham's statesmanship is embodied for the many in the famous picture of his last exit from the House of Lords. Pitt and Fox are chiefly remembered, the one for

his precocious steadiness in youth, the other for his exceeding wildness and the devotion he inspired in the heart of the very beautiful Duchess of Devonshire.

Those petty personal details which Macaulay, in an evil hour, made so popular both with readers and writers of history, have long served as trump cards to the regular biographer. Ever since the days of Boswell's Johnson, the publication of personal memoirs has become more and more frequent, until no one who ever had a dozen admirers out of his own family circle need despair of leaving behind him provocation enough for at least two octavos.

In these days of microscopic realism, Mr. Mudie is sure to bespeak a good many copies of any new work that promises to throw the very feeblest light on the very paltriest secret in the life of former days. Scores of diaries, more or less readable than those of Evelyn, Pepys, and Madame D'Arblay, keep tumbling out upon us year by year. Letters more or less inferior to those of Horace Walpole demand our notice at every turn. A whole library of illustrative literature has clustered round such names as those of Pope and Johnson. The author of *Esmond* and *The Virginians* has taken much needless pains to clothe his students of human nature in all the outward appearances of the eighteenth century, and to prove how easily an able writer can delude himself and his readers into the notion that he has really given them a life-like picture of the very age whose externals he has drawn so well. We know exactly, from countless sources, whatever use there may be in knowing, what sort of clothes were worn by the gentlemen and ladies of Queen Anne's or Chatham's day, at what hours they dined and supped, what kind of letters they wrote each other, how often the ladies quarreled over their cards, or the gentlemen went drunk to bed. It seems to have become an article of popular faith, that the more we learn of a man's outward circumstances, the more we are likely to know of his inner self; that the character of Johnson, for instance, would not be complete without some allusion to his large appetite, his ungainly figure, or his inordinate love of tea; that Marlborough's avarice as a man had some mysterious connection with his greatness as a general; and that our appreciation of the letters written by Lady

Mary Montagu is greatly modified by a knowledge of her objection to clean linen. Knowing that a man's character will sometimes show itself in the smallest trifles, many of us seem to imagine that any number of trifles will enable us to work out the needful problem; and that from a crowded catalogue of promiscuous details it is easy for any one to shape out a truthful likeness of the whole living and thinking man.

Still, even in the dullest memoirs, there is usually something worth noticing; and those which relate to celebrities of an age comparatively recent have special charms for many who would scorn the notion of reading them for amusement alone. Readers of the fair sex, and some men of half-womanly natures, long to have a closer acquaintance with the man whose public deeds or writings they have learned to admire. They feel a friendly interest in all that he ever did or said within the charmed circle of his own household, or among the friends of his everyday life. They like to hear Johnson arguing or disporting himself with Mrs. Thrale; to look over Stella's shoulder as she reads the last tender love-letter from the great Dean of St. Patrick's; to follow Sheridan from Westminster Hall to the home where a loving wife awaits his return. They fancy they can not come too near or in too frequent contact with the great man whom they have hitherto worshiped from afar. They would peer into every line of his face, would ponder over every word that falls, however carelessly, from his lips. It may be doubtful whether they gain or lose most by the nearer view; but by themselves it is commonly accounted for a gain. Even if they miss the fair ideal they had once conceived, there is consolation of a certain kind in the thought that no man is quite an angel, and that all men are brothers in their weakness, if not in their strength. There is, for such persons, a mournful pleasure in finding the golden image resting on its feet of clay—in beholding before them the dark wall of rugged mountain that seemed an hour ago like a soft blue cloud on the far horizon. Some minds also need to come close to the mountain before they can be satisfied that it is not a cloud. Unless they can rest on a strong groundwork of illustrative facts, they can not form for themselves any distinct idea of the persons about whom these facts are

told. As ladies never can realize the fact of a wedding until they have had a very particular account of the looks and dresses worn by each bridesmaid, and of the manner in which the bride behaved at different parts of the day's proceedings, so people of an unromantic turn need helping out with plenty of those picturesque trifles wherewith domestic biographers are wont to fill up the pictures outlined for them by the regular historian. For them the greater always includes the less. Alfred the Great is nothing to them until they have heard the story of his forgetting to turn the housewife's cakes; nor would Henry II. be less mythical in their eyes than Stephen of Blois, but for the pleasing fable of his Queen's unkindness to the fair Rosamond.

In memoirs of the better kind there is, undoubtedly, much to interest the curious reader, whether he search them with some special view or merely with a mind held open to take in useful hints from every quarter. Sometimes, as in those of Mrs. Delany, we are invited to examine a series of old letters, illustrating, with unconscious happiness, the social peculiarities of the age when they were first produced. Or again, as in the new volumes relating to Mrs. Piozzi, new grounds are offered us for reconsidering the truth of certain statements hitherto pressing hard on the wrong person in the alleged dispute between that lady and her bearish friend, Samuel Johnson. Or else we get a volume like that written by Dr. Carlyle, in which the main interest turns on a series of graphic sketches of the many famous or eccentric characters with whom the writer had some personal dealings during the course of a long and busy life. With books like these no one who cares to trace the connection between his own and the experiences of other days, will be inclined to quarrel on the score at least of their general usefulness. In all of them will be found a good many bits of strange or suggestive information which the true philosopher will gather up and stow away into their right digesting places as he goes along. Between them the observant reader can, if he chooses, piece together a pretty broad panorama of England's social and domestic life in the eighteenth century.

The first work in our list contains, in three bulky tomes, the life and correspondence of a lady remarkable in her own

day for many bright charms of mind and person, as well as for those peculiar circumstances which colored and determined the course of her outward life.* Here, indeed, the editor's enthusiasm for her honored kinswoman has tempted her to give us rather too much of a good thing. Mrs. Delany had a good deal to say for herself, but three big volumes, with heaven knows how many more to come, make up a larger monument than such a character, with all her claims on our notice, can be held to deserve. Family affection has treated us to a full-length portrait as large as life, when a sounder discernment would have been satisfied with a miniature or a moderate bust. Easily and cleverly as Mary Granville wrote, her letters are neither models of style nor masterpieces of original thought. Written chiefly in return for those received from a dearly loved sister, they contain much that in these days would only interest her own kindred, and not a little which even the most admiring biographer should have declined to reproduce. A more careful regard for the reader's patience would have amply repaid the editor for the addition it might have caused to her work of love. Had some of the letters been omitted, and others wisely curtailed, a good many of those explanatory notes which bear witness to Lady Llanover's accurate painstaking, would at once have been rendered needless. Her own reflections on certain passages, which either convey their own meaning, or suggest a meaning less elaborate than the one proposed, might also have been left unwritten, without lessening the value of the book. Even in these days of petty moralizing, her remarks on Mary Granville's skill in packing a box, and on her good faith in carrying out a commission, will hardly be deemed less trivial than the letter which called them forth. If Mary Granville tells her sister Anne that "the Duchess of Kingston is actually married to Lord Clare," why must her descendant bore us with full particulars of two people in whose identity not a soul now living is likely to feel concerned? When the heroine parts forever from Lord Baltimore, on some misunderstanding, which another word might have

cleared away, why should the editor waste time in a groundless effort to prove his lordship unworthy of the lady's regard, capping her remarks, too, by a wholly needless reflection on the gain accruing to "many of the girls in this century, if they would thus heroically cast off, at once and forever, their dangling lovers, when convinced that they are only followed for pastime," and so forth? But these and such like blemishes apart, there remains over a pretty large proportion of agreeable and instructive reading. Mary Granville wrote well about other things than bridesmaids' dresses, and handled prettily other questions than those connected with the wearing of black silk, or "shammy" gloves. Without being always accurate in her spelling, or attentive to the rules of syntax, she had a knack of uttering in an easy, graceful, and sprightly way, whatever came uppermost in her mind; and her natural powers of expression were further quickened and set off by that warmth of kindly feeling which enabled her, when she took up the pen, to forget all things else but the person to whom she was writing. If her style, like the spoken discourse of her day, be sometimes more involved or bookish than that of ours, it is evidently the style most natural to herself, and the very quaintness of mis-calling people by names borrowed or imitated from old romances, reminds us pleasantly of an age when poets still sang of Corydon and Pancharilla, and writers of every sort were content to mold their sentences or take their sentiments from the classic masterpieces of Greece and Rome.

But who, may some one ask, was Mary Granville? Her history during sixty years of her life is traced in these volumes, partly through her autobiography, partly through the letters she wrote from time to time to her sister and a few of her intimate friends. Her father, Bernard Granville, younger brother of Lord Lansdown, was himself a grandson by the younger line of that Sir Bevil Granville, who died at Lansdown, in the year 1643, "fighting for his King and country," and whose eldest son took up the title of Earl of Bath, bestowed on the father just before his death. Mary herself was born in the first year of the eighteenth century, at a small country-house at Coulston, in Wiltshire. After two years' schooling under Madlle. Puelle, a French refugee, she went at eight years of age to live with her aunt,

* *The Autobiography and Correspondence of Mary Granville, Mrs. Delany.* Edited by the Right Honorable Lady Llanover. 3 vols. London: R. Bentley. 1861.

the wife of Sir John Stanley, at Whitehall. Here, among other acquaintances, she formed an intimacy with a girlish cousin of her own age, Catherine Hyde, afterwards Duchess of Queensbury, "whose wit, beauty, and oddities, made her from her early years, when she was 'Kitty, beautiful and young,' to the end of a long life, a general object of animadversion, censure, and admiration." Of her beauty we get some inkings in a portrait engraved for these volumes, from an oil painting done by Mrs. Delany herself. Her oddities seem to have resulted in part perhaps from the worship paid to her beauty, but chiefly from the natural independence of a strong mind. She was twice on bad terms with the Court: once for throwing at the lord-in-waiting an apron, which she attempted to wear in defiance of courtly rule; and again, for daring to ask subscriptions in the royal presence in behalf of poor Gay, whose *Sequel to his Beggars' Opera* had been held to glance injuriously at the government. On receiving sentence of banishment from Court for the latter offense, she wrote an answer beginning in the third and ending in the first person; but breathing throughout a high-minded contempt for those who had sought to prejudice the King against her innocent friend. When Lady Hervey told her, with a slight sneer, that, now she was banished, the Court had lost its chief ornament, the retort that came at once to her lips, "I am entirely of your mind," showed her to be as prompt at need in her own defense, as the previous circumstances proved her forwardness in that of others.

While the beautiful Duchess was hurrying off to enjoy herself in Scotland, her old friend, Mary Granville, was bearing with much complacency her release from the heavy burden of forced wedlock with a man whose advanced age was only the least among many points of contrast between himself and his elegant, witty, accomplished wife. The poor girl's immolation had happened in this wise. After the death of Queen Anne, her father, a zealous Jacobite, and brother to a nobleman whose politics sent him for a while to the Tower along with Lord Oxford, withdrew into the country, wherein young Mary, fresh from her first experiences of London gayeties, her hopes of becoming a maid of honor blasted suddenly at the eleventh hour, presently followed him with feelings

of natural regret for the change from a busy round of social amusements to the quiet sameness of a lonely country-house, in the depth of a hard winter. Hours of work during the day, followed by games of whist in the evening, made up for some time the noiseless tenor of a life relieved by nothing more than a flirtation with one neighbor, or a friendship with another. At length Lord Lansdown, on his release from the Tower, invited Mary to come and stay with him. The courtly nobleman, whose verses Pope had praised, and Johnson was one day to criticise, took a special fancy for his clever and agreeable niece, and her days passed happily enough, until an old Cornish friend of his, Mr. Pendarves, came to stop with him, on the way to London. This fat, brown, slovenly, dirty-looking Orson, of near sixty, at once began paying his court to the bright-eyed girl of seventeen, who showed in every way she could her invincible dislike to the mate her uncle and aunt were bent on securing for her. But her uncle's quiet bullying, in behalf of a friend and fellow-Jacobite, combined with her own fear of hurting her father's prospects, by angering the brother to whom he looked for the means of helping his children, at length wrung from poor Mary an unwilling consent to a marriage that was only too sure to prove for one of them a continual martyrdom. "I was married," she wrote, many years after her husband's death, "with great pomp. Never was one dressed out in gayer colors; and when I was led to the altar, I wished from my soul I had been led as Iphigenia was, to be sacrificed. I was sacrificed. I lost, not life indeed, but all that makes life desirable—joy and peace of mind."

For seven years she bore her burden with a patience and self-denial most creditable at her young age, and memorable in days of somewhat loose morality in many points of the social code. Alike in the loneliness of her dismal Cornish home and amid the amusements of fashionable life in town, did Mrs. Pendarves show herself proof to all those temptations which her own nature, the effect of her many charms on others, the fashion of the day, and the constant railery of her nearest acquaintances, conspired to throw in her way. "Among the faithless faithful only found," she was ever on the watch to disarm her husband's jealousy, at whatever sacrifice of even the most innocent

pleasures, and schooled herself from the first to carry out in every particular the promise she had made him on their marriage-day. One year—the third of her married life—she passed in almost perfect happiness, for her husband had been obliged to go on business to London, and her parents and younger sister came to live with her in his stead. After a month spent with them in return, at Buckland, she went without a murmur to rejoin her husband in town, and put up with the airs of an imperious sister of his, who, in spite of former promises, was now to become a fixture in their house. Here Mrs. Pendarves saw but little of her husband, save when the gout confined him, sometimes for six weeks together, to his own rooms, and then she never left him. Between these fits he would go abroad for the day among his riotous friends, never returning sober, and sometimes having to be led up to bed between two servants at six and seven o'clock in the morning. Shielded by her own good principles, and strengthened by the counsels of her kind old aunt, Lady Stanley, Mary Pendarves ran the gauntlet of London gayeties without swerving from the line she had marked out for herself some years before. "My being young and new," she says, "and soon known to be married to a man much older than myself, exposed me to the impertinence of many idle young men;" but, "by a dull, cold behavior," she managed to keep them at arm's length, all but one tiresome foreigner, who followed her down to Windsor, and "a gay, flattering, audacious" Earl of Clare, whose evil addresses were forced on her by the arts of her libertine friend, Lady Lansdown. But neither of these fared better than the vulgar herd.

At length her husband's sudden death, a few hours after he had made her one of his tenderest speeches, freed her from a yoke which neither time, nor even his real love for her, had made the less galling. "Some natural tears she shed, but wiped them soon;" and when her spirits had recovered from the shock of so sudden an event, and she came into possession of her modest jointure, her mind soon settled into a state of tranquillity unknown to her for many years past. Her letters from this time to her dear sister, Anne, grow more and more frequent, entertaining, and unrestrained. Reflections on matrimony and friendship, talk about Han-

del's last new opera and Cuzzoni's last triumph of vocal skill, a few playful *bouts rimés*, a quizzical sketch of some town exquisite, a lively account of the new king's coronation, a short description of the writer's "new pussy," a passing allusion to the new mode of wearing the hair—these and such like passages, sweetened by many a phrase of deep sisterly fondness, follow each other by quick and easy turns in the letters written during the first few years of her peaceful widowhood. A love-affair with Lord Baltimore, in which, as it seems to us, the lady was shy and the gentleman too easily put off by a feint of coldness, first marred "the even tenor of her way," and left deep traces on her heart for many years. From both her accounts of that last meeting which brought their long and checkered courtship to an untimely end, it seems clear to us that neither of them quite understood the other, and that the lady's wonted truthfulness played her false at the very moment when a few plain words would have set all to rights. The lover's hasty marriage with the daughter of the rich Sir Theodore Jansen resulted far more probably from wounded pride than from a previous design to shake off his earlier mistress. Whichever may be the truer reading, poor Mary's health gave way under the blow to her hopes, and a trip to Ireland with her friend, Mrs. Donnellan, was deemed advisable to set her up again. About this time, in spite of friends who exclaimed at her folly, she refused an offer of marriage with Lord Tyrconnell, whose title and great fortune seemed to her but small atonement for his silliness of character.

Mrs. Pendarves reached Dublin in September, 1731, and the most part of her eighteen months' stay in Ireland was divided between that city and Killala, the abode of Dr. Clayton, then bishop of that see. Her impressions of our people were as favorable as could be wished. "There is a heartiness among them," she wrote, "that is more like Cornwall than any I have known, and great sociableness." One thing that specially struck her in her travels was the poor condition of many houses compared with the abundant feasting she found therein. With Dublin, as it then was, excepting St. Stephen's green and "a few good houses scattered about," she expressed but little pleasure, but the environs seemed to her "delightful."

Even in those days we learn that the Cathedral choir was famous for its excellent singing; and in her visits to the theaters, she saw the acting of Dryden's *Spanish Fryar*, and the entertainment set up by Madame Violante, in whose band of juvenile performers little Peg Woffington had just been enrolled. Concerts, play-going, balls at the Castle, pic-nics into the country, card-parties at "quadrille" and commerce, visits to or from distinguished persons of wit or beauty, and the writing of letters describing all these things to her sister, enlivened the months that Mrs. Pendarves spent in the Irish capital. It was there she first met and learned to admire her future husband, Dr. Delany, whose wit and learning were to her his meaneest praise: "The excellence of his heart, his humanity, benevolence, charity, and generosity, his tenderness, affection, and friendly zeal," as she writes in her autobiography, "gave me a higher opinion of him than of any other man I had ever conversed with." At his house she made acquaintance, the next year, with the great Dean Swift, with whose writings she had already become familiar, and with whom she was afterward to stand on the footing of a near friend. At this time she thought him "a very odd companion," who talked a great deal without needing many answers, had "infinite spirits," and said "abundance of good things in his common way of discourse." But both then and afterward she seems to have found a more lasting pleasure in the less dazzling wit and milder virtues of Dr. Delany.

Like other women of her day, the liking shown for her by the Dean evidently flattered her into admiring him in return, and helped her to put up with the outbreaks of a temper not often sweet, and with attentions not seldom of the rudest sort. After her return to England they kept up a correspondence, of which her own share chiefly has been preserved; but enough of his remains to account for her perseverance in writing to one whose answers betrayed so flattering a mixture of tender compliment, witty trifling, and kindly, humorous good sense. It was something for any woman to be assured by such a man that one of her letters had made him happy for three days, besides sensibly improving his health; that her absence from Ireland was a heavy loss to the friends she had left there; that in all

the time he had known her he had never once found her guilty of a *boulade*; and that if he had tired her by the length of his letter, it was all owing to his great esteem for one of the few exceptions he had found to the prevalent heresy about women being bound to make general fools of themselves in order to please the men. The lady's letters to her "master," as in Dublin he used to call himself, are written more carefully, but with less ease of expression, than those she addressed to others, her willingness to amuse being checked by a pupil's fear of making some womanly blunder that might lower her in the esteem of so awful a critic. For betraying this fear on one occasion she was taken to task by the Dean, who protested against being taken for a pedant, pointing out to her the mistake of imagining that those who had most learning were inclined to be most critical, and declaring, that since his youth "the ladies in general were *ex-extremely mended*, both in writing and reading."

For ten years after her Irish trip Mrs. Pendarves lived an easy, cheerful life, surrounded, for the most part, by congenial friends, and able to devote herself with nearly equal zest to the reading of a hard book on philosophy and the excitement of a debate in the House of Lords or Commons. Her good father she had lost before her husband's death, and her aunt Stanley a few years later; but her mother and sister were still left to her, and the happiest moments of her own life were those in which she and Anne Granville could talk together, either by letter or word of mouth. Her favorite pursuits at this time were music and painting, in the latter of which she attained to no small excellence, if we may judge by the copies engraved from her own works. Of Handel's music she could never have enough. Of the speakers she heard in Parliament Lord Chesterfield was the one that pleased her best. Her account of the many hours she once waited in a fearful crowd before the doors of the House of Lords, and of the arts she used to get in at last against all rule, proves her to have been as thorough a woman in that respect as in any other. Like all the ladies of her day, she dabbled in lotteries and gambled, not without secret compunction, at cards. She enjoyed the theater, and could give her own reasons for liking the *Beggar's Opera* better, on the whole, than Field.

ing's *Pasquin*. Among the friends she made in these years was the clever and amiable Duchess of Portland, to whom, by request, she wrote that series of autobiographical letters which forms the setting of the present memoirs. At length, in 1740, her sister married a Mr. D'Ewes, and three years after, Mary Pendarves gave her hand and a good bit of her heart to that Dr. Delany whom she had first known twelve years before, and who had meanwhile gained and buried his first wife. Some months after the marriage she writes to her sister, that "if we are not happy, it *must* be our own faults; we have both chosen worthy, sensible friends, and if we act reasonably by them and ourselves, we may hope for as much happiness as this mortal state may afford." Dr. Delany was Dean of Down, and bordering on sixty at the time of his second marriage.

With this new husband Mrs. Delany passed many happy years, checkered by few clouds of domestic sorrow. As the most prosperous period of a nation's life is commonly the dullest to read, so the latter half of these volumes contains little enough to interest those who care neither for minute details of ordinary events, nor for the frequent mention in the text of names that need elucidation in the notes. Mary still writes away as often as ever to Mrs. D'Ewes, touching lightly on every thing that might amuse or interest her old friend; but either we have got tired by the end of the second volume, or her letters have lost the freshness and fire of early youth. Interesting items, however, turn up here and there. Mary still kept up her old tastes and employments, copied pictures from the great masters, missed no opportunity of hearing Handel, and made up an oratorio from *Paradise Lost*, for which he was to find the music. Her aversion to the exaggerated hoops the ladies began to wear about 1750 is amusingly suggestive at this very hour, in which the absurd fashion once more reigns supreme. The recipes quoted by her as infallible for ague, such as ginger-plasters and sealed-up spiders hung as talismans round children's necks, might easily be matched by like whimsies in the present day. Her enthusiasm for the author of *Sir Charles Grandison* will tempt some few, perhaps, of the rising generation to dive into the pages of that half-forgotten leviathan. *Peregrine Pickle* she could

not read, because her sister had not recommended it; but in *Count Fathom* she discovered a more moral purpose than in most of the modern romances, the heroes of which seemed to her quite unworthy of the heroines. Fielding's *Amelia* neither she nor her husband liked: more moral but less humorous than *Joseph Andrews* or *Tom Jones*, it lacked the power of touching her deeply. In 1752 she saw Peg Woffington, at Dublin, enact Lady Townley better than she had ever known it done since Mrs. Oldfield's time. Her friendly regard for Swift, whose mental sufferings had at length been buried in his grave, drove her, about this time to express her deep resentment of the manner in which his character had been handled by his self-styled friend, Lord Orrery. Allowing the general truth of his lordship's remarks, she inveighed strongly against that silence on some points, and that undue dwelling on others, which seemed to her doubly disgraceful in the friend who had so often shared the dead man's privacy and seen him "in his most unguarded moments."

Excepting her mother's death and her husband's law-suits, which seemed for a time to cast some slur on his good name, Mrs. Delany had comparatively few troubles, until befell her the one great trial with which these memoirs come to a temporary close. That trial was the death of Mrs. D'Ewes, after an illness of several months, to which the Bristol waters had given no relief. She died in July, 1761, the year after the accession of George the Third. In her Mrs. Delany lost the friend and confident of forty years, a sister more beautiful than herself in person, and little, if at all, inferior in mind. In the volumes yet to come will be continued the story of her own life, which was prolonged for twenty-seven years more. That her *Remarks on the Court and Private Life of George the Third and Queen Charlotte* will be worth reading, we for our part, have little doubt; but the volumes that are to contain them will not be the worse for a careful abstinence on the editor's part from all those reflections, moral and biological, which the reader, if he chooses, can always make for himself.

There is some truth cutting more ways than one, in the proverb, that no man is a hero to his own valet. In such cases the heroic suffers eclipse nearly as often through the fault of the master as through

the blindness of the man. Few men of eminence can bear to be looked at in very homely undress. At such times they are but too likely to resemble those charming women who dazzle their little world of nights with a vision of angelic sweetness, and repay themselves with a two-fold discharge of sour looks and sharp words on all who have to encounter them the next morning. How many men or women are there who do not keep their virtues for the public, and their vices for their own families, or nearest friends? And who, we wonder, is most to blame, if constant familiarity with a man's faults drives his neighbor to ignore the virtues he has seldom if ever seen? The picture of a great man unbending may, sometimes, be very ennobling, but is it not oftener the reverse? Perhaps, it is Johnson's highest praise that his greater qualities were so readily acknowledged in his own day, by many who had most reason to cry out upon his glaring defects of mind and manner. Creditable to himself, and still more creditable to those who, under all provocations, continued to be his friends, is the fact of the personal homage so generally paid by both men and women to the rudest, roughest-spoken, least considerate, most overbearing of men—to the man who prided himself on being a good hater, who had no belief in disinterested kindness, who gorged himself at every meal, who turned the house of his hostess upside down, that others might share with him those hateful night hours which he himself could never while away in sleep. Here is the character given of him by his cotemporary, Soame Jenyns:

"Here lies Sam Johnson: Reader, have a care,
Tread lightly lest you wake a sleeping bear;
Religious, moral, generous, and humane
He was; but self-sufficient, proud, and vain;
Fond of, and overbearing in dispute,
A Christian and a scholar—but a brute."

This was the man to whom Mrs. Thrale during her husband's lifetime played the part of an admiring hostess, and whom, according to Lord Macaulay, she unkindly threw over soon after her husband's death. The latter assertion, Mr. Hayward, in his introduction to Mrs. Piozzi's Autobiography, has now shown to have sprung like many more ventured by the same writer, from nothing sounder than the decorative fancy of a brilliant es-

sayist.* Other misrepresentations touching the character and conduct of "Streatham's Hebe," come out clear in the new light which this editor has thrown on various passages in the works of Boswell, Madame D'Arblay, and some more cotemporaries of Johnson and Mrs. Piozzi. He has certainly succeeded in making a good defense for a lady whose own good name has suffered even more than it has gained from its connection with that of Johnson. It has been too much the fashion to interpret in the great man's favor every circumstance to which two meanings could anyhow be applied. Implicit credit has been given to a biographer who set himself from the first to glorify the one great planet at whatever disparagement of the "lesser fires," that helped to light up the same heaven. Because Boswell wrote circumstantially, at great length, he was supposed to have always written the truth, although he was the very last man whose word should have been readily taken against any one but himself. If he had wit enough to discern his master's greatness, he was none the less capable of revenging himself on Mrs. Thrale for the attention paid her by that master, and for the slights he doubtless suffered from a woman who would take no squeaking counterfeits of the original thunder. Mrs. Piozzi had talent enough to have shone conspicuous in any circle, but her nearness to the great literary star of her day, imparted a false and a fiery color to a light in itself remarkably pure. It has been her hard fate to be charged with ingratitude to the friend whose life her constant kindness had sweetened, if not preserved; while his gross impertinence toward her in the matter of her second marriage has been viewed as nothing more than an outburst of friendly zeal for one who was about to do a very shameful thing.

It seems to have been in 1764 that Johnson was first introduced to the Thrales at Streatham Park. The master of the house—a gay-looking man of the town, as his wife describes him, and a rich brewer, as every one knows—took an interest in his new guest, who spent the summer of the next year but one at Streatham; and from that time forward

* *Autobiography, Letters, and Remains of Mrs. Piozzi, (Thrale),* edited, with Notes and an Introductory Account of her Life and Writings, by A. Hayward, Q. C. London: Longman & Co. 1861.

for sixteen years Johnson continued to be a very frequent inmate of the house that had opportunely sheltered him in one of his darkest fits of morbid melancholy. So much had he liked his new acquaintances from the first, that in 1765 he followed them down to Brighton; and finding them flown before his arrival, fired off an angry letter, as if he had been personally misused. However, he seems to have been soon coaxed to return to a house in which he was always sure of finding an agreeable hostess and a first-rate dinner—two things for which he displayed, by all accounts, an equal liking. Thrale himself was fond of good dinners and gay company, while the charms of his wife's conversation drew to their house many who cared little enough for the good looks or courtly accomplishments of her husband. But for his timely introduction to the Thrales, Johnson's life would, probably, have been shortened and his latter days wholly embittered by the ascendancy of his old ailments over the mind they had already begun to weaken. That dreary menagerie of quarrelsome poor men and women which his great charity had brought together in the dingy old rooms in Bolt Court, was no resort for a man of his nervous sensibilities; and the soothing attentions of his new friends were needed to restore the balance of a mind already tottering on the brink of premature ruin. "To have been the confidential friend of Dr. Johnson's health, and to have in some measure, with Mr. Thrale's assistance, saved from distress at least, if not from worse, a mind great beyond the comprehension of common mortals," was an honor of which Hester Thrale gladly owned herself proud; but the service she thus rendered him was one which, perhaps, few women under the like circumstances would have rendered so uncomplainingly and for so long a time. With all his virtues the author of *Rasselas* had a weakness himself for the flattery he condemned toward others, and an amount of selfishness which would soon have sickened the most yielding of men, and cooled all but the largest-hearted of women. It was no small triumph of good-nature or even friendly forbearance for one of the most charming and talented women of her day to place herself, her house, her servants, for weeks together, at the great man's disposal, to wait breakfast for him till twelve o'clock and keep

filling his tea-cup till the bell rang for dinner; to be scolded by him for wearing a gown or ribbon which happened to jar upon his feelings or offend his taste, and to have herself or her servants kept up far into the small hours of morning for one who gave nobody credit for acts of voluntary self-denial. Granting him to have been as great and good a man as she herself believed him to be, it was not pleasant for a lady of fine culture to sit day after day at table with a man who disliked clean linen, ate his fish with his fingers, and lobster-sauce along with his plum-pudding, blurted out the most offensive truths on all occasions, and abused without mercy every one whose opinions differed from his own. If an allowance should be made for an eccentric genius, let us, at least, give full praise to those who bear with the worst eccentricities for the sake of that which they overlie. When the Thrales took pity on the poor melancholic giant, theirs was well-nigh the only house of any fashion which had hitherto received him as a guest. We wonder how many modern drawing-rooms would be opened to such a spirit entering in such a guise!

In his own rough way, however, Johnson was continually showing that regard for his new friends which time increased to something like a warm attachment for the lady. To her he addressed his choicest compliments, few and precious as gleams of sunshine between the showers of a winter-day. In honor of her thirty-fifth birthday he wrote the prettiest verses that ever came from his not ungraceful pen. For her sake he trotted with her about Southwark canvassing for Mr. Thrale, and shared with her the hard task of evolving order out of the chaos into which that gentleman's affairs had for some time been muddled up. His admiration for the rival in intellectual and the superior in womanly graces of Mrs. Montague has been not unfairly described as a mixture of "cupboard love, Platonic love, and vanity, tickled and gratified from morn till night by incessant homage." In spite of Mr. Boswell's sneers and innuendoes, Johnson's letters, verses, and reported sayings, contain no scant tribute to the mental and moral worth of his "lovely Hetty." Naturally fond of the women, he succumbed to the soothing spells of one whose match he had never yet seen for all those finer accomplish-

ments which set off the virtues of a kind hostess and the learning of a distinguished bluestocking. She, on her part, would not be slow to return the deferential tenderness shown her in his softer moments by the literary Goliath of her day, whose force of character and powers of speech confirmed the sway he already wielded through his pen. Through all their outward differences they were bound together by a fiber of common feeling that never quite gave way, even when her love for Piozzi stretched it to the breaking point. To him she doubtless appeared in the light of a favorite pupil, as by herself he was certainly regarded with the worship due to a Plato or a Pascal.

Lord Macaulay's occasional recklessness of statement has once more been thoroughly exposed in the matter of Mrs. Thrale's behavior toward her friend after the death of a husband who never cared much for her, and whom she had little reason to regret. Working on a hint from Boswell, the brilliant historian has made out a touching picture of Johnson's last visit to Streatham in 1782, when, after many broad hints that his company was no longer desired, he was fain at length, with many a prayer and sob, to leave forever the beloved home where he had once been so welcome a guest, and hide himself for the rest of his days in "the gloomy and desolate house behind Fleet street." In all this there is not a word of truth. Mrs. Thrale and Johnson left Streatham together, because the house had been taken by Lord Shelburne. Instead of retiring to Bolt Court, Johnson accompanied his "mistress" first to Brighton and afterward to Argyll street, which he seems to have made his home for all that winter. In the following spring, for reasons of economy, added to the worrying effects of Johnson's unhappy temper, Mrs. Thrale went to Bath, where she continued to interchange letters with her querulous but still loved friend. The worries she herself endured at this time on account of her domestic affairs and her known attachment to an Italian singer, whom her daughters and other dear friends determined she should not marry, did not prevent her from doing all she could to soothe, during the illness that befell him that June, the man whose selfish demands on her good nature nothing but absence could help her to evade. While her heart was breaking for a lover

whom she had just been bullied into sending away from her, she was forwarding to the sick lion kind messages and thoughtful presents in return for the letters in which he kept her minutely informed of his own health and doings. Nor did he, for his part, shut himself up in the house behind Fleet street. Whenever he was well enough to leave his rooms, he kept away from them as long as he had a friend to visit or a dinner to bribe him elsewhere. The greater part of 1784, the year in which he died, was spent in visits to Oxford, Lichfield, Ashbourne; and from a second visit to Dr. Adams, of Pembroke College, he returned, about the middle of November, to die a month after, of the dropsy. In the spring of that year he was still writing regularly to Mrs. Thrale, and in July, after the violence of his rage at her intended marriage had blown over, he sent her his kindest prayers for her future happiness, and hinted in a postscript, his desire to hear from her again during his trip to Derbyshire. These things being so, where is the grain of truth in Lord Macaulay's statement, and what becomes of his other assertion about Johnson's resentment leading him to forswear the very memory of his friend, and to fling into the fire every token of her which met his eye? Which is the more probable view of the latter incident—that Macaulay made much ado about nothing, or that Johnson said one thing to Mrs. Thrale and quite another thing to the rest of his friends?

Like others who have made some noise in the world, Mrs. Thrale had to go through a very trying ordeal before and even after she married her Italian lover. The taunts of her own daughters, who avenged on her the loveless union into which she had been driven with their father, the cool looks and loud remonstrances of her nearest friends, the unsparing comments of the public prints, on a matter with which the public had not the least concern, did indeed, for a time, frighten her into consenting to recall her promised troth. But nature was too strong for public opinion; her health gave way; and after a year's absence Piozzi was sent for, at the doctor's advice, to cure the complaint of his own causing. Nothing loth he hurried back to his dear mistress, and a few weeks after, on 25th July, 1784, a marriage took place of love on both sides, and of long-continued happiness on her

own. Once more the world that loved her dinners, or admired her verses, stormed loudly at the widow's breach of public and private decencies, but the thunder fell faint and meaningless on the ears of a woman who felt that no harm had been done to any one by an act which saved her own life, and brought her an amount of happiness such as she had never known before.

Among those whom she had acquainted with her intent to marry was Dr. Johnson, who replied to her in terms too savagely unjust for a spirited woman to take quietly, even from a friend so honored. "If you have abandoned," he wrote, "your children and your religion, God forgive your wickedness; if you have forfeited your fame and your country, may your folly do no further mischief." Because she was going to marry a Lombard gentleman, whom fate had driven to teach music in a foreign land, this sage old mentor at once believed her guilty of every crime and baseness under the sun. The spoilt old man had so long regarded her as his special property, a being ordained by Providence solely to amuse and feed him, that he at once hailed as a personal affront, her "igdominious" marriage with a foreigner who was sure to carry her away from the friends and social enjoyments of so many years past. The lady's answer was just what any one who cared for her husband, and knew herself free from blame toward her old friend and the world at large, would have written. Declaring Piozzi's birth, sentiments, and profession, to be at least equal to Mrs. Thrale's, she hoped his religion would teach him to forgive insults he had not deserved, while hers would enable her "to bear them at once with dignity and patience." To hear that she had forfeited her fame was, indeed, the greatest insult she had yet received, unless, perhaps, by her fame the Doctor meant "only that celebrity which is a consideration of a much lower kind," and for which she cared only as it gave pleasure to her husband and his friends. This letter, with its words of kindly farewell to one who had "long enjoyed the fruits of a friendship never infringed by one harsh expression" on her part, shamed Johnson into a milder mood. He wrote back to wish her every blessing consequent on a step, which, however he lamented, he had "no pre-

tense to resent," and urged her to prevail on Mr. Piozzi to settle in England, where her rank would be higher and her fortune more under her own eye; not to name other reasons which he would not then detail.

This piece of counsel had been already forestalled by Piozzi himself, who purposed to bring his wife back to England as soon as he had shown her to his friends and family, and paid off the debts she had incurred to her own relatives. Had Johnson lived a very few years longer, he would have seen his old mistress giving great dinner-parties in the old house at Streat-ham; courted once more by her old rival, Mrs. Montague, and fondly embraced by that dear Miss Frances Burney, who had quarreled with her at the time of her second marriage, and was afterward as Madame D'Arblay, to draw in her diary a pretentiously lame comparison between feminine Mrs. Piozzi, and the far from feminine Madame de Staël. He would have seen the hateful music-master received by the daughters his wife had never abandoned, with the courtesy due not only to their mother's choice, but even more to his own birth and mental attractions; while the happy wife was queening it with her wonted ease over a society whose jokes and slanders had gradually been hushed by the reports of her late reception in the best circles at Florence, Milan, and Brussels. As for her religion, she had had a hard fight to keep it whole between the opposite attacks at Milan of German philosophers and Italian priests; while the easy morals of her husband's countrymen had exposed her to another ordeal, out of which she came as clean as the most prudish of her sex could have wished to do. From her reappearance in England, to the day of her death in 1821, Mrs. Piozzi continued to charm and astonish more than one generation with the same flow of terse, witty, comprehensive talk, the same quick play of buoyant spirits, genial sentiment, and racy good sense, which delighted the cotemporaries of Mrs. Thrale. If unfriendly judges condemned her writings, and pulled to pieces her private character, there were hardly two opinions as to the excellence of her colloquial gifts, and the unfading richness of her social attractions.

Her writings in which she expressed herself too colloquially to please such purists as Gifford and Horace Walpole, help

us, for that very reason, to realize the general character of her talk. As Ovid lisped in numbers, and Sydney Smith poured out one witty fancy after another, so Mrs. Piozzi wrote as she spoke from a mind stored with any amount of apt illustrations, pointed epigrams, happy turns of thought, which a marvelously prompt memory and a quick apprehension brought up with equal ease to the point of her tongue or her pen. Of course like most women, she showed, at least in her younger days, continual traces of her companionship with minds of the stronger sex; and for some years her talk no less than her writings must have smacked largely of the Johnsonian manner, dashed with slighter borrowings from Burke. Yet the series of letters to Sir James Fellows, written when she was past seventy, fully accounts for the fame she still enjoyed as a social cynosure and talker of the first rank. In these her ready wit, invincible sprightliness, and wide range of illustration, seem brought out the more clearly from the easy terseness of a style that is all her own, while her old affection for all literary and political topics vents itself in scraps of verses, references from modern to ancient history, scholastic disquisitions, sharp but pointed, and criticisms on every new book that comes in her way.

Mr. Hayward has given us in these two volumes a most readable medley of choice extracts from her autobiography, diaries, letters, marginal notes, and fugitive poetry, besides selections from her work on *British Synonymy*, of all which the latter alone might as well have been omitted. It is a pity that the rest of his matter has not been worked into a regular biography. Between his own and her part of the performance, he has, however, succeeded in presenting us an agreeable picture of a woman, as estimable, on the whole, as she was brilliant, whose sound heart and generous impulses were acknowledged by many of those who looked coldly on her more eccentric deeds. For what the world deemed her greatest folly, she has offered the best defense in a passage from her dairy, written partly in 1782, before she had fallen in love with Piozzi: "A woman of passable person, ancient family, respectable character, uncommon talents, and three thousand a year, has a right to think herself any man's equal, and has nothing to seek but return of affection from whatever partner she pitches on. To marry for love would, therefore, be rational in me, who want no advancement of birth or fortune; and till I am in love, I will not marry, nor perhaps then.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

MODERN FRENCH HISTORIANS.

Nothing is more curious than the backward movement which has been going on in French literature during the past few years, and the disputes to which apparently well-recognized historical facts gave birth. The Reformation, the Renaissance, and the Great Century could not be alluded to without at once entailing quarrels and abuse. One furious writer, who constantly rages against every thing connected with modern enlightenment, boldly declared that Louis XIV. acted very wisely and rightly in the revocation of the Edict of

Nantes, and the friends and defenders of tolerance wrote most earnestly against him, as if they were defending a cotemporary fact. On another occasion, an abbé poured out his Dominical gall in a pamphlet, in which he demanded in the name of his religion and Church that the study of the old classics should be abolished from schools as godless rubbish, and at once a pen-and-ink warfare began, into which the whole of the French clergy were gradually drawn. Soon after began a dispute about the Middle Ages, which had long

been consigned to a literary limbo, and in which one party saw a model of development and government, the other only bigotry and réaction. But the explanation for this may be easily found: French authors are unable to write what they would wish with that freedom necessary for a satisfactory result, and they vent their spleen on M. de Persigny by attacking one another.

An interesting history might be written about French literature under the Empires and the Restoration. Before the Revolution authors were under strict police control. We must not forget that Father Daniel was accused of high treason, because in his history of France he omitted four of the Merovingian kings, and Fréret did penance in the Bastille for his daring assertion that the old Franks were not a nation, but a federation. The Revolution removed none of the obstacles in the path of historians, and the Empire which, as Thierry wittily observed, held a state monopoly of history, ordered the official continuation of President Hénault's poor *Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire de France*, and of the Abbé Velly's *Histoire de France*. During the Restoration authors fared no better, and the censorship absolutely prohibited Augustin Thierry's treatise on the time of the Merovingians, under the pretext that he had maliciously lopped off five hundred years from the age of the French monarchy. But history could not be impeded by police regulations, and ere long it rent all the red-tape bonds that held it. Original memoirs and documents were sought out and cleansed from the dust that covered them; chronicles, poems, medals, portraits, all were cross-questioned: in a word, a renaissance on a small scale commenced. The Middle Ages, so long contemptuously treated, regained their honor and repute, and the whole learned world went mad on Gothicism. Never during their existence as a nation have the French displayed greater reverence for their history, and perseverance in the restoration of monuments than from 1818 to 1848.

Since the last revolution, however, great changes have occurred. The events of the years 1848 to 1852, which let the history of France slip from the straight path, and altered its apparently logical progress, embarrassed the historians, and they held their hand. A great change, too, had taken place in the nation. With the de-

velopment of commerce and industry, a taste has been aroused in them for increased expenditure, though we fear that the publishers derive the least profit from it. The present state of literature in France is unparalleled. Such books as the memoirs of Leotard, or of Rigolboche, are sold by thousands or tens of thousands, while a publisher turns with pious horror from any manuscript of respectable caliber. We will not assert that books do not appear: on the contrary, more are now produced in Paris than ever was known, but they are no food for strong men. History made easy, and immoral romances, such is the pabulum offered the rising generation of France. Under these circumstances we have thought it would not be beside the question if we cursorily ran through the list of French historical writers, and showed our readers the nature of the works on which the next history of France will require to be based.

There was a time when Augustin Thierry could write, without fear of contradiction, that "France possessed no national history." The great question was, who should undertake such a task, which demanded a combination of powers and qualities rarely found in an individual. Several distinguished men, therefore, divided the labor between them; the brothers Augustin and Amédée Thierry taking up the oldest period of French history, in which they made some valuable discoveries, while Guizot, Ampère, Villemain, and several others, undertook special departments. Bolder than these, Michelet and Henri Martin set to work writing the complete history of their nation.

Michelet has now all but terminated his *Histoire de France*, which he has constantly begun and left off again. The first six volumes (1833-1845) contain the history of the oldest period and the middle ages: they are written in the romantic style prevalent at the period, and may be regarded as the author's masterpiece. In the seventh volume, entitled *Renaissance*, Michelet assumes a perfectly different tone, and speaks contemptuously of the middle ages. The liberal way in which Michelet confesses his error, certainly redounds to his honor, still, it is a pity that he did not adhere to his original plan. When he began his history he was not mixed up with the commotions of parties and journals, which took scarcely any notice of his work; he was regarded as a

fanatic writer, and christened the "hierophant of historiographers." Aroused from his contemplative life by a dispute with the Catholic party, his passionate temper hurled him into the bitterest polemics. His bold demeanor cost him many friends, and the Minister of Worship threatened to deprive him of his professorship at the College de France. This was pouring oil on the flames, and Michelet at once sought support from the extreme party. In his *Histoire de la Révolution Française*, a painfully bitter tone is perceptible, and this was carried into the other volumes of his great historical work. Though his descriptions are always peculiar and lively, there is an exaggerated straining after effect, and he passes almost without transition from the most poetical style to the coarsest language. Indeed, he appears to have an indescribable delight in seeking out and employing cynical and improper language, as witness his characters of Mary Stuart, Marguerite de Valois, and Catherine de Médicis. We are bound to say, on the other hand, that he is most impartial in his abuse of Guises and Valoises, Catholics and Huguenots, Leaguers and Frondeurs; in short, all France of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is morally guillotined. If Michelet complains against the harsh verdicts passed on him, (as he does against the Doctrinaires, for instance,) he ought to confess that he is measured by his own wand. At the close of the tenth volume he says plainly—"This history is not impartial," and we might overlook this, were he not at times purposely and prematurely severe. His descriptions frequently do not agree with what he tells us in cooler blood about the same persons or others connected with them.

The eccentric medley of good points which easily degenerate into faults, and and of faults which often possess the charm of beauties, justifies the most contradictory opinions about Michelet. However much we may protest against his fashion of writing history, we can not close our eyes to the fine thoughts, pointed remarks, witty suggestions, and admirable qualities scattered through his writings. The most striking thing about Michelet is, however, his individuality; his pen follows the changes of his temper, and appears to be governed by his digestion. This individuality is the spice of his writing, but it is also his greatest

injury, for he pleases the reader or displeases him *personally*, just in the same way as we feel an instinctive attachment or revulsion for a person for which we are quite unable to account. When we have read the last six volumes of Michelet's history, we are full of the impressions the spectacle has left upon us; we have been present, so to speak, at the representation of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries on the stage; the feasts of the Borgias, Savonarola's martyr-death, the merry life at Fontainebleau, the gloomy apartments of the Escorial, the roof of the Sistine Chapel, Luther's writing-cell, Albert Durer's workshop, the Parisian marriage of blood, the menagerie of Henri III., the murder of Henri IV., Richelieu's cabinet, Corneille's tragedies, the accouchement of Anne of Austria, the sleeping apartments of court ladies and nuns, under Louis XIII., all this we see vividly, and yet have no distinct general idea of those two centuries. The Renaissance, the Reformation, the League, and the Fronde show us their stormy scenes, but do not reveal their mysteries.

Although Michelet fails in his general representation of history, he can describe in the most masterly manner concrete things; and that quickness of temper which renders him unfitted to contend with abstract ideas is most serviceable to him when he has to introduce a character, describe a landscape, or explain a work of art. In such instances he displays an astounding wealth, an inexhaustible store of images and parallels, which he dispenses with profuse liberality, but always with the instinctive tact of the true artist. It is just the same with the colors he employs; they are at times glowing and dazzling, but never false or offensive to the eye. As regards his portraits, we may safely assert that since Saint-Simon no Frenchman has drawn them so vividly and correctly. In his last six volumes we find them in every variety; full-lengths in gala costume, miniatures, and even profiles, drawn with a couple of bold strokes, but all of extraordinary similitude, because the characteristic feature is eagerly sought and brought out. An artist himself, Michelet has a fine feeling for works of art; and this picturesque, descriptive talent, and constant reference to domestic history, form the greater part of his originality, and render him worthy of a place among the first writers of the age.

Henri Martin has recently completed his *Histoire de France*, in sixteen volumes, and the merit of the work consists in its being written after a regular plan; and while containing the result of much personal research, has appropriated the labors of other historians. It is, in fact, merely a new edition of a former work, five times crowned by the French Academy, and which appeared completed; but the last volume had scarce come out ere the author determined to remodel it entirely. Henri Martin evidently rivals his master, Augustin Thierry, and has many of the qualities that go to constitute a good historian; morally regarded, his love of truth and desire for accuracy become in him timidity and passion. Though indefatigable in his researches, his conscience never appears satisfied, and his work is overlaid with references, which is much like giving the reader the dross from which the gold has been extracted. Henri Martin is the produce of that mental movement which took place in French literature in 1820, and is in action to this day. The parliamentary age was certainly a glorious one for France, especially the first half of it, which produced so many orators and poets, philosophers and historians; men such as Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Augustin Thierry, Cousin, Thiers, Royer-Collard, Villemain, and Guizot. The French still live on these names, and through them maintain their literary reputation in Europe. Strangely enough, the same men whom the revolution of July tore from literary pursuits and introduced to a political life, the February revolution sent back from politics to literature. Deprived of all sympathy with affairs of state, they live in great retirement amid a very limited circle of friends; as silent observers of the present order of things, but by no means as idle lookers on. On the contrary, they wield the pen diligently, and any mental movement still existing in France emanates chiefly from them. The events which deprived them of their honors and offices have fortunately left them their courage, their talent, and their love of work. After forty years have elapsed they again find themselves at the head of the literary world, as they were in the most brilliant days of the Restoration. Since the political system they sought to establish has been overthrown, they can only keep its memory alive in the histories they write. History,

in short, is the consolation of these literary John Lacklands.

Like other ex-ministers of the July dynasty, Guizot sought solace for his enforced absence from the scene of splendor and grandeur in severe study, and obtained a compensation for his fall in continuing the labors of his life. Since 1848 he has continued one of his most valuable works, which he commenced in 1826, *Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre*, and to the two first volumes has added four others, containing the history of this revolution from the death of Charles I. to the Restoration. Guizot was always attracted by English history, and derived from it that anti-Gallican, almost superstitious reverence for constitutional forms, which compose what we may call his state religion. A man who, like Guizot, regards the English and French revolutions "as two battles in the same war," can not help anticipating the same result, and foreseeing a restoration across the water. Still, we must do him the justice of stating that if he entertain this opinion, he has kept it to himself, and in his description of the English republic and dictatorship strictly adhered to his functions as historian. His language is always masculine, serious, and effective; and though his views may not always be tenable, they are certain to be clever and sharp. Guizot has not yet completed his work, which he hopes to do with the deposition of James II. We shall then have a perfect history of the English revolution, and in it a fine and lasting memorial to modern French literature.

Thiers has all but completed his *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*. We are not aware whether it cost him any trouble, but he has certainly not poured out on the First Empire his wrath with the second: perhaps, though, he foresaw the same termination for both as a logical sequence. He treats his subject with a decided liking for it, and develops in its full power his world-renowned talent for bringing facts superficially together, and for explaining in a fluent, ready style (which has no other attractions than those qualities, however) financial matters, strategic movements, diplomatic negotiations, etc. While Thiers as historian has not at all altered from the outset his descriptive manner, Mignet, on the other hand, has in his later works greatly departed from his original style. His *Charles Quint, son Abdication et sa Mort à St. Yuste*, is the

most interesting of his works in the second manner. He has so admirably combined grave historical facts with epistolary gossip, politics with anecdote, while at the same time evidencing intense research, that his work reads exactly like memoirs left by a cotemporary. We will not assert that Mignet was the first French author that employed this method of treating history, but we claim for him the merit of having ennobled and almost appropriated it.

At the same time, Mignet employs the utmost pains to impart to his story of the ailing emperor all the dignity of history. Rarely have smaller things been produced in a grander style, or ordinary objects treated with a nobler pencil: in fact, like Murillo, Mignet has succeeded in throwing the brightest and most golden sunshine over common-places which are not often exposed to the brilliancy of daylight. So great is his art, that although Mignet details all the events of Spanish history from 1555 to 1558, the turmoil of the political arena does not cause the reader such excitement as the silence and solitude in Charles V.'s bed-chamber; and the news from Valladolid or Brussels, Fontainebleau or the Quirinal, appears almost insignificant compared with the story of the sickening Emperor. Any one acquainted with Charles V.'s ordinary character from general history can easily imagine how he speaks of friend and foe, how he writes to the heirs of his kingdom, or how he receives the news of the defeat of the Spanish army, and a disadvantageous treaty of peace; but the majority have no idea of the real man, of the many details history necessarily leaves unnoticed, of his private friendships, his mode of conduct, his weaknesses, his whims, his contradictions, his absurd amours, his noble impulses, his incurable gluttony, and his few great and noble actions in private life and dressing-gown. What most fascinates attention, then, in Mignet's book is the sickly Emperor, speedily about to die; the kindly master of Chamberlain Quijada, and the faithful patron of the Jesuit Francisco; the tender father of Don Juan of Austria, and the equally affectionate brother of Eleonore of France; the timid sinner who says to his confessor, "Listen, brother; it is my firm will that you do not go from here without my knowing it, because I insist on you not leaving me for a moment;" the gouty and obstinate old pa-

tient, who amuses himself with clocks, has a superstitious faith in dates, ruins his digestion with fresh tunny, swallows quarts of ice-cold beer even in winter, and who receives as presents from Queen Catherine of Portugal sweet-smelling essences, Indian cats, and parrots; the pious old man, who has it made known by trumpet-sound throughout the land that no female is to come within two bow-shots of the monastery under the penalty of two hundred lashes—all this, we repeat, great and small strangely mingled, fascinates us in this description of the last years of Charles V.

The authors hitherto mentioned sufficiently testify that the culture of history, developed under the July dynasty has been till very recently fostered and maintained. Instead, however, of obtaining a fresh impulse or progressing, it has at present remained stationary—perhaps even retrograded. A fashion grew up of selecting unimportant historical personages as a peg on which to hang piquant details, and the public grew tired of books which it has recently become the affectation in this country to call monograms. As Michelet very justly said: "We have evoked history, and now it is crushing us under its weight." Fortunately some clever men hit on the idea of writing what we will call, if we dare, the romance of history, and as a necessary consequence the women of history resumed their proper place, and the great and most popular leader of this movement is Cousin. Deserted or unhappy lovers, as a general rule, summon philosophy to their aid, and implore it for consolation or forgetfulness, but Cousin does exactly the opposite; he consoles himself with pretty women for the faithlessness of philosophy and politics, and, to be quite secure against betrayal and perfidy, he selects them at a distance of two hundred years. He is impassioned for the ladies of the Fronde, among whom he has chosen the Duchess de Longueville as the charmer of his heart. From the outset, rather the historian of philosophy than the founder of a distinct philosophical system, Cousin has thus fortunately entered his right element. In the lively and warm coloring which he spreads over his description of historical facts, in his talent to render archæological studies attractive to the general reader, and the fantastic glow with which he illuminates the cabals, quarrels, and scandal of a past age, he is unequaled. He is an historian *sui generis*,

and he has been justly surnamed a seventeenth-century man, for in style and treatment his books seem written by a cotemporary of Pascal, who might have been in correspondence with Madame de Sévigné, and written additions to the memoirs of Cardinal de Retz. His *Études sur les Femmes Illustres et la Société du XVII^e Siècle* consist of four female portraits—Madame de Longueville, Madame de Sablé, Madame de Chevreuse, and Madame de Hautefort. He represents the ladies of the Fronde not only as historical, but as poetical personages, and his books possess, if not the certainty of thorough historical works, at any rate the attractiveness of historical romances.

The only fault we find with Cousin is that he has become the founder of a bad school. At the present moment France swarms with small historians, who, not having the talent to generalize, crowd the market with "mémoires pour servir." No personage is too insignificant to become the hero of such volumes, and the public buy them up eagerly as a pleasant way, we assume, of learning history. Voltaire alludes somewhere to the congregation of unimportant details, which he calls the "vermin of history;" and at the present moment France is terribly plagued with them. You see nothing but Bossuet and his age, Colbert and his age, Diderot and his age. This adoration of personality in history is a sign of the times; memoirs are said to be easier and pleasanter reading than history proper, and the most earnest men no longer venture to go thoroughly into a subject for fear of wearying their readers. In a word, the superficiality, which has been growing the curse of France under the Empire, has fairly invaded her literature. Still it is difficult to find fault with a system to which such men as Mignet and Cousin have lent their powerful sanction.

Even from the earlier period of French history Amédée Thierry selected biographical details and collected them into a work, bearing the title of *Histoire d'Attila et de ses Successeurs*. Still, much has not been dug up from this poor soil, and the more fertile ground of the Reformation has been left to lie fallow; but, on the other hand, the age of the Reformation has been industriously turned up, and we have been favored with full information about the League before all. On this important point two camps have long

been formed; one party regarding it as the protector of the monarchical system, the other as a democratic movement emanating from the people. M. de Chalmbert, in his *Histoire de la Ligue*, stepped forth as defender of the first view, but with such weak arguments that his opponents very easily refuted him. It was found much more difficult, however, to put down the second and absurd notion, which is very popular in France. Michelet was the first to attack it with the whole weight of his eloquence, and at a later date Henri Martin coincided in his views. Both characterize the League as "a system of terror in the Hispano-Catholic interests." In no history is any thing so fearful to be found as this mad government of monks, fencing-masters, students, and priests, in the pay of Philip II.; rapine and bloodshed preached from every pulpit, and proclaimed in every street and square; murder and arson, robbery and plundering going on in open day. Attempts have been made to persuade people that there was a political idea in this horrible chaos, but both writers we refer to declare that any "idea" must be sought at Madrid: in Paris only mercenaries could be seen, who performed their sanguinary task for the stipulated price, and killed men like dogs for a few sous. But we do not agree with the two historians, when they try to draw a distinction between the days and nights of anarchy and popular fury in the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, between the Leaguers and the Septembriseurs. It is clearly proved by the Marquis de Saint-Aulaire, in his *Les Derniers Valois, les Guises et Henri Quatre*, that the murderers of September are descended in a straight line from those of St. Bartholomew, just as the Leaguers of what is called the "day of the barricades," (May twelfth, 1588,) are the lineal ancestors of our "Reds" of the July days. France still possesses her Leaguers, although, in the present state of things, they do not speak out so openly, and do not look for assistance from Spain so much as from Austria.

The impatiently awaited work of Mignet, in which his lasting fame will be established, *L'Histoire de la Réformation*, could not appear at a more fitting time than the present. In the mean time people must content themselves with the history of the French Reformation, written by M. Piaux, a Protestant minister. The

two volumes which have hitherto appeared bring the history up to St. Bartholomew's night. It is carefully and rather warmly written, and is remarkable among other respects for the avoidance of all polemical questions, as far as possible. Altogether, it is a work which should be better known in this country than we believe it to be.

A very peculiar bias taken by the most recent French literature is the preference displayed for what is called in that country "the Great Century." It is not so long ago when the French gladly recognized all that was good and noble in all nations and times; no heir of the great human family was repulsed, neither the middle-ages, Rome, Athens, nor the East; Shakespeare and Dante were esteemed as highly—perhaps more highly—than the old favorites of the nation, Corneille and Racine; Walmski stood by the side of Homer, Kalidasas with Virgil, Hafiz with Horace: a desire was entertained to love and honor all. The nineteenth century, it was proposed, should be a true Pantheon of centuries, where a man could wander among the manes of all the great immortals who have shed lustre on the power of the human mind. But this desire for universality was, after all, only a foreign fashion introduced into France, and after a while things grew as they were, like a bow of which the string has been loosened. The French are now as fully convinced as they formerly were that all foreign models when compared with native, are as dwarfs to giants, and they believe that the seventeenth century is the ideal of human perfection in literature, art, mind, and character; in short the real *sæculum summum*. With many we allow that this is only an historic belief, but many, on the other hand, take the trouble to give it a critical justification, and excellent French authors display a peculiar zeal in this. Every page of their books testifies to a lively preference for an age, which certainly, from a certain point of view, has good points to recommend it. Taking the space occupied by a few years, and restricting ourselves to the court circle, it offers us a wondrous spectacle; characters, passion, talent, and minds, all bear a powerful impress of greatness and thoroughness; but on leaving the charmed sphere, we find in other classes of society, oppressed, irregular, and sad relations, as bad as at any other epoch of history. While the small

selection glistens with splendor, the mass of the nation lives in outer darkness. We can understand the admiration for the seventeenth century on the part of those who are of opinion that in the world any thing great can only be effected by the few, and at the same time the views of those who believe that no permanent grandeur is possible in a state unless the majority coöperate in the government. Hence there are two ways of regarding the seventeenth century, and every thing depends on our choice of the wider or the narrower. Most French authors nowadays select the latter, and we can not blame them for doing so, regard being had to the present state of matters in France. Men who feel an aversion from the existing rule only too gladly seek an elysium in a time of past glory. The Horatian *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo* will long remain the favorite motto of a great number of patriotic spirits, who will select the seventeenth century as their gathering-ground, for it was the seventeenth century in which that motto was most brilliantly illustrated, and we have no cause to complain of this, for the reverence for the Great Century produces works which have their value, after all. For instance, Cousin has raised himself in his *Lives of the Distinguished Ladies of the Fronde*, a monument which will longer protect him from oblivion than his philosophic works will do. The number of such biographies annually increases in France: their authors have more or less kept the celebrated model before their eyes, and, thanks to the prevailing love of imitation, it seems as if every body connected with that age will march past us life by life. The best memoirs of this description, however, have hitherto been produced by Oscar de Vallée and Amédée Renée.

Oscar de Vallée made his débüt as a political writer with a philippic against the Bourse mania, *Les Manieures d'Argent*, which produced a sensation, if not an effect. A conviction of the impotence of struggling against the spirit of the age probably led him to historical studies, and at present he holds a high place among the distinguished authors who have emigrated into the seventeenth century. His latest work, *Antoine Lemaistre et ses Contemporains* is no mere memoir, but a picture of the day, and throws a brilliant light on the satirical side of life and man-

ners at that day. Other books have depicted this century at court, in salons, theaters, and the confessional, but De Valée goes deeper, and mercilessly exposes the rottenness of the scaffolding on which the state building was erected.

Amédée Renée has lately become distinguished as author of several historical works, and not so long ago conducted the political department of the *Constitutionnel*, which, as the world knows, has been converted from a liberal Saul into a right-minded Paul. His volumes, *Les Nièces de Mazarin* and *Madame de Montmorency*, prove how thoroughly Renée is up to his work. He seems really to have lived in the past, and been the confidential adviser and friend of the personages he introduces on the scene, and all this, too, without parade of learning or attempted fine writing. Some years back Renée was intrusted with the completion of Sismondi's *Histoire des Français*, and wrote the thirtieth and last volume, which has recently been brought out in a separate and improved form, under the title of *Louis XVI. et sa Cour*. This volume forms a strange contrast to Sismondi's manner. The other volumes are Genevise; that is to say, full of information, but without color, life, or warmth. The last is Parisian; that is, piquantly witty, at times even brilliant, always lively, and admirably written, for Renée is what Sismondi never was in the higher branches of literature. He also varies greatly in his mode of handling his subject: he is not a Protestant, like Sismondi, and consequently more free from the influences of the eighteenth century. With him history is before all personal, and he considers that enough has been done when correct likenesses of the characters are given.

From the Great Century to the times of Louis XV. seems but a step, and that step has been taken by M. de Capefigue, at the present day the most daring adulator of the eighteenth century, and author of a great number of historical works, which find a ready sale, at the expense of good taste and healthy discrimination.

Capefigue treats history like a huge Bologna sausage, from which he cuts off slices to serve up on publishers' counters. His treatment of history is indubitably piquant and highly spiced, and his views are so strikingly novel that he stands alone among historians. This was specially the case in two of his recent works, one in a sky-blue wrapper, entitled *La Marquise de Pompadour*, the other in white, with a rosary upon it, and the title *La Comtesse du Barry*. The interior of these books harmonizes exactly with their exterior: that periwig age which persons have hitherto fancied concealed in a dense cloud of powder, M. Capefigue sees in the most brilliant light, and what ordinary mortals regard in this age as rouge, falsehood, and impotence, is in his sight naught but nature, truth, and energy. He very bitterly upbraids the immorality of all the historians who have treated of the reign of Louis XV. before him, and zealously attacks the philosophers, parliaments, Montesquien, D'Alembert, Voltaire, but above all, Diderot, "the epicurean swine from the herd of Encyclopedists," who insulted the charming Marchioness and Countess, and deferred the hour of their canonization. At the present time M. Capefigue is engaged in collecting materials for the lives of the French royal mistresses of the sixteenth century, having already produced those of the mistresses of the Grand Monarque in his *Mademoiselle de la Vallière*. Alexandre Dumas fils, as dramatic author and writer of romances, is of mental affinity with Capefigue as historian, and they are both on the same road to immortality.

And here we must break off for the present, though our subject is far from exhausted. In fact, space has forbidden us touching on the legion of books referring to the first French revolution, but we propose to make them the subject of a separate article. Our object having been to point out to the student of French history the more important works he should consult, we have necessarily omitted many, but the works to which we have alluded may be regarded as trustworthy.

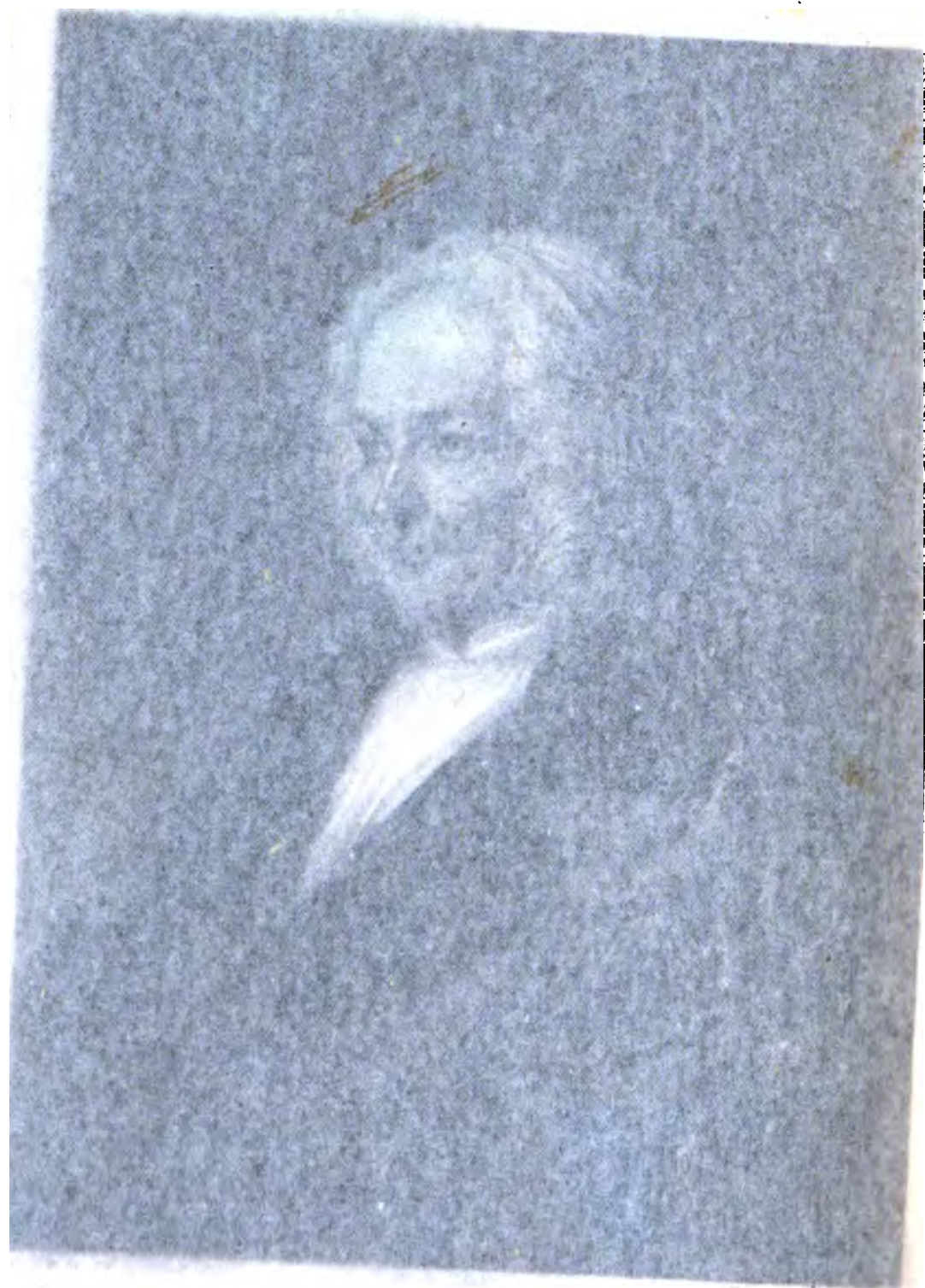


1695-1704 by John Goussier (1695)

for the Library

the original by J. Goussier

LOCKE, JOHN. 1695-1704. 1695-1704. 1695-1704.



A L B E R T T H O R W A L D S E N .

THE name of this eminent man and renowned sculptor will live in the art which he adorned as long as admiration for beautiful statuary shall last.* We deem a portrait of this great man and artist a fitting adornment of THE ECLECTIC. Among the names and portraits which embellish this work, the lineaments of his face and its strongly-marked features will excite interest and attention. ALBERT THORWALDSEN was a native of Denmark, and his lineage said to be traceable from the ancient and royal house of Harold Hildetand. His father, Gotschalk Thorwaldsen, was an Icclander, and a carver of figure-heads for ships. Albert was born at Raisclawich, near Copenhagen, November 19th, 1770. At the age of twelve years he was admitted as a student at the Academy of Fine Arts at Copenhagen, where he received instruction from the painter Abildgaard. In 1787 he gained a silver medal; and two years after, a gold one, for a composition of Heliodorus driven from the Temple. In 1793 he received the highest reward that could be conferred on a student; this was the grand prize which carried with it the substantial advantage of an allowance, for a term of years, of five hundred thalers, equal to rather more than a hundred pounds English. This provision placed it in his power to travel, and after some time he proceeded to Italy, the great school of art. He arrived in Rome, after a tedious voyage of ten months, in a Danish frigate, in 1796.

For some time he was undecided whether to devote himself to sculpture or painting as a profession, till his visits to the Vatican, where so many masterpieces of sculpture are collected, determined his choice. For a time he doubted his ability to approach the high excellence of the great works of art. Under this feeling of depression he destroyed many of his works, in spite of the encouragement of his friends, who saw in him the promise of a great artist. He continued his labors, and modeled various works of Greek subjects, but with no profitable result of increasing his means of support. The turning-point of his fortunes was, however, at hand.

Among the works he had contemplated was the model of a statue of Jason of heroic size, naked, and bearing on his arm the golden fleece; a figure exhibiting an intimate acquaintance with the human form, simple in treatment, and of a fine style of art. Thomas Hope, Esq., the well-known banker of London, happened to visit the studio of the young Dage. He was struck with the noble character of the Jason, recognized at once the ability of the sculptor, and commissioned Thorwaldsen to execute it for him in marble. This timely assistance gave a fresh impulse to the exertions of our artist. The opportunity he had so ardently desired and so long waited for was now afforded him, and from this beginning may be traced an unceasing flow of employment and success. For the remainder of his career, till his death in 1844, he was constantly engaged in the active exercise of his art. He now determined to fix his permanent residence at Rome.

It would not be possible in our limited space to describe particularly all the works deserving of notice of this indefatigable artist. Of his numerous statues of Greek subjects, as Mars, Mercury, Gany-mede, the Graces, Venus, Hebe, Psyche, and others of the pseudo-classical school, it is not necessary to say more than that they bear the stamp of the master hand, and admirably imitate the idealized character of the best ancient examples. His statuary of Mercury watching Argus, may be selected as one of the happiest illustrations of Greek poetry in this imitated style of sculpture. Another of his fine productions, representing, in a series of *relievi*, the triumphal entry of Alexander into Babylon, is a noble work, sufficient of itself to establish the fame of its author. It was originally designed, by command of Napoleon I., to decorate a part of the Quirinal Palace at Rome. Afterward it was executed in marble for Count Somariva, for his villa at Como. It is now in the Palace of Christianburg at Copenhagen.

The real genius and individual feeling of Thorwaldsen are more truly and more

favorably shown in those works which illustrate religious and similar subjects. His colossal statue of Christ, executed for a church in Copenhagen, is of this class, and stands preëminent among modern works in sculpture; for sentiment, as well as other art qualities, it may fearlessly compete with any ancient work. The Saviour is represented as standing, with both arms extended and but slightly advanced. The hands are open, as if inviting approach. The action is simple and dignified, and the expression at once noble and tender. The forms are of the purest type of beauty; and the large mantle, which constitutes the drapery, is boldly and skillfully arranged, leaving the arms and feet exposed. Statues of the Twelve Apostles, for the same church, are equally admirable specimens of this sculptor's deep feeling and judicious treatment, when engaged on works of this class.

Among the more important portrait works executed by this artist, may be mentioned two equestrian statues of Maximilian Frederick of Bavaria, and Poniatowski; also a fine seated figure of Galileo, and another of Byron, now at Cambridge. A work of Thorwaldsen, well known to travelers, is a colossal lion erected near Lucerne, which commemorates the gallant Swiss guards, who fell in defending the Tuileries on the tenth August, 1792. The *bassi-relievi* by Thorwaldsen, representing Day and Night, are amongst his best known smaller works.

Canová, the great Italian sculptor, was in the height of his fame when Thorwaldsen began to attract the attention of judges of art; and it may be truly said that the latter was the first and only competitor, who proved himself worthy to dispute the well-earned preëminence of his distinguished fellow-laborer in the art.

Thorwaldsen died at Copenhagen on

the 25th of March, 1844. He attended the theater, as was his custom, in the evening of that day. Before the performance commenced, he fell back in his chair in a fit of apoplexy, and although he was immediately conveyed home and received the most anxious attention, he expired without speaking.

Thorwaldsen received during his lifetime the most honorable testimonials of respect and admiration. Frederick of Denmark conferred on him letters of nobility, and he received decorations and orders of knighthood from various sovereigns of Europe. His obsequies were performed with great pomp in the Holm church. The King, in deep mourning, was present at the funeral, at which the Crown-Prince and other royal and distinguished personages also attended, walking as mourners. The Queen and Princesses also assisted at the ceremony, and the concourse of people, including the public bodies, municipal and academical, amounted to many thousands. An interesting part of the ceremony was the performance of the *requiem*, written by the sculptor's intimate and dear friend, Æhlenschläger.

Thorwaldsen was rather above the middle height. The outline of his face was rather square. His general expression was calm and thoughtful, and very pleasing. His eyes were light and penetrating; his mouth wide, and usually closely shut. He wore his hair, which had grown nearly white, in large masses divided over his fine broad forehead, and falling on each side, something like a lion's mane, nearly to his shoulders. It is interesting to gaze on his expressive face, as thus described and presented in the fine portrait which adorns this number of *THE ECLECTIC*, adding to the rich variety of portraits which have appeared in this work.

THE HISTORY OF THE EARTH AND OF ITS INHABITANTS.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL HAUGHTON, F.R.S.,

Fellow of Trinity College, and Professor of Geology in the University of Dublin.

A HISTORY of a people would be considered very imperfect which did not also give some account of the country inhabited by that people, and it would be regarded as somewhat unnatural to separate the actions, the wars, and the polity of any great nation from their due alliance with the climate, the productions, and the natural resources of the land they lived in.

In like manner a mere geological sketch of the successive inhabitants of the globe we live on must be meager and unsatisfactory if unaccompanied with an astronomical account of the planet which constitutes the arena on which these successive races of inhabitants have lived and died. A short time ago an essay on the history of the inhabitants of the earth would have led one to presuppose an essay on history, properly so called; but every person is familiar with the fact, that in the history of the earth and its inhabitants we now include within our view a much larger range of animals and objects of interest than merely our fellow-men. We are bound, in fact, to consider not only our fellow-men, our brothers and sisters in creation, but also what have been described as "our humbler fellows." I am not sure that I regard these humbler fellows with as great a degree of reverence and superstitious awe as some of our modern writers, but I am prepared to regard them with interest and even affection, as I believe them to be, like ourselves, wonderful and remarkable examples of the almighty power of God, who has placed them in this world to enjoy with us the benefits and blessings with which he surrounds us all.

The first attempt to give an account of the history of the globe on which we live was made by one of the greatest men that ever lived upon that globe, Sir Isaac Newton. In speculating in his *Principia* on the shape of the planet Jupiter, and in comparing it with our own planet, he arrives at the conclusion that these planets may have been originally in a state

of liquid fusion, and that they owe their present shapes to their rotation around their axes. The idea thus thrown out by Newton was taken up afterward by the celebrated Clairaut, and, in later times, formed the basis of a most remarkable passage in the writings of Laplace. This great man threw out the idea that the planets and the satellites that surround them were originally not only fluid but might even have been gaseous, and that a single origin must be sought for all the planets that encircle our sun. The speculation to which I allude does not occupy more than a few lines of one of the many volumes written by Laplace—he notices the subject and dismisses it in the same cursory manner in which he introduces it. Now, it is a curious fact, that since his time many books and treatises have been written on this subject at great expenditure of pen and ink, though without much addition to our knowledge. It is the privilege of genius like that with which Laplace was endowed to throw out words and hints that shall constitute a sort of center or rallying-point around which hundreds and thousands of second and third-rate men will cluster and attempt to gain for themselves notoriety by repeating, like a cuckoo-cry, the doctrine their great master had first uttered; but if we examine the nebular hypothesis minutely we shall find that not one iota has been added to Laplace's speculation. His hypothesis is expressed in very few words: he finds the sun in the center of a system revolving in a direction from right to left, the planets, one after the other, around the sun, revolving in the same direction with the sun, from right to left, revolving nearly in circles and in orbits which are almost all in the same plane. He finds each planet revolving on its axis in the same direction as the sun, and their satellites revolving, like themselves, in circular orbits, with small inclinations. No person acquainted with the meaning of these facts can hesitate to believe that they point to a common origin for the sun,

planets, satellites, and the various bodies that surround that sun—with the exception of comets, which do not come within this class. This brilliant idea, first thrown out by a man of genius, has never been added to, for I believe that all subsequent attempts to add to that first great and brilliant idea of Laplace have been successive failures. The illustrious Comte, in a portion of his work on *Positive Philosophy*, and afterward in a paper which he read (never printed) before the Academy attempted to demonstrate the mathematical necessity of the nebular hypothesis. The result, as is now well known, was to show that if Comte was not more exact as a metaphysician than he was as a mathematician, it would have been better for him not to have published his book at all. His mathematical demonstration was a complete delusion. He re-discovered the third law of Kepler, a law that was well known to every mathematician in Europe hundred of years before Comte was born. In later times attempts have been made by mathematicians much more trustworthy to contribute information additional to that first afforded by Laplace. The University of Cambridge, which, I believe, even now produces some of the best and greatest analysts in Europe, (I will not except in this statement even the University of Dublin, which, I believe, in its elegant and more beautiful geometry surpasses Cambridge, while it yields to her in analysis,) has for many years past produced a number of treatises on this subject written with more or less ability, all of them aiming to add something to the words of Laplace, but they have added nothing whatever to our real knowledge. Whether it is that the custom prevails in that University, so familiar to lawyers, of quoting a precedent or saying found in a book and then believing it to be true, I can not say, but certainly this does prevail in Cambridge—the mathematicians of that University too often take hypotheses in this subject for granted, as if they were laws of nature.

So much has this custom prevailed in our sister University, that our critics complain, that at a recent examination, the existence of matter was ignored altogether. I mention these researches of Mr. Hopkins and of Archdeacon Pratt, for the purpose of expressing my belief, that when examined by the test of time, and by the careful consideration of competent

mathematicians, however valuable they may be as mathematical exertations, they will be found, in no respect, to have added to the real knowledge possessed, when Laplace invented the nebular hypothesis. This remarkable speculation of Laplace, to which he himself appears not to have attached a due importance and weight, has led to a universal conviction among scientific thinkers, that we must look for the origin of the sun, planets, and satellites, to some unique physical cause, such as he has assigned; we are, therefore, forced to go back to a time, beyond any thing that geologists can tell us of. And astronomers may claim their right to say to the geologists, your epochs are highly respectable, but they are mere "modern instances," compared with our "ancient saws." They may say that they know the history of the world before geologists can trace it, or before they can find in its crust a single record of the past.

The history of our globe may be divided into three periods—the astronomical, the geological, and the historical periods.

Of the first period, I believe that Laplace has already written all that we shall ever know; its scale of time depends on the conditions of the cooling and consolidation of planetary nebulae, with respect to which we must be content to remain in perpetual ignorance; its phenomena are beyond the boundaries of positive science and of real knowledge; it resembles the epoch of myth and fable which, necessarily, it as would seem, must precede the advent of true history and knowledge.

With respect to the third, or historical epoch, we all know what it means; its periods are measured by days, and months, and years, and though its records are sometimes wanting, yet if found, there would be no difference of opinion as to the standard of time with which we ought to compare them.

But what shall we say of the measure of time involved in the second or geological period of the Earth's History? It is a history in which the order and succession of events is recorded, but the standard of time is lost; for no one knows what interval of time is involved in the "duration of a species," or the "deposition of a mile of sediment." On this question geologists divide themselves naturally into two schools, namely: Those who adopt,

as the unit of time, the existence of a species, and those who prefer, as the measure of that unit, the deposition of a given quantity of mud.

In the opinion of the latter, the former class of geologists have greatly exaggerated the duration of the Secondary and Tertiary periods, in consequence of the more rapid change in organic life, which has characterized these latter periods as compared with the Palæozoic epochs. Let any one consider, for a moment, the analogous case of history. Let him compare the Empire of China with the Republic of Greece. From the time that the three hundred Spartans, under Leonidas, fought at Thermopylæ, to defend their country against the innumerable hosts of the Persians, to the time when Demosthenes uttered his Philippics, a period of somewhat less than three hundred years elapsed. Let any man having a heart to feel, who can understand history, and poetry, and the ideas which great men are capable of giving to their descendants, compare these three hundred years of Greece's history, with the three thousand years by which the great Empires of Japan and Cathay reckon their ages, and let him say to which would he give the greater importance. The answer would be obvious. In like manner, I believe, the greater interest that these recent deposits possess induces us to regard them in such a way as to lead us to magnify their importance, and to transfer to them a dignity which can not spring from the length of time to which they can lay claim. I do not mean to say that a mile of mud and a mile of limestone represent the same period of time; but that a mile of limestone in the older world represents the same period—as far as we can judge—as a mile of limestone does in the later periods of the world; and when we find in the older periods five species per mile of limestone, and in the later ages fifty, we are not therefore to conclude that the period of the one is not of equal duration with that of the other. The most recent information we possess on the subject leads me to the conclusion that the following scale represents the thickness, and, as I believe, consequently, the duration of the four great periods into which the strata of the globe may be divided:

Geographical Miles.

I. The Azoic Strata.....	4 833
II. The Lower Palæozoic.....	5 082
III. The Upper Palæozoic.....	4 458
IV. Secondary and Tertiary.....	4 512

18 885

During the periods represented by these eighteen miles of strata, the creative force that produced species of animals was very variously exercised.

From this representation it is evident that the crustaceans were produced most rapidly at the close of the Lower Palæozoic period; that the reptiles reached their maximum of development at the beginning of the Neozoic period; that the fishes enjoyed two maxima of rapidity of production, one at the commencement of the Upper Palæozoic, and the other at the commencement of the Neozoic period; and that the mammals approached their greatest rate of production at the close of the Neozoic, and commencement of the Historical period, just previous to the creation of man.

These represent the zoölogical importance of the crustaceans, fishes, reptiles, and mammals at each period of the earth's history.

These four classes of animal life have never coëxisted in equal amount on the surface of our globe, but have reigned in succession, as the dominant races that ruled their fellows, both by force of numbers and by virtue of superior bulk and intelligence.

The crustaceans attained their maximum of development in the Lower Palæozoic period, attaining a proportion of twenty-four per cent, or nearly one fourth of the coëxisting species.

The fishes succeeded the crustaceans—not *gradatim*, but *per saltum*—and in the Upper Palæozoic period attained a proportion of twenty-four per cent of the coëxisting species.

A glance at the crustaceans and fishes is sufficient to show that the law prevailed in the history of the earth, that a dethroned race never again acquired the ascendancy it once had. The crustaceans and fishes both made an attempt to resume their former position at the commencement of the Neozoic period, but appear to have been rapidly extinguished

by the dominant reptiles, who at that time rose to eminence, and reached the high proportion of twenty-four per cent of the coëxistent species.

The zoölogical importance of the reptiles rapidly declined, and they were succeeded in the government of the world by the mammals, which finally attained a preponderance of twenty-two per cent at the period immediately preceding the creation of man—the last, the most powerful, and the most cruel of the successive races that have governed the globe since it was first inhabited. It appears, therefore evident, that four successive races have lived and ruled upon this globe; that they have succeeded each other abruptly, and not by transition of one species into another; and that their power was partly due to numbers, and partly due to superior size and force.

Thus, four successive aristocracies lived and flourished on the surface of this globe before "God created man in his own image" to people it and to have dominion over all. It appears that these aristocrats, the crustaceans, fishes, reptiles, and mammals, each attained, in that order of succession, their maximum degree of development and importance. They lived, they flourished, they had their day; they declined again, and are past and gone as much from us as the dynasties of Assyria, Babylon, Greece, and Rome. Now will any man who reads the history of the human race tell us that Assyria produced Babylon; that Babylon produced Alexander; that Alexander made Cæsar? He would be regarded as a lunatic who would hold such a doctrine as this. And are we to believe that the crustaceans, fishes, reptiles, and mammals, because they have lived and tyrannized in succession on the earth, followed from each other by a law of descent? That the crustaceans produced the fishes; that the fishes gave birth to the reptiles; that the reptiles were developed into the mammals. No—the reptiles are not born of the fishes; the mammals are not sprung from the reptiles; and God forbid that man should be born of an ape. Base, degraded, and cruel as he is, he was once made in the "image of God," and carries with him in his degradation the ineffaceable lineaments of his parentage.

If the doctrine of the "pithecoïd origin of man" were true, we should expect to find the reign of the mammals culmi-

nating in man as their ultimate and highest development; but their rule is over and gone; for even adding man, who represents but a single species in number, they have fallen from twenty-two to five per cent of the coëxistent fossilizable species, and have lost their ascendancy as completely as the crustaceans, the fishes, and the reptiles, whom they have succeeded, but from whom they are not descended.

Who, then, and what, are we, who now govern the globe with a more absolute and monarchical sway than the other dynasties that have preceded us? We govern as the viceregents of God, made in his image, and in no respect more so than in this: that we rule, not by dint of numbers, not by virtue of superior size or strength, but by the power of intelligence, which enables us, though only a single species, to subjugate the globe.

Thus, then, it happens, that although man, representing only a single species, could never appear as the monarch of the globe, yet his dominion will be proved to future geologists by another and equally certain test, namely, the universal distribution of his remains. Every land on the globe and the floor of every sea will contain the fossil traces of the last and greatest race that ruled our globe, by virtue of intelligence, and not of brute force, until the sound of the dread tramp shall call upon the sea and land to give up their dead, and the monarch created in the image of God shall be summoned to give account of the manner in which he discharged his appointed trust. In this rapid sketch of life upon our globe it is impossible to enter into details; but there are some points so striking in relation to the reign of the fishes and that of the mammals, that I shall briefly mention them.

Not only did the species of Fishes at their maximum attain from twenty to twenty-five per cent of the coëxistent fossils, but at their maximum of numbers they possessed the maximum of organization and of force. The Placoid and Ganoid fishes, now scarce among us, and represented by the Shark and Sturgeon as their largest types, constituted in the newer Palæozoic period the whole of the dominant race of fishes. The inferior orders of fishes, now so familiar to us, did not come into existence until the rulers of their race had lost their sovereignty, and

resigned the government of the world into the hands of more powerful and more intelligent successors.

No doubt whatever can exist as to the superiority of the Placoids and Ganoids, as evidenced by their occasional ovo-viviparous reproduction; by their reptilian heterocercal tails, and by the splendid armor of enameled bone in which the Ganoids were cased. Clad in this defensive armor from snout to tail, these mailed monarchs swam at large through the Palæozoic seas, tyrannized over the inferior orders of creation, and asserted for themselves the prerogative of governing the world. One great peculiarity of these fishes is, the remarkable position of the eye. When you catch a mackerel, herring, or salmon, you will find, upon taking it from the water, that its mild, round eyes look at you with reproach, and seem to say: "Why have you taken me? What have I done? What mischief have I committed?" If you draw a dog-fish from the water, you will find a totally different meaning in his lurid, pale-blue eyes, which are placed in a sinister position, with an ugly and dangerous expression, at the angle of the mouth, as if so placed, to enable him to judge the flavor of a portion of your flesh. Such was the ugly but unmistakably kingly mark of these great monarch fishes.

Not only is the degradation of the fishes proved by the high organization they possessed when they ruled the world; but it is confirmed by the special creation of the Pleuronectoids (or flat-fishes) immediately previous to the creation of man. This is a fact with which most educated persons are familiar, but which, in relation to the history of life, can not be too frequently insisted upon.

Let us examine this sole, condemned to swim upon its side, and to prevent its realizing in this position the Irish definition of a squint, "one eye skimming the pot and the other eye up the chimney," it has been made to undergo a curvature of its spine and a corresponding distortion of the face, so as to bring both eyes to the left or uppermost side to protect him from the numerous enemies surrounding him. No person examining the structure of this sole, and observing its crooked spine and distorted eyes, can regard it as any thing but a testimony from nature; or rather, I should say, from the God of nature, to the

fact, that he fashions these creatures according to his will, and endows them with faculties—some higher, some lower; but all according to his good pleasure, and that the arbitrary character of will is not to be taken from him as one of his prerogatives. It was no blind freak of nature that produced, in the first instance, the greatest fishes, and afterward allowed them to deteriorate, as if their Creator had made them and afterward forgot them. I can not believe the cold philosophy that would ascribe this to chance. I believe that he who made them knew what he was about; that he created them for the purpose of illustrating to us, his thinking creatures, the inexhaustible resources of his intelligence, the Almighty power of his will.

If the deterioration of the fishes, from the time that they governed the world, to the present day, is remarkable, that of the Mammals is scarcely less so, and it appears to have taken place in a much shorter space of time.

In proof of this deterioration, I need only appeal to the diminutive Sloth of South-America, the representative of the gigantic Mylodon, measuring upward of eleven feet in length, which sought and found its leafy food, not like its dwarfed successor, by climbing, but by uprooting trees—and even this gigantesque sloth sinks into insignificance in presence of his cotemporary, the Megatherium, measuring upward of eighteen feet in length, and provided with a muscular cylindrical tongue, capable of licking the branches off the largest trees.

In like manner the little *Armadillo* of South-America, was represented during the reign of the Mammals, by the gigantic *Glyptodon*, measuring nine feet in length; and the kangaroos of Australia are the degenerate successors of the great Diprotodon, a specimen of the lower jaw of which, lately brought to Dublin by Captain Vigors, belonged to an animal that must have weighed between fifteen hundred pounds and sixteen hundred pounds. Numerous other examples of deterioration in size, ferocity, and numbers, will occur to the geological reader—such as the elephants, rhinoceroses, mastodons, and bears of Europe and America, whose extinction, as is proved by recently discovered remains of man in France and England, was hastened, if not altogether occasioned by the

arrival on the globe of the last and only monarch who was to govern, like his Maker, by intelligence, and not by force.

It has often struck thoughtful men, among the ancients, why that wonderful faculty of intelligence, which enables us to rule the largest brutes—the elephant, hippopotamus, and rhinoceros of the globe—why that faculty should not reside in the larger animals, but in an unarmed and apparently helpless creature: it is to show us that the faculties and powers which the Creator gives, are not to be measured by size; that those things which appear of little value, such as modesty, humility, gentleness, and intelligence, are, in the sight of Him who knows all things, of greater worth than the more sensible, more brilliant, and more powerful attributes of larger though less gifted creatures. This same lesson is written in the reign of the Mammals, those monarchs that lived before us, and which are now gone and past. It may be a matter of dispute when their reign began, and when it ended; however, it is clear that, sooner or later, Man has superseded them, and it appears to me equally clear that he has dethroned them, because he is not of them, nor descended from them. The Mammals do not culminate in man, for their zoölogical supremacy is gone. Let not any sciolist presume to tell us, that when Hanno's sailors slew with their bows and arrows, and afterward skinned, the horrible gorillas of the West Coast of Africa, that they mistook them for men, and were guilty of murder—they were no such fools—and it has been reserved for our modern naturalists to regard those ugly brutes as their ancestors. I admit that the gorilla is a larger, stronger, and more ferocious brute than I am, but "give me a little time," as Bishop Butler says, give me time to combine with a few unarmed, ignorant creatures like myself, and I will destroy fifty millions of these brutes. All we require is time; therefore, mere size, mere force, can not govern the world which is now ruled by a creature "made

in the image of God," who has dethroned those monarchs, and in all probability banished many of them from the globe; whose reign will be as permanent as the Creator's will who produced him.

In the controversy, as to the origin of the human race, that now occupies the naturalist's spare moments, the combatants naturally take one side or the other, according as their sympathies are with reason, intelligence, and thought; or with the objects of sense and nature that surround us—and it would seem that the more important question of the future of the human race is involved in this dispute. If this be so, the question is decided easily and finally against the "pithecoïd origin of man," in the mind of every Christian philosopher.

It would indeed appear to be the height of folly and of bad logic, to claim for man a miraculous future, such as the resurrection of his race would be; and, at the same time, to assign him a natural origin, by descent from the humbler races that have ruled the globe before him.

Let those whose minds have been dwarfed by the exclusive study of some minute branch of the great tree of knowledge, defend such paradoxes—we prefer to cast in our lot and faith with the great Hebrew warrior-king, whose theory of the origin of man, suggested by the study of the phenomena of nature, is contained in the words which will last while the world itself endures:

"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor; thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet; all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea."

O Lord! Our Governor, how excellent is thy name in all the world.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

A SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE BLACK COUNTRY.

THE Black Country, as it is picturesquely and not inaptly termed, is a sight well worth seeing. Black and grimy though it be, cheerless and unlovely as it looks, it contains within it more elements of material prosperity, a greater amount of mineral wealth, and a more densely populated area than any other equally sized tract of country on the face of the globe. Its entire length, from north to south, is a little more than twenty miles, extending from Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, over Cannock Chase, to Beverton, near Badgley, and its breadth is about ten, Walsall and Wolverhampton being its opposite boundaries. In the daylight it is a region of illimitable chimney-shafts and innumerable furnaces, of miles upon miles of dull, dead brick walls, broken by doors and windows, in which the miners have their dwellings, and where they rear, after their own fashion, their generally large broods of young. Here and there are sparsely scattered better houses, the residences of the masters and factors, but the bettering consists usually in the size of the building and its small plot of brownish-green lawn, and not in any exhibiting of architectural ornamentations or refined taste. Over all these sixty square miles of superficies is spread an amazing net-work of canals and railways, all swarming with motion, all instinct with life. Every factory is connected with some main line of locomotives by its little branch and siding, and every mine has either the same or its miniature wharf, at which the long narrow barges lie and load. Notwithstanding the enormous population you know to be at work, there is a strange absence of noise, and bustle, and motion. Here and there you hear the dull, resonant "thud" of the ponderous hammer, the scream of the escaping steam, or the sullen, continuous rumble of the huge three-horse wagon, as it rolls cumbrously over the hard road; but there is none of that torrent-like roar of restless, unrestrainable life; that whirl and clash and comminglement of human

beings that you find in the great thoroughfares of London, or a large manufacturing city. The people are under ground, moiling and toiling, digging and delving, blasting and excavating. There they all are, fathoms deep from the sun's light and the glad air of heaven, and not a sound ever struggles up to earth to betray their whereabouts.

At night the scene is changed. So soon as the shades of evening drop darkling down, the country becomes a conflagration. As far as the eye can reach, volumes of lurid flames, issuing from a thousand furnaces, shoot up the empyrean. Long lambent tongues of fire strike their pointed tongues into the night, and transform it into a monster. For twenty miles round the horizon glows with fervent heat; the stars wax pale and lustreless, and even the silver moon is shorn of half her beauty. Earth becomes an inferno, stricken with a terrible beauty—the firmament is a red-hot roof. The very soil is alight with innumerable fiery horrors, and its every acre sends up to heaven its separate tribute of lurid glory. A journey by night through this strange region is a spectacle that can never be forgotten. It is a type of the nether hell, and the end of the world seems at hand!

They are not a bad race, take them all in all, these miners. Rude and uninformed as they are, they are industrious and honest. Good fathers and husbands are they, after their own uncouth fashion, and very many of them "fear God," while a still larger number "honor the king." Saturday is, to a certain extent, a day of rest, and it is then that they throw aside the pick and shovel, and in the company of their wives, if they have them, betake themselves to the nearest town, to lay in their weekly stores, and enjoy their brief hour of relaxation. It is to this town we propose to transport our readers—the hour being eight o'clock, and the evening cold, but seasonable for the time of the year.

Our borough is situated in the very heart of the "Black Country." For miles on all sides the eye rests upon nothing but the picture we have endeavored to represent. A few green fields may be seen here and there, at long intervals, and now and again, on the summit of some rising ground, a little wood or a small clump of trees, but these are rare exceptions. The landscape by which we are surrounded is brick and mortar, with mounds of coal and mountains of "slag," chimneys and furnace-tops its forestry, and its canopy an ever unscrolled veil of leaden-colored smoke. The market-day here, in its early part, is much like other country towns in its aspect. There is a little more bustle in the street, a more perceptible animation in the shops, but nothing more. As the day declines, the market-place, which is an oblong square of considerable dimensions, begins to lose its normal character of dignified inaction, and to start into life and bustle. All round it, closely impinging upon the footways, are rising up long rows of stalls, of every size and dimension, while at right angles across its breadth other rows are being erected, with a rapidity the result of lengthened skill and experience in the architects. Each of these stalls is brilliantly lighted with gas, supplied by the local company. The entire square is permeated with special mains, and each stall being provided with one or two branch pipes, as the case may be, its proprietor screws it on to the opening in the main, and secures a brilliant illumination over his motley wares for the evening. It has now grown dark, and the square becomes peopled—nay, we should rather say choked up with a dense mass of human life. From all the neighboring villages come trooping in, on foot or by rail, droves of men and women, overflowing with pent-up spirits, and determined to "make a night of it." The uproar is deafening. The loud defiant shout of the venders, the shrill treble of the female bargainers, (in nine cases out of ten the wives carry the bag and make the purchases,) the clamorous appeal of the "touters," the prolonged bellow of the Cheap Jack, the wild yell of the peripatetic auctioneer, as he commends the unsurpassable cheapness and excellence of his wares, the hearty, outspoken recognition of mutual friends, and now and then a full-volumed war of words, (but never a fight,) all combine one grand over-pouring diapason that never ceases

for a moment, and to which "naught but itself can be its parallel."

Let us take a glimpse at these stalls—this multifiform conglomerate of wood and canvas—this artificial city of evanescent commerce. The central stalls are the most pretentious. They are large and roomy, with four or more streaming gas lights, and, generally speaking, have several attendants at the well-filled counters, if we may so term them. The main street, so to speak, is the bazaar of the fish-dealers, and an extraordinary sight it is. As a rule the miners are fond of fish. In all inland places this is generally the case, but in the mining districts it is especially so, and as long as it can be procured, in season or out, fish forms the staple of many dinners. It is a fact, too, not less noticeable, that inland towns are, for the most part, better supplied in this article than seaports, Birmingham, for instance, having a much better selection than Brighton, and Cheltenham or Manchester than Hull or Plymouth. The reason is explicable enough. In our borough it is only the coarser fish that are to be met with. Turbot and salmon are things unknown, but in their stead plaice and cod, eels, sprats, and herrings abound in shoals. Plaice are the most plentiful, and are most affected. The price at the present season is one and a half pence per pound, and the quantity that changes hands is almost incredible. Cod, somewhat limp and sickly-looking after its long journey, is to be had for three pence; soles, very small, and by no means attractive, are four pence; sprats, of fairish quality, one pence; while herrings in multitudinous array are shouted out at "foive vor thrappence—twenty vor a shillin," and go off with astonishing rapidity. Hillocks of mussels and mountains of whelks are piled up to the extreme right and left of the fishy expanse, and excite juvenile longings to a frantic extent. Scores of coal-begrimed, smock-clad boys, who for five days out of the week never see the face of day, cluster eagerly round the latter dainty, and with sparkling eyes recklessly invest their hard-earned half-penny in a purchase, stentoriously demanding a pin into the bargain, which useful implement indeed forms a part of the contract, and is instantly supplied from a well-filled paper by the vendor. To each stall is attached an operator, whose special vocation is curious. He is armed with a saber-shaped knife, about

two feet long, sharp in the edge and heavy in the back. So soon as a purchase, say of plaice, has been completed, it is handed over to him. Placing it on the board before him, he makes one keen deep incision above the gills, whips in his fingers, and extracts the entrails. With four rapid and unerring strokes he slices off the head, the fins, and the tail, crimps the fish deftly, from top to bottom, doubles it up neatly, and drops it gently into the expectant basket or handkerchief, in full preparedness for the culinary operation of the morrow. An unaffected fellow he is and takes no pride in his dexterity, though he evidently feels the importance of his mission, and is not to be laughed at with impunity.

Leaving the ichthyological department, we find ourselves at a step in another department, where pastry and confectionery pork pies and polonies, sugar, barley, and peppermint candy form the *summum bonum* of enjoyment. A very attractive collocation of saccharine comestibles is here displayed, and the consumption is enormous. Many of these combinations we have met with before, and appreciate their delectability to the full, while with a host of others we have never made acquaintance, and eschew them accordingly. They are odorous of hog's lard, and present anteriorly a sinister aspect; but they are cheap for the money, and their popularity is unquestionable. There be strong stomachs in these parts, and good digestion waits on appetite. Raw sausages are devoured as readily as fried, and "rendered" lard is not unfrequently gobbled up as a delicate tidbit. Passing beyond this savory scene, we find ourselves in the ruck of miscellaneous encampments. Here there is not a single conceivable thing that the working man requires in the way of food, clothing, or lodging, that is not ready to his hand. Stalls for hats, stalls for shoes and boots, for ready-made raiment, for brushes, combs, and such like gear, for beds and bedding, for hardware and ironmongery of every description, for all the innumerable mysteries of the feminine *toilette*, for bacon and cheese, butter and eggs, poultry dead and alive. Nothing is lacking. Each has its separate department, each its special locality, and each its crowd of shrewd and shrewish customers. Upon the bare pavement are strewn delf and crockery by the half-acre; cups and saucers, (the willow pattern pre-

dominating,) plates, bowls, jugs, and teapots—most of them of glaring and supernatural gorgeousness of coloring—are here in myriads which might baffle the science of arithmetic to enumerate; and the wonder is, as with the fly in amber, to discover "how they got there." A special goods train would seem inadequate for their conveyance; and we fear the number of killed and wounded in the transport, judging from the pile of breakages deposited out of pure bravado in the midst, is more than a full average. Here is an elderly costermonger, having before him a large barrow or hand-cart, in which reposes an immense lot of amorphous articles, which to the outward vision look not unlike thick pancakes, but from the sauce dealt out with them, vinegar and pepper, we have our doubts. It is, however, in extensive request by the youngsters, who are as greedily attracted by it as rats by rhodium, and its disappearance is astonishing. On propounding, rather nervously, a query to the benevolent custodian, we found the edible resolving itself into fried flat fish, exuberantly clothed in lard, and plentifully dusted with coarse flour. To us it did not seem to be a thing upon which a decently organized stomach would care to expend its capabilities; but the boys of our borough have no such scruples, and swallow their half-penny supper with an innocent unsuspicion, and a lively appreciation of the condimental vinegar and pepper, which spoke volumes for their faith in the salubrity of the morsel and the unsophisticated condition of their digestive organs. Not far from this fascinating barrow-knight, we light upon the universal quack doctor. His stall is decorated with bottles of all dimensions, some containing tape-worms of frightful longitude, "met with, gents, in the course of my practice," other holding suspicious-looking fluids of twenty different colors, some of them prettily enough tinted, others of so sanguinary an appearance, that even the pangs of gout would vanish at their presence, and the agonies of *le doloureux* be clean forgotten. At intervals he regales his open-mouthed audience with a curt but sententious lecture, in which the consummate ignorance and crass stupidity of the licensed practitioner are vehemently denounced, and his own infallibility defiantly proclaimed. He has lots of customers, especially for pills, of which a good-sized bushel-measure stands

upon his board, and as he sells cheap, and hesitates at no lie to enhance the merits of his *nostrums*, his stock is speedily exhausted, while he chuckles in his sleeve at the gullibility of the simple Simons who do him reverence.

But it would be endless to particularize the amazing variety of commodities on show to-night. Mounds of burly potatoes, stacks of vegetables from pot-herbs to parsnips, literally litter the streets, while of oranges and apples their numbers are legion, and impel the conviction that the crops of Sicily, Malta, and Spain must have been prodigious. Garden-seeds, too, of all the commoner sorts, are here in profusion, and the collier and the miner with a poor little patch of ungrateful soil, have here full scope for the development of their amateur tastes. Peas with fifty high-sounding names allure him to purchase; and what between the merits of "Queen of England," "Marvelous," "Ne plus ultra," "Champion," and "Perfection," he ceases to have a choice of his own, and resigns himself in desperation to the dealer, who knows as little about them as himself. Onion seed is in large demand, as are lettuce and parsley; but beans are not much appreciated, neither are carrots nor parsnips. All, however, are more or less bought up, and the stall-keeper's sturdy little pony wends his homeward way lightened of the burden with which he plodded so wearily into market.

The evening is by this time far spent. Sight-seeing and bargain-making are well nigh at an end. Here and there already a stall is closed, and others are about to follow suit. It is high time to be making for home, and "Missis" has now to look for her "Maester," if she would reach her own ingle by midnight. But how is she to pick him up in such a wilderness of people? Never fear, good reader. She knows his favorite haunt, and darts upon her reluctant victim as unerringly as the hawk upon its prey. Our borough is infested with public-houses and beer-shops far more than are good for it in body or soul. To one of these, however, she repairs, and there she captures her man, and leads him triumphantly away, not, indeed, without remonstrance, though neither unkind nor prolonged. A creditable trait this, which it pleases us to record; for these places are very alluring to an over-worked man, and we should hardly wonder if the attempt to ferret him out

were angrily resisted. In these he meets friends and acquaintances, and there is set forth every appliance to gratify his senses and steep his faculties in forgetfulness. Each of these houses is flashingly decorated. Mirrors adorn the walls, and flash back the gleams of blazing gasaliers and gleaming crystal. Gilding and painting are lavishly displayed, and sensuous attractions reign supreme over all. In most of the better class—perhaps it might be said in all, without exception—music is provided as an unerring source of allurements, and it is somewhat remarkable that in very many cases, where love of drink or of good company assert no influence, the popular fondness for harmony presents an irresistible excuse for entrance. Some have a regular staff of male and female vocalists, many of whom would do no discredit to more ambitious localities; others trust to instrumental performances alone. In this one we find a fiddle and violoncello, in that a harp and piano; others sport "the musical glasses;" and in not a few are to be heard the euphonious strains of the Scottish bagpipe. The orchestra is mounted on a low platform in one corner of the room, and there they continue for hours together tickling the ears of the groundlings, while occasionally Jack or Bill, Joe or "Tammias," join in with a herculean bellow, and mark their appreciation by an uncouth jig or an elephantine caper. It is a sad pity to see so many of these strongholds of vice and waste in our borough. You meet them at every step, and it is mainly through them that the mining populations have acquired a character for drunken and unthrifty habits. Beer is the staple drink; but rum, gin, and whisky have many admirers, especially on cold or wet nights, when "maester" prescribes for himself two or three strong doses, just, as he says, "to warm un."

It is now verging upon twelve, and all parties set their faces homeward. Our "gudewife" has brought away her man, as have hundreds of others also, and every outlet of the town has its crowd of departing visitors. The broad road leading to the railway station is especially thronged, and the terminal approaches are well-nigh blocked up. Inside all is life and light. Station-masters, ticket-takers, and porters are on the alert. The engine puffs, and pants, and waxes impatient. All drop gradually into their seats, a shrill whistle, and the monster train glides

slowly from out the arched platform into the night, and is seen no more. The lights are put out, the weary officials look up and proceed not reluctantly to their homes, and the station so lately instinct with life and bustle, is now as still and deserted as a city of the dead. The market-place, too, is voiceless and asleep. Profound darkness, only broken by the hazy glimmer of a gas-lamp, reigns around. The stalls are mostly taken down, and the motley contents removed, and there re-

mains for the solitary spectator only the hushed square, the fierce glow of the heavens overhead reflected from a thousand furnace-fires, and the memory of the busy scene so lately enacted before him. All else has vanished as a dream; but as he thoughtfully betakes him to his rest, he fails not to dwell upon the varied peculiarities and localized phases of habit and manners which go to illustrate "a Saturday night in the Black Country."

From Chambers's Journal.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

GLORIOUS summer weather has been favorable to floral exhibitions; and whatever there may be of art or of science in the culture of flowers, has had full exemplification, during the past few weeks in the Royal Gardens at Kew, the newly-opened Gardens of the Horticultural Society, and the Botanic Garden in the Regent's Park. Rhododendrons in full bloom under a tent are very beautiful; but some people prefer the display of magnificent foxgloves in Kensington Gardens. A curiosity of vegetation was shown at the closing meeting of the Linnean Society—tall tassels of silica growing from a lump of petrified sponge. The tassels are composed of slender thread-like stalks, springing from a sheath, beautifully transparent and so light, that they tremble like gossamer at the slightest movement. It is a remarkable instance, so to speak, of mineral vegetation.

The "Surrey side" of London is making a demonstration in favor of establishing a museum within its own limits, as a means of education for that division of the metropolis. Government is to be asked to give ten thousand pounds, and twice as much more is to be raised by contributions. We shall be glad to hear of the success of the project; but let us remind the promoters, that something more is needed besides a proper house, and a collection of noteworthy things, natural or artificial; which is such a spirit of manage-

ment as shall best accomplish the object in view—the diffusion of useful knowledge.

Now that Professor Max Müller's *Lectures* are published as a book, readers at a distance, who had not the privilege of hearing them delivered, will be able to acquaint themselves with the present condition of the science of language, and a highly interesting branch of study. Perusal of the *Lectures* will discover to many a significance and importance in words which they were never before aware of. A professorship of epigraphy and Roman antiquities has just been established at the College of France by command of the Emperor. It is only of late years that the study of inscriptions has become a real science; and if as a science it can be turned to the advancement of knowledge, then the new professor may do some good. The study has now its principles, rules, and methods, as many published works sufficiently testify; among which, Dr. Bruce's volume on *The Roman Wall*, and the handsomely illustrated books on Roman camps and stations in Northumbria, brought out at the cost of the Duke of Northumberland, are especially remarkable. We know, moreover, what has been accomplished by Rawlinson and Layard, and by Dr. Hincks, of Dublin; and that the subject is not exhausted, is proved by the broad folio volume of cuneiform inscriptions just published by the Trustees

of the British Museum. The Academy of Berlin are publishing a collection of the inscriptions of the Roman empire, going back to the first years of Christianity.

The Royal Academy of Sciences at Munich have lately put forth a series of works on the earliest discovery of America, printed from heretofore unnoticed originals, and accompanied by large maps, which curiously exemplify the geographical knowledge of the time in question. And there has been printed in New-York a translation of a rare and remarkable tract, which first appeared in 1494 or 1495, written by Nicolo Scillacio, a Messinese, on the second voyage of Columbus to America. Little by little our knowledge of that great discovery widens.

Captain Jervois, commandant of the military convalescent establishment at Yarmouth, has delivered a lecture at the United Service Institution, on Recreations as a means of health for the army, showing the deterioration, bodily and mental, brought on by want of sufficient occupation, and the benefits arising from rational means of recreation. He advocates the introduction of recreation-rooms in all barracks, hospitals, and camps, with dominoes, draughts, chess, billiards, and other games, excepting cards, and in these rooms he would allow the men to smoke and have tea and coffee. At Hong-kong in 1851, and at Yarmouth in later years, he has found the most favorable results follow from offering to the men a resource which many were prepared to accept at once, and which many others preferred, after a little experience, to their usual dissipations. He would have recreation-marquees for troops in camp at home, or abroad on active service; and argues that though the marquees would be an additional burden, there would be a counterbalancing diminution of hospital baggage. The Captain shows, moreover, that it is bad economy to aim at producing cheap soldiers, inasmuch as, like other cheap things, they soon become unserviceable.

Another lecture, *On an Improved System of Ship-building*, delivered by Mr. G. R. Tovell, at the same institution, will commend itself to merchants and persons interested in navigation, for it shows that speed and capacity for stowage are possible, and have been accomplished. Accepting Mr. Scott Russell's proposition, that "a good ship should have the easiest form to go ahead, and the most difficult

to get to leeward," Mr. Tovell takes the salmon's head and shoulders as the model for the "fore-body" of his ship, and the hinder part of the swan for the "after-body;" and it is found in practice, that while the circular form gives great strength—there being little or none of that creaking noise usual in ships—a vessel built on the improved system will behave better in a gale of wind, and sail faster in any weather, than a vessel built on the ordinary system. When deeply laden, the improved vessels sail better than when light, for the reason that they are then longer at the water-line, and that below the water-line, no portion of the timbers is straight. Straightness in the sides of a ship, says Mr. Tovell, "is a hindrance to speed." Moreover, besides first-rate sailing qualities, and ability for scudding or lying-to, and other operations appreciated by mariners, the improved vessels cost less than others to build, because "they require less curb in their timber, less labor to bend the planks into shape, and no steam for the bending." The captain of the *Laughing Waters*, a swift ship, reports: "I can, now I am used to her, make her do any thing but speak."

Dr. Frankland has been investigating the effects of atmospheric pressure on flame, carrying out a course of experiments which may be said to have been begun on the top of Mont Blanc in 1859, by observing that a candle burnt at that elevation consumed less of its substance, and was less luminous than when burnt at Chamonix. In his trials with coal-gas, he finds that a quantity of gas which gives a light equal to that of one hundred candles when the barometer marks thirty-one degrees, yields the light of eighty-four candles only when the barometer falls to twenty-eight degrees. Hence we see that ordinary atmospheric fluctuations have a noticeable effect on illumination; and, in so far as experiments have been carried with a higher pressure than that of the atmosphere, it appears that the same law prevails.

Certain medical men of Manchester have been studying the effect of atmospheric changes in another way—namely, the influence of the changes on disease—and they find a marked relation between the fluctuations of health in that great town, and the rise and fall of the barometer, and increase or decrease of humidity.

Fevers, and especially scarlatina, are most likely to prevail when the atmosphere is damp; represent diarrhœa by a curved line, and it immediately begins to ascend as the thermometer rises above sixty degrees, mounting rapidly with increase of heat, and immediately sinking as the temperature falls below sixty degrees. The reverse is shown in diseases of the lungs and throat; in these cases, the curve rises as the temperature falls. Thus far, the inquiry only confirms popular theory on the subject; but there is no doubt that if all the meteorological elements were embraced, and the inquiry carried on over large districts simultaneously by competent observers, who would compare the state of public health with the prevalent winds, the electricity of the atmosphere, and its chemical condition, and with the rain and amount of moisture generally; if this were done, results of importance to sanitary science would not fail to be arrived at. Those readers who wish for more information on this subject, may find it in a paper by Messrs. Ransome and Vernon, published in the *Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester*.

At the last meeting of the Geological Society, a paper was read by the Rev. R. Everest, "On the Lines of Deepest Water around the British Isles," in which, by tracing the several lines of soundings, he shows that the isles constitute an unequal-sided hexagonal figure, while the lines round Ireland represent a pentagonal figure; and so on, giving other examples from smaller isles. He finds, moreover, some relation between these lines and present geological phenomena, such as dip and other characteristics of strata; and is of opinion that shrinkage is the cause of the special features in question. In England, as also in some continental countries, there are appearances as of "huge polygons broken up into small ones, as if the surface of the earth had once formed part of a basaltic causeway." At the same meeting an account was given of the recent outburst of a volcano near Edd, on the African coast of the Red Sea; and a notice of that terrible earthquake at Mendoza, where eighty-five shocks occurred in ten days, and more than ten thousand persons perished. The effect was felt in the Upsallata Pass of the Cordilleras, for at that elevation travelers met a shower of ashes, and found the way obstructed

by rocks and newly-opened chasms. And at Buenos Ayres, nine hundred and sixty-nine miles from Mendoza, it was observed that the pendulums which were swinging north and south were accelerated, while those swinging east and west were not affected.

The Astronomer-Royal's Report to the Board of Visitors shows that astronomy suffers as well as corn and fruit in unfavorable weather. A plan had been formed for a series of observations of Mars, with a view to the accurate determination of his parallax; but "the weather was unusually bad" in 1860, and the observations could not be made. However, as the Report testifies, good work in abundance was accomplished: "the quasi-permanent existence of a belt inclined to the ordinary belts" was noted on Jupiter; Saturn presented at times "the square-shouldered figure which Sir W. Herschel long ago attributed to him;" time-signals have been, and are sent to many parts of England; the post-office clocks are regulated from the clock at Greenwich; the time-ball at Deal has been regularly dropped by signal from the Observatory; and Mr. Airy constantly bears in mind the desirability of exhibiting daily time-signals at Portsmouth and Plymouth, and hourly time signals at Start Point. These would manifestly be of great use in nautical astronomy. The Ordnance Survey, in which the junction between England and Belgium is to be repeated, has been commenced under direction of Sir Henry James, and after that is complete, steps will be taken to determine the galvanic latitude of Valentia or Lowestoft.

The astronomical world was gratified on the last day of June with the sudden appearance of a comet; generally allowed to be larger than that of 1858, and which, it is believed, would have made a finer show than any in the present century but for the twilight lingering in the midnight summer sky. This bright stranger was observed by Mr. Burder of Clifton on the morning of Sunday, June thirtieth, in the constellation of Auriga, from which it receded in the course of two nights to the muzzle of the Great Bear. It had passed the perihelion on the tenth of June at the distance of seventy-six million of miles from the sun, and in its recession on the twenty-eighth, it had come within thirteen million miles of the earth. The nucleus is described as having had three luminous

envelopes. One observer has announced the probability, that on the thirtieth we were within the luminosity of the comet. At one time, the tail extended over seventy-six degrees of the northern sky. A French astronomer believes that this is the celebrated *Comet of Charles V.*, which appeared in March, 1556, and caused the retirement of that monarch, and the return of which has for the last few years been looked for; but Mr. Hind, whose opinion in such a matter is entitled to the highest respect, affirms it for certain not to be that comet.

It has been ascertained, from many years' observation, that the wind makes a number of revolutions all round the compass in the course of a year, turning usually in the direction of the hands of a watch—that is, from N. to E.S.W., and round to N.; but last year the direction was retrograde, or in the contrary direction—N.W.S.E., and N. Two entire revolutions were made in this direction, and the phenomenon having attracted at-

tention, the observations of past years were examined, and the remarkable fact was ascertained, that there appears to be a seven-yearly cycle in the course of the wind. In 1853, the wind made rather less than two rotations in the retrograde direction; in all the other years, the opposite direction has prevailed. But taking any period of seven years, we find it commencing with a small number of revolutions, then increasing to a maximum, twenty-one times, twenty-three or twenty-four times round the compass, then sinking to a minimum, and rising once more in the following period. On this remarkable fact Mr. Airy observes, supposing always that the septennial cycle be confirmed: "I should suggest, as possible cause, no cycle of actions of external bodies, but a periodical throb of temperature from the interior of the earth. It seems likely that a very small change of superficial temperature might sufficiently influence the currents of air to produce the effect which has been observed."

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE SEA. (LA MER.) From the French of M. J. MICHELET, of the Faculty of Letters, author of a History of France, Love, Woman, The Child, etc. Translated from the latest Paris edition. Pages 405. New-York: Rudd & Carleton, 130 Grand street. 1861.

This is a very interesting and instructive book, "another of Michelet's dreamy volumes," as the *Athenaeum* says, "half-science, half-fancy, with a blending in both of sensuous suggestion. Michelet takes the seas of the world in his hands, manipulates them, invokes their monsters, assembles all their finny droves, gossips with the sirens, sails among the Hyperborean waters with Behemoth, and is on intimate terms with Tennyson's little Shell-King, who lives in a palace with doors of diamond, and wears a rainbow frill, for the admiration of the nations that dwell in his dim, sunken wilderness."

"He discourses upon maritime terrors and beauties, and tells the reader, as a sublime Peter Parley might, that the salt of all the seas, if piled upon America, would spread over the continent a solid, cliff-edged mass, forty-five hundred feet high. There are chapters on sands, cliffs and beaches; on waves; on the anatomy of the sea itself, which resembles 'a gigantic animal arrested in the earliest

stages of its organization; on tempests; on the sympathy between air and water; on the fecundity of the sea, which, were it not self-devouring, would putrefy, according to Michelet, into one solid mass of herring; on fish of every species, and especially on pearls. The Queens of the East, he says, dislike the gleams of the diamond. They will allow nothing to touch their skins except pearls. A necklace and two bracelets of pearls constitute the perfection of ornament. The pearls silently say to the women: 'Love us! hush!' In the North, two dainty countesses love their pearls, wearing them beneath their clothes by night and by day, concealing them, caressing them, only now and then exposing them." The book is pleasant reading.

PHILIP TRAXTER: A Novel Pages 350. New-York: Rudd & Carleton, 130 Grand street. 1861.

This volume comprises forty-two chapters, and the captions of the chapters are nearly all sufficiently marked and definite to constitute the title of a book itself. The scenes are varied in the current incidents of life and the personages or actors on the different panoramas quite numerous enough to keep the mind and attention awake, as the curtains rise and fall.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD: A Sequel to School-Days at Rugby. By the author of *School-Days at Rugby*, etc. Part Second. Pages 430. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

THE literary and reading public will only need to be informed of the title of this book and its author, and that Ticknor & Fields are its publishers. As all of the published books of this house are of a high order and value, we have come to the impression that it is enough to inform the reading public that a certain book has been issued by them, in order to secure a gratifying patronage.

OFFICIAL CELIBACY AT CAMBRIDGE.—While Belgravian matrons are pouring forth their laments in the columns of the *Times*, that eligible suitors do not offer themselves in greater numbers for their daughters, it may be some consolation to match-makers, whether dowager or not, to learn that the course of matrimony is progressing slowly but surely on the banks of the Cam. There are now not less than three colleges at Cambridge, where it has been decided by a majority of the fellows that any one of their number may marry on the condition of vacating his fellowship at the end of ten years from the time of his induction. This decision also, we believe, renders it imperative, at the three colleges in question, that every new-made fellow should vacate his fellowship, whether he marry or not, at the end of ten years. The names of the innovating colleges are Clare, Trinity Hall, and Queen's.—*The Critic*.

NANA SAHIB'S PERSONAL PROPERTY.—The Sub-Treasurer of Fort-William lately inquired of the Government of India as to the future disposal of the jewels belonging to the arch-rebel Nana, which have been lying in his custody for some time past. The above-mentioned jewels consist of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls; gold and silver plate and utensils; dress pieces set with precious stones and pearls, and valued at immense sums of money. As the aforesaid articles have been lying in the Treasury godowns for a long time past, and some of them, such as the dress pieces, may probably be spoiled, early orders were required for their disposal. We do not find any record of the orders given.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN PARIS.—According to the recent Paris census, it appears there are rather more than twenty-three thousand photographers in this city. Some of our cotemporaries, in commenting on this, remark that one likeness-taker to every forty or fifty persons seems a large proportion, and shows that the people of Paris are particularly fond of seeing themselves reproduced upon canvas or paper. It does not follow, however, that the twenty-three thousand photographers are all and always engaged in likeness-taking: far from it: photography is there followed as a branch of fine art; and for many beautiful photographs and stereographs, having nothing to do with the likenesses of the Parisians, we are indebted to the Paris photographers.

A NATIONAL BOOK UNION.—The prospectus of a Book-Union has been issued, headed by known names, such as Layard, Massey, Kay Shuttleworth, W. H. Russell, Trollope, Lucas, Doran, Sala, and others, with Blanchard Jerrold as honorary secretary. The promoters anticipate that "the London Book Union will be to Literature what the London Art Union has been to Art." The prizes will be books, instead of pictures. The first prize will be a

library of the value of three hundred guineas; the second a library of the value of one hundred guineas; and the rest libraries of smaller value. The books can be selected from any catalogues within reach. The large proportion of prizes will be five-guinea libraries. It is the declared object of the promoters to spread their libraries among the working-classes. They therefore intend to receive the subscriptions, of one guinea, in twenty-one shilling installments, payable within the year, at the subscriber's convenience. These installments may be remitted in stamps to the office in London, or paid through a local agent. Every subscriber will receive a copy of a new or standard work of the value of one guinea, and the work for 1862 will be an edition of *Shakespeare*. An act of Parliament is about to be applied for to legalize book-unions on the plan of art-union.—*London paper*.

WASTE LANDS IN BENGAL.—In this district nearly nine millions of acres have been surveyed and reported upon. Thousands of miles, besides, are unexplored. A late letter from Calcutta says: "In this vast extent of waste lands the Government possess a mine of gold. At present they bring in absolutely nothing to the Imperial treasury. The announcement of their sale in fee simple would not only result in a vast accession of ready money to the Government, but in the attraction to uncivilized and uninhabited tracts of those hardy settlers who belong to the same class as those who in all our colonies have acted as the pioneers of civilization. I believe that this matter of the sale of waste lands is now under the consideration of Government, and it is almost certain that the result of that consideration will be favorable. It will be one of the most acceptable measures ever held out to colonists, and it possesses at the same time the advantage of being alike politically and financially sound. This is one of the resources left to the Government of that country which seemed but the other day to be on the verge of bankruptcy."

CULTIVATION OF COTTON IN NATAL.—Experience has sufficiently proved that, with care, 600 pounds of cotton per acre may be obtained in Natal. Many estimates have been made at a much higher figure, but that may be assumed as a fair average. The plant, moreover, continues to bloom for a long succession of years. Sea Island appears to be the description best adapted to the coast, while inferior sorts are better fitted for the cultivation of natives. Coolies having been successfully introduced, the labor question has met with a solution; and if Manchester capitalists are disposed to assist Natal growers in any way, they can not do so more effectually than by importing a number of coolies and distributing them to men of small means on the coast or elsewhere, who will agree to certain terms regarding the repayment of expenses and the guaranteed supply of cotton. This would be a most certain and satisfactory method of insuring the extended growth of the plant. It would open up a remunerative avenue of enterprise to men of small means, who shrink from the costlier responsibilities of sugar-planting, and would render available much useless land.—*Cape and Natal News*.

MR. MILLAIS, the pre-Raphaelite master, has illustrated the collection of stories brought out by Miss Muloch a few years since under the title of *Nothing New*.

A TERRIBLE EXECUTION.—Five o'clock, the hour fixed for the execution of Biron, at length gloomily tolled—and as the last stroke of the great clock of the Bastille sounded, M. de Rumigny, M. de Vitry, Captain of the Royal Guards, and the Lieutenant of Montigny, Governor of Paris, followed by a company of soldiers, entered the chapel. "Monsieur," said one of these personages, "it is time now to descend with us, that you may ascend to God!" The Duke stepped forward with dignity and declared himself ready to follow them. He wore a suit of gray satin, a cloak of black velvet, and carried a hat adorned with white and black plumes. On the green before the Bastille a scaffold had been erected five feet high; it was undraped, and approached by rough steps. Around, troops were drawn up in close rank; while strong bodies of arquebusiers occupied the green under arms. The chapel-bells tolled mournfully; while many prisoners and officials watched the advance of the procession, shedding tears for the approaching miserable fate of so valiant and popular a nobleman. The Duke was received, close to the scaffold, by the provost of the high court, who was on horseback, bearing in his hand his wand. On the scaffold stood the executioner and his assistants, the notary of the high court, and the curé de St. Nicholas. As Biron gazed on these ghastly preparations his fortitude forsook him. He knelt, however, at the foot of the ladder, and thus received final absolution. On rising, the eyes of the unfortunate man wandered wildly round. "Oh!" exclaimed he, pointing to the companies of musketeers—"Oh! for a musket-ball through my body! Is there no mercy?"

He was then assisted to ascend the steps on to the scaffold. The warrant for execution was next produced and read by the notary, Voisin; the Marshal again fiercely denying that he had conspired against the life of the King. Biron then joined in prayer with the curé Magnan. A handkerchief being then given to him by the executioner, he bound it round his eyes and knelt. On hearing the swift step of the headsman behind him, the Marshal started from his kneeling attitude, and tearing the handkerchief from his eyes, exclaimed, "God! is there no pardon—no mercy?" and in his agony Biron commenced repeating rapidly to himself the word, "Minime! Minime!" which was supposed to refer to his confessor at Dijon, a monk of the order of Minimes; who told the Marshal that if Lafu revealed that which they had, with such awful oaths, sworn to keep secret, the fate of the former would be eternal perdition, and that of Biron salvation. Anxious to terminate so harrowing a spectacle, the authorities present conferred together, and calling the executioner, authorized him to bind the criminal, to cut the collar of his doublet, and to force him into the requisite posture to receive the stroke—the former being preliminaries usually adopted, but which in the case of the Marshal, had, at his own earnest prayer, been dispensed with. The face of Biron, however, glared with fury at the approach of the headsman and his assistants, for the terror and excitement of his position were evidently fast depriving him of his reason. "Ah! who dares approach me?" said he. "A finger shall not be laid upon my person! or I swear I will strangle every person present." After an interval of silence, the Marshal called M. Barenton, the officer to whom he had intrusted his message to Rosny, and with a face still vividly suffused, requested him to bind his eyes. Barenton complied; but the Duke again snatched

the handkerchief from his brow, exclaiming: "Heaven! let me gaze on the sky once more!" When the handkerchief was readjusted, Biron called impetuously to the headsman: "Haste! haste!" In a second the sword of the executioner was poised, and just as the unhappy Marshal was again rising, the blow fell, and the head rebounded from the scaffold and dropped into the midst of the horrified spectators. The body was immediately covered with a pall of black cloth: the same evening, at dusk-hour, it was placed in a leaden coffin, and at midnight interred in a vault constructed in the nave of the parish church of St. Paul.—*Miss Freer's Life of Henry IV.*

ANIMAL LIFE IN THE DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN.—Dr. Wallich, who accompanied the Bull Dog as naturalist in the recent survey of the North-Atlantic, for the proposed telegraph line, made a remarkable discovery. Nearly midway between the north of Ireland and Cape Farewell, soundings were obtained of twelve hundred and sixty fathoms. The sounding apparatus, which was of a very perfect description, brought to the surface a large mass of coarse muddy matter, no less than ninety-five per cent of which consisted of the shelly remains of Globigerina, a genus of Foraminifera—thus testifying that the ocean floor at that locality must be paved by countless millions of these animals, some of which were alive. But, more marvelous still, from this great depth, the sounding-line brought up starfish in full activity, radiant with beauty, which probably enjoyed life, though subjected to the enormous pressure of a ton and a half on the square inch. This most interesting discovery shows that no limit of life can be drawn in the sea. It has been found that the air on the summit of Etna, twelve thousand feet above the sea level, abounds with Diatomaceæ; and now the ocean, at a depth of upward of seven thousand feet, and about five hundred miles from Greenland, is found to teem with animals which have hitherto been supposed capable of living only in much shallower water.

A LONG-PROMISED WORK.—To the portion of Mr. Buckle's historical work already published are to succeed two more parts, devoted to the history of Germany and of the United States, and then the book itself, the subject of which is Civilization in England, is to be commenced; and we may probably see the first of it after a lapse of five years from the present time. It need not be said that, if the work itself bears any proportion to the introduction, it can be only under the advantage of an exceptional state of longevity that Mr. Buckle can hope to finish it.—*Manchester Review.*

THE Parthenon is to be restored! That venerable ruin which has for so many centuries mocked the petty triumphs of art from its rocky throne on the Acropolis, is to be remanded back to the age of Pericles—in France! The committee delegated to carry out this scheme is to consist of Prince Napoleon, the Duke of Luynes, the Count of Lobard and others. The modern Parthenon—like the ancient—will be built of pure marble.

A NEW historical work of considerable interest will shortly appear. It will be entitled *A Secret History of the Court of France under Louis XV.* The Editor, Dr. Challice, draws his materials from unpublished documents.



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From the British Quarterly.

HELPS'S SPANISH CONQUEST IN AMERICA.*

THE fifteenth century must always be regarded as one of the most notable and glorious epochs in modern history. The beginning of it found Europe still undisturbed in a slumber so protracted and profound that it might not unreasonably have been feared as the presage of death. By the middle of it she was wide awake, and employing her recruited powers in all manner of arduous activities. At its close, it seemed that "appetite had grown by what it fed on," and her leading nations still pressed forward *per aspera ad ardua*, unresting, insatiable, victorious.

But illustrious as the fifteenth century

* *The Spanish Conquest in America, and its Relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of Colonies.* By ARTHUR HELPS. In Four Volumes. London: John W. Parker & Son. 1855-1861.

must be admitted to have been for its triumphs in almost every department, its chief distinction was in being so preëminently the age of maritime discovery. When Prince Henry of Portugal was born, in 1394, the map of the world, the whole *Orbis Terrarum*, was drawn completely by a few rashly conjectural lines denoting *Ultima Thule*, (Iceland,) Britain, Ireland, Europe, the Mediterranean, with its southern boundary consisting of a cimeter-shaped slice of Northern Africa, the Red Sea, and the greater part of Asia. Thus it will be seen that it had remained without any material additions for a space of fourteen or fifteen hundred years. When Columbus died, in 1506, it included all that it now includes save the fifth continent of Australia and the scattered islands of the Pacific.

It was the fifteenth century, moreover,

which not only added to the map another hemisphere, and about four fifths of the continent of Africa, but which ascertained and corrected innumerable errors in the received configuration and characteristics of the countries supposed to be already known. It assuredly left much to be accomplished by future enterprise; but it claims the distinction of having furnished the first elements of the success of such enterprise. It afforded numerous and invaluable data in natural science. It gave no small part both of their knowledge and their courage to subsequent explorers. It exploded, for example, the fallacy which the most grave and reverend of scholars and philosophers believed true, that to sail from west to east would be an impossibility to a ship out of sight of Europe, as it would be like trying to sail up a mountain-side. It certified the still doubtful successors of Columbus that the variation of the compass was not necessarily a sign of a ship's being abandoned by the saints to the guidance of the devil. It assured the timorous ignorance of Europe that there were parts of Africa besides Algeria and Egypt which were not, as popular belief had taught, inhabited by dragons invincible in mail and terrible in wings and claws. It ascertained that the sea-serpent, leagues in length and monstrous in form, might sometimes be successfully evaded. It proved that the anthropophagi indigenous to north-eastern Asia and to many other parts of the world, were neither quite so numerous nor quite so dreadful as had been supposed; and that, in point of fact, the universal maxim, *Omne ignotum pro mirifico*, though sometimes useful, was often false. Errors and superstitions such as these it is easy enough to laugh at now; but no men could laugh at them who believed they were true, as the world of the early part of the fifteenth century believed.

The man who led the way, and who bore the chief responsibilities in the beginning of this noblest career of conquest, was Prince Henry of Portugal. His claims to this distinction have been so often overlooked, that we feel particularly indebted to Mr. Helps for calling special attention to them, and for showing so well and generously, but also impartially, the strict justice on which they are based. It rejoices us to find that good English blood flowed in the veins of this prince, and to believe that English mettle and

endurance stood him in good stead. On his mother's side he was grandson of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster.

Spain and Portugal were at that time almost always at war with the Moors—the Moors of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries being to the Spaniards and Portuguese what the French of the eighteenth century were described as being to the English—natural and eternal enemies. Of one of the wars Prince Henry saw some little, being present with his father at the capture of Ceuta, in 1415. Ceuta lies opposite to Gibraltar, and was a place of great magnificence and of great commerce. Its Moorish inhabitants and defenders excited the curiosity of the Prince. He wanted to know where they came from, and resolved to try and find out. He suspected, also, that Africa might perhaps not have its southern termination at Cape Nam, a place in the same latitude as the Canary Islands, and that also it would be well to ascertain. He read much in the then scanty library of geographical research, made himself one of the first mathematicians of his age, conversed as much as practicable with sailors and travelers, and at length resolved on sending out an expedition of two vessels, to sail down the west coast of Africa in a southerly direction as far as they could get. They did not get as far even as Cape Nam, but were driven out of their course to the island of Porto Santo, a little to the north of Madeira, and then returned. Year after year, through good report and through evil, the stout-hearted prince persevered, and, after many disappointments and many failures, his captains discovered the Cape of Good Hope, and at length found out the way to India by sea! It is important to note these beginnings in African discovery; they not only added to the mass of known facts, but they have given rise to vast and world-important issues. The minds of Southern Europe were stimulated to unmeasured curiosity, and filled with pride and satisfaction. Men's ears positively tingled at the news. There was not a seaport of Portugal, or Spain, or Italy, or of the Italian States, in which stories of what the great Prince Henry's captains had done, and had seen, were not told and re-told to listeners whose curiosity never wearied, and whose brightening eyes and eager questions gave surety of the desire to follow and the will to learn.

One who thus listened was the youth Christopher Columbus. After receiving the elements of a good education at Pavia, at the age of fourteen he went to sea. He made many voyages, and in the intervals between them occupied himself in the drawing and selling of maps and charts.* He not only stored up all he could learn about Prince Henry and the difficulties and triumphs of his captains, but he was in every sense a student of whatever could give him information or suggestion as to what the world really was. Gradually his noble conception was matured, and after years of strenuous labor and endurance and patience, we all know how it was realized. The story of this has been so often told and re-told, that we may easily be excused from repeating it. It will better consist with our object to give no more than one or two leading dates and facts. The first land discovered by Columbus was the island of San Salvador. He pressed further in a south-westerly direction, and found Hispaniola, which the natives called Hayti. Delighted and exultant, he now made for Spain, and there told the story which fired all men's hearts with the desire of gain, with lust of conquest, or zeal for further information. We find that Hispaniola was made a sort of basis of operations for a long series of successive discoverers and conquerors. From Hispaniola sailed the numerous expeditions of the Spaniards in all directions. Island after island, kingdom after kingdom, was discovered, conquered, occupied, till at length the whole vast territories of the two Americas became the appanage of Spain. These successes were not gained all at once, nor without a great expenditure of European energy and suffering, toil and blood. They called into their highest action the highest virtues and powers of great statesmen, great churchmen, and great soldiers. They also offered a field for the intrusion of soldiers, and churchmen, and statesmen who were very far from great, who were, in fact, very much the opposite of great. There were no human qualities and passions, from the very highest to the very lowest, to which they did not give exercise.

* In the Imperial library at Seville, we saw the identical maps, charts and drawings, which Columbus constructed with his own hand, and used in guiding his ships across the ocean in the discovery of America.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

These discoveries and this series of conquests, consolidated into one conquest, Mr. Helps has made it his task to narrate. It appeared to him there was no sufficiently clear, connected history of it. For it by no means stands in isolation, whether gloomy or splendid, or both, but it has many relations with other things. It needed to be developed, so to speak, both historically and philosophically. Throughout his attempt at this, the author has kept clearly before him one leading idea, and has pursued his long researches, and has presented the result of them with a distinct and specific object, to which the history, both of discovery and conquest, has only been subservient. That object he has carefully stated in his opening observations, and again in his tenth book. And finally, in the twenty-first book, gathering up all the parts of so great and varied a history into one clear conclusion, he reminds us once more, "My purpose has been to describe the intermingling of races, the progress of slavery, the modes of Spanish colonization; and thus, also, to give some insight into the fate of the conquered people, and of that other race, the African, which fully partook the misfortunes of the native inhabitants of America." To any one who will give a moment's consideration to these statements, it is superfluous to say that the task was one of supreme importance, but of supreme difficulty. It is vastly different from the work of the historical picture-painter. It is yet more different from the consecutive narration of events, important as such narrations may be. Dates, (not always accurate,) facts, almanacs, the world was already in possession of. But it had no real history of the conquest, though of fragments of it, some of them of inestimable value, it could count some good half-dozen. That history, written in the spirit of the true philosophy of history, it has now received. After a thorough and painstaking examination of the entire work, it is with unmixed pleasure we record our conviction that Mr. Helps's task has been nobly achieved, and that he has given the world a book which it not only will not willingly let die, but will hold in increasing admiration and honor as one of its most sterling classics.

But splendid as were the successes of the Spaniards, and difficult as it is to turn away from them, it is not to the successes themselves that we desire to call atten-

tion. We think it of much more importance to inquire into that upon which the merits and demerits of the conquerors must ultimately rest, namely, their administration of the conquest. The question was never of greater moment than at present. The ideas of a national conscience, of popular responsibility, of national stewardship, seem to be growing old-fashioned and languid. We need to place them before ourselves in earnest. They require to be inculcated on others. There is no salvation in sophistry, and there is no greatness to be got of that popular Epicurean doctrine which finds its briefest and completest expression in *laissez aller, laissez faire*. When the conquest was completed, or only a quarter completed, the Spaniards seemed to have all the rest of the world under their feet. They had in their hands the key to wealth of all kinds, and to an extent absolutely boundless and incalculable. They might have made themselves masters of the world, and had no indisposition to do so. There was no European power whose territory or whose material resources were a tithe of those in the possession of Spain. Yet the end of the matter was little more than to point a moral! Spain conquered America to furnish the most painful and the most striking illustration which modern times afford of the text we are in no little danger of forgetting—

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a pray,
Where wealth increases, but where men decay."

We see then that a vast empire, or rather a whole continent of empires, has been gained. We pay all honor to the genius and the valor which gained it; but, instead of dwelling on this, we shall make it our business to consider how it was governed.

It must be premised at the outset that the answer to this is of so unsatisfactory a nature that it is difficult not to forget the judge and become the advocate. Indeed, no matter for the conscientiousness with which we endeavor to rid ourselves of prejudice, and to look at the whole with dispassionate judgment, we fear it will be found impossible to present the facts in any language which will not rouse every honest mind to indignation and horror.

Over the mere machinery of the government we shall not think it needful to delay. It was not of the best, nor was it,

perhaps, so good as was obtainable at the time. Without, however, entering into a critical discussion of it, we can not but notice that it was characterized by great simplicity; indeed, it was so simple as to allow of the greatest and most easy abuse. The rule with the conquerors of America and the West-Indies was, that the conqueror installed himself as governor over whatever territories he acquired. This practice was not the result merely of circumstances and usage, but appears to have been recognized as the general principle of Spain before a single rood of the new territory was acquired. Thus, except in special cases, success and promotion went hand in hand. The Spanish monarchs showed their gratitude to the captain whose sword carved out new empire by confirming his authority as their representative and the depositary of viceregal power. He had almost all the powers of a despotic monarch. He gave away lands and labor, and resumed them. He could without trouble banish a turbulent man or behead an offensive one. There were various subordinate officers whom he could summon to his counsels, and, like all other despots, he was obliged to consider to some extent the feelings and wishes of those who, as the executive ministers of his power, might combine to oppose or incommode it.

When a government had become too extensive to be intrusted to a single person, or when there appeared to be sufficient reasons of another kind, the usual practice was diverged from, and the conquered territories were governed by *audiencias*. An *audiencia* was in effect a committee of governors with a president at their head. They were appointed by the reigning monarch, and, like the governors, could be recalled at pleasure. The *audiencia* exercised supreme authority. There was no appeal from its decision except to Spain, and in special cases, not even that. It is manifest that in any case, this privilege of appeal could be used only at great inconvenience and great cost, though we find in practice that it was resorted to less rarely than its difficulty would have led us to expect. For it was not only a resource for a man unjustly treated or illegally sentenced, but it was available for the purposes of faction and ambition. When a governor or an *audiencia* had done, or intended to do, what was contrary to the interests of a

powerful individual, or of a number of individuals, the expenses of a deputation to Spain were easily subscribed, and their advocate was dispatched, not only with carefully prepared instructions but with an eloquent purse. It is one of the evils which seem to be inseparable from absolute government, that it develops and gives free scope to the vices of favoritism. It works by reports over which no checks can be effectual, and hence in no small measure proceeds the proverbial corruption of courtiers. They *are* corrupt, and they always will be corrupt. For they are supposed to have the ear of the king. They can defend or destroy by insinuation alone. A timely sneer from a lord of the bedchamber, an astute remark from a royal fool, an impudent lie from a royal valet, may have, and often has had, more practical effect than the deliberate verdict of a council, or the most elaborate opinion of a statesman. Hence it is only a natural result, that under an absolute government, the right of appeal is used only in extreme cases. It could never be unattended by danger; it might easily result in making bad worse; but in the particular case in question, that of the monarchs of Spain, the danger was materially diminished, and was once or twice obviated altogether by their own religiousness and the zeal with which they repeatedly sought to be guided by the largest and completest inquiry.

It will be noticed, then, that the administration of the Spanish conquest in America was by a machinery of government which, despite all checks and balances, can only be characterized as essentially despotic. It was liable to flagrant abuse, and was abused accordingly, though never consciously so by the monarchs themselves. Their representatives, moreover, were always chosen with much care, though sometimes chosen most ill. The auditors were in some cases all that could be desired, and in other cases were all that could be deplored. But the work appointed them was very difficult. It is to be remembered, not in apology, but in some measure of extenuation, that both governors and auditors sometimes found themselves encompassed by difficulties of the most irksome and trying description, and requiring from him who would subdue them, a delicacy of tact and a consummate skill in management which an in-

dolent man will not use, and which an inferior man does not possess.

But governors and auditors had, to their own loss and the world's misfortune, one infallible resource—the Hercules task might be shirked. Let them, if they found the colonists destroying the colony but disposed to be civil, act on the maxim *Quieta non movere*. The Indians, at least, would give them no trouble. There was no court of appeal for them, unless, possibly, in the Supreme Court of all, and even there the Spaniards could get it all their own way through the specifics of the priests. Then, side with the strongest; back the winners; and you, governors and auditors, shall not only be well spoken of by our friends and correspondents in Spain, but you shall exercise with impunity a good deal of tyranny on your own account, and shall be favorably reported at court for your politeness and compliance.

There is also another circumstance important to be borne in mind. That, in consequence of the great distance from the mother-country, and of the comparative infrequency and difficulty of intercourse, the Spanish colonist in the Indies often contravened the most express orders of the monarch, and indulged without fear in a license which at home he would have shrunk from with abhorrence, and would have regarded as no less impious than dangerous. In Spain the force of a royal edict was unquestionable and irresistible. In America it could be debated and modified, or even wholly suppressed. Like a projectile whose maximum velocity is generated by its discharge, it traversed the Atlantic with a diminishing momentum measured by its progress west of the Escorial, and when, at length it alighted in Hispaniola or Cuba, in Mexico or Peru, it sometimes fell to the ground impotent alike for good and for harm. Thus were the wisest measures on many occasions frustrated, and the worst measures on more than one occasion prevented.

These things remembered, we shall be in a better situation for inquiring how the conquered nations fared at the hands of their conquerors. It is clear that something like government was aimed at; that the Spaniards at home had no idea of Spaniards abroad behaving after the fashion of filibusters or freebooters; and

that they recognized it for their interest to manage with some appearance of firmness, and some pretensions to prudence, their new possessions. To show how this system worked, and what, after the fullest trial, were the results it produced, we think there can be nothing fairer than to concentrate almost the whole of our attention on Hispaniola. Our account of it must necessarily be very imperfect, though it may answer its purpose notwithstanding. For what we design is not to present a history or description of that island, but to show what the Spaniards did with it when they had found it.

Hispaniola was discovered by Columbus in the course of his first voyage, 1492, and was taken possession of by him for the Spanish monarchs of Castille and Leon. Having remained there some time, and having "found such good-will and such signs of gold," he determined to build a fort, and to leave in it a garrison of forty men as a nucleus for an organized Spanish colony. He built it, and called it La Navidad. The poor Indians had been most profoundly impressed by their new friends, by their dignified and martial bearing, by their splendid apparel, their wonderful weapons, their shining armor, their devotions, and their ships. The Spaniards were, on their part, no less favorably impressed by the general character of the natives, though it is clear their sentiments were mingled with a sort of proud pity and disdainful compassion. But about the singular amiability of the Indians there could be no mistake. They behaved with the greatest kindness and respect, and with the greatest hospitality. Columbus himself was quite touched to the heart, he says, and from reading his account we think he had good reason to be. He wrote to Ferdinand and Isabella: "They are a loving, uncovetous people, so docile in all things, that I assure your highnesses I believe in all the world there is not a better people, or a better country; they love their neighbors as themselves, and they have the sweetest and gentlest way of talking in the world, and always with a smile." On setting out for Europe, Columbus carried with him nine of these Indians, besides various specimens of produce, and laid the strictest injunctions on the garrison of La Navidad that they should keep together, should maintain a considerate and becoming conduct towards the natives, and "in short, make

their actions conformable to the idea (which the Indians first entertained of them) that they had come from heaven."

On his return to Spain, we all know how Columbus was received with acclamations that startled the length and breadth of Europe with strangest echoes. Here were truths and facts stranger than all that fiction had invented. In the fullest sense of that now worn-down phrase, it was felt that a veritable New World had been made known.

A Castilla y á Leon
Mudo Nuevo dio Colon.

At a single bound Columbus had attained the summit of fame and splendor. Ferdinand and Isabella welcomed him with the most distinguished honors that could be awarded to a subject of the realm. He rode in public at the King's side, was served at table as a grandee, heard *Te Deums* for his success, and was saluted with "All Hail." His nine Indians, whose wonder and awe were in no way likely to be diminished by the curiosity they excited, or by the splendid pageants with which city after city received Columbus, were treated with uniform kindness, and in due time baptized. Shortly afterward one of them died, and was, we are told by the Historiographer Royal, "the first of that nation, according to pious belief, who entered heaven." It will be well to remember this. To say nothing of the advantage we may find it hereafter, we shall find it important here. It will explain much that would otherwise remain simply horrible and mysterious.

It is sometimes said, nowadays, that moral and religious doctrines of a strictly theoretical character have no influence upon practice. For ourselves we can only say that we have found the contrary, and we can imagine no stronger case to test such a doctrine of philosophy, falsely so-called, than the behavior of Spain to Hispaniola. It furnishes an unmistakable *experimentum crucis*. For the whole Roman Catholic Church of the fifteenth century held, as it professes still to hold, the strictly theoretical doctrine of efficacious grace in baptism; that baptism duly administered was a saving ordinance, an efficacious sacrament. The pious and noble Isabella of truly glorious memory, the cautious Ferdinand, and the devout and magnanimous Columbus believed this as truly and as completely as they believed any thing

soever. They were not like some timid imitators of our own day who make so needlessly obtrusive a profession of receiving the same doctrine, but who append conditions and modifications which render it logically preposterous and practically inane. They believed it just as fully, and, theory as it was, just as practically as they believed that fire gave heat, or water quenched thirst. They exhibited, moreover, a singular example of self-consistency. And as to Columbus in particular, one of the greatest and noblest of men, we can not see that he would have hesitated, or that he ever did hesitate, at any thing whatever to give practical effect to his creed. He was not self-contradictory, but only rather sternly self-consistent, when he resorted to means which we, happening to hold a very different theory on this subject, should have no hesitation in describing as cruelty and treachery in order to capture Indians and get them converted.

We speak of this somewhat fully, because it is of the highest consequence to see that the motives which actuated the Spanish monarchs, and the most illustrious of their servants, were in large measure of a religious character. The proof of this contained in these volumes is manifold and sufficient. And that they did things which we and our readers should characterize as being very irreligious, is not an objection relevant to the fact, but only to the view taken of the fact. Thus, when Columbus set forth on his second expedition, he carried with him a paper of most careful and benevolent instructions, in which he is specially commanded to do what his own heart so strongly prompted, namely, "to labor in all possible ways to bring the dwellers in the Indies to a knowledge of the Holy Catholic faith." He is to make them presents, and "to honor them much." The whole armada he commands is charged to deal "lovingly" with the Indians. And "if by chance any person or persons should treat the Indians ill, in any way whatever, the Admiral (Columbus) is to chastise such ill-doers severely."

With these instructions he set sail again on September twenty fifth, fourteen hundred and ninety-three. He had seventeen ships, with colonists, soldiers, and sailors, to the number of fifteen hundred men, and a body of ecclesiastics specially set apart for evangelistic efforts among the natives,

and under the direction of a Father Buil. On his arrival, towards the end of the year, Columbus was met with evil tidings. It appeared that, notwithstanding his most express and imperative injunctions to the contrary, the garrison at La Navidad had quarreled, had straggled in various directions over the country, each faction choosing for itself, had behaved with unprovoked license, and had finally been set upon by a hostile chief, (Cacique,) Caonabó, and slain. The fort itself had been burned.

The Spaniards commenced forthwith to build another fort, some distance east of the former one, and resolved that it was necessary to take vengeance on Caonabó. Some time in the following month, January, 1494, Columbus was able to report that things were again getting into shape, and he writes to his agent in Spain that he may inform their Highnesses of the state and progress of the new colony. He notifies, among other things, that he has "sent home some Indians from the Cannibal Islands as slaves, to be taught Castilian, and to serve afterward as interpreters, that so the work of conversion may go on." He supports this act by weighty arguments. First: it would be a good thing to rescue these Indians from the practice of cannibalism; and, secondly, having captured them, there was nothing easier than to baptize them, "*for so we shall gain their souls.*"

In the next paragraph of this dispatch, he suggests in the plainest manner that the more of these Caribs, or cannibals, were taken the better it would be; and that, "considering what quantities of live-stock and other things are required for the maintenance of the colony, a certain number of caravels should be sent each year with these necessary things, and the cargoes be paid for in slaves taken from among the cannibals."*

Now, if we remember the vast differences between that time and our time; that the doctrine of the absolute unlawfulness of slaveholding had never been even heard of; that, on the contrary, slavery was, in one form or other, common to cotemporary Europe, and had been almost universal in a revered antiquity, we shall admit that it greatly redounds to the honor of Ferdinand and Isabella to have written, in answer to this suggestion:

* Helps, bk. ii. ch. 2.

"As regards this matter, it is suspended for the present, until there come some other way of doing it there, [that is, in the Indies,] and let the admiral write what he thinks of this." Yet at that very time the finances of Spain were in an embarrassed condition, and their Highnesses would have been very glad of the funds which might in this way have been so easily raised.

But if Columbus appears here in a strikingly unfavorable light, he is still not to be harshly or hastily judged. He was undoubtedly wrong. His proposal was in reality, though he did not know it, to inaugurate under the most solemn sanctions of religion and of eternity itself, a system of crime and misery, of cruelty, torture, and death, such as no history parallels and no arguments can excuse. Yet, if Columbus was wrong, it was because the whole Roman Catholic Church was wrong. If that was right, he was right. He simply proposed to act up to his belief. Grant the premiss—it is only an abstract doctrine—and the practical conclusion is one which no logic can assail. The more of them were taken the better. Capture whole ship-loads of them, if you can. You will be doing the poor wretches a service too great to be repaid by the gratitude of a life! You will be conferring salvation itself! So glorious an end may well excuse a little strangeness in the means. Don't be squeamish about a little force; you will need it. And what if you need ten times, or even a hundred times as much, provided only the object be gained? Never mind, then, that a few of these Caribs must be shot—that a few of them must be burned alive by way of impressing the rest with a wholesome respect—that some of their women will be dishonored, and their homes laid waste—capture what you can! Have them duly baptized by an ordained priest, and your cannibal is transformed into a Christian. Those limpid drops from the consecrating hand have wrought the miracle of miracles. Regeneration will, we admit, be reduced to a process of mere manufacture, and can be carried on wholesale; but what of that? Heed it not; for while you thus encounter reproach for the sake of the Faith, and trample on your heart's noblest passions in obedience to the Church, you will at least have the consolations of remembering that you have been a distinguished instrument in the

salvation of souls, that you have rescued many from the devouring fire, and—what is not to be despised in the present sub-lunary state—you can defray all expenses by selling your converts in the market-place, and will have a considerable surplus over and above!

In the course of this year, 1494, Columbus dispatched an expedition of four hundred men, under the command of one Margarite, into the interior of the island. They were to explore the country and to chastise Caonabó. They were more than sufficient for both these purposes, if they would only have acted like men in their senses. But instead of doing their work, they went carelessly straggling over the country. "They consumed the provisions of the poor Indians, astonishing them by their voracious appetites; waste, rapine, injury, and insult followed in their steps." Under such provocations it was not to be wondered at that a number of the Indians gathered round the Spaniards with hostile intent. Previously, they had revered and feared them as superior beings. They had obeyed them with all the eagerness of dread. They had surrendered almost all they possessed, and had received in return insolence and brutality. They passed accordingly from a state of terror to a state of recklessness and despair, and but for the return of Columbus from a voyage among the adjacent islands and seas, the Spanish settlement in Hispaniola would probably have been once more swept entirely away. Various hostile acts had, however, been already committed, and several of the Spaniards had been slain. The appearance of Columbus wrought a considerable change. As soon as ever his broken health would permit it, he set out at the head of a large body of men, determined to give battle to the Indians. The so-called battle was a mere slaughter and rout. Great numbers of the Indians were captured, and four more shiploads of them were at once sent to Spain to be baptized and sold as slaves.

The Cacique Caonabó was still at large, so there was another battle, in which bloodhounds took part with horses, men, and guns, and which we therefore scarcely need say was in fact only a less frightful name for a frightful and horrible carnage. But Caonabó was still free; and open hostilities having left him untouched, it was resolved to try what could be done

by artifice. A fellow named Ojeda, of small stature but extraordinary strength, and of no despicable ability otherwise, was sent to him on horseback, with peaceable offers and pleasant words, but carrying with him some gyves and manacles of brass and steel finely wrought and highly polished. He found the chief at the head of a large body of troops, and explained his errand. For the remainder of the plot and its carrying out we quote Mr. Helps, having only to add, to our deep regret, that the author of it was said to be Columbus.

"The metals of Spain were prized by the Indians in the same way that the gold of the Indies was by the Spaniards. Moreover, amongst the Indians there was a strange rumor of talking brass, that arose from their listening to the church bell at Isabella, [the new fort and settlement,] which, summoning the Spaniards to mass, was thought by the simple Indians to converse with them. Indeed, the natives of Hispaniola held the Spanish metals in such estimation, that they applied to them an Indian word, *Turey*, which seems to have signified any thing that descends from heaven. When, therefore, Ojeda brought these ornaments to Caonabó, and told him they were Biscayan *Turey*, and that they were a great present from the admiral, and that he would show him how to put them on, and that when they were put on, Caonabó should set himself on Ojeda's horse, and be shown to his admiring subjects as, Ojeda said, the kings of Spain were wont to show themselves to theirs, the incautious Indian is said to have fallen entirely into the trap. Going with Ojeda, accompanied only by a small escort, to a river a short distance from his main encampment, Caonabó, after performing ablutions, suffered the crafty young Spaniard to put the heaven-descended fetters on him, and to set him upon the horse. Ojeda himself got up behind the Indian prince, and then whirling a few times round, like a pigeon before it takes its determined flight, making the followers of Caonabó imagine that this was but display, they all the while keeping at a respectful distance from the horse, an animal they much dreaded, Ojeda darted off for Isabella; and after great fatigues, now keeping to the main track, now traversing the woods in order to evade pursuit, brought Caonabó bound into the presence of Columbus. The unfortunate Cacique was sent to Spain in order to be judged there, and his forces were afterward put to flight by a troop of Spaniards under the command of this same Ojeda. Some were killed; some taken prisoners; some fled to the forests and the mountains; some yielded, 'offering themselves to the service of the Christians, if they would allow them to live in their own ways.'"

Caonabó and his people thus subdued,

Columbus took occasion to order a tribute from the whole island. It was thus arranged: "Every Indian above fourteen years old, who was in the provinces of the mines, [gold mines to which there had been a 'rush' that would not have discredited San Francisco or Ballarat,] or near to those provinces, was to pay every three months a little bell-full of gold; all other persons [Indians] in the island were to pay at the same time an *arroba* of cotton for each person." In lieu of discussing the humanity or the policy of this imposition, its consistency or otherwise with the spirit of the instructions given by their Highnesses—in all which respects it is very open to the criticism of *ex post facto* wisdom—we shall only say that it was found so excessive that its modification became compulsory. In the third year of his government, the admiral commuted the tribute of several of the subject villages for personal service. They were ordered to make, and, having made, to work, the farms of all the Spaniards who had been wise enough to prefer agriculture to gold-digging.

Meanwhile, dissensions had arisen among the Spaniards themselves. They had got the booty, and a magnificent booty it was, and were now quarreling over the division. In one case these dissensions issued, under a leader named Roldan, in open revolt against the established government of the island.

The Indians also had too many masters, and too much work and suffering, to be very good servants. At the mines, in particular, their usage was revolting and barbarous to the highest degree. War was made on such of them as remained in freedom, on various pretexts and in various parts; while, in those districts which had been already subdued, they were continually ground down, and perishing under their haughty and ruthless oppressors. It is related of them that they fell into the most hopeless despondency. These heavenly visitants of theirs, with their gunpowder and mail, their bloodhounds and horses, had changed their beautiful and prosperous home into a veritable hell. Accordingly, they would neither sow nor reap, nor work the mines. The simple fact is, they were crushed and heart-broken. Then, of course, they were brutally ill-used by way of making them light-hearted and laborious. But, alas! they were many of them beyond the reach of

either wrath or compassion, for they "died in great numbers of hunger, sickness, and misery."

As our concern is with Columbus only so far as he was connected with the conquest and its administration, we shall not stay to moralize over the revolution in his fortunes which at this time took place. His services were ill-requited. He had not, indeed, governed Hispaniola with success; but if the Spanish colonists had not been his and their own worst enemies, he would at least have governed it much better than he did. He was superseded, in 1500, by a hard and narrow-minded man, of some virtue but deficient sense, named Bobadilla. During one year Bobadilla did all the mischief he could, though giving satisfaction to the colonists, and was then superseded by Ovando.

During Ovando's government, it happened that a party of Spaniards was sent to a district in the eastern extremity of the island, called Higüey, for a supply of bread. With the Indians of these parts there had always been maintained what appeared to be friendly relations, and when the party came for bread, the good Cacique ordered the promptest supplies to be furnished, and went about with a stick in his hand hastening and superintending the preparations of his men:

"The Spaniards were looking on: one of them had his dog with him, and the animal was wild to get at the Cacique. The Spaniard could hardly hold it in; and, unfortunately, happened to remark to a comrade standing by him: 'What a thing it would be if we were to set the dog at him.' His friend in jest said, 'At him!' (*tomalo*.) thinking that the Spaniard could certainly restrain the dog. But, with this encouragement, it burst from its master, rushed on the Cacique, and killed him in a manner hideous to think of. The adjacent province rose in arms, and it was no wonder, therefore, that when the mariners whom Ovando sent to found his new colony of Puerto de Plata, touched at a spot near to that where the above transaction took place, the natives should have considered them as invaders, and have attacked them accordingly. In the conflict that ensued nine Spaniards were killed, and the news of their slaughter being brought to the Governor, he ordered war to be declared—war, according to the phrase of the time, 'of fire and blood.' From all the Spanish citadels forces were sent, under various captains, and a certain Juan de Esquivel was named captain-general of the force, which amounted to four hundred men. On the arrival of this force in Higüey, the province of Hispaniola adjacent to the island of Saona, and which had

been concerned in the original revolt, the Indians seem to have behaved with sufficient bravery; but finding that their naked bodies and childish weapons could in no way contend with well-clad, well-armed men, they soon abandoned open fighting and fled to the forests. From a war it degenerated into a hunt. Many of the Indians who were taken had both their hands cut off, and were told by the Spaniards to carry those letters to their lords, meaning that they should show what mutilation they had suffered, in order that it might inspire general terror. Nor was it only by twos or threes that they suffered: on one occasion six or seven hundred prisoners were put to the sword at once. Harassed in every way, the poor Indians at last sought to make terms; and it was agreed that, as a condition of peace, they should construct in their territory a great manufactory of casabi bread for the Spaniards. They were not, however, to be required to come with the bread to St. Domingo, which service they were very glad to avoid."

Thus was provoked, and thus was subdued, what, in the dispatches home, was called the revolt of Higüey. The reader will excuse us if we leave it without comment.

In 1503, the partisans of the turbulent and infamous Roldan, whom we have already mentioned as the leader of a sedition against the established government, chose to establish themselves in the territories of Anacaona, Queen of Xaragua. They lived in the utmost license, and made themselves intolerable.

In their polity and language, their intelligence and character, the subjects of Queen Anacaona are reported to have been superior to all the rest of the island. It appears to us to do them no discredit, but only honor, that between them and their new neighbors—most of whom were sheer scoundrels, men who, to use the emphatic phrase of Columbus, "did not deserve water from God or man"—difficulties should have been unavoidable. As rebels, these Spaniards were not kindly looked on by the Governor or his officers, and they knew it. They were wishful to devise something which might be taken as a set-off against former offenses, and give them a title to the favorable consideration of Ovando. They informed him, accordingly, that the Indians of Xaragua intended to rebel. Well knowing that nothing could save them, if once detected in this heinous fabrication, they labored to make their case both grave and plausible,

and so far succeeded, that Ovando set out with speed at the head of seventy horse and three hundred foot for the scene of anticipated danger.

"Anacaona, who had probably some suspicion of his intentions, summoned all her feudatories around her, 'to do honor' to him, when she heard of his coming. She went out to meet Ovando with a concourse of her subjects, and the same festivities of singing and dancing as in former days she had adopted when she went to receive the Adelanto, [the Admiral, Columbus.] Various pleasures and amusements were provided for the strangers, and probably Anacaona thought she had succeeded in soothing and pleasing this severe-looking Governor as she had done the last. But the former followers of Roldan were about the Governor, telling him that there certainly was an insurrection at hand; that if he did not look to it now, and suppress it at once, the revolt would be far more difficult to quell when it did break out. Thus they argued, using all those seemingly wise arguments of wickedness which from time immemorial have originated and perpetuated treachery. Ovando listened to these men; indeed, he must have been much inclined to believe them, or he would hardly have come all this way. He was now convinced that an insurrection was intended.

"With these thoughts in his mind, he ordered, that on a certain Sunday after dinner, all the cavalry should get to horse, on the pretext of a tournament. The infantry, too, he caused to be ready for action. He himself, a Tiberius in dissembling, went to play at quoits, and was disturbed by his men coming to him and begging him to look on at their sports. The poor Indian queen hurried with the utmost simplicity into the snare prepared for her. She told the Governor that her Caciques, too, would like to see this tournament, upon which, with demonstrations of pleasure, he bade her come with all her Caciques to his quarters, for he wanted to talk to them, intimating, as I conjecture, that he would explain the festivity to them. Meanwhile, he gave his cavalry orders to surround the building; he placed the infantry at certain commanding positions; and told his men that when, in talking with the Caciques, he should place his hand upon the badge of knighthood which hung upon his breast, they should rush in, and bind the Caciques and Anacaona. It fell out as he had planned. All these deluded Indian chiefs and their queen were secured. She alone was led out of Ovando's quarters, which were then set fire to, and all the chiefs burnt alive. Anacaona was afterward hanged, and the province was desolated."*

We shall not trust ourselves to add any thing to this, except the information that Ovando's next act was to found a

town in Xaragua for the followers of Roldan to inhabit; and that, in honor of his recent triumph, he called it *La Villa de la Vera Paz*—The City of the True Peace, and that the arms assigned to it were a rainbow and a cross, with a dove bearing the olive branch!

Recurring to Higüey, we find that the Spaniards continued to indulge themselves in these parts in all the license of the utmost tyranny combined with the utmost barbarity. They loved to provoke the natives to resentment, because they loved to quench resentment in blood. There was no diabolical wickedness and no impiety which they did not practice, and in which they did not take pains even to appear to delight. Upon many they wreaked such extravagance of cruelty that suicide became common and popular. The cutting off of their captives' hands, and then sending them home mutilated and helpless, continued to be a favorite mode of spreading terror. But the Spaniards were devout as well as bloody, zealous no less than devilish. On one occasion, accordingly, they hung up, "in reverence of Christ our Lord and his twelve Apostles," thirteen captured Indians at such a height that their feet could but just touch the ground, and they then used them "as dumb figures to try their swords upon;" which, lest any gentle reader should happen not to know its meaning, we must inform her, is a shorter way of saying that these thirteen Indians, hanged "in honor of Christ our Lord and his twelve Apostles," were hewed to pieces by the Spaniards with the several strokes, seven in number, practiced in the exercise of the broadsword. "All this," exclaims Las Casas, "I saw with my bodily mortal eyes."*

It not will be wondered at that, under a statesmanship so monstrous and brutal as that which openly directed and approved, or which was unable to prevent such crimes as those we have described, the native population of Hispaniola was found to be rapidly diminishing. But in truth, the really worst part of that statesmanship we have left unnoticed. If the districts which had been subdued in cruel and unnecessary war, had only been regulated with any thing like decency and

* Helps, vol. i. bk. iii. ch. pp. 200. For other instances of equal barbarity, see Las Casas, Mr. Helps, and other historians, *passim*.

common-sense after they had been declared at peace, the losses by slaughter and by accidental famine would have been supplied in less than a dozen years. But when we add to all other mismanagement the circumstances that all the native population, utterly untrained for labor, was distributed among the settlers to work either their farms or their mines—that, whatever form that distribution assumed, there was not any form of it which was other than an unmitigated slavery—that the Indians were over-worked, over-driven, and under-fed, or, as frequently happened, absolutely starved to death—that any more humane Spaniard who tried to befriend them became a marked man for the shafts of malice, and libel, and fraud—that it was not made any one's proper business and obvious interest to see that the Indians were justly treated and not wantonly beaten, plundered, insulted, and slain—it becomes unnecessary to say that not only did the native population of Hispaniola diminish, but that it was unavoidable it should continue to diminish.

This began at length to tell visibly to the injury of the Spaniards. How should they repair it? By humanity, management, thrift? Nay; that process would require time, and, yet more, it would require a complete revolution in their treatment of the natives. There was a shorter method ready to their hand. In 1507, they reported to King Ferdinand that the number of Indians in Hispaniola had materially decreased; that the Lucayan Islands, a group to the north of Cuba, "were full of Indians, and that it would be a very good action to bring them to Hispaniola 'in order that they might enjoy the preaching and political customs' which the Indians in Hispaniola enjoyed. Besides," it was added, "they might assist in getting gold, and the King be much served." The royal-hearted Isabella was no longer by her husband's side to tell him what this information and these suggestions really amounted to. She had died in November, 1504,* hastened to her grave by the tidings, received three or four months earlier, of the shocking treatment of Anacaona and her chiefs. And

* We saw her coffin a few summers ago, covered with silk velvet, well preserved in the marble mausoleum under the dome of the cathedral of Granada in Spain. It lies beside the coffins of Ferdinand, Philip and his queen, their children.—EDITOR ECCLESTIC.

in losing Isabella the Indians had lost their best friend. Ferdinand granted the license to import the Lucayans, and we may be sure it was quickly enough acted on, though not, perhaps, in so decidedly missionary a spirit as, from the language of the application, we might have felt at liberty to expect. Mr. Helps well reminds us that San Salvador, the land first seen by Columbus, was one of these same Lucayan Islands, and we agree with him in thinking it peculiarly shocking, that, of all others, this should have been the spot on which was perpetrated the atrocity now to be recorded.

"The first Spaniards who went to entrap these poor Lucayans, did it in a way that brings to mind the old proverb of 'seething a kid in its mother's milk'—for they told the simple people that they had come from the heaven of their forefathers, where these forefathers, and all whom the Indians had loved in life, were now drinking in the delights of heavenly ease: and the good Spaniards would convey the Lucayans to join their much-loved ancestors, who had gone thither. We may fancy how the more simple amongst them, lone women and those who felt this life to be somewhat dreary, crowded round the ships which were to take them to the regions of the blest.*

"This hideous pretense of the Spaniards did its work; but there were other devices, not mentioned to us, which were afterward adopted, and the end was, that in five years forty thousand of these deluded Lucayans were carried to Hispaniola."†

But notwithstanding these successive attempts to recruit its numbers, the native population of Hispaniola continued to diminish. We confess to thinking the utter ineptitude of the remedy almost as disgraceful as the remedy itself, or the conduct which had made it needful. There

* "I picture to myself some sad Indian, not without his doubts of these Spanish inducements, but willing to take the chance of regaining the loved past, and saying, like the King Arthur of a beautiful modern poem to his friend Sir Belvidere upon the shore:

" 'I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Or ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.' "

ALFRED TENNYSON: *Morte d'Arthur*, i. 15

† Vol. i. pp. 224, 225.

is no language which could adequately describe either the infatuation or the criminality of Spain. It was surely not by the descent of armed pirates on the innocent Lucayans that the evils of an organized and ruthless destruction could be met and counteracted. A Bond-street gambler might as well attempt to repair his shattered fortune by stopping carriages in Pall Mall, and presenting the usual alternative of money or life. A city being decimated by the plague might as well seek to recruit its numbers by sending the press-gang into the surrounding country to crowd all the inhabitants into its already over-crowded streets. If the gambling highwayman is not shot on the spot, he has only deferred for a day or two a fate which will be aggravated by the crimes which have for the moment staved it off. The besotted city has done no more than gather victims to augment the virulence of the pestilence, and hasten its doom. What was needed by the gambler was thorough reformation. What was needed by the city was, fire, air, and water, rightly used—nature's own sanitary commissioners. What was needed by Hispaniola was a wise statesmanship, exercising power and affording protection. By such means, and by such means alone, could the devastation have been staid. How far that statesmanship was wanting; how far the plain admonitions of impending calamity led, or did not lead, to measures of prevention, may be gathered from the following figures. We have only to beg for them the attention they require, in order that the facts they denote may not be wholly unrecognized.

In 1492, the year of its discovery, the population of Hispaniola is reckoned by Las Casas to have amounted to 3,000,000; by the Licentiate Zunzo it was reckoned at 1,130,000. For safety, we accept the lower estimate, 1,130,000. By 1508, the year in which the first Lucayans arrived, in the ordinary course of things, and allowing for all ordinary casualties, it would have amounted to at least 1,700,000. Inquiring for the fact, we find that it amounted to only 70,000! Thus, in addition to putting aside the operation of those laws by which populations grow, there remain to be accounted for at the end of fifteen years' administration, 1,060,000 souls! In a very short time after this the Indians amounted to only 40,000. In

1514, notwithstanding the importation of the 40,000 Lucayans, the whole Indians of the island did not exceed 14,000! To him who has ears to hear, these figures speak for themselves. Thus, at the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries, was it done by the Spaniards in Hispaniola; and in the sixty-first year of this nineteenth century, the descendants of these same Spaniards, like them in religion, like them in avarice and pride, but unlike them in being the subjects of a decrepit government and a profligate queen, have obtained treacherous possession of the eastern half of this same island of Hispaniola, now called Hayti. They have seized on Dominica, which includes Higuey and some other districts; they demand the whole, and are calling on the governments of Europe and America to admit the justice of their claim! A sufficient answer ought to be found in their scandalous maladministration in the past. We devoutly trust that their claim will be treated according to its merits—namely, rejected with indignation, as an insult to the understandings and the morality of civilized men.*

But, returning to the early part of the sixteenth century, it is proper to remind our readers of what we have said on a previous page, on the comparative efficacy of the decisions of the Spanish Court at home and in the colonies. We do not, indeed, plead this in excuse, but only in palliation. We believe that, in strict justice, or in any thing within a hundred leagues of justice, the case admits of no excuse; for, at the period of which we write, Spain was neither harassed by foreign wars nor torn by intestine feuds. She had rest even from the Moors, Granada itself having been added to the Spanish crown. There was no longer a jealous nobility in possession of power so inordinate that, by the least skillful combination, the monarch could be thwarted, and his government crippled. There was no longer even the ancient disadvantage involved in the independence on each other of Castille and Arragon. And though it is true that somehow the royal treasurers contrived always to have the finances in an embarrassed condition, and that, except on

* Since this article was written, it has given us much satisfaction to see that Lord Brougham has called the attention of the House of Peers to these proceedings, and that he took the same ground for his objections as is taken above.

state occasions the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella was distinguished for the modesty and economy of its appearance, yet there can be no apology for the wretched mismanagement and blundering which made it needful to view the Spanish conquest in America as a sort of a royal, commercial, and religious speculation. In fact, also, the speculation was an extremely bad one—it did not bring adequate returns in money, in converts, or in national greatness.

But, after so much that is painful, it is with no small pleasure that our eyes rest on the whitening sails of the ships which, in 1510, made the port of St. Domingo with a company of Dominican monks. So far as we have been able to make out, the monks who sailed under Father Buil never did any thing at all. The Dominicans under Pedro de Córdova, their vicar, came in earnest. Their object was to spread civilization and Christianity. No sooner did they find themselves in the new country than they increased the severity of their already stringent rules, and amidst the general hardness of living, felt it right not only to go without the ordinary luxuries which to most of us are necessities, but to content themselves with short supplies of the poorest food. The zeal with which they addressed themselves to their work soon informed them of a state of things which it had long been the interest of the colonists to conceal. They saw what they never would have been able to credit on any testimony but that of personal knowledge. They were horrified and struck dumb. But by and by the power of speech returned, and they resolved to use it. After days of fasting and prayer, they determined on presenting an unanimous protest. A discourse which embodied the opinions of the college, some twelve or fifteen in all, was drawn up, and each man signed it. They then selected Brother Antonio Montesino to preach it on the Sunday following. A very innocent device led to the attendance of an unusually large and influential congregation. The colonists were at first dismayed at the sublime audacity of the preacher, and then they passed to indignation and wrath. A deputation of remonstrants appeared at the little hut of a monastery in the afternoon, and said some very strong things; in answer to which it was promised, at the end of a lengthy

interview, that the matter should be touched upon again on the following Sunday. Antonio preached again, and not only touched on the topic, but gave a vigorous specimen of the "free handling" of it. The large congregation had expected an apology and recantation; they were not only disappointed, but almost infuriated; as, indeed, knowing what were their opinions on the subject, and what were those of Father Antonio, we can not much wonder they should have been. The colonists felt it would be useless to attempt any further remonstrance at the monastery, and resolved to complain to the King. The controversy which followed was extremely interesting; but having no space to detail it, we will only say that it led to the bringing of the grievances of the Indians before the Court of Spain for the first time in a public manner, and that it gave occasion to the first attempt at legislation to remove such grievances.

We have now given as full an account of the conquest and administration of Hispaniola as we can possibly find room for. It is fragmentary and imperfect, but it is still composed of fragments such as the intelligence of the reader may combine into a sufficiently just conception of the whole.

The Spanish administration had by this time had a fair trial. We have looked at its chief results at the end of twenty years of government. We think that what good it had effected, when the Dominicans' protest had produced the Law of Burgos, in 1512 was likely to remain; and that the evil it had done it was too late effectually to repair. What are the palpable and undeniable results?—that the native population of the island had all but perished; that the Spaniards themselves were most of them corrupted and degraded, and many of them almost imbruted; that the religion they had been so specially enjoined to teach had been openly betrayed; and that, besides having frequently to endure great sufferings from their own follies, the Spaniards were to Hispaniola itself every thing short of an absolute and unmitigated curse.

We have said so much about one conquest and its administration—not indeed by inadvertence, but design—that at the other conquests and their administration we have scarcely time even to glance. It is proper, however, to mention a few of

them, premising only that, with two exceptions, the maxim holds to its fullest extent, *Ecce uno disce omnes*.

Soon after the conquest and settlement of Hispaniola, various expeditions sailed from it in quest of new adventures and new territory. Among them was one in 1494, under the command of Ojeda, the man who entrapped Caonabó. He discovered Venezuela and the Pearl Coast, including the island of Trinidad, and skirted the whole northern shore of South-America, from Cape de Vela in the west to the extremity of Surinam in the south-east.

Another captain, named Nicuesa, taking Cape de Vela as a starting-point, and sailing west, discovered Darien and Panamá. Thus was another vast extent of country added to the overgrown empire of Spain. We have a right to inquire what she did with it? We can not enter further into facts and details, and are not disposed to take blame if we are, as we confess to be, weary and disgusted with details so barbarous, so brutal, so bloody. The needful particulars are at the service of any one who chooses to inquire — sufficient of them in Mr. Helps's second volume, book ninth. But the conclusion on the facts we are unwilling to suppress. In the words of the author it is this: That the Spanish administration along the whole Pearl Coast, reviewed after the lapse of many years, was

"A tissue of stupid enormities, reminding the reader of certain melancholy periods in the history of France and Italy, when all the worst passions of men were let loose for the smallest ends; and when intrigues, revolts, massacres, and murders followed one another without any man, or any set of men, being the better for such things even in this world. . . . Indeed, all along that immense line of coast which stretches from the mouths of the river Orinoco to the Isthmus of Panamá, it might be said of each respective Governor, in the language of Scripture, not taking it literally, perhaps, but adopting the spirit of the passage, that 'He wrought evil in the eyes of the Lord, and did worse than all that were before him.'"

Darien and Panamá fared no better. One Pedrarias de Avila, a hard old man, who had gained some notoriety as a joustier at tournaments, was sent thither from Spain, in 1513, at the head of a colony and with the rank of governor. To the great misfortune of mankind and to his own eternal infamy, he lived to the ninetyeth year of his age, and the seventeenth

of his maladministration in Darien. After he was dead the monks marked their senso of his merits by calling him *Furor Domini*. *Furor Diaboli* would have been nearer the mark. His term of government can scarcely be called a long one; yet, not counting his judicial murders among his own countrymen, his implacable resentments, his barbarous warfare, and his flagrant misgovernment were the destruction of two millions of souls! Let our readers consider what such a statement really means. Not reckoning the few weeks by which his government exceeded its sixteenth year, it amounts to this: That every Sabbath-day succeeding the first, Pedrarias was entitled to declare, that since he last heard the bell which summoned him to worship God, he had slain more than two thousand four hundred of His creatures; that on every anniversary of his arrival in a most important colony, in which he exercised despotic power, he had dispatched into the presence of their Maker, during the twelve months preceding, one hundred and twenty-five thousand persons; that, in fact, the average effect he produced on the bills of mortality, (which were surely kept somewhere,) was equal to rather more than fourteen deaths per hour, night and day, for sixteen successive years.

The other principal possession of the Spaniards in the West-Indies was Cuba. It was discovered by Columbus in the course of his first voyage, though it was not effectively occupied till nineteen years later. The disposition of the natives had appeared no less pleasing than that of the Indians in Hispaniola. Some Spaniards who were accidentally thrown upon their coasts, unarmed and half-drowned, experienced from them, they said, nothing but kindness. They had shown every hospitable attention to the Admiral, and had been described by him as "very gentle, without knowing what evil is, neither killing nor stealing." Their houses were found to be "very clean and well swept, and their furniture very well arranged. All their houses were made of palm branches, and were very beautiful. Our men found in these houses many statues of women, and several heads fashioned like masks, and very well wrought."

In 1511 it was resolved to subdue Cuba, and Captain Diego Velazquez was ordered to subdue it accordingly. Some Indians who attempted to resist his invasion were

immediately killed or routed, as, fighting with naked bodies and childish weapons against well-armed and well-clad Europeans, they could not but be. Then commenced the usual hunting pastimes of the Spaniards. "They put to death as many men, women and children as they pleased, and the rest they tied together and drove before them like cattle." After great efforts, the Spaniards captured the sovereign Cacique. They considered he had been guilty of a great crime. He had presumed to attempt a defense of his subjects and his country. He was sentenced to be burned alive, and the sentence was executed.

"At the stake the attendant priest exhorted him to be baptized, and to become a Christian, as he would then go to heaven. The Cacique asked, in reply, if the Christians went to heaven; and finding that some of them were expected to do so, he said he had no wish to go to that place. More sarcasm has been supposed to belong to this answer than it really contains; it was probably no more than the simple expression of a wish not to meet his enemies and persecutors in a future life, whatever regions of bliss they might be enjoying."*

Shortly after this a large number of Indians were massacred in cold blood, on no provocation and no pretext whatever, incredible as that may seem. After they had gone through long and horrible sufferings, and had been hunted by dogs trained for that purpose, they could bear up no longer:

"The Indians then had recourse to suicide as a means of escape, for they believed in a future state of being, where ease and felicity, they thought, awaited them. Accordingly, they put themselves to death, whole families doing so together, and villages inviting other villages to join them in their departure from a world which was no longer tolerable to them. Some hanged themselves, others drank the poisonous juice of the Yuca."†

We are not able to dwell at length on the maladministration of this part of the Spanish conquest, nor is it necessary to do so. It will suffice to say that in 1537 the Empress of Spain was informed that the Indians in Cuba had become very few, so few, indeed, that the visitor or visitors of twenty several *estancias* (settlements) found they did not contain an average of seven Indians each!

In 1517, Captain Diego Velazquez, who had so successfully subdued Cuba that in

a few years the natives were almost extinct, and who had received the governorship of the island in acknowledgment of the services thus rendered, began fitting out or otherwise promoting maritime expeditions for profit and discovery. The most important of these expeditions sailed in 1518. After considerable hesitation the command of it had been conferred on a young Spanish gentleman who had made himself studiously agreeable to Velazquez, and who welcomed his appointment the more warmly as he was suffering inconvenience from poverty and debt. On the strength of it, our gallant young gentleman contracted additional obligations, and went so far as to set up a white plume in his hat. This promotion of Cortes gave great offense to various persons who were not his friends, and they gave the governor no rest till he had dispatched orders of recall. These orders met Cortes at the first place he touched at, but it appeared that the Governor had reckoned without his host; Cortes declined being recalled. There were more orders at the next place, with such additional inducements as we can easily imagine a haughty and choleric viceking thus bearded would be apt to offer. They were answered with blank refusal, none of the authorities on shore being at all disposed to risk the consequence of attempting to put them in force. It had become clear that Cortes had a wonderful power of inspiring men with attachment and confidence, though it was true withal that he had bitter enemies, both in Cuba and in his fleet. But every man not purblind perceived that however much the plans of Cortes might be alloyed with ambition, they were by no means merely selfish; and that they were, in any case, the plans of a sagacious and bold commander, who had vast resources in himself, and who, having an object to attain, could contrive, and dare, and do, as is given only to the born kings of men. He led his followers to the discovery, and afterward to the conquest of Mexico.

The story of the siege of Mexico forms one of those epics in which grandeur and sublimity attain their highest. It tells of perils, labors, wonders, disasters, victories, whose fascination is irresistible, and which have never been exceeded from the days of Assyria and Babylon and Troy, to the days of Delhi, Lucknow, and Peking. When, after seventy-five days' siege, it

* Vol. i. p. 450.

† Vol. i. p. 475.

was taken, we may perhaps form some conception of its state from the circumstance that the inhabitants still left abandoned the city without molestation, and the Spaniards would not enter it. When, after two clear days, they ventured in, not a drop of fresh water was to be found. Everything edible had been eaten, even to the very bark off the trees, the roots from under the ground, and the bodies of slain enemies!

Next followed the rebuilding of the city, unavoidably reminding us of the traditions about the building of the pyramids of the Nile. Cortes was Governor, and while he remained so, the administration of Mexico was immeasurably superior to that of any other conquest which the Spaniards made. He was needlessly superseded before he had time, though working night and day, to repair the vast ruin he had caused; and no other man was able to repair it.

The conquest of Peru changed a highly prosperous kingdom into a "hell." So spake the Apostle of the Indies, and with less hyperbole than is common in the use of such metaphors.

Chili was subdued *suo more*.

Such was the chief of the Spanish conquests in America. Our sketch of them is necessarily so slight and imperfect that, except in the case of Hispaniola, perhaps it can scarcely be called even a sketch. We acknowledge without the smallest hesitation that it does not so much present an outline as some occasional indications of the course an outline would have to follow, and of the colors with which it would have to be filled up.

As we now review the ground we have traversed, our mind fills with profound regret. One can form, at best, only an inadequate idea of the facts, some of them so stupendous and many of them so horrible, which our words have endeavored to set forth. Let our readers bring before their minds the mere geography of the conquest. The extent of new territory acquired in America is too vast for distinct appreciation. "Humboldt," Mr. Helps reminds us, "has observed that the Spanish territory in the New World was not only equal in length to the whole of Africa, but was also of much greater width than the empire of Russia."* What a perfectly inexhaustible mine of wealth

was laid open to the Spaniards, if they had but known how to work it! But their ambition had greatly outrun their ability. Insatiable in avarice, most gallant in daring, most brave in enduring, they acquired in only fifty years what it would have been infinitely better for themselves and for mankind if they had been able to acquire in only five times fifty years. We are obliged to accept, as the lowest possible estimate, that by the sixtieth year after the conquest, the Spaniards had, in one way or other, been the destruction of no fewer than twelve millions of human beings in America and the West-Indies alone. It should be considered what such a statement really means. Mr. Helps has most happily and in his own noble fashion, said what may assist us:

"In studying wars we acquire an almost flippant familiarity with great loss of life, and hardly recognize what it is. We have to think what a beautiful creature any man or woman is, for at least one period of his or her life, in the eyes of some other being; what a universe of hope is often contained in one unnoticed life; and that the meanest human being would be a large subject of study for the rest of mankind. We need, I say, to return to such homely considerations as the above, before we can fairly estimate the sufferings and loss to mankind which these little easy sentences—'There perished ten thousand of the allies on this day;' 'By that ambuscade we cut off nineteen hundred of the enemy;' 'In the retreat, which was well executed, they did not lose above five thousand men'—give indication of."*

For this perfectly frightful loss of life we can not see that the Spaniards brought anything to compensate. The frequent apologetic observation that the Indians lived "without polity" becomes insufferably offensive when we inquire for the character of the polity which the Spaniards professed to introduce. We find that what they introduced was invariably, with Mexico itself not forming more than a very partial exception, either a fatal tyranny or an unrestrained anarchy. Besides which, it is not true that the Indians lived without polity. So far from that, the Mexicans and Peruvians lived under a polity which was both sagacious, refined, and comprehensive. It produced in the case of each of these nations, a high degree of material prosperity. It consolidated two powerful

* Vol. iv. p. 402.

* Vol. iii. p. 523.

states, and enabled them to produce works of art and civilization, some of which have not been surpassed even in Europe. They accumulated great wealth, and were not without the knowledge how to use it. We confess we do not perceive the smallest indication that the polity introduced by the Spaniards was any compensation for the polity they destroyed.

If any one reminds us that the motives of the conquerors were in part religious, that they were anxious for the conversion of the natives, we can only answer, that however sincere in these desires were Ferdinand and Isabella, Columbus and some others, the great majority of the Spaniards gave no sign of being influenced by any such motives at all. Moreover, though the Indians were not Christians when they were discovered, they were not without religion. Such dim and errant light of nature as they had, many of them had followed with a docility and fidelity which, it appeared to some of the most religious of the Spaniards, the possessors of the light of the Gospel might not unreasonably have envied. On the whole, we do not find that they were made more religious, but less so. In Mexico it is certain that a revolting and bloody idolatry was suppressed. But it was suppressed, not by bringing a conviction of its unreasonableness or its wickedness to the minds of its adherents, but by the sword of Cortes. Its altars were overthrown, not by converted worshippers, but by Spanish cannon-balls. And the power which suppressed the external rites of this idolatry with such success, found itself simply impotent to introduce Christianity into its place.

So far as an attempt was made to introduce the civilization and refinements of European life, their introduction was little better than a mockery, for the Indians were none the less slaves, though they were imprisoned in fetters as finely wrought as those which bound Caonabó, and were tortured by Spaniards who had

graduated at Salamanca and been honored at Madrid.

The simple truth is, that the Indian population of America was either exterminated altogether, or was destroyed with a destruction which, sparing life, was yet more fatal than if it had required it. That, and none other, so far as the natives were concerned, was the net result of the administration of the Spanish Conquest in America.

We know well there were not wanting noble and able men who would fain have had it otherwise. But the most excellent intentions were often frustrated by insufficient knowledge; or knowledge had not power; or power had not good-will; or, when knowledge, power, and good-will were all found together, as in Cardinal Ximenes, something else was wanting. Either opportunity could not be found, or jealousy, avarice, or baseness got the first chance of seizing it and took very good care to keep it.

So far as these pages are concerned we have now to take leave of Mr. Helps. We do so with our warmest thanks for the delight and instruction his volumes have afforded us. We must deny ourselves the satisfaction of explaining our regrets at having had to pass almost in silence over the innumerable beauties and the wealth of thought and of feeling with which they are every where enriched. We have made it our task simply to illustrate the administration of the conquest. The work itself illustrates many things besides. We would warmly commend it to our readers. They will find it repay, we will not say their perusal only, but their affectionate and earnest study. Its author has made his countrymen greatly his debtors. He has long been reverently loved as a wise Friend in Council, and as a right noble Companion for one's Solitude. He has now completed the work upon which will rest his fame as a historian; and it is such as will give him a high place in that capacity.

From the London Review.

NOVELS AND NOVELISTS.*

IN curious contrast with an author whose rôle it is to declare that all is bad which is of man's making, we meet with another equally strong in the assertion that all is good which is of God's giving. If Thackeray is a Cynic, Kingsley is a Jew; a Platonist—we had almost said an Alexandrian—Jew, though it might seem like a paradox to charge him with the very degeneracy against which he protests. The spirited sketcher of character, the brilliant painter of scenery, always racy, clear, and forcible, he stands forward as the popular exponent of "muscular Christianity;" that is, of a religion which embraces every element that belongs to humanity, and which, if it lays a little too much stress on physical development, does it, we may hope, in temporary reaction from a false spiritualism, which has confounded the "flesh" of science with the "flesh" of Scripture, and pronounced every thing belonging to the body to be either weak or base. It is Kingsley's fundamental maxim, that every part of the creation of God is good, and nothing to be refused—from the lowest wants of the body, to the widest wants of nations, and the highest wants of the spirit. All that was made by God the Father has been redeemed by God the Son, and may be sanctified by God the Spirit; and on this common ground he loudly proclaims the existence of universal Judaism, that is, a Christian kingdom of God, over which the Anointed One is already reigning, and within which every natural faculty and every social relation is comprehended. On this common ground he protests against that narrow theory of sects which would limit the kingdom of God to those who are really, or only professedly, obeying him; and which, by so doing, would withdraw the stamp of God's rightful possession from all that ranges beyond that narrow pale, leaving nature and art, science and poetry, with all the elements of domestic and national life, to

the undisturbed dominion of the devil. This is Kingsley's standing ground, where he offers fight to all opponents; and, perhaps, among his works of fiction, *Hypatia* most fully illustrates his various points of defense and attack. See, modern Christians, he cries, see what Christianity will come to, if it be separated from the Old Testament; see what a Church will come to when it is cut off from a universal kingdom of God. Have we no sects in England, fighting, with mixed motives and dirty tools, less for righteousness than for their own privilege and policy—as Cyril did in Alexandria? Have we no pietists in England, limiting their life to the culture of the spirit, and forgetting all beside—as monks and nuns did in the deserts of Egypt?—with this difference only, that, in a less corrupt state of society, we can fight our soul-battle in that world from which they were seduced to fly. And have we not the same results around us?—government, law, and order left to careless Romans; a needy populace left to vice and ignorance; strength and courage, as in the Goths, art and philosophy, as in poor Hypatia, left, godless, to sustain themselves? It was not so in times of old—in those ancient Jewish times, from which we have borrowed one of the few things that were destined to die—their exclusiveness. Narrow as was the Jewish theocracy, it was narrow in numbers only, not in nature. If it comprehended but one nation, it comprehended all that constitutes nations—every natural faculty, every social relation, every principle of man's or God's government; and for this very reason, that, in the times to come, when the kingdom of God should embrace all nations, there might be nothing wanting to suit its requirements to all. In the better times of the Jewish polity we see the working of this grand national principle, which Christians, to their cost, have forgotten. Kings ruled for God, judges judged for him, poets sang for him, artificers worked for him, soldiers fought for

* Concluded from page 41.

him. They were not all good men, far from it; but it was stamped into the heart's core of the people that their whole life was a feoff held from the Most High, for which they were bound to render open homage. The anomaly of modern times is this, that while we have higher and holier views of God as the God of individuals, we have lower views, rather we have no views at all, of God as the God of nations, the King of kings and Lord of lords. They who adopt this phrase in Christian hymns, generally repudiate the only meaning that makes it more than a phrase; and altogether deny that God still asserts sovereignty over nations, still demands outward homage, still inflicts punishment and promises reward. Who, in an age that has separated national and spiritual life—who dares believe that if, at God's command, and for the sake of right, England met danger and risked loss, she would as certainly find protection and safety as did Judea of old? The unrighteous have lost faith in the God of nations, and, still worse, the righteous have lost faith in him. We greatly rejoice that a writer as popular as Kingsley is, should use his strength to support this forgotten truth; and we equally regret that he should so link it with his own pet notions and fancies, with rash speculations and lax opinions, that from his hands it is too often carelessly or suspiciously received as "one of Kingsley's views." He himself does injustice to this old Jewish belief; in truth, he is but an Alexandrian Jew. On points of doctrine, where the ancient Jew was so dogmatic, on points of obedience, where he was so unswerving, (the Fourth Commandment, for instance,) Kingsley slides off into dialectics, and goes—no one knows where. He seems to want that highest attribute of genius—full command over its own creations. It is not so much he who makes his characters go further than they ought, as his characters who make him go further than he ought. Thus, in *Alton Locke* he does not merely portray a democrat, but is dragged down with him into the very cant of democracy. Thus, in *Westward Ho*, he can not stop when he makes gallant Amyas Leigh a little too combative, but must needs sink with him into the black heathenism of revenge. Thus, in *Yeast*, he not only describes the fermentation of social elements, but is himself in the whirl and bubble, and plainly can not get out. He can

not speak, and speak well, of the great world-battle between good and evil, and of the living God who overrules it; but when that strife comes to a crisis in each individual soul, Kingsley gets out of his depth, and flounders helplessly. There is scarcely one of his novels in which a soul-crisis is not introduced; yet in his hands these crises become little more than curious facts in psychology. Alton Locke turns from evil to good through a series of vivid fancies or visions; Tom Thurnall, through a shake of the nerves; Amyas Leigh, through three days of delirium, and a dream; while in *Phaethon* and *Hypatia* the greatest fact in human existence—the choice of the soul between life and death—is brought before us in the merest word-battle of Platonic dialectics. Strange that he who cries so loudly to communities, "It is not words or views you want, but a real Helper and Ruler," should, to the individual, offer help and rule in intellectual play of words! Raphael the Jew, who has just found the living God of Israel in the Christian Messiah, comes to the graceful heathen with whom he has studied Plato, and presents to her his new life and light in true Platonic form. By definitions and abstractions, and subtle arguments on the properties of things, and considerations founded on Plato's archetypes, he seeks to lead her to the discovery of a living God and Christ. Are we to suppose that it was thus St. Paul preached to the graceful Greeks of Corinth? We wish we had space for the whole scene between Raphael and Hypatia, but must be content with giving part of the lucid summary with which Kingsley concludes his sketch of the fifth century:

"And now we will leave Alexandria also, and, taking a forward leap of some twenty years, see how all other persons mentioned in this history went each to his own place.

"A little more than twenty years after, the wisest and holiest man in the east was writing of Cyril, just deceased: 'His death made those who survived him joyful; but it grieved most probably the dead; and there is cause to fear, lest, finding his presence too troublesome, they should send him back to us.' Cyril has gone to his own place. What that place is in history, is but too well known. What it is in the sight of Him unto whom all live forever, is no concern of ours. May He whose mercy is over all his works, have mercy upon all, whether orthodox or unorthodox, Papist or Protestant, who, like Cyril, begin by lying for the cause of truth; and, setting off upon that evil

road, arrive surely with the Scribes and Pharisees of old, sooner or later, at their own place.

"True, he and his monks had conquered, but Hypatia did not die unavenged. In the hour of that unrighteous victory, the Church of Alexandria received a deadly wound. It had admitted and sanctioned those habits of doing evil that good may come, of pious intrigue, and, at last, of open persecution, which are certain to creep in wheresoever men attempt to set up a merely religious empire, independent of human relationships and laws. . . . And the Egyptian Church grew, year by year, more lawless and inhuman. Freed from enemies without, and from the union which fear compels, it turned its ferocity inward, to prey on its own vitals, and to tear itself in pieces by a voluntary suicide, with mutual anathemas and exclusions, till it ended as a mere chaos of idolatrous sects, persecuting each other for metaphysical propositions; which, true or false, were equally heretical in their mouths, because they used them only as watchwords of division. Orthodox or unorthodox, they knew not God; for they knew neither righteousness, nor love, nor peace. They 'hated their brethren, and walked on still in darkness, not knowing whither they were going,' till Amrou and his Mohammedans appeared; and . . . they went to their own place.

"Twenty years after Hypatia's death, philosophy was flickering down to the very socket. Hypatia's murder was its death-blow. In language tremendous and unspeakable, philosophers had been informed that mankind had done with them; that they had been weighed in the balances and found wanting; that if they had no better Gospel than that to preach, they must make way for those who had. And they did make way. We hear little or nothing of them or their wisdom henceforth, except at Athens, . . . where they descended deeper and deeper into the realms of confusion, . . . gradually looking with more and more complacency on all superstitions which did not involve that one idea which alone they hated, namely, the Incarnation; craving after signs and wonders, dabbling in magic, astrology, and barbarian fetchisms; bemoaning the fallen age, and barking querulously at every form of human thought except their own. . . . Peace be to their ashes! They are gone to their own place.

"Wulf, too, (the Gothic wise man,) had gone to his own place, wheresoever that may be. He died in Spain, full of years and honors, at the court of Adolf and Placidia, having seen his younger companions-in-arms settled with their Alexandrian brides, up on the sunny slopes from which they had expelled the Vandals and Suevi, to be the ancestors of 'bluest-blooded' Castilian nobles. Wulf died, as he had lived, a heathen. Placidia, who loved him well, as she loved all righteous and noble souls, had succeeded once in persuading him to accept baptism. Adolf himself acted as once of his sponsors; and the old warrior was in the act of stepping into the font, when he turned suddenly

to the bishop, and asked, where were the souls of his heathen ancestors? 'In hell,' replied the worthy prelate. Wulf drew back from the font, and threw his bear-skin cloak around him. 'He would prefer, if Adolf had no objection, to go to his own people.' (Note, a fact.) And so he died unbaptized, and went to his own place.

"Victoria was still alive and busy: but Augustine's warning had come true—she had found trouble in the flesh. The day of the Lord had come, and Vandal tyrants were now the masters of the fair corn lands of Africa. Her father and brother were lying by the side of Raphael (her husband) beneath the ruined walls of Hippo, slain, long years before, in the vain attempt to deliver their country from the invading swarms. But they had died the death of heroes, and Victoria was content. And it was whispered among the down-trodden Catholics, who clung to her as an angel of mercy, that she, too, had endured strange misery and disgrace; that her delicate limbs bore the scars of fearful tortures; that a room in her house, into which none ever entered but herself, contained a young boy's grave; and that she passed long nights upon the spot, where lay her only child, martyred by the hands of Arian persecutors. Nay, some of the few who, having dared to face that fearful storm, had survived its fury, asserted that she herself, amid her own shame and agony, had cheered the sinking boy on to his glorious death. But though she had found trouble in the flesh, her spirit knew none. Clear-eyed and joyful, she went to and fro among the victims of Vandal rapine and persecution, spending upon the maimed, the sick, the ruined, the small remnants of her former wealth, and winning, by her purity and piety, the reverence and favor even of the barbarian conquerors. She had her work to do, and she did it, and was content; and, in good time, she also went to her own place."

Next on our list follows a bold conception: a novel half-immoral, half-Dissenting; a tale of seduction, relieved by Methodist sermons and prayers! The popularity of *Adam Bede* has been immense. "Particular" ladies have placed it on their drawing-room tables; sober people have declared that all young men ought to read it; nay, to our excessive astonishment, we have heard it called a religious novel. Let us glance at the plot of the story. Arthur Donithorne, the generous, honorable, kind-hearted young squire, falls in love with the farmer's niece, pretty Hetty Sorrel; and blindly, and almost unresistingly, abandons himself to the impulses which are certain to bring disgrace on himself and ruin on his victim. We say, unresistingly, for we count it no resistance to make resolutions which are never put in practice. In the course of three months, (for this is no gradual fall!)

he is represented as pursuing his object almost without a struggle, lying to disguise it without a blush, and then leaving his victim, with very insufficient precautions to save her from the worst consequences of their mutual wrong-doing. Then Hetty, without the smallest demur, accepts Adam Bede as an affianced lover, and prepares to marry him; until, overwhelmed by the certainty of her disgrace, she takes to flight, murders her baby in a fit of lightheadedness, is tried, and condemned to die—Arthur only becoming aware of her situation in time to exert his utmost efforts to change the sentence of death into transportation. Then both become penitent, and are put out of sight for some years, after which Arthur returns home, and Hetty dies.

What is it that makes a novel of which such a plot is the center, a favorite among thoughtful and religious people? First, the exceeding literary merit of the book, and the artistic skill which hides its evil beneath its good. We doubt if one reader in twenty has ever placed these facts fairly before his own judgment, or given them their right names—so skillfully are they veiled under inference and silence, so skillfully alternated with the better parts of the story. Also, there is great merit in the charm and ease of the dialogue, in the spirit and correctness with which most of the characters are sketched, and in the real wit and wisdom embodied in Mrs. Poyser and Adam Bede himself. Probably, also, the amount of religious talk has found favor with religious people; as if mere words could constitute religion in a book any more than in a life. That which its speakers put forward as their truest convictions, that which is inculcated in the passing reflections of the author, that good or evil which is held up to be followed, tolerated, or avoided—that is the religion of the book. Let us just notice what Adam Bede teaches us on the great question of moral power and responsibility. In an interview between Adam and Captain Donithorne, Arthur says:

“‘I should think, now, Adam, you never have any struggles with yourself. I fancy you would master a wish that you had made up your mind it was not quite right to indulge, as easily as you would knock down a drunken fellow who was quarrelsome with you. I mean, you are never shilly-shally, first making up your mind that you won't do a thing, and then doing it

after all?’ ‘Well,’ said Adam, slowly, after a moment's hesitation, ‘no. I don't remember ever being see-saw in that way, when I'd made my mind up, as you say, that a thing was wrong. It takes the taste out o' many things, when I know I should have a heavy conscience after 'em. I've seen pretty clear, ever since I could cast up a sum, as you can never do what's wrong without breeding sin and trouble more than you can ever see.’”

Again, with Mr. Irwine, Arthur says:

“‘I think it is hardly an argument against a man's general strength of character, that he should be apt to be mastered by love. A fine constitution doesn't insure one against small-pox, or any other of those inevitable diseases. A man may be very firm in other matters, and yet be under a sort of witchery from a woman.’ Mr. I.—‘Yes; but there's this difference between love and small-pox, or bewitchment either—that if you detect the disease at an early stage, and try change of air, there is every chance of complete escape, without any further development of symptoms. And there are certain alternative doses which a man may administer to himself by keeping unpleasant consequences before his mind: that gives you a sort of smoked glass through which you may look at the resplendent fair one and discern her true outline; though I'm afraid, by the bye, the smoked glass is apt to be missing just at the moment it is most wanted.’ A.—‘Yes, that's the worst of it. It's a desperately vexatious thing, that, after all one's reflections and quiet determinations, we should be ruled by moods which one can't calculate on beforehand. I don't think a man ought to be blamed so much if he is betrayed into doing things in that way, in spite of his resolutions.’ Mr. I.—‘Ah! but the moods lie in his nature, my boy, just as much as his reflections did, and more. A man can never do any thing at variance with his own nature. He carries within him the germ of his most exceptional action.’ A.—‘Well, but one may be betrayed into doing things by a combination of circumstances, which one might never have done otherwise.’ Mr. I.—‘Why, yes; a man can't very well steal a bank-note unless the bank-note lies in the way; but he won't make us think him an honest man because he begins to howl at the bank-note for falling in his way.’ A.—‘But surely you don't think a man who struggles against a temptation, into which he falls at last, as bad as the man who never struggles at all?’ Mr. I.—‘No, my boy, I pity him in proportion to his struggles; for they foreshadow the inward suffering, which is the worst form of Nemesis. Consequences are un pitying. Our deeds carry their terrible consequences, quite apart from any fluctuations that went before—consequences that are hardly ever confined to ourselves. And it is best to fix our minds on that certainty, instead of considering what may be the elements of excuse for us.’”

Clearly, Arthur and Adam are made of different materials.

"Whenever Adam was strongly convinced of any proposition, it took the form of a principle in his mind: it was knowledge to be acted on, as much as the knowledge that damp will cause rust. Perhaps here lay the secret of the hardness he had accused himself of: he had too little fellow-feeling with the weakness that errs in spite of foreseen consequences. Without this fellow-feeling, how are we to get enough patience and charity toward our stumbling, falling companions, in the long and changeful journey? And there is but one way in which a strong, determined soul can learn it—by getting his heart-strings bound round the weak and erring, so that he must share not only the outward consequence of their error, but their inward suffering. . . . Let us love the beauty that lies in the secret of deep human sympathy. . . . In this world there are many common, coarse people, who have no picturesque sentimental wretchedness! It is so needful we should remember their existence, else we may happen to leave them quite out of our religion and philosophy, and frame lofty theories which only fit a world of extremes. . . . Therefore let us always have men ready to give the loving pains of a life to the faithful representing of common-place things—men who see beauty in these common-place things, and delight in showing how kindly the light of heaven falls on them. There are few prophets in the world; few sublimely beautiful women; few heroes. I can't afford to give all my love and reverence to such rarities: I want a great deal of those feelings for my every-day fellow-men. . . . It is more needful that my heart should swell with loving admiration at some trait of gentle goodness in the faulty people who sit at the same hearth with me, or in the clergyman of my own parish, who is perhaps rather too corpulent, and in other respects not an Oberlin or a Tillotson, than at the deeds of heroes whom I shall never know except by hearsay. . . . And so I come back to Mr. Irwine."

From these quotations it would seem that our strength to resist evil consists in a natural power to act on foreseen consequences. Those who, like Adam, have this power, are fortunate; those who, like Arthur, have it not, will be ruled by their "moods"—the moods which are part of that nature which no man can act against. The strength which all mankind may possess by virtue of that light "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world"—the strength to choose right as right, and to resist wrong as wrong, apart from all consequences, is not recognized in Adam Bede. On the contrary, the whole book is a vivid picture of the irretrievable *effects* of wrong-doing,

and its only morality is to impress self-restraint by a clearer view of those effects. At first sight this may seem moral and religious; but it is an immorality and an irreligion to preach only the consequences of sin, whilst the guilt of yielding to it is ignored. Look at the history of Arthur's fall in connection with the passages we have quoted: the folly and the evil results are drawn by a master-hand; but the coarseness, baseness, and guiltiness of his whole conduct are so skillfully thrown into the shade, that we do not believe any reader would guess the extent of the wrong he has done, until it comes to light in the interview between Arthur and Adam. Then, as it would seem, for the first time, "all screening self-excuse forsook him for an instant, and he stood face to face with the first great irrevocable evil he had ever committed"—Then?—not till then!—then?—only for an instant! Though he had to lie to Adam "as a necessity," though, "while it jarred with his habitual feelings," he could remember that "he had to be judicious and not truthful;" even after all this, the young man, who is represented as an honorable, high-minded gentleman, instead of feeling himself disgraced forever, "would gladly have persuaded himself that he had done no harm! And if no one had told him the contrary, he could have persuaded himself so much better. Nemesis can seldom forge a sword for herself out of our conscience; . . . out of the suffering we feel in the suffering we may have caused: there is rarely metal enough there to make an effective weapon." And when he thought of Hetty, compunctions and anxious as he was, he could argue with himself that "it was an unfortunate business altogether, but there was no use in making it worse than it was, by imaginary exaggerations and forebodings of evil that might never come. The temporary sadness, to Hetty, was the worst consequence: he resolutely turned away his eyes from any bad consequence that was not demonstrably inevitable. But—but Hetty might have had the trouble in some other way, if not in this. And perhaps hereafter he might be able to do a great deal for her, and make up to her for all the tears she would shed about him. She would owe the advantage of his care for her in future years to the sorrow she had incurred now. So good comes out of evil. Such is the beautiful arrangement of things!" Is

this a kind, generous, high-principled gentleman?—rather, as Adam calls him, “a selfish, light-minded scoundrel.” Our author moralizes on the woful deterioration of two months, and on the slavery exercised over us by our own deeds; but a soliloquy like this is the expression of long-formed character, not of two months’ degeneracy. Doubtless there are many Arthurs in the world, but they are *not* generous, high-principled gentlemen. He who can with open eyes walk first into temptation, and then into vice; he who can shamefully deceive the man who trusts him, and seduce the woman who loves him, yet whose first thought throughout is to excuse himself, may be an easy-tempered, open-handed fellow, but he can never have been noble-minded or high-principled; had he been so, his sins would have been torture to him. But then, you see, we were not all born heroes; we all have not strength to abstain in sight of future consequences; we are governed by “moods” which lie in our nature—the nature against which we can never be at variance. Therefore, instead of harshly condemning others less strongly built than ourselves, we must have patience and charity toward our stumbling, falling companions. We must get our heart-strings bound round the weak and erring, so that we may share their inward suffering. Human nature is lovable in itself, and even in common-place and vulgar people we shall find deep pathos and sublime mysteries. This is the religion of *Adam Bede*.

Look at it carefully in the extracts we have given at large. What is the meaning of this strong assertion of the vulgar and common-place against the ideal heroic? The words are true enough in themselves, but what is their import taken in connection with the story? Mr. Irwine and Captain Donithorne are not common-place, nor do they stand in opposition to any false heroic, but to the true and simple rule of right. In this loud demand for sympathy with them, for charity and patience toward them, is there no fear that we may forget that rule?—especially when we are urged to compassion by love and sympathy alone. Is it by suffering in their sufferings that we are to learn forbearance? Not so, lest pity for the suffering make us forget the sin. It is by high conscience of the rule of right, and by the sense of our own transgression and

God’s free forgiveness, that we are to learn the only true and safe ground for gentleness toward others. “Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ’s sake hath forgiven you.” Conscientiousness without humility is harsh and cold, but charity without righteousness is lax and low. We are *not* to let go our hold of God’s high standard; we are not to lose sight of the baseness of sin and the darkness of guilt; we are not to forget that by God’s help we *can* seek good and avoid evil, against our own “moods” and against the force of temptation. George Eliot’s religion is of a different kind. By the skill of an accomplished author he puts guilt and responsibility out of sight, raises from circumstances an extenuating plea, invests natural character with excusing force, makes the consequences of wrong-doing more prominent than wrong-doing, the sufferings of sin more prominent than sin, and then demands leniency for offenders, not because we too have fallen, but because they could scarcely choose but fall. Well may they hope for leniency in judgment who drag down the standard that alone condemns them: their religion is the religion of “I could not help it,” and the plea that excuses others excuses themselves. We are far from saying that this is ever put forward in express words; such a masterly writer does not need to do so; but he always contrives to present to the mind of his readers the idea of our helplessness to resist evil.

The literary machinery by which this is effected, consists of a minute unhealthy analysis of feelings and impulses, to which the action of the will is made subordinate. A mind at cross purposes with itself is laid bare before us; a mind resolving on good, and satisfying itself with the resolution, only to cling the closer to evil; content to fail, wishing and longing to fail, even while it resolves. We see the whole process of self-debate and self-deceit; we see the low motives lurking behind the higher ones, and secretly swaying the mind against its better convictions; we see the course of temptation and hesitation, and the final surrender to deceit, dishonor, and guilt. But to what purpose is this morbid analysis? The Lacedæmonians bade their children see the loathsomeness of drunkenness in their besotted Helots; but they never bade them con-

template or study the alluring process of temptation, or the gradual progress of degradation. He who bids us do this, forgets the aid which the play of imagination lends to evil. Why do the horrors of war and shipwreck continually tempt boys into the army and navy? Why does one semi-madman's shooting at the Queen, or jumping off the Monument, incline others to the same insanity? Simply, because the imagination is strong to stamp pictorial representations on the mind, and weak to register the prudential or moral motives which serve to counteract them. In *Adam Bede* the process of temptation is so skillfully managed, so veiled by silence, so entangled by metaphysical analysis, that while the sin and guilt come out plain in the consequences, we are merely left to infer some excusing weakness in the fall. But this point becomes more prominent in *The Mill on the Floss*. Every thing is done to throw around Maggie the excusing plea of helplessness. She is said to be honorable and upright, yet she meets her lover for a whole year clandestinely; she is a good daughter, yet she secretly outrages her father's strongest wishes; she is a loving cousin, yet she steals from Lucy her affianced lover's heart. She does it as her cousin's guest, she does it under her cousin's trusting eye, she feels uneasy and unhappy, and means to do otherwise, but she still does it. Maggie's conduct is most base; but how is it we are not allowed to see the baseness? Why are we told so often that she is truthful and upright, except to suggest the idea of her helplessness to resist temptation? Neither in *Adam Bede* nor *The Mill on the Floss* is there any attempt to evade the sufferings that result from sin. The connection between moral cause and effect is asserted unflinchingly; and we should hope from this, that the author had written with an honest purpose, as far as he himself had learnt the secret of true moral principle. And yet, why is right principle made so odious in Tom Tulliver, and no principle at all so attractive in Maggie? Was the book written, as we doubt not it has been often read, with a comforting sense of excusability in many a past crisis of our lives, when good and evil, life and death, were set before us, and we did not choose life, that we might live?

The literary merit of *The Mill on the*

Floss is very inferior to that of *Adam Bede*. Much of the wisdom, and almost all the wit, has vanished, and the dialogue is tiresome in the extreme; nor is there a character in the book on which the mind rests with pleasure. Much of this belongs to the design of the author, and he meets the objection thus:

"It is a sordid life, you say, this of the Tullivers and Dodsons—irradiated by no sublime principles, no romantic visions, no active, self-renouncing faith—moved by none of those wild uncontrollable passions which create the dark shadows of misery and crime—without that primitive rough simplicity of wants, that hard submissive ill-paid toil, that child-like spelling out of what nature has written, which gives its poetry to peasant life. Here, one has conventional worldly notions and habits, without instruction and without polish—surely the most prosaic form of human life: proud respectability in a gig of unfashionable build: worldliness without side-dishes. Observing these people narrowly, even when the iron hand of misfortune has shaken them from their unquestioning hold of the world, one sees little trace of religion, still less of a distinctively Christian creed. Their belief in the unseen, so far as it manifests itself at all, seems to be rather of a pagan kind; though held with strong tenacity, they seem to have no standard beyond hereditary custom. You could not live among such people; you are stifled for want of an outlet toward something beautiful, great, or noble; you are irritated with these dull men and women, as a kind of population out of keeping with the earth on which they live. . . . I share with you this sense of oppressive narrowness; but it is necessary that we should feel it, if we care to understand how it acted on the lives of Tom and Maggie—how it has acted on young natures in many generations, that in the onward tendency of human things have risen above the mental level of the generation before them, to which they have been nevertheless tied by the strongest fibers of their hearts. The suffering, whether of martyr or victim, which belongs to every historical advance of mankind, is represented in this way in every town, and by hundreds of obscure hearths."

It would seem by this, that we are to regard *The Mill on the Floss* as written in the spirit of tragedy. We are not to ask for a moral, or to look for good or evil in it: it is art, not morality. These things, these sordid narrow things, are facts; they have their evil withering effects; they cramp minds and break hearts, and drag down immortality into the dirt, soiled and suffering. This is the picture placed before you: is it not well drawn? Does it not seem pitiable and distressing as it really is? Then ask no more.

Ay, but we must ask more. This is the heathen idea of tragedy—man conquered by destiny; ours is the Christian idea of tragedy—destiny conquered by man. Give us loss and suffering of the worst kind—heart-suffering, mental loss, stifled energies, depressed and unhappy life: give us the cruellest pressure of circumstances, strong temptation, surrounding evil influences; but give us also a soul to struggle and an appeal to the Helper of souls, and we shall conquer at last. We shall not come out of the fire scathless, surely not; we may bear the marks forever of our own heart-treachery and cowardice—this betraying, that shrinking; we may have to bear forever the reproach of some false step, some irretrievable wrong; we may pass beyond hope of any earthly triumph in recognition of our victory, nay, we may be held to be beaten in the conflict; we may—we may—but this let us know, that there is no destiny overruling Christians, except their own final surrender; and that, however often we may fall, and however deep be our fall, if we struggle to the last, and call for the aid offered to the struggling, we shall be victors in the end. Just so, says our author, just so Maggie conquered. No, she did not conquer. In her determination to do right at the last, she was too weak to bear the dreariness of the life she had fashioned for herself; and had to be put out of the way, and swept down by destiny in the floods of the Floss.

And what is the secret of this sordid narrow life—of the sharp temper of Aunt Glegg, the inanity of Aunt Pullet, the bewildered regret of Mrs. Tulliver over her house-linen, the somber old age and heathen death-bed of her husband, the hardness of Tom, the ill-regulated impulses of Maggie, the selfish passion of Stephen Guest, the morbid irritability of Philip—is it not this, that they have all succumbed to their destiny, that destiny which is made up of inward character and outward circumstance, and are sinking down, amidst clouds and darkness, to the level of their lower nature, instead of struggling upward, against themselves, into life and light? This is heathen tragedy, but it is not lawful to introduce it in Christian times; it is not lawful to use genius to invest character and circumstance with all the power of destiny, and by so doing to undermine the heroism of

common life, the sacred power of resistance to evil, implanted and sustained by God in man.

In strong contrast with George Eliot's writings, are the four novels which stand at the end of our list. Different in time, and scene, and principle—as different as the English school-boy and the Christian gentleman can be from the Pythagorean seer, they are based alike on that great fact of humanity, (the foundation of all religion,) the struggle of man with himself, and with the evil influences and circumstances around him. Tom Brown, the boy at school, struggling against his own heedlessness and lawlessness, and fidding help in the help he gives; the same boy at college, struggling against the same foes in their adult form, with a glimmering insight that the secret of his whole life-battle is to be found in help given and received; Pisistratus Caxton, the young man starting in life, warm lover and good son, with one hand putting aside the dream of his boyhood, and with the other dragging his fallen cousin out of the mud, and going forth manfully to fight fortune; all these tell the same story, that life is not all hollowness, as cynical Thackeray proclaims it, nor all helplessness, as George Eliot insinuates; that though it *has* bright elements, glee and frolic for the boy—love, friendship, genius, and fame for the man, it has also a principle of action, and a work to do; and that in the doing of that work, in the carrying out of that principle, is the true honor and glory of life. The last two stories set forth even a deeper truth. We presume that most readers of *The Heir of Redclyffe* have said, on the first impulse, "What a shame it is to kill Guy!" but how could it be otherwise, consistently with the aim of the book? It tells us, in an exceedingly graceful and well-written story, that it is not always by successful work, but sometimes by loss and suffering, and even death itself, that the battle of life must be won. More than this—that it is not always by *deserved* loss, the consequence of our own sin and folly, but by loss for other's gain, by death for other's life, by vicarious suffering of the innocent for the guilty, (type and shadow of a deeper truth,) that the highest victory is won. It is sad to see Guy, in his bright youth, called, on his bridal tour, to leave his loving, happy wife; it is sad to see Philip going through life with

injured health and depressed spirits, a gloomy, regretful man; it is sad to see the heir so fit for his earthly inheritance taken from it, that it may be possessed by one who deserves it so little; but we are not left to indulge this sadness under the dreary conviction that the triumph of evil over good is the common law and lot of *Vanity Fair*. Miss Yonge knows better than that. By her skillful treatment of the lighter parts of the story, she prevents the mind from being oppressed by its pathos, and so well works out her hidden meaning, without giving it formal expression, that she makes us feel there is something better than earthly happiness and success, for the sake of which our latent sense of heroism teaches us at last to be content that Guy should die. The same high lesson is brought before us in the wild-dream romance of *Zanoni*. George Eliot gives us heathen tragedy under a Christian form; Bulwer gives us Christian tragedy under a heathen form, wrapped up in a jargon of art, philosophy, and alchemy. He represents Zanoni, the Pythagorean seer, who has attained the secret of boundless wealth and knowledge, life and youth, constrained by his love, and by the pressure of danger and evil on those he loves, to yield his glorious gifts one by one, to be subject to the malignant powers which he had formerly commanded, beaten backward, step by step, from intercourse with bright ethereal spirits to the weakness and sorrow of mortal life, until he has to yield that life itself to save his wife and child; yet, in that last hour of defeat, recognizing the true secret of victory, and asserting his trust and triumph over earth-evils and spirit-foes.

"Did he mean all that by shaking his head?" says Sheridan, in *The Critic*. So our English novelists may say: "Do we mean all this by our amusing stories? Do we inculcate these grand lessons, and do our readers understand us?" That depends:—considering that in novels bad lessons are much more often taught than good ones, we should be glad to think that readers in general did *not* understand them. As a rule, novels are read for mere amusement, all action of the moral judgment being suspended for the time; and in that fact is to be found the greatest evil of a habit of novel-reading. Fiction has two different effects; it is a stim-

ulant and a sedative. It can stimulate the fancy for good or evil, and it can soothe the mind to forgetfulness of good or evil—to forgetfulness of care or worry, also to forgetfulness of work, of duty, of the claims and responsibilities of real life: and though it is customary to condemn fiction chiefly as a stimulant, we think that, in the present day, its sedative effects are far more pernicious. It is injuring us less by that which it does, than by that which it prevents us from doing. If it raises unhealthy longings in those who, by its aid, mistake fancy for truth, it quiets healthy aspirations by thrusting aside real life, and offering us a make-believe in its stead. It teaches us to take interest in, to feel with, grieve with, rejoice with, that which is not reality, that of which the great charm is, that it does not trouble us with the severe obligations of truth. Many a youth and man who would throw down in disgust the novels which might tend to stimulate his evil passions, wastes over them, without scruple, the time and thought and energy which should be spent in study or in work. Fiction, at present, ministers less to remembrance of evil than to forgetfulness of good; and in this way our swarming serials are doing us a great ill-service. Their power as stimulants is much lessened by the month's interval that separates the consecutive scenes of the story; but their power as sedatives, to indispose us for steady thought or hard work, is much increased by their constant recurrence and wide circulation, for thus they catch us at unwary moments, and waste far more time and thought than would ever be deliberately given to novels in a more condensed form.

What shall we say to the habitual novel-reader? It is true that God has given us mental stimulants and sedatives to meet the wear and tear of daily life; and that first among those which refresh without after-exhaustion, the pleasures of imagination take their place. In the glory of nature, the graces of art, the charm of poetry, the magic word-painting which we call "fiction," God has supplied us with the means of temporary escape from the pressure of reality, when business, or care, or pain, or sorrow, weighs too heavily upon us. We do not say that tonics would not often better meet the need; nevertheless, in many cases of earthly weakness, stimulants and sedatives are

allowed and provided. It would be hard to say why fiction may not be lawfully used in the exhaustion of over-work, or in restlessness and pain, as we use the blessings of wine and opium: the helpful grace of God no more forbids the aid of one than of the other. But when we are strong and well, shall we meet the craving for food by wine? Or, when we are diseased, and in need of medicine or the surgical knife, shall we lull ourselves with opium? For our mental and moral cravings adequate food has been provided, and for our mental and moral disease adequate medicine has been given—real objects, real motives, real sources of joy and grief, of hope and fear; but in our hours of slothful ease the very reality of these things appalls us, and, cowards that we are, we shrink from their contact. Any thing that will hide their clear outline, any thing that will help us to play with life—business for the busy, beauty for the graceful, fiction for the idle—shall be thankfully welcomed in the place of truth. We are accustomed to think of habitual novel-reading as the vice of women, (and probably the quieter life of the sex predisposes them to this indulgence,) but it is far too common among idle youth and men, who need stimulants, yet shrink from vice. Even to such, we question if the conscious stimulant of the habitual dose is not subordinate to its unconscious sedative. Fiction may be pleasant, but the true secret is, that reality is not pleasant, that we do not like effort and endurance, those inevitable conditions of mortal life.

It is useless to place around the young restrictions which are not sanctioned by the tone and temper of the age; and we might as well bar our doors against the spring-tide as against the torrent of stories, serials, and green and yellow literature,

which inundates us on all sides. Each one must bar his own mind, making conscience to himself of the time he devotes to reading, of the nature of the books he reads, and of the effect they have on his mind. But this would carry us far beyond novels. O studious young men, who scorn light literature! do you never undermine your principles by wild speculations a thousand times more dangerous? O respectable fathers, who frown at Dumas! do you never read *The Times* reports of the Divorce Court, a thousand times more defiling? When the press gives such publicity to every kind of vice and error, there can be no effectual barrier against evil but that which is placed within. Curious youth turns toward forbidden knowledge ere it rightly apprehends the extent of the stain; and it is in that age of departing innocence and advancing temptation that we should most seek to inculcate the great duty of self-restraint. The wise son of Sirach tells us, that "the knowledge of wickedness is not wisdom." Who is there that, in sober manhood, has never had cause to mourn over the dark corners of his mind, where dangerous or defiling knowledge has been stored, (drawn from other sources than novels,) and to wish that, in the mercy of God, it had been possible to blot out the memory with the guilt of sin? Our stained thoughts remain to trouble or to tempt us, like dry-rot that has crept into the hidden timbers of a house, which, kept by great care from spreading, oozes out in damp spots on the wall—an incurable evil, only to be met by a rough remedy, when the architect shall "take down the house, and build it all anew."*

* We have inserted the foregoing article partly for its condemnation of such mental poisoners as *Adam Bede*.—EDITOR ECLECTIC.

From Chambers's Journal.

COMPARATIVE RESPIRATION.

THE air we breathe, subtile and invisible as it is, contains elements which have the property of separating themselves from each other, and of entering into composition with living creatures, according to the proportion required for the carrying on of their vital functions. Every thing that has life, whether it be vegetable or animal, by the very use of its organs, causes a waste of their substance which requires constant renewal. In animals, the waste is denoted by an excess of carbon, which must be expelled from the system, and by a diminution of oxygen, a fresh supply of which must be constantly kept up. This is accomplished by means of a law according to which gases of different densities, that are not disposed to unite chemically, have a strong tendency to mutual admixture. If a bladder of hydrogen be placed in a vessel of carbonic acid, a certain quantity of hydrogen will pass out of the bladder, and a still larger amount of carbonic acid will enter therein. This interchange of gases through a thin membranous substance goes on the more rapidly as there is a greater difference of density between the gases. All animals are supplied with such a membranous substance in one or more parts of their body, through which carbonic acid may be expelled and oxygen imbibed, for the maintenance of the balance of life.

Indeed, even in the vegetable world, there is a constant interchange of gases going on; the leaves of plants giving off oxygen in the sun-light, and absorbing carbonic acid from the atmosphere, carbon being an important element of food for the plant. There have been counted as many as seven millions of leaves on an oak tree, each leaf having hundreds of thousands of pores, through which pass the gases for the maintenance of vegetable life. The fresh-water algæ in our ponds absorb carbon from the water, and by so doing, purify it from decayed matter; hence fishes are most healthy in those ponds where there are aquatic plants.

Though all animals require means for parting with carbon, and for obtaining a fresh supply of oxygen, yet the *extent* of their wants in this respect varies greatly in degree. According to the temperature of the body, and the activity of their habits, will be the generation of carbonic acid requiring expulsion, and the demand for a renewal of oxygen; also, this will be affected by the widely varied habitat of animated creatures, some living in water, and some on land, while some are amphibious, and others have wings for flight. These differences have necessitated an extensive variety in the breathing mechanism, so that, whatever its habits, and wherever its home, every living being may be able to obtain that amount of oxygen which is necessary for its life, and to get rid of the noxious surplus of carbon. Deeply interesting is it to notice the varied structure of the respiratory organs in the different classes of animals, and their marvelous adaptation to the wants of each, exemplifying as they do the skill of the Great Creator, and the beautiful harmony of all his laws.

Those creatures which live in the water are cold, and often have no red corpuscles in the blood; especially is this the case with mollusks, which lead so inactive a life; therefore, they do not require a large supply of oxygen to their system, and find a sufficient medium of respiration in the water which surrounds them, and which contains enough oxygen for the purpose. The lowest in the scale of animated beings that has a special provision for aerating the system, is the class to which belong the star-fish, medusa, etc., from the digestive organs of which are communications with the outer disk of the fish, where ciliæ or small hairs are attached, that convey to the animal a fresh supply of oxygen through the medium of the water. The common sea-urchin, and such animals as are covered with a hard shell through which no gases can pass, are provided with a membrane between the shell and the viscera, that contains minute

ramifications from the body, and to which water is admitted through openings in the shell for the purpose of respiration. In the ordinary bivalves, as the oyster, muscle, etc., there are, near the mouth of the shell, innumerable ciliæ, on the part commonly called the beard, which are constantly in motion, and which edge four ribbon-like folds containing the blood to be exposed to the surrounding water; likewise the shells of these mollusks are provided with not less than two apertures, one for drawing in, and the other for expelling the water, while each opening is furnished with a long tube or siphon, through which water may be obtained or ejected when the animal is buried in the sand. In the class containing crabs and lobsters, the mode of respiration is somewhat similar, but confined to one organ, and contained in a separate cavity, where, through two orifices, the water finds ingress and egress, being propelled by a valve which by its movements occasions a constant flow of water over the internal gills. In the crustacea adapted to live on land, the gills require additional care to keep them moist for the purpose of respiration; hence, the orifices of the bronchial cavity are reduced in size, that evaporation may take place slowly; also, the membrane lining the bronchial cavity of land-crabs is folded in such a manner as to contain a large amount of fluid; besides this, land-crabs by instinct always frequent a damp situation.

Fishes, again, living as they do wholly in the water, have a different arrangement of the breathing mechanism. Though cold-blooded, and obtaining from the water as much oxygen as they need, yet their rapid movements indicate a fuller aëration of the system than in the species we have already noticed; indeed, so aërated is it, that their blood is furnished with red corpuscles which can convey oxygen and carbonic acid. The gills, connected with the cavity of the mouth, and covered by a bony lid, are disposed in laminae fringed like the plume of a feather, which must be kept moist, or else the transfusion of gases can not go on, and hence fishes taken out of the water, not being able to breathe, soon die. The gills being constantly and thoroughly bathed by the current of water over them, oxygen is taken up into the system, and the blood purified to the extent required. The air-bladder, which is wanting in those fishes

that remain at the bottom of the water, is not necessarily connected with the respiratory organs, excepting in the case of those fresh-water fishes that have a wind-pipe for the passage of air, and which sometimes come to the surface to breathe.

Of insects it may be remarked, that they do not obtain air through the mouth, which is therefore to them no organ of sound, but one for biting and taking food. Their rapid motion requires that their system should be well oxygenized; hence, according to the nature and habits of the insect, air is admitted to the body through several distinct apertures, and carried by a minutely distributed system of tubes, which ramify through even the smallest organs, to all the tissues, whilst at certain parts they dilate into little bags of various degrees of size. In those insects which sustain long flight, as the bee, these air-bags are most developed, perhaps to render their bodies lighter, and perhaps to supply them with more air when some of the external apertures are closed. The wings of insects are covered with very minute tubes, which are connected with their system of respiration, and which become very much distended during flight. There is great variety in the breathing mechanism as regards the larva of insects. In the larva of the gnat, the last segment of the abdomen is prolonged into a tube, the mouth of which remains above the water while the body is immersed. Sometimes the air-tube is fringed with bristles, which entangle a bubble of air sufficient to support respiration, while the little creature descends to the very bottom of the water, the large vessels connected with this tube conveying the air over all the body. In spiders, as in scorpions, the breathing-pores do not open into a system of air-tubes, as is generally the case with insects, but into distinct sacs disposed along the sides of the abdomen, and to which the air has immediate access: these sacs, having the rudiments of minute cells, are somewhat like lungs, for the blood of the insect is brought to them, and duly oxygenized.

The lungs of the several orders of reptiles are, for the most part, capacious sacs, which, in those of the class to which the turtle and tortoise belong, have an incipient subdivision. In the lung of the frog, the lower part is a mere sac, while at the upper part many smaller sacs are developed, by which arrangement the

surface is increased to a great extent. Some reptiles, and among them the frog, having no diaphragm, are obliged to fill their lungs by a process which resembles swallowing, as may be observed from the never-ceasing movement of the under part of its jaw; and thus the most effectual mode of suffocating a frog is by holding its mouth open for a short time, so that it can no longer respire. In serpents, the breathing apparatus consists of a long cylindrical sac, furnished in part with minute air-cells that communicate with each other, and with the general cavity. The capacity of this sac, and the mobility of their ribs, together with their muscularity, enable them to take in a considerable quantity of air. The hissing noise by which serpents sometimes alarm their prey, is caused by the long-continued expulsion of air after the lungs have been fully inflated. As regards water-serpents, the large volume of air contained in the body tends to render them buoyant, and also supplies them during their immersion. In the saurian reptiles, the lungs show increasing development, and, as they advance up to the crocodile, become more subdivided into cells; also in these monsters the lungs are confined to the thoracic region, and some indications are to be seen of a diaphragm. Yet alligators and crocodiles are feeble in respiration compared to their size, and, being cold-blooded animals, are very sluggish; they do not seem to suffer much inconvenience when their breathing is for a time suspended.

The respiring mechanism of birds approaches nearer to that of mammals, though having a great analogy to the organs of winged insects. Their lungs are placed in equal proportions on both sides of the chest, whereby the body is nicely balanced during flight; also, they are much subdivided into small cells, presenting quite a spongy appearance. But besides the lungs in the chest, they have likewise air-sacs connected with them in the neck, the abdomen, and extremities; the bones, too, are hollow, and their cavities communicate with the lungs. The distension of the air-cells tends to keep the wings outstretched, as is shown in dead birds that have been forcibly inflated, and their wings thereby expanded; and thus, in those birds which take long flights, their muscular action is economized by their increased power of respiration. The diffusion of so much air through the

system renders the body of a bird light in proportion to its size, and this is materially increased by the heat and rarefaction of the air passing through it. Of all animals, birds require the most constant renewal of fresh air, and an atmosphere of the greatest purity: air which can be breathed by mammals is sometimes so charged with carbonic acid as to be fatal to birds.

Mammals—the class to which we ourselves belong—are furnished with a breathing apparatus very complex and extensive, and this on a scale that varies according to the food and habits of the animal. Provision is made for the free removal of carbon, and for the renewal of a large supply of oxygen, without impeding motion or action. The lungs, divided and placed on each side of the chest, are kept in active play by the constant heaving up and down of the diaphragm, by which air is brought into the internal reservoir, and after having served its purpose, is again pumped forth. It is calculated that the bulk of air drawn into the human lungs and thrown out again, is about eighteen pints a minute, one thousand pints an hour, and three thousand gallons a day; but as we never entirely empty our lungs by an expiration of the breath, there is always a considerable quantity of air remaining within. Lindennau asserts that, such is the vast area of our lungs, that the amount of surface they present to the blood is not less than twenty-six hundred and forty-two square feet; for, besides that the tubes of the lungs branch into multitudes of vessels fine as hair, there are thousands of vesicles clustered around the extremity of each; and so exceedingly thin is the membrane covering them, that they offer no obstacle to the free interchange of carbon and oxygen. Over the whole of this extensive surface of the lungs is spread a net-work of minute vessels filled with blood, undergoing constant purification; the venous blood, that has gathered up impurity from all parts of the system, yields its carbon to the lungs, and is by them duly oxygenated. After this process, the air, impregnated by carbon, is expelled from the lungs by the effort of breathing, and discharged through the windpipe; it is of course impure, and should not be again inhaled. Health demands a constant supply of fresh atmospheric air, for otherwise the carbon of the system is not properly

expelled, nor a sufficient supply of oxygen kept up. According as the air becomes impure, the functions of nutrition and secretion are depressed, and disease engendered which will hasten death.

But, besides the lungs, additional means are provided for still further keeping the blood pure. Most animals have numerous pores in their skin, communicating with the cellular substance beneath by means of spiral vessels: there are about seven millions of such pores scattered over the skin of a full-grown man. We are accustomed to think of them only as outlets of perspiration: but through them also carbon escapes, and oxygen enters continually—inconsiderable in quantity compared with the air that passes through the lungs, and yet of much importance in purifying the blood and promoting the health.

Notwithstanding all the chemical changes that are going on, by which the atmosphere is more or less affected, yet, when there is free circulation, the air is generally composed of the same elements, combined in the same proportion. Wherefore, seeing that we are provided with a breathing mechanism skillfully adapted to carrying away what is noxious from the system, and for supplying us with that oxygen we need, it remains for us to take pains to keep the machinery in good order, and to be exceedingly careful to breathe the purest air. Cleanliness and ventilation are obviously indispensable to the maintenance of health, and therefore demand scrupulous attention. Is not this, at least, due from us, as a recognition of the goodness of the Creator, by whom we have been so skillfully and wonderfully made!

From Fraser's Magazine.

PETRARCH AND HIS TIMES; OR, THE LAST OF THE TROUBADOURS.

It was a consequence of the restless political life of Italy in the fourteenth century, coinciding as it did with an awakening sensibility to the value of intellectual pursuits, that the two great men who gave the first impulse to the literary renown of their country, were also intimately connected with its troublous vicissitudes. If it is hopeless to acquire a right understanding of Dante's poem without a tolerably familiar acquaintance with cotemporary history, such acquaintance is likewise requisite, not indeed for the actual comprehension of Petrarch's vernacular poetry, but certainly for the due appreciation of his character and influence on the age in which he lived. For Petrarch, though in after-days his name became almost a synonym for the languishing and despairing lover, filled a much more important place than that description would indicate in the world's drama. He was the monitor of popes and emperors, the chosen envoy of states, the cherished friend and coun-

selor of warlike and astute chieftains; while at the same time he was the pride and admiration of his humbler compatriots, the oracle of the learned over all the civilized world. If the consciousness of unbounded fame and universal respect are the most valued rewards of genius, Petrarch enjoyed a happiness which Dante and Shakspeare might well have envied.

His life occurred at a peculiarly auspicious moment for the acquisition of such many-sided renown. A rivalry in arts and letters had only of late begun to spring out of the strong spirit of local independence which characterized the Italian cities of the Middle Ages. Hitherto men of letters had enjoyed a certain reputation among monks and scholars like themselves; but their world was one that existed apart from national life, and was little affected by its interests; their thoughts turned mostly upon abstract topics, and their language was the language of the Church, not that spoken and understood by the people around them.

Vernacular poetry, as exhibited in the rhymes of the Troubadours, was the relaxation of an idle hour, but could hardly acquire a title to enduring fame. Although the appeal made in these light effusions to the living tastes and sympathies of mankind was in fact the groundwork on which all true poetry must be raised, as surely as Chaucer, and Spenser, and Wordsworth have any right to be considered poets—and though the instincts of the human heart rendered them popular, accordingly, with high and low, yet they lacked the richness and strength of expression which could have entitled them to the meed of distinguished excellence. They lacked also a certain loftiness of moral tone and boldness of imagery which seemed to have been lost to Europe since its oblivion of the great productions of antiquity. And it was the renewal of this association with the past, the recovery of the link which the barbarian conquests had rudely torn asunder, which gave to Dante's genius both variety and discipline, and touched Petrarch's love-dalliance with the graces of surpassing refinement.

There is something curious and impressive in the combination of warlike ferocity with the spirit of literary patronage, as we see it displayed among the petty tyrants of Italy in the fourteenth century; it is not in many pages of the world's history that we see the characters of Sylla and Mæcenas in combination. The annals of those turbulent days remind us of the history of nature as hypothetically described by some philosophers—the Visconti, Correggeschi, Scaligeri, etc., like so many varieties of animal race struggling with each other on the principle of "natural selection" for one of the two alternatives, supremacy or destruction. No repose from political strife and passion seems to have been possible in the life of a Lord of Milan or of Verona; no sooner was authority within a limited sphere secured, than instinct or necessity constantly pointed onward to the acquisition of paramount authority over divided and distracted Italy. Yet Cane Della Scala, at the head of the Ghibelline League, could find opportunity and inclination to shelter, love, and honor the exiled bard whose only power was his "shaping spirit of imagination;" and he was but one among many equally martial in habit and temper, who had eyes to discern and a

soul to cherish the new and living glory that was rising on their land.

These facts we have partially considered in a recent essay on the life of Dante. That great poet, however, came a little too early to excite the general enthusiasm to the extent that Petrarch excited it. The public taste had hardly been cultivated to the requisite point during his lifetime. Indeed it was his own work chiefly that opened his countrymen's eyes to the perception of that poetical sublimity of which he was himself by far the greatest master. Nor, is it probable, would his bitter and scornful temper have allowed of his ever gaining the general confidence and esteem which was accorded to Petrarch's suavity, perhaps hardly less than to his more impressive qualities. Still it is a proof of the already rising influence of letters, that toward the end of his life Dante's genius had given him an elevation in the eyes of his cotemporaries, distinct from that of rank or power, and that it operated so far as to induce an attempt on the part of his country—an ungracious one, certainly—to condone his past offenses; while no sooner had death removed the last stumbling-block to pride, than every effort was lavished to testify the Republic's admiration of her greatest citizen.

Before Petrarch, the ground was, as it were, cleared. True, his father too, had been exiled the same day with Dante, and on the same grounds; but he himself had given no cause for offense. He was not born till some months after Florence had shut her gates on his family. His father, after hailing his infant's birth under the auspicious skies of Arezzo,* migrated to Avignon, and ceased to have any concern with the politics of his native land. The youth himself was afterward sent to be a student in different universities, where it was sought to expel that love of poetry and classic eloquence which was his nature, by the fork of dialectics and jurisprudence, which, as a prudent Notary of the Apostolic See, his father would fain have seen inserted into him.

Dante had grown up to middle life a citizen of his native city, a vehement partisan in her internal factions. Petrarch

* So numerous were the distinguished men to whom Arezzo gave birth in the middle ages, that the historian Villano thought it must have been an effect of the air in that locality.

began life literally without a home; he never made one for himself; and we trace the consequence throughout his whole career.

He took up his abode at Avignon when he came to man's estate, partly because his father had lived there, and partly because his professional prospects connected him with the Papal Court. It was necessity, indeed, rather than choice, that led him to follow the ecclesiastical calling. Faithless guardians had dissipated his small patrimony, and there was no other line which held out promise of speedy independence and advancement. But it must have been a resolve little congenial to a mind to which literary culture was as the breath of life—a mind whose earliest devotion had been given to the master-works of ancient genius—a mind, moreover, whose natural purity and elevation, and religious earnestness, revolted at the vice and hypocrisy so conspicuously displayed at this time in the offices of the Church. For it was now the period, disgraceful in the annals of the Papacy, commonly characterized by old Italian writers as that of the "Babylonish captivity." The seventy years of Petrarch's life run almost exactly parallel with its duration. It was in 1305, the year following his birth, that Clement V., the Pontiff appointed by French influence to succeed the ill-fated Boniface VIII., transported the Holy See to Avignon, thus surrendering into the hands of France all the dignity and independence of his position. At first this was probably looked upon as only a brief displacement; but such a grasp once obtained by the ambitious house of Capet was not soon to be relaxed. Clement never felt any disposition to return to the warfare of Italy and the turbulence of his own subjects; and when Clement died, another French Pope, like-minded, was raised to his vacant seat; and so it went on during the reign of six successive Pontiffs, till the three years' reinhabitation of Rome by Urban V., before Petrarch's death, and the definitive return of Gregory XI., soon after that event.

The political effect of the establishment of the Papacy at Avignon was, of course, in the first place to throw into the hands of the French monarch all the influence that the popes could command in Christendom—an influence diminished by the cowardly abandonment of the holy seat of their vicariate, but still powerful

enough for mischief. As regarded Italy and the German emperors, their removal from Rome did not weaken their ambitious purposes either against the one or the other. Withdrawn themselves from the dangers of war, they felt the less scruple in permitting its horrors to rage among their allies and foes in the Peninsula; while against Imperialist pretensions, scarcely even Boniface VIII. in his bull *Unam Sanctam* assumed a more arrogant front than did John XXII., the pope regnant when Petrarch came to reside at Avignon. The Empire was for ten years a bone of contention between Louis of Bavaria and Frederick of Austria. The Pope, by declining to decide between them, maintained what was technically an interregnum of the Empire; and he ventured to pronounce that during such interregnum it was an indefeasible right of the Holy See, as fountain-head of all power on earth, to appoint a vicar, not only over Italy, but over Germany likewise.

The moral effect of the papal residence at Avignon was disastrous in the extreme to the credit of the Church, and to the cause of public decency and religion. Self-exiled from their conspicuous position in the eyes of the world, and become mere servants of France, the Popes lost that sense of self-respect which, next to conscience, is the best guarantee of good manners. French and Italian writers alike concur in describing the corruptions of Avignon as something beyond ordinary experience. The city was the resort of vile adventurers from all parts. The morals of Avignon, it has been said, were made up of the vices of other nations. As intrigue and bribery were the surest avenues to pontifical favor, the most worthless characters were seen filling the sacred offices of the Holy See. Priests, prelates, cardinals, set the example of that unbridled license which made the Western Babylon infamous even in the estimation of those who wished well to its political pretensions. Pope John XXII. indeed with a rapacious disposition, had some qualities which inspire respect. He was sober in his private deportment, he had considerable ability, and he was perhaps the last of the popes who had the inclination and opportunity combined for displaying something of that magnificent ambition which forces us to admire Gregory VII. and Innocent III., and invests the

fate of Boniface VIII. with some claim to generous pity. He threw himself with the old domineering spirit into the contest with Louis of Bavaria; he tried to dictate to the Church on a mysterious article of faith; and at ninety years of age was occupied with visions of new crusades in the East, when death overtook him. He was occupied also with the project, probably illusory rather than sincere, of a return to Rome—that project which Petrarch had so much at heart, and never ceased to urge with all the influence he possessed.

To understand Petrarch's views on this subject, we must shortly review the state of Ghibelline opinion generally, of which we took some notice on a former occasion.

Over against the extreme pretensions of the Papacy, of which Boniface VIII.'s bull *Unam Sanctam* may be considered the exponent, we find early in the fourteenth century a high Imperialist doctrine, evolved partly out of the studies of juriconsults in the old Roman law, and partly out of the traditions of universal rule inherent in the Imperial city—traditions which, having dimly existed through the barbaric times, had been of late reanimated by the awakening enthusiasm for classical literature. Ghibellinism indeed, like most political creeds, was a passion before it was a theory. Hatred of papal intrigues and misgovernment drove patriotic spirits to champion Imperial claims of supremacy simply because the Emperor's power was the power hostile to that of the Pope. Then followed the work of the thinkers—to justify to the head the impulses of the heart; to find out that Imperial rule had an explicit divine sanction, raising it above papal rule in all temporal matters, leaving it subject to the same only in matters spiritual. The stumbling-stone which anti-papal writers especially resented in their attempts to suit their theory to the existing state of the world, was the territorial sovereignty actually enjoyed by the popes, and guaranteed to them by especial rescripts of emperors in olden times. It was not a large sovereignty, indeed, as compared with that of other monarchs of the earth, but it was enough at the same time to foster their ambition for petty conquests, with all the intrigue and partisanship it involved, and likewise to complicate their legitimate claims in the eyes

of lawyers and theorists. To those who have witnessed the revolutions of the nineteenth century, and heard the discussions in the Sardinian Chambers, or the counsels of Mazzinian and Garibaldian partisans, it may seem a strange contradiction that, hating as they did the *temporal* rule of the Papacy, the Ghibelline Reformers should desire so ardently the return of the Holy See to the city of Rome, where that temporal rule was exercised. But in the first place, as we have said, the absence of the popes did not make them less ambitious or covetous in Italy, but rather the contrary; and in the second place, we must remember the indefeasible sanctity attached to the Pontiff as head of the Christian Church, and the equally indefeasible sanctity attached to Rome as the seat of Christ's vicariate upon earth. No Protestantism had as yet arisen to make either of these titles matter of dispute among men. Rome was as much the capital of Christendom as it was the capital of the Roman Empire. If the elected Luxemburgh or Hapsburgh of the day had a divine right to throne himself at Rome because he was the successor and representative of Augustus, the Pope had a coördinate divine right to throne himself there, (in the pontifical chair,) as being the lineal successor and representative of St. Peter. Both titles were of divine right. The *beau idéal* in the reveries of visionary patriots was to recognize them established side by side in the City of the Seven Hills.

These opinions were cherished by Petrarch with an enthusiasm which we can only estimate by picturing to ourselves his love of Rome as a poet and a man of letters, as well as the ordinary patriotic interests which moved him. That abstract technical figure raised to life by the juriconsults of Bologna, Rome guiding the world by its double reins of Right Civil and Right Canonical, came invested to the eyes of the poet-student with the radiant colors of all the antique genius and virtue which had given the Imperial Republic its real dominion over the minds of men. His father's endeavor to quench his early love of the classics by throwing the works of his favorite authors into the flames amidst his piteous tears and complaints, had proved as fruitless as such arbitrary efforts to quench nature usually are. Once his own master, he had devoted himself to his beloved pur-

suits with a zeal which never tired while life remained to him. In his lovely rock-bound retreat of Vacluse, whither he was wont to retire when sickened with the turmoil and vices of Avignon, he meditated two great subjects of composition: a history of Rome from its foundation to the days of Titus, and a poem in Latin verse on the exploits of Scipio Africanus. Friendship, to the attractions of which his heart was always peculiarly accessible, added its stimulus to his enthusiasm for Rome. The best and noblest member of the Sacred College now residing at Avignon was the Cardinal John Colonna; his house, a rendezvous of cultivated and estimable men, was the one bright spot in that wilderness of moral corruption. For his brother, James Colonna, Bishop of Lombès, Petrarch had an old friendship formed in their days of education. Stephen, their father, worthy by an old aristocratic grandeur of character of being the head of the most illustrious patrician house of Rome, when he came to visit his sons at Avignon, conceived for their gifted friend an affection which he was wont himself to describe as not less than paternal. His converse enhanced Petrarch's interest in Italy and its great metropolis.

Therefore, with pope after pope he tried the game of persuasion and remonstrance; not always in very courtly language. The holy fathers seem to have borne his plain-speaking with marvelously good grace—no small proof of the credit then attached to literary genius. Not only were ecclesiastical preferments heaped upon him, but successive pontiffs made him the most pressing instances to accept permanent office at the Papal Court, or at all events to honor them by his presence as a friend. None was more lavish of his benefits to him, or more anxious to retain him at his Court, than Clement VI., the most profligate of them all, and the subject, together with his Cardinals, of Petrarch's unsparing satire in one of his Latin eclogues. But no flattery seems to have silenced him. We scarcely see how a "hidden language" could have been necessary, as some suppose, for the safe utterance of sentiments which it is certain were at other times expressed with such daring openness.

Yet the unsentimental critic who would wipe away the existence of Dante's Beatrice from the earth, would also, and on

the same grounds, annihilate the romance which is the popular cause of Petrarch's fame. For besides study and friendship, and the political thoughts they nourished, the poet's life at Avignon was filled by a third passion—his love for a beautiful and virtuous lady, whom, in the romantic spirit of the times, he constituted the heroine of his verse, the presiding divinity of his soul. Was this love indeed an allegory?—was it but a disguise for his patriotic visions?—was the *Amor* which prompted his sighs but a mystic personation of the city, beautiful and eternal, whose universal empire was the fond reverie of political reformers? These questions have been asked, as similar questions were asked concerning Dante's love. We do not ourselves see how the affirmative theory can be for a moment supported, if attention is given to the evidence of the case, external as well as internal. Not only his verses, but his familiar letters and his actions, seem to prove beyond doubt that Laura was a being of flesh and blood; worshiped with a poet's worship during life, mourned with a poet's sorrow after her death—worshiped and mourned, however, after the manner of a poet of *those times*, we will add—for unquestionably large deductions from acute feeling should be transferred to the account of the excessive display and labyrinthine inventiveness, and mystical involution of ideas, expected in a love-poet of the fourteenth century. The evidence of a Dominican monk, given in the lifetime of Petrarch, seems to place Laura's existence at once out of the pale of doubt. "Master Francis Petrarch," he writes, "who is now living, had a spiritual mistress, (that is, a mistress in a Platonic sense,) called Laura. Since her death he has been more faithful to her than ever, and has given her a fame which will everlastingly preserve her memory. Moreover, he has bestowed alms so largely, and spent so much in masses and prayers for her soul, that had she been the vilest woman in the world he must needs have won her out of the devil's hands; but they say she died holy."

Unquestionably it is something of a riddle that a man should appear devoted, as with the whole energies of heart and will, to three or four several objects of pursuit at a time. Nor is it easily explicable that a love to which all fruition was denied, *could* have fed the soul and mem-

ory of an active thinker for forty years. Yet it seems to us that a solution of these apparent contradictions in Petrarch's character is to be found in his possession of three qualities not often seen in combination—at all events among the sluggish temperaments of our northern climes—excessive ardor, versatility, and—irreconcilable as it may seem—constancy. The great objects of his pursuit and attachment occupied him to the last moment of his life; but he could always turn rapidly from one to the other: a recovered manuscript of the classics, a political hope for Italy, a smile or frown from Laura's eyes, or a passing reminiscence of her after death, set his soul on fire turn by turn. This was not the temperament by which great things could be achieved. Joined to his cosmopolitan habits, it gave a desultory, purposeless turn to the genius of this distinguished man, and hindered him from effecting the great things that were expected of him, while it also oppressed his mind with a constant, saddening sense of the vanity and weariness of life. To his temper and demeanor in social life, it no doubt conveyed that resistless charm which made him the object of almost adoration to his friends. For all who had once gained his affection, his tenderness continued unabated to the end; while at the same time, unlike some who pride themselves on constancy, his heart was always open to form new friendships also. His sympathies were ever alive to whatever was great or attractive among the varieties of human kind with whom he came in contact. One of his most charming familiar letters is occupied with an account of the old peasant and his wife who tended him at Vacluse.

We will at present direct our reflections to one of the salient points in his life, and consider the causes which had already made his name a celebrity in Europe, when, in 1341, he went to receive the poetical crown at Rome. As an author, he was known first and foremost by his epic poem on the deeds of Scipio in Africa—a poem of which, at this time, he had only completed a portion, but which, through the ardent admiration of his friends, had already made the world anticipate a new *Æneid*. He was also known as the most accomplished versifier of a class with whom all his countrymen, learned and unlearned,

were familiar—the love-poets or Troubadours. He was known as one deeply read in classic lore; as an enthusiast in the revival of erudition. By his correspondence with the learned of other countries, he was indeed the founder of that lettered republic which long maintained a sort of *imperium in imperio*, till education became more diffused, and of which the language of Cicero and Quintilian was the mother tongue. With the Popes John XXII. and Benedict XII. his name carried weight as a counselor and orator; and though his reiterated efforts to dislodge them from Avignon proved unavailing, the last of the two had given him golden proofs of his esteem. But his personal ambition at this time was mainly concentrated on the revival of an old classic honor, which should assign him the place of Universal Poet in that same city paramount of the earth where he longed to see the German chief Universal Emperor, and the French pontiff Universal Bishop. He took care to let his wish be known; and the response was ready. A deputation from the Roman Senate waited upon him one evening as he was meditating in the solitudes of Vacluse; and by a curious coincidence, the very same evening a similar offer reached him from the University of Paris. The account of his coronation on the Capitol, and of his previous examination by Robert, King of Naples, the royal “Beauclerc” of those times, is curiously characteristic of the mingled pedantry and enthusiasm which attended the new birth of literature in Europe. In the scholastic gossip of the royal interlocutor, too, we have an instance of that dramatic continuity of character which makes the successive study of the lives of Dante and Petrarch something like reading the two parts of an historical play. Robert of Naples was the prince of whom Dante said he was fitter to make preachments than to be a king—

“E fate Re di tal ch'è da sermone.”

From this epoch we date a marked accession of importance enjoyed by Petrarch among the States of Italy, and indeed in countries beyond the Alps. Azzo di Correggio, Lord of Parma, made him his chief adviser, friend, and confidant; and tried to fix his residence at his court by giving him an archdeaconry of the diocese. He left it because the Roman Senate had selected him to advocate be-

fore the new Pope, Clement VI., the return of the Holy See to their city. He quitted Avignon again to advocate at Naples, after King Robert's death, the Papal claims to the suzerainty of that country—claims, by the way, somewhat antagonistic to his ideal of the Papacy. At Naples he laid the foundation of an influence which he was able afterward to exercise beneficially in the affairs of Queen Joanna and her advisers. When the Emperor Charles IV. came into Italy to carry out the Imperial enterprise which his grandfather, Henry VII., had died in attempting, Petrarch, as Italy's foremost man, was summoned to attend and counsel him at Mantua. After the Luxemburger's project had failed through the meanness and treachery which Petrarch would fain have exorcised, pressing invitations were sent to attach him permanently to the Imperial Court beyond the Alps. John, King of France, would hardly suffer him to leave Paris when on one occasion he went there as Envoy of the Visconti. The Lords of Milan and of Mantua, the Republic of Venice, the Correggeschi of Parma, the Carrare of Padua, by turns courted and obtained his valued presence and advice. Each succeeding Pope (with one exception, that of Innocent VI., who, an ignorant man himself, declared his belief that Petrarch's genius and influence were owing to sorcery) sued for him with courtly flattery. But permanent obligations he constantly avoided. Every where and on all occasions he was anxious to promote what he conceived to be the true interests of his country; to heal difficulties, to reconcile the miniature Garibaldis and Cavours, whose personal enmities marred all hopes of a United Italy. He said of himself—

"I'vo gridando, Pace, pace, pace."

But his desultory and unsettled life no doubt stood in the way of his real usefulness. One of his best friends, Dandolo, Doge of Venice, turned the tables upon him with some force when he had been using his privilege of general mediator to deprecate an outbreak between that Republic and Genoa. "My friend," said Dandolo, "explain to us how it is that a man to whom God has given the eloquence and the wisdom to instruct others to do well, is always changing his place of residence. That must needs be injurious to your studies. We thank you for exhort-

ing us to make peace with the Genoese; but we must fight. If our answer to your elaborate letter appears short, attribute it to the circumstances of the time, which require of us deeds, and not words."

The political event which most engaged his hopes and kindled his imagination, was the brilliant but evanescent attempt of Cola di Rienzi, in 1347, to reconstruct the Roman Republic on the ancient model. This event, as it connects itself with the theories of Papalism and Imperialism to which we have already adverted, requires a little examination.

Rienzi, like Petrarch, was a passionate student of antiquity. He had become acquainted with the poet on occasion of their joint mission from the Senate to urge Clement VI.'s return to Rome. The failure of their entreaties, while in Petrarch's meditative soul it led to the composition of the allegorical eclogues in which Clement and Avignon are inveighed against with all the pungency of satire, goaded Rienzi's more practical nature to a daring attempt at raising Roman liberties on surer foundations than pope or emperor seemed likely to furnish. He called the people round him, and explained to them with glowing eloquence the inscriptions on old monuments recording the glories of the "Senatus Populusque Romanus." Backed by the popular enthusiasm, he drove out the nobles, who had long tyrannized over people and Senate; and assuming the venerable but modest title of Tribune, proceeded with no less prudence than energy to make laws and enforce discipline. Thus far successful by might of arm and tongue, he received favorable messages from many neighboring cities and rulers, who either dared not at the moment provoke revolution among their own subjects by opposition to his measures, or hoped to gain from them some advantage for their own political schemes.

In Petrarch's sanguine anticipation, a new era was dawning upon Italy and the world. The very name of Rome, he observed with pride, was still a power of itself. The bold demagogue who thus made trial of its efficacy did indeed advance a theory of government which, if it had withstood the buffets of mischance, might have put emperor and pope out of countenance. Hitherto, it will have been perceived, the most advanced Ghibelline doctrine did not reach beyond this as its

first principle : that the Roman Imperial power had a direct divine sanction, rendering it independent of the Papacy. Now, Rienzi, after brooding long on the ancient records and modern wrongs of his country, came to the conclusion that Power, that divine gift, was primarily the possession, not of pope or emperor, but of the people of Rome themselves, privileged to be the rulers of the world by tenure of their Roman citizenship; and that the bestowal of Imperial power on the Cæsars of the ancient world, had, in fact, been the voluntary committal of a trust to them by the sovereign people, and as such acknowledged by the Cæsars themselves. In his first solemn address to the assembled populace in the Church of St. John Lateran, Rienzi said, after interpreting an ancient *Senatus Consultum* :

"You see, masters, what was the ancient majesty of the people of Rome : the people it was which conferred on the emperors, as on its vicars, the rights and authority they held. Yes, the emperors received their existence and their power from the free-will of your ancestors ; and you—you have consented that the two eyes of Rome should be torn from her head ; that both pope and emperor should abandon your walls, and live no longer in dependence upon you."—*Sismondi*, chap. xxxvii.

The basis of Rienzi's political scheme was sufficiently democratic, as is evident ; but it was democratic in accordance with the intellectual measure of the times—a pedantic democracy, founded on old traditions, not on the natural rights of mankind—and thus stands in curious contrast to the "contrat social" of more modern publicists, or the still later doctrine of "nationalities." It never occurred to Rienzi, or any Ghibelline reformer of his age, to deduce his axioms from any broader source than the one supreme but vague abstraction of Roman right. In the full acceptance of his theory, it was a tyranny of race that he would have established. The Roman nation seems by many in those days to have been looked upon as divinely chosen for temporal sovereignty upon earth, in much the same way as the Jewish nation was divinely selected to be the depository of spiritual knowledge.

Petrarch's letter of congratulation to the daring Tribune was dictated by honest joy and pride in an enterprise which he hoped might revive the old grandeurs of the classic city. He sought by his eloquent advocacy to obtain the favorable

verdict of the Pope ; then crossed the Alps to be himself a witness and a sharer in the triumphs he anticipated. His poetical enthusiasm broke forth in a spirited ode addressed to Rienzi. No voice alone, he said, could now waken Italy from her lethargic sleep ; but Destiny had placed her head within the Tribune's arms : it was for him to grasp it boldly by the hair, and drag it forth from the base slime that engulfed it. If ever the progeny of Mars were to raise their eyes to the contemplation of their former greatness, this would seem the auspicious moment. How would Brutus and Fabricius and the Scipios rejoice could they hear the tidings in the world of shadows, and exclaim : "My Rome shall still be glorious !" Never had mortal man before so bright a promise of eternal fame. For him it was reserved, if the poet's soul read right, to restore the noblest of all monarchies : of him it might be said — and how glorious the praise !—"Others, O Rome ! helped thee when thou wert young and strong ; this thy son saved thee from death in thy old age." Thus, and with many more words of nervous eloquence, Petrarch sang the hopes to which Rienzi's enterprise had given birth in his mind. But he had no sooner reached Genoa, on his way to join him, when he received tidings of the blight that had fallen on so fair a prospect. Rienzi's head, unable to withstand the intoxicating effects of success, had deviated into vain and tyrannical counsels. Stefano Colonna, the venerable patriarch of the family to which Petrarch was so much attached, had been killed with one of his sons in a street contest. License and disorder were resuming their sway. Not at once, however, did Petrarch resign his hopes. With a shudder of anguish he tried to stifle the regrets of friendship. "The Colonnas," he wrote, "*are dearer to me than my life* : but Rome is dearer to me still." But Rienzi's fall was now at hand. Before seven months had elapsed from the beginning of his rule, he laid it aside ignominiously on the Capitoline Mount, where he had first assumed it.

This period was a dark page in Petrarch's life. Disappointments and losses crowded upon him. The summer following Rienzi's fall was the season of the terrific plague, which carried off, it is credibly asserted, one fourth* of the inhabitants of

* See Dr. Hecker *On the Pestilences of the Mid-*

Europe, and inflicted lasting detriment on the progress and prosperity of nations. At Parma, Petrarch received the news, for which a melancholy presentiment had already in some measure prepared him, that his beloved Laura had fallen a victim to the scourge at Avignon. Soon after died, of plague or of heart-break for the disasters of his family, Cardinal Colonna, his most cherished friend.

It was the Emperor Charles IV.'s enterprise that next roused his hopes for the regeneration of Italy. He wrote an eloquent letter of exhortation to that prince, three years after Rienzi's fall, but waited another three years in vain for an answer. It was not till 1354 that Charles actually entered Italy. When he did come, the disappointment he caused was great. He came with no generous intentions, no statesmanlike projects. In order to fill his coffers, which was the main purpose of his expedition, he entered into a base compromise with the Pope, and betrayed his staunchest friends. Of him Petrarch might well have said, as he had once said of Louis the Bavarian:

"Alzando 'l dite, con la morte scherza."

From the treacherous German he turned to the illustrious family who reigned like kings in North Italy. John Visconti, the Archbishop prince of Milan, not less a lover of letters than the most ambitious of statesmen and warriors, had won him to his court after his recent—and, as it proved, his final—departure from Avignon, in 1353. The Archbishop died, however, shortly afterward, and his three nephews reigned in his stead. Of these nephews, Galeazzo proved a powerful and constant friend to the poet. Petrarch went for him on an embassy to Charles IV. at Prague, where he was complimented by the Emperor with the title of Count Palatine. On another occasion, he carried the Lord of Milan's congratulations to John, King of France, on that monarch's delivery from his English captivity. At his villa near Milan, which in classic fashion he named Linternò, he sought to live over again the peaceful student life of Vaucluse. Here, perhaps, he would have remained, but for the devastations of the Free Companies, then roaming through Italy, and of the plague. Against these

enemies he sought an asylum at Venice, and took that occasion of presenting the Republic with the precious library which was the most cherished of his possessions.

Soon after this he had the satisfaction of hearing that Pope Urban V. had brought back the Papal Court to Rome, and that the immediate cause of his so doing was in all probability the very able and eloquent letter he had himself addressed to him the preceding year. One great political object of his life thus seemed to be accomplished; but Urban's life was short, and his successor did not immediately his example; and possibly Petrarch might by this time be aware that the supposed remedy for the ills of Italy was very inadequate to the disease. A general sense of the vanity of all he had aimed at and cared for, took strong possession of his mind in the closing years of his life. He had, indeed,

"That which should accompany old age;
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

Not only was he courted and admired by great men, not only were the palaces of princes and independent homes within their territories open to him in generous profusion; he was also the object of unrivalled hero-worship with the less distinguished classes of his compatriots. Many pleasing stories are told in illustration of this. Florence herself, the factious and implacable, which had exiled his family and withheld forgiveness from a greater poet than himself, voluntarily reinstated Petrarch in his civic rights and possessions, and besought him to take up his residence within her walls, and become the director of a new university to be there founded. As usual, his hatred of a fixed home and settled duties made him refuse. The chosen friends of his heart had always been numerous, and conspicuous for their genius or their virtue. The Colonnas, father and sons, the excellent Bishop of Cabassoles, "Lælius" and "Socrates,"* whose discourse sped the summer hours in the friendly regions of Lombès, of which James Colonna was Bishop; Azzo di Correggio, for whom in his adversity Petrarch composed his treatise *De Remediis utriusque Fortunæ*; James da Carrara, of whom he said that among the princes of his time there did not exist his equal;

dle Ages. Sismondi estimates the amount at three fifths of the population of Europe.

* Two accomplished gentlemen whom Petrarch always mentions by these classic appellations.

and last, not least, Boccaccio, the greatest genius next to himself then adorning Italy; these were but a few of the bright and loving spirits who, some first, some last, clustered round the poet-sage, and constituted him their "guide and philosopher," as well as friend. There is something very touching in the tenderness of the tie between himself and Boccaccio. Boccaccio was nine years the younger of the two. He positively adored Petrarch. His devotion to him first began when the laureate-elect appeared at the Court of Robert, King of Naples, where Boccaccio then was, to undergo his ostentatious examination. Mutual love of poetry, and interest in classical studies, cemented the link between them. Boccaccio's scholarship was indeed greater than Petrarch's; to him, Italy and Europe were indebted for the first serious effort to revive the study of the Greek language. His imagination was not less fertile than that of his friend; his prose style was at least as great an ornament to the literature of his country as was Petrarch's poetry; but he had a less elevated mind, his character was more under the sway of those irregular impulses which so frequently cause the shipwreck of genius. Friends and fortune, put to too severe a proof, abandoned him. Yet through all his irregularities, his love and reverence for Petrarch shone as a beacon in the storm, and the elder poet's purse and counsel were ever at hand to assist him when all other resources failed. The generous monitor even offered a share in his home forever to the spendthrift whom his soul so truly loved, and whose subsequent repentance and reformation were mainly due to his exhortations.

For Petrarch, though himself not proof in earlier life against the seductions of pleasure, was always under the influence of earnest religious impressions, which combated, and finally vanquished, the evil tendencies he never failed to deplore. A deep sense of the vanity of all earthly things, and a loving trust in God, were with him the subsoil on which all lighter impressions rested. To the attractions of love and fame no one was ever more keenly susceptible; but the correcting thought was ever at hand to bring penitence, if not resistance. In his poems and his familiar letters, it is the antagonism of these various feelings, the impulsiveness with which he yielded to each by

turns, the simplicity and openness of his confessions and selfaccusations, which constitute the great interest. We see before us a picture of human nature, self-drawn, self-analyzed, than which St. Augustine or Rousseau have not left a more lively portraiture. Of St. Augustine, Petrarch was an earnest student and admirer. In one of his works—that in which he carries out the introspective process with the most curious minuteness—he imagines the Saint and himself to be the interlocutors. The Saint probes his conscience as to his ruling motives—vanity, pleasure, ambition, love. To each in turn he is driven to plead guilty; but he justifies with eloquence his devotion to the pure and virtuous Laura, and maintains that his taste for virtue, study, and true glory, have only been strengthened and enhanced thereby. Time, he says, can have little effect on love like his, for it is her soul he worships, and though age may change her outward form, *that* is unchangeable.

The best accredited account of Laura, as is well known, is that she was the wife of Hugo de Sade, a patrician of Avignon; that she was married, and twenty years of age, when Petrarch first became acquainted with her; that she lived to the age of forty-one, had eleven children, and died of the plague that devastated Europe in 1348. Though she never repaid the poet's assiduities by any transgression of her conjugal faith, she appears to have entertained a regard for him, and even something of affection; and since his love could be kept alive with the slender aliment of alternate smiles and frowns, was well pleased to be the subject of love-ditties which made her name famous through Europe. For Petrarch was the Last of the Troubadours, and with the superaddition of more imagination and taste than any of his predecessors had possessed. A Troubadour, as such, adopted the making of verses on his lady's charms as a sort of profession. The delicacy of reserve was not then an article of the lover's creed. To extol and exaggerate to the world the perfections of his mistress, was as much his duty as that of a knight-errant. So Petrarch sang the charms of Laura, and not only all Avignon heard, but all Italy likewise, and cultivated regions beyond Italy; and tears were ready for the love-lorn poet, and strangers came to gaze on the object of his adoration. In later life he professed to be ashamed that he had

allowed himself so long to be "a fable to the populace," but his verses went to swell the amount of the fame which he prized so dearly; and it was no unmeaning allegory by which he identified the *Laura* of his affections with the *laurel* to which her name bore affinity; as Dante before him had identified his *Beatrice* with the vision of eternal *Blessedness*.

And while we are just touching on this vexed subject of allegory, let us briefly advert to an objection brought forward, not without plausibility, against the reality of Petrarch's love altogether. In our Essay on Dante, we alluded to Professor Rossetti's remark upon the constant practice of the love-poets of this time, of referring the first sight of their mistress, or other marked epochs of their passion, to certain days in the holy week. We there observed that it was by no means improbable that they figuratively ascribed the character of a holy day to the days thus *really* consecrated in their memory, for example, that that day might have been *called* by them Easter Day, which awoke their soul to a new life; not, perhaps, very reverently, according to our present notions, but consistently enough with the mystical turn of thought then in fashion. But what is to be made of the sixth of April, *the day of the month* expressly assigned by Petrarch both for his first sight of Laura, and for her death? a coincidence of fact possible, no doubt, but, it must be owned, highly suspicious, all things considered. We find that the sixth of April was somehow a marked date with more than one mystic writer of those times. It has been calculated that the Wednesday before Easter, when Dante's supposed journey began, fell on a sixth of April. Professor Rossetti cites a curious work by Bartolo, a cotemporary and friend of Petrarch, representing a supposed legal prosecution before the tribunal of Christ; the accuser being the devil, the defender the Virgin Mary, and human nature the subject of prosecution. The cause is decided against the devil, and Bartolo dates the sentence *April sixth*. Rossetti's conclusion is, that Petrarch's love and his Laura's existence were nothing but a political allegory, couched in symbolical references to the Holy Week. We think, on the other hand, that some reason is discoverable for the lover's mysticism in the fact that the sixth of April happens to have been the "Lady Day" of the old calen-

dar, then in use. With that mixture of fact and fancy which was then customary, it seems likely enough that the festival consecrated to the honor of the Virgin Mary should have been assumed as *allegorically* marking the birth and death of a poet's love, allowing the love itself to have been real. Here, too, would be a reason why, in an extravaganza like Bartolo's, which tends especially to the glory of the Virgin, the sixth of April should be chosen as the supposed moment of her triumph.

As it is our object in these pages rather to sketch Petrarch's life and character than to criticise his literary merits, we shall not attempt any special examination of his sonnets and canzoni with reference to their beauties or defects; but to one point of a literary nature we would direct attention, and that is, the profusion of verbal elaboration which distinguishes them from the more meager productions of antecedent Troubadours. The change began, in a marked manner, with Dante; the conscious cultivation of the *style*, as apart from the subject-matter of a poem. There is a remark by Coleridge which bears upon this subject. "There was a passion and a miracle of words," he says, "in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, after the long slumber of language in barbarism, which gave an almost romantic character, a virtuous quality and power, to what we read in a book, independently of the thoughts or images contained in it." The tendency is first perceptible in the universities, where, before the close of the twelfth century, professors of grammar had begun to be appointed, in addition to those who taught the sciences of jurisprudence and theology. By degrees it bore fruit in the *belles-lettres*. Dante's master, Brunetto Latini, gave as a reason for composing his most celebrated work, the *Trésor*, in French, that that language was the "most delectable" as well as the most generally known. Dante himself, besides writing a treatise on language, alludes in his great poem more than once to his own poetical style.

Petrarch's Italian poems abound with references to his "style," and the applause it had gained him in the world. He says, when lamenting in one of his sonnets the death of Laura, that if he had known how much his verses would have been admired, he would have made them,

"In numero più spesso, in stil più raro."

Though on another occasion he declares that his grief was too acute for ornament:

"I miei gravi sospir non vanno in rime
 El mio duro martir vince ogni stile."

It is the second part of Petrarch's canzone, composed after Laura's death, which most touches and interests the reader. While Laura lives, the fancy of the Troubadour expends itself on praises of her hair, her eyes, or incidents of word or look; on lamentations which we feel to be unmanly; on longings which, however delicately expressed, it would be sin to gratify. After her death, we feel a reverent sympathy for the mourner on whom the one great sorrow of humanity has fallen. However purposeless his adoration of the living Laura, we feel that she was indeed the light of his heart, and that the darkness he now laments is not feigned, but real. A poet of our own days has consecrated the memory of his early and passionate friendship by a poetical *In Memoriam* of twenty years' reminiscence. Why, then, doubt the genuineness of the emotion which dictated that earlier *In Memoriam*, the lament of Petrarch after his twenty years' worship of the fair one of Avignon?

It is beside our purpose to pass in review here the exceeding beauties of this portion of Petrarch's poems; the human grief, the divine consolations, all so exquisitely portrayed that there is hardly a mourner of modern times but must find his very heart's chords struck by that master hand. But the poet's devotion to his lost mistress reserved itself for yet another effort, which he doubtless hoped at one time to make a crowning monument of his genius and his love, in a manner something similar to Dante's great poem, of which he borrowed the rhythm—that of the terza rima. The *Trionfi di Francesco Petrarca in Vita ed in Morte di Madonna Laura*, are the work of his old age. They consist of six books, divided into parts, or capitoli; one book treating of the Triumph of Love, the others of the Triumphs of Chastity, Death, Fame, Time, and Divinity, in succession. The poet imagines himself to witness, as in a vision, the concourse of mortals who have passed their probation on earth, and who by their lives and characters have illustrated the victory of one or the other principle. Laura is the key-note of the whole poem. In the "Triumph of Love"

she appears beside him, and brings to his mind all the struggles and sorrows he has gone through for her sake. She, only, walks free among the assemblage whom love has conquered—a sun among attendant stars. In "The Triumph of Chastity," she appears clad in shining garments, with a shield in her hand, all the Virtues waiting on her, and virgin ladies of classic fame. But it is in the "Triumph of Death" that the poet reaches his tenderest strain. Nothing can be more exquisite than the pathos with which he describes her illness and death:

"Thus did her soul depart in calm content;
 Not like a flame quenched by some sudden force,
 But one that, self-consumed its light hath spent:
 E'en to the end, life held its wonted course.

"Call her not pale, though whiter than the flakes
 Fast dropping, on a breathless winter's day
 O'er some hill side: her last repose she takes
 As one o'erwearied with a toilsome way.

"Like softest slumber on her eyelids lying,
 When the freed spirit took its homeward flight,
 This was to die—the senseless call it dying—
 In her bright aspect, Death itself seemed bright."

Then follows the not less touching recital of the supposed interview between himself and Laura in the world of spirits, in which he consoles himself for all the sorrows of the past by imagining the confession of her love from her own lips. The passage is long, but with some omissions we feel impelled to insert it here. He supposes that in the night succeeding Laura's death he beholds her in a dream. She moves toward him—

"And that hand which I used so to long for, she proffered, while thus she spoke and sighed:

"Dost thou recognize her who withdrew thy steps from the highway of the world when as thy youthful heart first became devoted to her? And with a pensive and reverent mien she seated herself, and made me sit beside her on a bank overshadowed by a beech-tree and a laurel.

"And how should I not know my heart's divinity? I replied, with tears. 'Oh! tell me, art thou dead, or art thou living indeed?'

"I live: 'tis thou whom death still holds,' she replied, 'and will hold until the last hour comes, which shall release thee from earth. But time is short, and long is all our hearts would say; wherefore be warned, and restrain thy speech within the limits which day will soon impose upon us.'

"Then I resumed. 'At the end of that term which men call life, tell me, for thou hast tasted it, is it such grievous pain to die?'"

"She replied: 'While thou followest the opinion of the vulgar herd, never canst thou be happy. To noble spirits, death is the end of a dark captivity; but to others, whose thoughts are buried in the slime of earth, it causes woe. My death, which so afflicts thy heart, would verily make thee rejoice, couldst thou but feel a thousandth part of the bliss that is mine!' and saying this, she fixed her eyes devoutly on heaven. She was silent: and I continued: 'But tyrants, and mortal maladies, have made death seem bitter.' 'I can not deny,' she replied, 'that the sufferings which precede death cause anguish, and still more, thoughts of the terrors of eternity. But once the soul is comforted in God, and the heart, worn with cares, finds rest in him, then what is death but one short sigh? . . . For me, even in the brightest period of my youth, when life was fresh and thy love for me was strongest, even then life seemed bitterness in comparison of that blessed death which has been my portion. Far happier was I during that mortal passage, than an exile returning to the home of his love. Only for thee my heart was grieved.'

"'Ah! lady,' said I, 'say, by that Faith which was then I doubt not made clear to thee, and is now yet more manifest in the face of Him who seeth all things, did Love ever lead thee to have pity on my long sorrow while yet thou didst not abandon thy pure intent? For thy sweet scorn and thy sweet ire, and the sweet peace written in thine eyes, held my desire in doubt for many years.' Scarce had I uttered these words, when I beheld the lightning of that delicious smile which was wont to gleam like sunshine on my darkened spirit. And smiling, she replied: 'Never was my heart estranged from thee, nor ever will be: but I tempered by my aspect the fierceness of thy flame. There was no other way for the security of our youthful fame. A mother is not less loving for the chastisement she inflicts. . . . Many times did my countenance bear the hue of anger, while love was burning in my heart: but with me, passion never quelled the voice of reason. . . . Thus have I led thee on, now hot, now cold, now sad, now joyous, yet safe, at all events—with joy I say it—safe, though weary, to this time.' 'Could I but think this,' I said trembling, and with tears, 'rich would be the fruit of all my constancy.' 'O thou of little faith! were it *not* true, wherefore should I say it?' and with these words a shade of anger passed across her brow. 'Whether thou wert dear to mine eyes in the world, I reveal not: it is enough to say that the tie which bound my heart was precious: and precious to me also was the fair fame I acquired through thy verse. It was temperance only that I required in thy love. That only was wanting; and while striving by piteous plaints to show me what was always manifest to my eyes, thou laidst bare thy heart to all the world besides. . . . Love

burnt equally within us both: but the one sought display, the other concealment. Grief is not the lighter for being repressed; nor is it the heavier for the language of complaint. . . . My heart was with thee: my eyes only I withheld. Dost thou murmur because I gave thee the better part, and denied the less? . . . 'Thy sweet and holy converse,' I said, 'has cast a softened hue over all my past sorrows. But, oh! to live without thee is very grievous. And therefore, dear lady, I would fain know if I am to follow thee soon, or at greater distance?' 'If I augur rightly,' she said, 'thou wilt remain long time on earth without me.'

Yet once more the beloved memory hovers on his lips, and with these lines he closes the *Trionfo della Divinità*, the last of his poems:

"Amid the high Cevennes a stream has birth,
Beside whose banks love battled with me
long,
And still my heart bears record of the strife.
Happy the stone that rests on that fair
form!
Ah! when the spirit hath resumed its robe,
If he was blest who saw her once on earth,
What will it be to gaze on her in heaven!"

As age advanced, and with it many infirmities, the poetical melancholy of Petrarch's mind deepened into much of gloom and weariness. Change of place and constant study, the remedies to which it had been the habit of his life to resort, did not suffice to chase away the dark shadows. Yet peace attended his closing years, which he passed in retreat and domestic comfort at Arquà, near the Euganean hills, under the protection of the Lord of Padua, and in a dwelling the last of many which during his life he had caused to be built for himself. His love of learning attended him to the last. In one of his letters he thus describes his life: "Like a wearied traveler, I quicken my pace in proportion as I approach my journey's end. I read and write night and day: it is my only resource. My eyes are heavy with watching, my hand is wearied with writing, and my heart is worn with care. I desire to be known to posterity: if I can not succeed, I may be known to my own age, or at least to my friends. It would have satisfied me to have known myself; but in that I shall never succeed." The conviction of a sincere Christian spoke in some of his last words: "To philosophize," he said, "is to love wisdom; and true wisdom is Jesus Christ!"*

* *Epistle to Posterity.*

His death took place in the seventieth year of his age. It was truly a student's euthanasia. He was found one morning by his servants, seated in his library, with a book open before him, on which his head was resting. With him the love of learning had been no child's play, no mere pedantic vanity. When we think of his labors and achievements, and of the enthusiasm with which he describes them, it would seem to have been the one passion of his life, did we not know that he was equally ardent in patriotism and in love. His admiration of Virgil and Cicero was unbounded. We have seen that he attempted to emulate the former in his poem of Africa, of which, however, in later years he entertained the most humiliating estimate. Cicero's character and writings inspired him with a sort of personal affection, to which some similarity of character no doubt contributed. In the eloquent Roman he might recognize his own genial expansiveness of temperament, his ready interest in things great and small, his warmth of friendship, his love of literature, his little vanities, his quick sensitiveness, his unaffected pride in Rome and Italy; and he made Cicero his model in the vast and varied correspondence, literary, political, and familiar, which was the constant habit of his life. His Latin works were numerous, dealing chiefly with subjects of moral philosophy. It shows no small advance on the critical philosophy of his times that he was the first learned man who set on foot a collection of medals and coins as an aid to the study of history, and that he entered with ardor into geographical researches as a means to the same end. His freedom from the prevalent delusions of his day brought him into conflict with astrology, alchemy, and the half-superstitious, half-atheistic opinions maintained by some partisans of Aristotle and Averroes. To recover lost manuscripts of the classics, and to multiply existing ones by transcription, was a never-ceasing interest and occupation to him. Personally or by deputy he examined the neglected repositories of distant convents, and went through the labor of transcribing whole volumes with his own hand, that he might be sure of no error creeping in through the ignorance or carelessness of a hired scribe.

On the whole, Petrarch's life is one which reflects honor on himself and sheds

a softening radiance on the troublous times in which his lot was cast. If his infirmity of purpose, the perpetual battle between his instincts and his reason, dispose us sometimes to a movement of contempt, that feeling is immediately checked by a sense of the pervading goodness of his character, the loftiness of his aims, and the magnitude of his benefits to the cause of literature.

We recur again to the point from which we set out. The problem which his life presents to us in connection with the general features of the times, is that of the influence and admiration acquired by one whose natural position as a man of action was so insignificant, in an age of low culture and turbulent party strife. The solution seems to be, that the world was just beginning to admit the growth of a new power in that intellectual accomplishment which was now for the first time asserting its existence independently of scholastic and conventual lore; and was inclined to ascribe to it more power over the general affairs of mankind than it was really fitted to exercise. The business of our many-sided life is best carried on by division of labor. A mind chiefly wrapt in the sphere of imagination and research is not that calculated to carry on the practical duties of civil polity.

Ch' altra potenza è quella che ascolta,
Ed altra è quella che ha l'anima intera.

Petrarch's special talents and his weaknesses—perhaps his virtues also—made it impossible for him to correspond in action to the ideal which his compatriots would fain have formed of him. Thus, though he was constantly consulted—so much so as to be called the Oracle of Italy—events, we find, generally speaking, took their course without much respect to his advice.

We have seen on a former occasion how frequently Dante was employed on embassies. We meet with the same fact in the life of Petrarch. Doubtless, when the beauties of style first began to be appreciated, more was expected from the magic of eloquence than it is now likely to effect as an engine of business. In our days it is chiefly the cultured classes that are less strongly affected by rhetorical artifice: in the fourteenth century sovereigns and nobles were mostly as uncultured as the lower classes are now.

It was not in the nature of things that this exaggerated deference to literary merit, or rather this ascription to it of influence in a sphere not properly its own, should continue as mental education became more generally diffused. Petrarch's

life marks a transition era. The intellectual leaders of the succeeding age pursued learning with unabated ardor, but sank from the rank of arbiters and oracles of states.

A NIGHT IN THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

. AFTER proceeding some distance further, the path led rapidly down an inclined plane to a series directly underlying that with which I had hitherto been acquainted. Here a number of works presented themselves, which were not only apparently of the highest antiquity, but were in other respects particularly illustrative of the work on which I was engaged.

I was in a dilemma; I could not bring myself to neglect the valuable material thus brought unexpectedly to my notice; but my stay in Rome was limited to a few hours only—till the next day at furthest; and it being now late in the afternoon, I determined to get the studies I wanted by passing the night in the catacombs. Some objections were made by the *custode*, on the score of the regulations, and the danger of the fever, (*la fièvre*;) but these yielding to the usual argument, it was arranged that I should commence my operations immediately, and be called for by the man in charge at an early hour in the morning. Having provided myself with candles to last the required time, a box of lucifer matches, and adjusted other preliminaries, I descended. I must confess to having felt an undefinable sort of sensation on hearing the door closed and locked behind me, and finding myself alone in the long, dark passages—the only living being amidst the thousands of dead lying around. I had certainly often been down before without feeling any thing of the kind; but then it was in the daytime, and I carried with me the usual working-day tone of thought and enterprise; but now the night was rapidly approaching, and I felt myself cut off in a peculiar manner from the rest of the world. I hesitated a moment; but remembering how often

I had been down in the day, and that, on account of the darkness always existing in the catacombs, night could not make the least difference, I went on. Having got over the ground that I had been in the habit of traversing, and there being a considerable distance to go, through passages with which I was previously quite unacquainted, I deemed it most prudent to commence operations by assuring myself beyond the possibility of a doubt that I knew my way. I therefore made notes in my sketch-book, of distances, and of such objects as lay in my way that might serve as land-marks. I also took care to mark which passage I was to take out of several that converged on one spot, each one as like the other as possible. I then counted the number of passages, right and left, and especially noted the position of a yawning well, or chasm, that lay without parapet right across the path, and which, to judge from the time that elapsed before a stone reached the bottom, must have been sixty or one hundred feet deep. Then there was the inclined plane to be marked, that led down through no end of abrupt turnings and windings, to the series of catacombs below. In particular, I noticed a gleam of cold blue light proceeding from some fissure or aperture communicating with the upper air—the sky itself was not visible, but the chimney-like aperture, widening as it descended, caught a few gleams of light on its projections, and on the cryptogamous plants that lined its sides. Having carefully noted all these things, and especially the position of a long tier of open graves, in which the human remains were in a remarkable state of preservation, I saw a grim-looking picture of a saint, that seemed to keep watch over

them, at the end—whose eyes seemed, by the flickering light of the taper, to move, and to keep watch over me as I passed. Fortunately for me, I noted him well, as he was of great help to me afterward. After passing the saint, my way seemed clear enough. There was again one of those awkward places where several passages meet; but this time they met from behind me, and I did not take so much notice of them as I ought to have done—my path now lying straight before me, and considering it impossible to make a mistake. I retraced my way, to assure myself that I was sufficiently acquainted with it; the result being satisfactory, I returned and commenced operations. I suppose that, for truth's sake, I must confess that during the operations just described I did at moments feel just a little nervous; the idea that it was night, perhaps, had something to do with it. Then, the strangeness of the part that I was exploring—and the skeletons: those in the catacombs above I had become acquainted with, but these were strangers to me. Then, perhaps, a life-size effigy of some saint would seem to start suddenly into existence, as the flickering light fell upon it, and the strange movement that seemed to exist in its eyes made me feel any thing but comfortable as I passed. I don't know that I thought any thing about ghosts; perhaps I did, when I fancied that I saw the fiery eyes gleaming at me from out the depths of darkness; but as they disappeared in an instant, I concluded that if they were not the creation of my own fancy, they belonged to one of those small animals of prey, the tracks of which are occasionally to be met with in these places.

It must have been about nine o'clock when I commenced my drawings, and I was soon so engaged in my work, that I quite forgot the novelty of my position—in fact, all about it. Sometimes I looked round suddenly, on fancying I heard some one approaching; and once I did certainly imagine that I felt, positively and tangibly, a finger laid on my shoulder; but the impression passed away, and I forgot it. I suppose it must have been about twelve or one o'clock when I began to feel just a little sleepy, but some biscuits, and a cigar afterward, quite set me going again. There were three pictures to be copied; two of them were done, and the third (Adam and Eve in Paradise) would occupy, I calculated, about an hour and a half.

How long this picture took me I don't know; but I had laid in candles to last, as I thought, till four in the morning, or rather later. The tallow, however, appeared to be getting very low, so I proceeded with my work with all speed, intending, when it was done, to return to the entrance, and if the door was locked, to wait there till the man came to open it; a light, in that case, would not be necessary, as the crevice at the bottom admitted enough from without to make objects in the immediate vicinity clearly discernible. My calculations were not, however, quite accurate; for as my work proceeded, it assumed the character of a race between it and the candle, which would be done first. Whether I hurried or not I can not tell, but it was a very close thing at the finish; as, when it was done, and my drawing materials put up, there was not above one inch of candle remaining, and even this was deceptive; for, as it turned out afterward, the wick did not extend above half way through. On looking at my watch, I found it had stopped—the unwonted occupation of the preceding evening having occasioned me to forget to wind up. I supposed, however, from the time the drawings had taken me, that it was near three o'clock, at most, a little after. I had done my work, however, and it did not much signify whether I was left in the dark or not, as the man would assuredly come for me by the time arranged on the morrow. I still felt, for all my reasoning, that the situation was not exactly a lively one, and as I should probably fall asleep as soon as I was left in the dark, I might as well make for the door while my candle lasted. So, immediately I had put up my materials, I proceeded to do so. For some twenty or thirty yards I got over the ground well enough, and had recognized a landmark, which I had noted down; but at that precise juncture, the wick of my candle, which I had supposed extended the whole length of the tallow, fell flat, and went out. I confess I did not half like my situation: here I was in the midst of a labyrinth, that to attempt to thread in the dark would be utter madness; besides, should I succeed in finding my way up the inclined plane that led to the upper range of catacombs, the yawning chasm above lay right in my path. I therefore began to think that the best plan would be to sit still where I

was till the man came to liberate me, whenever that might be. I then remembered, for the first time, that I had laid in no stock of provisions beyond the biscuits I had eaten; I was therefore likely to have a late breakfast in the event of the man not coming to his time. But if I had no provisions, I had some cigars, and they would do nearly as well. Capital thought! I had a box of lucifers; I would light a cigar, smoke it hard, to make it give out some sort of a glimmer, and get along by lighting the lucifers, match by match.

The plan succeeded to admiration for some distance; I managed to get past one of the chasms that lay across the path and very nearly to the grim effigy of the saint that had kept its eyes on me and watched me, as I passed—but now my difficulties commenced. A number of intricate passages converged on this spot, with the entrances as like to each as possible; and as they opened from behind me as I came along, I had not taken that notice of them that I ought to have done. By a perversity that is usual on such occasions, I of course took the wrong opening, my only excuse being the flickering and unsteady light afforded by the lucifer match. I had not got far before I began to suspect my mistake, and by the time I had proceeded a hundred yards I was sure of it. The blue light down the crevice ought to have been visible; for dark as the night might be outside, a ray from it would be plainly perceptible in the profound blackness within. Those various grim relics of humanity that I ought to have met standing right in my way had not shown themselves, and other landmarks that I had noticed in coming were also absent. Being assured that I was wrong, there was no help for it but to retrace my steps. After walking, however, many times the distance that ought to have brought me into the right path again, it was still certain that I was in a part of the place to which I was an utter stranger. To add to my perplexity, my matches, which I had been using rather freely, were now waxing few. What should I do when left utterly in the dark? The place I was now in being out of the usual track, it was probable that the man who was to come for me in the morning, on not finding me where he expected, would leave the place, concluding I had got out. Should such be the case, I might

remain there till—I was afraid to think when.

I certainly now did begin to feel nervous. I had not half-a-dozen matches left, and when they were done all means of escape seemed hopeless. I felt the whole horror of my situation—buried alive—cut off from the whole living world of humanity—caught in the meshes of this horrible trap—escape from which seemed proffered to me, on all sides, only to mock me utterly. I was for the moment unnerved; but, fortunately for myself, not so much so as to prevent my being aware of the fact, and to know that I had better go no further till I had collected myself. I therefore sat down for a minute or two to recover my self-possession, and trying to recall every turning and winding that I had gone through since I left the last landmark. Having done so, and remembering that from the few matches I had left I was now making my last and only possible attempt, I got up and proceeded. To economize my matches, I calculated my steps on lighting one as far as I could see before me, and, after it had gone out, I groped my way with my hands on each side of the passage till I had got over the ground I had marked with my eye; by this means I made each match suffice for about forty yards of ground. I had been proceeding thus for about ten minutes, making but very slow progress, when, on lighting my last match but three, I saw at some yards distant, but down another passage than that which I was treading, the identical grim figure of the saint looking straight at me. It seemed like an apparition—as if he had come to find me—for I could hardly bring myself to suppose that the place I saw him in was the path which I had left; but never was saintly apparition more welcome! I made sure of his identity: there were the identical objects in each hand that at first sight looked like a brush and a dust-shovel, but which were intended to represent a thing full of spikes, something like a curry-comb, and a grid-iron—these no doubt having been the implements of his martyrdom.

I had now three matches left: if I took the wrong path again, (and really, out of the six or seven that presented themselves, I did not know which to choose,) I should be inevitably lost; so I determined to sit down under the protection of the saint till I received more active assistance

than he could render me. I did so—and I think I must have slept about half an hour, when, on opening my eyes, there appeared at a distance, but still most unmistakably, a glimmer of the blue light which could only proceed from the chimney-like opening. I proceeded at once in that direction, and to my infinite joy found I was perfectly right. It had not been visited before, as from my position under the saint it was only possible to see a reflection of it at any time, and the darkness of the night had prevented this being perceptible; but day had now broke, and there was no longer any question but that I was right. Being thus assured, I lighted another match, which was just sufficient to bring me up the inclined plane leading to the part of the cemetery

with which I was well acquainted. Bidding farewell to Eutychia as I passed her I economized my last match till it brought me across the narrow planks that spanned the black lake at the entrance, and to the oblique passage leading to the upper door, through which I could now see the exquisite blue morning light pouring in at every crevice. Oh! how I adored that light, and how I bounded up the crumbling steps, three at a time! It was still very early—probably not four o'clock; so making myself as comfortable as possible on the top step against the door, I fell fast asleep, and remained so till the man came to let me out at six o'clock, just in time to allow of my reaching Civita Vecchia, and embarking for Genoa the same day.

From Fraser's Magazine.

A DISCOURSE OF IMMATURITY; OR, CONCERNING VEAL.

THE man who, in his progress through life, has listened with attention to the conversation of human beings; who has carefully read the writings of the best English authors; who has made himself well acquainted with the history and usages of his native land; and who has meditated much on all he has seen and read; must have been led to the firm conviction that by VEAL, those who speak the English language intend to denote the flesh of calves; and that by a calf is intended an immature ox or cow. A calf is a creature in a temporary and progressive stage of its being. It will not always be a calf; if it live long enough, it will assuredly cease to be a calf. And if impatient man, arresting the creature at that stage, should consign it to the hands of him whose business it is to convert the sentient animal into the impassive and unconscious meat, the nutriment which the creature will afford will be nothing more than immature beef. There may be many qualities of Veal; the calf which yields it may die at very different stages in its physical and

moral development; but provided only it die as a calf—provided only that its meat can fitly be styled Veal—*this* will be characteristic of it, that the meat shall be immature meat. It may be very good, very nutritious and palatable; some people may like it better than beef, and may feed upon it with the liveliest satisfaction; but when it is fairly and deliberately put to us, it must be admitted even by such as like Veal the best, that Veal is but an immature production of nature. I take Veal, therefore, as the emblem of IMMATURITY; of that which is now in a stage out of which it must grow; of that which, as time goes on, will grow older, will probably grow better, will certainly grow very different. *That* is what I mean by Veal.

And now, my reader and friend, you will discern the subject about which I trust we are to have some pleasant and not unprofitable thought together. You will readily believe that my subject is not that material Veal which may be beheld and purchased in the butchers' shops. I am

not now to treat of its varied qualities, of the sustenance which it yields, of the price at which it may be procured, or of the laws according to which that price rises and falls. I am not going to take you to the green fields in which the creature which yielded the Veal was fed, or to discourse of the blossoming hawthorn hedges from whose midst it was reft away. Neither shall I speak of the rustic life, the toils, cares, and fancies of the farm-house near which it spent its brief lifetime. The Veal of which I intend to speak is Moral Veal, or (to speak with entire accuracy) Veal Intellectual, Moral, and *Æsthetical*. By Veal I understand the immature productions of the human mind; immature compositions, immature opinions, feelings, and tastes. I wish to think of the work, the views, the fancies, the emotions, which are yielded by the human soul in its immature stages; while the calf (so to speak) is only growing into the ox; while the clever boy, with his absurd opinions and feverish feelings and fancies, is developing into the mature and sober-minded man. And if I could but rightly set out the thoughts which have at many different times occurred to me on this matter, if one could catch and fix the vague glimpses and passing intuitions of solid unchanging truth, if the subject on which one has thought long and felt deeply were always that on which one could write best, and could bring out to the sympathy of others what a man himself has felt, what an excellent essay this would be! But it will not be so; for as I try to grasp the thoughts I would set out, they melt away and elude me. It is like trying to catch and keep the rainbow hues you have seen the sunshine cast upon the spray of a waterfall, when you try to catch the tone, the thoughts, the feelings, the atmosphere of early youth.

There can be no question at all as to the fact, that clever young men and women, when their minds begin to open, when they begin to think for themselves, do pass through a stage of mental development which they by and by quite outgrow; and entertain opinions and beliefs, and feel emotions, on which afterward they look back with no sympathy or approval. This is a fact as certain as that a calf grows into an ox, or that veal, if spared to grow, will become beef. But no analogy between the material and the

moral must be pushed too far. There are points of difference between material and moral Veal. A calf knows it is a calf. It may think itself bigger and wiser than an ox, but it knows it is not an ox. And if it be a reasonable calf, modest, and free from prejudice, it is well aware that the joints it will yield after its demise, will be very different from those of the stately and well-consolidated ox which ruminates in the rich pasture near it. But the human boy often thinks he is a man, and even more than a man. He fancies that his mental stature is as big and as solid as it will ever become. He fancies that his mental productions—the poems and essays he writes, the political and social views he forms, the moods of feeling with which he regards things—are just what they may always be, just what they ought always to be. If spared in this world, and if he be one of those whom years make wiser, the day comes when he looks back with amazement and shame on those early mental productions. He discerns now how immature, absurd, and extravagant they were; in brief, how vealy. But at the time, he had not the least idea that they were so. He had entire confidence in himself; not a misgiving as to his own ability and wisdom. You, clever young student of eighteen years old, when you wrote your prize essay, fancied that in thought and style it was very like Macaulay; and not Macaulay in that stage of vealy brilliancy in which he wrote his essay on *Milton*, not Macaulay the fairest and most promising of calves, but Macaulay the stateliest and most beautiful of oxen. Well, read over your essay now at thirty, and tell us what you think of it. And you, clever, warm-hearted, enthusiastic young preacher of twenty-four, wrote your sermon; it was very ingenious, very brilliant in style, and you never thought but that it would be felt by mature-minded Christian people as suiting their case, as true to their inmost experience. You could not see why you might not preach as well as a man of forty. And if people in middle age had complained that, eloquent as your preaching was, they found it suited them better and profited them more to listen to the plainer instructions of some good man with gray hair, you would not have understood their feeling; and you might perhaps have attributed it to many motives rather than the true one. But now, at five-and-thirty, find out the

yellow manuscript, and read it carefully over; and I will venture to say, that if you were a really clever and eloquent young man, writing in an ambitious and rhetorical style, and prompted to do so by the spontaneous fervor of your heart and readiness of your imagination, you will feel now little sympathy even with the literary style of that early composition; you will see extravagance and bombast, where once you saw only eloquence and graphic power. And as for the graver and more important matter of the thought of the discourse, I think you will be aware of a certain undefinable shallowness and crudity. Your growing experience has borne you beyond it. Somehow you feel it does not come home to you, and suit you as you would wish it should. It will not do. That old sermon you can not preach now, till you have entirely re-cast and re-written it. But you had no such notion when you wrote the sermon. You were satisfied with it. You thought it even better than the discourses of men as clever as yourself, and ten or fifteen years older. Your case was as though the youthful calf should walk beside the sturdy ox, and think itself rather bigger.

Let no clever young reader fancy from what has been said, that I am about to make an onslaught upon clever young men. I remember too distinctly how bitter and indeed ferocious I used to feel, about eleven or twelve years ago, when I have heard men of more than middle age and less than middling ability speak with contemptuous depreciation of the productions and doings of men considerably their juniors, and vastly their superiors; describing them as *boys*, and as *clever lads*, with looks of dark malignity. There are few more disgusting sights, than the envy and jealousy of their juniors, which may be seen in various malicious commonplace old men; as there is hardly a more beautiful and pleasing sight than the old man hailing, and counseling and encouraging the youthful genius which he knows far surpasses his own. And I, my young friend of two-and-twenty, who relatively to you, may be regarded as old, am going to assume no preposterous airs of superiority. I do not claim to be a bit wiser than you; all I claim is to be older. I have outgrown your stage; but I was once such as you, and all my sympathies are with you yet. But it is a difficulty in the way of the essayist, and indeed of all

who set out opinions which they wish to be received and acted on by their fellow-creatures, that they seem by the very act of offering advice to others, to claim to be wiser and better than those whom they advise. But in reality it is not so. The opinions of the essayist or of the preacher, if deserving of notice at all, are so because of their inherent truth, and not because he expresses them. Estimate them for yourself, and give them the weight which you think their due. And be sure of this, that the writer, if earnest and sincere, addressed all he said to himself as much as to any one else. This is the thing which redeems all didactic writing or speaking from the charge of offensive assumption and self-assertion. It is not for the preacher, whether of moral or religious truth, to address his fellows as outside sinners, worse than himself, and needing to be reminded of that of which he does not need to be reminded. No, the earnest preacher preaches to himself as much as to any in the congregation; it is from the picture ever before him in his own weak and wayward heart, that he learns to reach and describe the hearts of others, if, indeed, he do so at all. And it is the same with lesser things.

It is curious and it is instructive to remark how heartily men, as they grow toward middle age, despise themselves as they were a few years since. It is a bitter thing for a man to confess that he is a fool; but it costs little effort to declare that he *was* a fool, a good while ago. Indeed, a tacit compliment to his present self is involved in the latter confession; it suggests the reflection what progress he has made, and how vastly he has improved since then. When a man informs us that he was a very silly fellow in the year 1851, it is assumed that he is not a very silly fellow in the year 1861. It is as when the merchant with ten thousand a year, sitting at his sumptuous table, and sipping his '41 claret, tells you how, when he came as a raw lad from the country, he used often to have to go without his dinner. He knows that the plate, the wine, the massively elegant apartment, the silent servants so alert yet so impassive, will appear to join in chorus with the obvious suggestion: "You see he has not to go without his dinner now!" Did you ever, when twenty years old, look back at the diary you kept when you were six-

teen; or when twenty-five at the diary you kept when twenty; or at thirty at the diary you kept when twenty-five? Was not your feeling a singular mixture of humiliation and self-complacency? What extravagant, silly stuff it seemed that you had thus written five years before! What Veal; and oh! what a calf he must have been who wrote it! It is a difficult question, to which the answer can not be elicited, Who is the greatest fool in this world? But every candid and sensible man of middle age, knows thoroughly well the answer to the question, Who was the greatest fool that he himself ever knew? And after all, it is your diary, especially if you were wont to introduce into it poetical remarks and moral reflections, that will mainly help you to the humiliating conclusion. Other things, some of which I have already named, will point in the same direction. Look at the prize essays you wrote when you were a boy at school; look even at your earlier prize essays written at college, (though of these last I have something to say hereafter;) look at the letters you wrote home when away at school or even at college, especially if you were a clever boy, trying to write in a graphic and witty fashion; and if you have reached sense at last, (which some, it may be remarked, never do,) I think you will blush even through the unblushing front of manhood, and think what a terrific, unutterable, conceited, intolerable blockhead you were. It is not till people attain somewhat mature years that they can rightly understand the wonderful forbearance their parents must have shown in listening patiently to the frightful nonsense they talked and wrote. I have already spoken of sermons. If you go early into the Church, say at twenty-three or twenty-four, and write sermons regularly and diligently, you know what landmarks they will be of your mental progress. The first runnings of the steam are turbid, but it clears itself into sense and taste month by month and year by year. You wrote many sermons in your first year or two; you preached them with entire confidence in them, and they did really keep up the attention of the congregation in a remarkable way. You accumulate in a box a store of that valuable literature and theology, and when by and by you go to another parish, you have a comfortable feeling that you have a capital stock to go on

with. You think that any Monday morning when you have the prospect of a very busy week, or when you feel very weary, you may resolve that you shall write no sermon that week, but just go and draw forth one from the box. I have already said what you will probably find, even if you draw forth a discourse which cost much labor. You can not use it as it stands. Possibly it may be structural and essential Veal; the whole framework of thought may be immature. Possibly it may be Veal only in style; and by cutting out a turgid sentence here and there, and above all, by cutting out all the passages which you thought particularly eloquent, the discourse may do yet. But even then, you can not give it with much confidence. Your mind can yield something better than that now. I imagine how a fine old orange tree, that bears oranges with the thinnest possible skin and with no pips, juicy and rich, might feel that it has outgrown the fruit of its first years, when the skin was half an inch thick, the pips innumerable, and the eatable portion small and poor. It is with a feeling such as *that* that you read over your early sermon. Still, mingling with the sense of shame, there is a certain satisfaction. You have not been standing still; you have been getting on. And we always like to think *that*.

What is it that makes intellectual Veal? What are the things about a composition which stamp it as such? Well, it is a certain character in thought and style hard to define, but strongly felt by such as discern its presence at all. It is strongly felt by professors reading the compositions of their students, especially the compositions of the cleverest students. It is strongly felt by educated folk of middle age, in listening to the sermons of young pulpit orators, especially of such as think for themselves, of such as aim at a high standard of excellence, of such as have in them the makings of striking and eloquent preachers. Dull and stupid fellows never deviate into the extravagance and absurdity which I specially understand by Veal. They plod along in a humdrum manner: there is no poetry in their soul; none of those ambitious stirrings which lead the man who has in him the true spark of genius to try for grand things and incur severe and ignominious tum-

bles. A heavy dray-horse, walking along the road, may possibly advance at a very lagging pace, or may even stand still; but whatever he may do, he is not likely to jump violently over the hedge, or to gallop off at twenty-five miles an hour. It must be a thoroughbred who will go wrong in that grand fashion. And there are intellectual absurdities and extravagances which hold out hopeful promise of noble doings yet: the eagle, which will breast the hurricane yet, may meet various awkward tumbles before he learns the fashion in which to use those iron wings. But the substantial goose, which probably escapes those tumbles in trying to fly, will never do any thing very magnificent in the way of flying. The man who in his early days writes in a very inflated and bombastic style, will gradually sober down into good sense and accurate taste, still retaining something of liveliness and eloquence. But expect little of the man who as a boy was always sensible, and never bombastic. *He* will grow awfully dry. *He* is sure to fall into the unpardonable sin of tiresomeness. The rule has exceptions; but the earliest productions of a man of real genius are almost always crude, flippant, and affectedly smart, or else turgid and extravagant in a high degree. Witness Mr. Disraeli; witness Sir E. B. Lytton; witness even Macaulay. The man who as a mere boy writes something very sound and sensible, will probably never become more than a dull, sensible, commonplace man. Many people can say, as they bethink themselves of their old college companions, that those who wrote with good sense and good taste at twenty, have mostly settled down into the dullest and baldest of prosers; while such as dealt in bombastic flourishes and absurd ambitiousness of style, have learned as time went on to prune their early luxuriations, while still retaining something of raciness, interest, and ornament.

I have been speaking very generally of the characteristics of Veal in composition. It is difficult to give any accurate description of it that shall go into minuter details. Of course it is easy to think of little external marks of the beast—that is, the calf. It is Veal in style when people, writing prose, think it a fine thing to write *o'er* instead of *over*, *ne'er* instead of *never*, *poesie* instead of *poetry*, and *me-thinks* under any circumstances whatso-

ever. References to the heart are generally of the nature of Veal, also allusions to the mysterious throbbings and yearnings of our nature. The word *grand* has of late come to excite a strong suspicion of Veal; and when I read the other day in a certain poem something about a *great grand man*, I concluded that the writer of that poem is meanwhile a great grand calf. The only case in which the words may properly be used together is in speaking of your great grandfather. To talk about *mine* affections, meaning *my* affections, is Veal; and *mine bonnie love* was decided Veal, though it was written by Charlotte Brontë. *Wife mine* is Veal, though it stands in *The Caxtons*. I should rather like to see the man who in actual life is accustomed to address his spouse in that fashion. To say *Not oh! never*, shall we do so and so, is outrageous Veal. *Sylvan grove* or *sylvan vale* in ordinary conversation is Veal. The word *glorious* should be used with caution; when applied to trees, mountains, or the like, there is a strong suspicion of Veal about it. But one feels that in saying these things we are not getting at the essence of Veal. Veal in thought is essential Veal, and it is very hard to define. Beyond extravagant language, beyond absurd fine things, it lies in a certain lack of reality and sobriety of sense and view—in a certain indefinable jejuneness in the mental fare provided, which makes mature men feel that somehow it does not satisfy their cravings. You know what I mean better than I can express it. You have seen and heard a young preacher, with a rosy face and an unlined brow, preaching about the cares and trials of life. Well, you just feel at once he knows nothing about them. You feel that all this is at second-hand. He is saying all this because he supposes it is the right thing to say. Give me the pilot to direct me who has sailed through the difficult channel many a time himself! Give me the friend to sympathize with me in sorrow, who has felt the like. There is a hollowness, a certain want, in the talk about much tribulation of the very cleverest man who has never felt any great sorrow at all. The great force and value of all teaching lie in the amount of personal experience which is embodied in it. You feel the difference between the production of a wonderfully clever boy and of a mature man when you read the first canto of *Childe Harold*, and then read

Philip van Artevelde. I do not say but that the boy's production may have a liveliness and interest beyond the man's. Veal is in certain respects superior to beef, though beef is best on the whole. I have heard vealy preachers whose sermons kept up breathless attention. From the first word to the last of a sermon which was unquestionably Veal, I have witnessed an entire congregation listen with that audible hush you know. It was very different indeed from the state of matters when a hum-drum old gentleman was preaching, every word spoken by whom was the maturest sense, expressed in words to which the most fastidious taste could have taken no exception; but then the whole thing was sleepy: it was a terrible effort to attend. In the case of the Veal there was no effort at all. I defy you to help attending. But then you sat in pain. Every second sentence there was some outrageous offense against good taste; every third statement was absurd or overdrawn or almost profane. You felt occasional thrills of pure disgust and horror, and you were in terror what might come next. One thing which tended to carry all this off was the manifest confidence and earnestness of the speaker. *He* did not think it Veal that he was saying. And though great consternation was depicted on the faces of some of the better educated people in church, you could see that a very considerable part of the congregation did not think it Veal either. There can be no doubt, my middle-aged friend, if you could but give your early sermons now with the confidence and fire of the time when you wrote them, they would make a deep impression on many people yet. But it is simply impossible for you to give them; and if you should force yourself some rainy Sunday to preach one of them, you would give it with such a sense of its errors and with such an absence of corresponding feeling that it would fall very flat and dead. Your views are maturing; your taste is growing fastidious; the strong things you once said you could not bring yourself to say now. If you *could* preach those old sermons, there is no doubt they would go down with the mass of uncultivated folk—go down better than your mature and reasonable ones. We have all known such cases as that of a young preacher who, at twenty-five, in his days of Veal, drew great crowds to

the church at which he preached, and who at thirty-five, being a good deal tamed and sobered, and in the judgment of competent judges vastly improved, attracted no more than a respectable congregation. A very great and eloquent preacher lately lamented to me the uselessness of his store of early discourses. If he could but get rid of his present standard of what is right and good in thought and language, and preach them with the enchaining fire with which he preached them once! For many hearers remain immature, though the preacher has matured. Young people are growing up, and there are people whose taste never ripens beyond the enjoyment of Veal. There is a period in the mental development of those who will be ablest and maturest, at which vealy thought and language are accepted as the best. Veal will be highly appreciated by sympathetic calves; and the greatest men, with rare exceptions, are calves in youth, while many human beings are calves forever. And here I may remark as something which has afforded me consolation on various occasions within the last year, that it seems unquestionable that sermons which are utterly revolting to people of taste and sense, have done much good to large masses of those people in whom common-sense is most imperfectly developed, and in whom taste is not developed at all; and accordingly, wherever one is convinced of the sincerity of the individuals, however foolish and uneducated, who go about pouring forth those violent, exaggerated, and all but blasphemous discourses of which I have read accounts in the newspapers, one would humbly hope that a power which works by many means, would bring about good even through an instrumentality which it is hard to contemplate without some measure of horror. The impression produced by most things in this world is relative to the minds on which the impression is produced. A coarse ballad, deficient in rhyme and rhythm, and only half-decent, will keep up the attention of a rustic group to whom you might read from *In Memoriam* in vain. A waistcoat of glaring scarlet will be esteemed by a country bumpkin a garment every way preferable to one of aspect more subdued. A nigger melody will charm many a one who would yawn at Beethoven. You must have rough means to move rough people. The out-

rageous revival-orator may do good to people to whom Bishop Wilberforce or Dr. Caird might preach to no purpose; and if real good be done, by whatever means, all right-minded people should rejoice to hear of it.

And this leads to an important practical question, on which men at different periods of life will never agree. *When* shall thought be regarded as mature? Is there a standard by which we may ascertain beyond question whether a composition be Veal or Beef? I sigh for fixity and assurance in matters æsthetical. It is vexatious that what I think very good my friend Smith thinks very bad. It is vexatious that what strikes me as supreme and unapproachable excellence, strikes another person at least as competent to form an opinion, as poor. And I am angry with myself when I feel that I honestly regard as inflated commonplace and mystical jargon, what a man as old and (let us say) nearly as wise as myself thinks the utterance of a prophet. You know how, when you contemplate the purchase of a horse, you lead him up to the measuring-bar, and there ascertain the precise number of hands and inches which he stands. How have I longed for the means of subjecting the mental stature of human beings to an analogous process of measurement! Oh! for some recognized and unerring gauge of mental caliber! It would be a grand thing if somewhere in a very conspicuous position—say on the site of the National Gallery at Charing-cross—there were a pillar erected, graduated by some new Fahrenheit, on which we could measure the height of a man's mind. How delightful it would be to drag up some pompous pretender who passes off at once upon himself and others as a profound and able man, and make him measure his height upon that pillar, and understand beyond all cavil what a pigmy he is! And how pleasant, too, it would be to bring up some man of unacknowledged genius, and make the world see the reach of *his* intellectual stature! The mass of educated people even are so incapable of forming any estimate of a man's ability, that it would be a blessing if men could be sent out into the world with the stamp upon them, telling what are their weight and value, plain for every one to see. But of course there are many ways in which a book, sermon, or essay, may be bad with-

out being Vealy. It may be dull, stupid, illogical, and the like, and yet have nothing of boyishness about it. It may be insufferably bad, yet quite mature. Beef may be bad, and yet undoubtedly beef. And the question now is, not so much whether there be a standard of what is in a literary sense good or bad, as whether there be a standard of what is Veal and what is Beef. And there is a great difficulty here. Is a thing to be regarded as mature when it suits your present taste; when it is approved by your present deliberate judgment? For your taste is always changing; your standard is not the same for three successive years of your early youth. The Veal you now despise you thought Beef when you wrote it. And so, too, with the productions of other men. You can not read now without amazement the books which used to enchant you as a child. I remember when I used to read Hervey's *Meditations* with great delight. That was when I was about five years old. A year or two later I greatly affected Macpherson's translation of Ossian. It is not so very long since I felt the liveliest interest in Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*. Let me confess that I retain a kindly feeling toward it yet; and that I am glad to see that some hundreds of thousands of readers appear to be still in the stage out of which I passed some years since. Yes, as you grow older your taste changes: it becomes more fastidious; and especially you come to have always less toleration for sentimental feeling and for flights of fancy. And besides this gradual and constant progression, which holds on uniformly year after year, there are changes in mood and taste sometimes from day to day and from hour to hour. The man who did a very silly thing thought it was a wise thing when he did it. He sees the matter differently in a little while. On the evening after the battle of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington wrote a certain letter. History does not record its matter or style. But history does record that some years afterward the Duke paid a hundred guineas to get it back again; and that on getting it he instantly burnt it, exclaiming that when he wrote it he must have been the greatest idiot on the face of the earth. Doubtless, if we had seen that letter, we should have heartily coincided in the sentiment of the hero. He *was* an idiot when he wrote it, but he

did not think that he was one. I think, however, that there is a standard of sense and folly; and that there is a point at which Veal is Veal no more. But I do not believe that thought can justly be called mature only when it has become such as to suit the taste of some desperately dry old gentleman with as much feeling as a log of wood, and as much imagination as an oyster. I know how intolerant some dull old fogies are of youthful fire and fancy. I shall not be convinced that any discourse is puerile because it is pronounced such by the venerable Dr. Dryasdust. I remember that the venerable man has written many pages, possibly abundant in sound sense, but which no mortal could read, and to which no mortal could listen. I remember that though that not very amiable individual has outlived such wits as he once had, he has not outlived the unbecoming emotions of envy and jealousy; and he retains a strong tendency to evil-speaking and slandering. You told me, unamiable individual, how disgusted you were at hearing a friend of mine who is one of the best preachers in Britain, preach one of his finest sermons. Perhaps you really were disgusted: there is such a thing as casting pearls before swine, who will not appreciate them highly. But you went on to give an account of what the great preacher said; and though I know you are extremely stupid, you are not quite so stupid as to have actually fancied that the great preacher said what you reported that he said: you were well aware that you were grossly misrepresenting him. And when I find malice and insincerity in one respect, I am ready to suspect them in another: and I venture to doubt whether you were disgusted. Possibly, you were only ferocious at finding yourself so unspeakably excelled. But even if you had been really disgusted; and even if you were a clever man; and even if you were above the suspicion of jealousy; I should not think that my friend's noble discourse was puerile because you thought it so. It is not when the warm feelings of earlier days are dried up into a cold, time-worn cynicism, that I think a man has become the best judge of the products of the human brain and heart. It is a noble thing when a man grows old, retaining something of youthful freshness and fervor. It is a fine thing to ripen, without shriveling: to reach the

calmness of age, yet keep the warm heart and ready sympathy of youth. Show me such a man as *that*, and I shall be content to bow to *his* decision whether a thing be Veal or not. But as such men are not found very frequently, I should suggest it as an approximation to a safe criterion, that a thing may be regarded as mature when it is deliberately and dispassionately approved by an educated man of good ability, and above thirty years of age. No doubt a man of fifty may hold that fifty is the age of sound taste and sense: and a youth of twenty-three may maintain that he is as good a judge of human doings now as he will ever be. I do not claim to have proposed an infallible standard. I give you my present belief, being well aware that it is very likely to alter.

It is not desirable that one's taste should become too fastidious, or that natural feeling should be refined away. And a cynical young man is bad, but a cynical old one is a great deal worse. The cynical young man is probably shamming; he is a humbug, not a cynic. But the old man probably is a cynic, as heartless as he seems. And without thinking of cynicism, real or affected, let us remember that though the taste ought to be refined, and daily refining, it ought not to be refined beyond being practically serviceable. Let things be good; but not too good to be workable. It is expedient that a cart for conveying coals should be of neat and decent appearance. Let the shafts be symmetrical, the boards well planed, the whole strong yet not clumsy; and over the whole let the painter's skill induce a hue rosy as beauty's cheek, or dark-blue as her eye. All *that* is well; and while the cart will carry its coals satisfactorily, it will stand a good deal of rough usage, and it will please the eye of the rustic who sits in it on an empty sack, and whistles as it moves along. But it would be highly inexpedient to make that cart of walnut of the finest grain and marking, and to have it French-polished. It would be too fine to be of use; and its possessor would fear to scratch it; and would preserve it as a show, seeking some plainer vehicle to carry his coals. In like manner, do not refine too much either the products of the mind, or the sensibilities of the taste which is to appreciate them. I know an amiable professor very different from Dr. Dryasdust. He was a country clergyman; a very interesting plain preach-

er. But when he got his chair, he had to preach a good deal in the college chapel; and by way of accommodating his discourses to an academic audience, he rewrote them carefully; rubbed off all the salient points; cooled down whatever warmth was in them to frigid accuracy; toned down every thing striking. The result was, that his sermons became eminently classical and elegant; only they became impossible to attend to, and impossible to remember. And when you heard the good man preach, you sighed for the rough and striking heartiness of former days. And we have all heard of such a thing as taste refined to that painful sensitiveness, that it became a source of torment; that is, unfitted for common enjoyments, and even for common duties. There was once a great man, let us say at Melipotamus, who never went to church. A clergyman once in speaking to a friend of the great man, lamented that the great man set so bad an example before his humbler neighbors. "How *can* that man go to church?" was the reply; "his taste, and his entire critical faculty, is sharpened to that degree, that in listening to any ordinary preacher, he feels outraged and shocked at every fourth sentence he hears, by its inelegance, or its want of logic; and the entire sermon torments him by its unsymmetrical structure, its want of perspective in the presentment of details, and its general literary badness." I quite believe that there was a moderate proportion of truth in the excuse thus urged; and you will probably judge that it would have been better had the great man's mind not been brought to so painful a polish.

The mention of dried-up old gentlemen reminds one of a question which has sometimes perplexed me. Is it Vealy to feel or to show keen emotion? Is it a precious result and indication of the maturity of the human mind, to look as if you felt nothing at all? I have often looked with wonder, and with a moderate amount of veneration, at a few old gentlemen whom I knew well, who are leading members of a certain legislative and judicial council, held in great respect in a country of which no more need be said. I have beheld these old gentlemen sitting apparently quite unmoved when discussions were going on in which I knew they felt a very deep interest, and when the tide of debate was setting strongly against their peculiar views. There they sat, im-

passive as a Red Indian at the stake. I think of a certain man who, while a smart speech on the other side is being made, retains a countenance expressing actually nothing; he looks as if he heard nothing, felt nothing, cared for nothing. But when the other man sits down, he rises to reply. He speaks slowly at first, but every weighty word goes home and tells: he gathers warmth and rapidity as he goes on, and in a little you become aware that for a few hundred pounds a year, you may sometimes get a man who would have made an Attorney-General or a Lord Chancellor; you discern that under the appearance of almost stolidity, there was the sharpest attention watching every word of the argument of the other speaker, and ready to come down on every weak point in it; and the other speaker is (in a logical sense) pounded to jelly by a succession of straight-handed hits. Yes, it is a wonderful thing to find a combination of coolness and earnestness. But I am inclined to believe that the reason why some old gentlemen look as if they did not care, is, that in fact they don't care. And there is no particular merit in looking cool while a question is being discussed, if you really do not mind a rush which way it may be decided. A keen, unvarying, engrossing regard for one's self, is a great safeguard against over-excitement in regard to all the questions of the day, political, social, and religious.

It is a curious but certain fact, that clever young men, at that period of their life when their own likings tend toward Veal, know quite well the difference between veal and beef; and are quite able, when necessary, to produce the latter. The tendency to boyishness of thought and style may be repressed, when you know you are writing for the perusal of readers with whom *that* will not go down. A student of twenty, who has in him great talent, no matter how undue a supremacy his imagination may meanwhile have, if he be set to producing an essay in Metaphysics to be read by professors of philosophy, will produce a composition singularly free from any trace of immaturity. For such a clever youth, though he may have a strong bent toward Veal, has in him an instinctive perception that it *is* Veal; and a keen sense of what will and will not do for the particular readers he has to please. Go, you essayist, who

carried off a host of university honors, and read over now the prize essays you wrote at twenty-one or twenty-two. I think the thing that will mainly strike you will be, how very mature these compositions are; how ingenious, how judicious, how free from extravagance, how quietly and accurately and even felicitously expressed. *They* are not Veal. And yet you know, that several years after you wrote them you were still writing a great deal which was Veal beyond all question. But then a clever youth can produce material to any given standard; and you wrote the essays not to suit your own taste, but to suit what you intuitively knew was the taste of the grave and even smoke-dried professors who were to read them and sit in judgment on them.

And though it is very fit and right that the academic standard should be an understood one, and quite different from the popular standard, still it is not enough that a young man should be able to write to a standard against which he in his heart rebels and protests. It is yet more important that you should get him to approve and adopt a standard which is accurate if not severe. It is quite extraordinary what bombastic and immature sermons are preached in their first years in the Church by young clergymen who wrote many academic compositions in a style the most classical. It seems to be essential that a man of feeling and imagination should be allowed fairly to run himself out. The course apparently is, that the tree should send out its rank shoots, and then that you should prune them, rather than that by some repressive means you should prevent the rank shoots coming forth at all. The way to get a high-spirited horse to be content to stay peaceably in his stall, is to allow it to have a tearing gallop, and thus get out its superfluous nervous excitement and vital spirit. Let the boiler blow off its steam. All repression is dangerous. And some injudicious folk, instead of encouraging the highly charged mind and heart to relieve themselves by blowing off in excited verse and extravagant bombast, would (so to speak) sit on the safety-valve. Let the bursting spring flow! It will run turbid at first; but it will clear itself day by day. Let a young man write a vast deal: the more he writes, the sooner will the Veal be done with. But if a man write very little, the bombast is not blown

off; and it may remain till advanced years. It seems as if a certain quantity of fustian must be blown off before you reach the good material. I have heard a mercantile man of fifty read a paper he had written on a social subject. He had written very little save business letters all his life. And I assure you that his paper was bombastic to a degree that you would have said was barely tolerable in a youth of twenty. I have seldom listened to Veal so outrageous. You see he had not worked through it in his youth; and so here it was now. I have witnessed the like phenomenon in a man who went into the Church at five-and-forty. I heard him preach one of his earliest sermons, and I have hardly ever heard such boyish rodomontade. The imaginations of some men last out in liveliness longer than those of others; and the taste of some men never becomes perfect; and it is no doubt owing to these things that you find some men producing Veal so much later in life than others. You will find men who are very turgid and magniloquent at five-and-thirty, at forty, at fifty. But I attribute the phenomenon in no small measure to the fact that such men had not the opportunity of blowing off their steam in youth. Give a man at four-and-twenty two sermons to write a week, and he will very soon work through his Veal. It is probably because ladies write comparatively so little, that you find them writing at fifty poetry and prose of the most awfully romantic and sentimental strain.

We have been thinking, my friend, as you have doubtless observed, almost exclusively of intellectual and æsthetical immaturity, and of its products in composition, spoken or written. But combining with that immaturity, and going very much to affect the character of that Veal, there is moral immaturity, resulting in views, feelings, and conduct, which may be described as Moral Veal. But indeed it is very difficult to distinguish between the different kinds of immaturity; and to say exactly what in the moods and doings of youth proceeds from each. It is safest to rest in the general proposition that, even as the calf yields Veal, so does the immature human mind yield immature productions. It is a stage which you outgrow, and therefore a stage of comparative immaturity, in which you read a vast deal of poetry, and repeat much poetry to

yourself when alone, working yourself up thereby to an enthusiastic excitement. And very like a calf you look when some one suddenly enters the room in which you are wildly gesticulating or moodily laughing, and thinking yourself poetical, and indeed sublime. The person probably takes you for a fool; and the best you can say for yourself is, that you are not so great a fool as you seem to be. Veal is the period of life in which you filled a great volume with the verses you loved; and in which you stored your memory, by frequent reading, with many thousands of lines. All that you outgrow. Fancy a man of fifty having his commonplace book of poetry! And it will be instructive to turn over the ancient volume, and to see how year by year the verses copied grew fewer, and finally ceased entirely. I do not say that all growth is progress: sometimes it is like that of the muscle which once advanced into manly vigor and usefulness, but is now ossifying into rigidity. It is well to have fancy and feeling under command: it is not well to have feeling and fancy dead. That season of life is veal in which you are charmed by the melody of verse, quite apart from its meaning. And there is a season in which that is so. And it is curious to remark what verses they are that have charmed many men. For they are often verses in which no one else could have discerned that singular fascination. You may remember how Robert Burns has recorded that in youth he was enchanted by the melody of two lines of Addison's:

"For though in dreadful whirls we hung,
High on the broken wave."

Sir Walter Scott felt the like fascination in youth, (and he tells us it was not entirely gone even in age,) in Mickle's stanza:

"The dews of summer night did fall;
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby."

Not a remarkable verse, I think. However, it at least presents a pleasant picture. But I remember well the enchantment which, when twelve years old, I felt in a verse by Mrs. Hemans, which I can now see presents an excessively disagreeable picture. It saw it not then; and when I used to repeat that verse, I know it was without the slightest perception of its

meaning. You know the beautiful poem called the *Battle of Morgarten*. At least I remember it as beautiful; and I am not going to spoil my recollection by reading it now. Here is the verse:

"Oh! the sun in heaven fierce havoc viewed,
When the Austrian turned to fly:
And the brave, in the trampling multitude,
Had a fearful death to die!"

As I write that verse, (at which the critical reader will smile,) I am aware that Veal has its hold of me yet. I see nothing of the miserable scene the poet describes; but I hear the waves murmuring on a distant beach, and I see the hills across the sea, the first sea I ever beheld; I see the school to which I went daily; I see the class-room and the place where I used to sit; I see the faces and hear the voices of my old companions, some dead, one sleeping in the middle of the great Atlantic, many scattered over distant parts of the world, almost all far away. Yes, I feel that I have not quite cast off the witchery of the *Battle of Morgarten*. Early associations can give to verse a charm and a hold upon one's heart which no literary excellence, however high, ever could. Look at the first hymns you learnt to repeat, and which you used to say at your mother's knee; look at the psalms and hymns you remember hearing sung at church when you were a child: you know how impossible it is for you to estimate these upon their literary merits. They may be almost doggerel; but not Mr. Tennyson can touch you like them! The most effective eloquence is that which is mainly done by the mind to which it is addressed: it is *that* which touches chords which of themselves yield matchless music; it is *that* which wakens up trains of old remembrance, and which wafts around you the fragrance of the hawthorn that blossomed and withered many long years since. An English stranger would not think much of the hymns we sing in our Scotch churches; he could not know what many of them are to us. There is a magic about the words. I can discern, indeed, that some of them are mawkish in sentiment, faulty in rhyme, and on the whole what you would call extremely unfitted to be sung in public worship, if you were judging of them as new things; but a crowd of associations which are beautiful and touching gathers round the lines

which have no great beauty or pathos in themselves.

You were in an extremely vealy condition when, having attained the age of fourteen, you sent some verses to the county newspaper, and with simple-hearted elation read them in the corner devoted to what was termed "Original Poetry." It is a pity you did not preserve the newspapers in which you first saw yourself in print, and experienced the peculiar sensation which accompanies that sight. No doubt your verses expressed the gloomiest views of life, and told of the bitter disappointments you had met in your long intercourse with mankind, and especially with womankind. And though you were in a flutter of anxiety and excitement to see whether or not your verses would be printed, your verses probably declared that you had used up life and seen through it; that your heart was no longer to be stirred by aught on earth; and that in short, you cared nothing for any thing. You could see nothing fine, then, in being good, cheerful, and happy; but you thought it a grand thing to be a gloomy man, of a very dark complexion, with blood on your conscience, upward of six feet high, and accustomed to wander from land to land, like Childe Harold. You were extremely vealy when you used to fancy that you were sure to be a very great man; and to think how proud your relations would some day be of you, and how you would come back and excite a great commotion at the place where you used to be a school-boy. And it is because the world has still left some impressionable spot in your hearts, my readers, that you still have so many fond associations with "the school-boy spot, we ne'er forgot, though we are there forgot." They were vealy days, though pleasant to remember, my old school companions, in which you used to go to the dancing-school (it was in a gloomy theater, seldom entered by actors,) in which you fell in love with several young ladies about eleven years old; and (being permitted occasionally to select your own partners) made frantic rushes to obtain the hand of one of the beauties of that small society. Those were the days in which you thought that when you grew up it would be a very fine thing to be a pirate, bandit, or corsair, rather than a clergyman, barrister, or the like; even a cheerful outlaw like Robin Hood did not come up to your views; you would rather

have been a man like Captain Kyd, stained with various crimes of extreme atrocity, which would entirely preclude the possibility of returning to respectable society, and given to moody laughter in solitary moments. Oh! what truly asinine developments the human being must go through before arriving at the stage of common-sense! You were very vealy, too, when you used to think it a fine thing to astonish people by expressing awful sentiments, such as that you thought Mohammedans better than Christians, that you would like to be dissected after death, that you did not care what you got for dinner, that you liked learning your lessons better than going out to play, that you would rather read *Euclid* than *Ivanhoe*, and the like. It may be remarked that this peculiar vealiness is not confined to youth; I have seen it appearing very strongly in men with gray hair. Another manifestation of vealiness, which appears both in age and youth, is the entertaining a strong belief that kings, noblemen, and baronets, are always in a condition of ecstatic happiness. I have known people pretty far advanced in life who not only believed that monarchs must be perfectly happy, but that all who were permitted to continue in their presence would catch a considerable degree of the mysterious bliss which was their portion. I have heard a sane man, rather acute and clever in many things, seriously say: "If a man can not be happy in the presence of his Sovereign, where can he be happy?"

And yet, absurd and foolish as is moral vealiness, there is something fine about it. Many of the old and dear associations most cherished in human hearts, are of the nature of Veal. It is sad to think that most of the romance of life is unquestionably so. All spooniness, all the preposterous idolization of some one who is just like any body else, all love (in the narrow sense in which the word is understood by novel-readers) you feel, when you look back, are Veal. The young lad and the young girl, whom at a picnic party you have discerned stealing off under frivolous pretexts from the main body of guests, and sitting on the grass by the river-side, enraptured in the prosecution of a conversation which is intellectually of the emptiest, and fancying that they two make all the world, and investing that spot with remembrances which will continue till they are gray, are (it must in so-

ber sadness be admitted) of the nature of calves. For it is beyond doubt that they are at a stage which they will outgrow, and on which they may possibly look back with something of shame. All these things, beautiful as they are, are no more than Veal. Yet they are fitting and excellent in their time. No, let us not call them Veal, they are rather like lamb, which is excellent though immature. No doubt, youth is immaturity; and as you outgrow it you are growing better and wiser; still youth is a fine thing, and most people would be young again if they could. How cheerful and light-hearted is immaturity! How cheerful and lively are the little children even of silent and gloomy men! It is sad, and it is unnatural, when they are not so. I remember yet, when I was at school, with what interest and wonder I used to look at two or three boys, about twelve or thirteen years old, who were always dull, sullen, and unhappy-looking. In those days, as a general rule, you are never sorrowful without knowing the reason why. You are never conscious of the dull atmosphere; of the gloomy spirits, of after-time. The youthful machine, bodily and mental, plays smoothly; the young being is cheery. Even a kitten is very different from a grave old cat; and a young colt, from a horse sobered by the cares and toils of years. And you picture fine things to yourself in your youthful dreams. I remember a beautiful dwelling I used often to see, as if from the brow of a great hill. I see the rich valley below, with magnificent woods and glades, and a broad river reflecting the sunset; and in the midst of the valley, the vast Saracenic pile, with gilded minarets blazing in the golden light. I have since then seen many splendid habitations, but none in the least equal to that. I can not even yet discard the idea that somewhere in this world there stands that noble palace, and that some day I shall find it out. You remember also the intense delight with which you read the books that charmed you then: how you carried off the poem or the tale to some solitary place, how you sat up far into the night to read it, how heartily you believed in all the story, and sympathized with the people it told of. I wish I could feel now the veneration for the man who has written a book which I used once to feel. Oh! that one could read the old volumes with the old feeling! Perhaps you

have some of them yet, and you remember the peculiar expression of the type in which they were printed: the pages look at you with the face of an old friend. If you were then of an observant nature, you will understand how much of the effect of any composition upon the human mind depends upon the printing, upon the placing of the points, even upon the position of the sentences on the page. A grand, high-flown, and sentimental climax ought always to conclude at the bottom of a page. It will look ridiculous if it ends four or five lines down from the top of the next page. Somehow there is a feeling as of the difference between the night before and the next morning. It is as though the crushed ball-dress and the disheveled locks of the close of the evening reappeared, the same, before breakfast. Let us have homely sense at the top of the page, pathos at the foot of it. What a force in the bad type of the shabby little *Childe Harold* you used to read so often! You turn it over in a grand illustrated edition, and it seems like another poem. Let it here be said, that occasionally you look with something like indignation on the volume which enchained you in your boyish days. For now you have burst the chain. And you have somewhat of the feeling of the prisoner toward the jailer who held him in unjust bondage. What right had that bombastic rubbish to touch and thrill you as it used to do? Well, remember that it suits successive generations at their enthusiastic stage. There are poets whose great admirers are for the most part under twenty years old; but probably almost every clever young person regards them at some period in his life as among the noblest of mortals. And it is no ignoble ambition to win the ardent appreciation of even immature tastes and hearts. Its brief endurance is compensated by its intensity. You sit by the fireside and read your leisurely *Times*, and you feel a tranquil enjoyment. You like it better than the *Sorrows of Werter*, but you do not like it a twentieth part as much as you once liked the *Sorrows of Werter*. You would be interested in meeting the man who wrote that brilliant and slashing leader; but you would not regard him with speechless awe, as something more than human. Yet, remembering all the weaknesses out of which men grow, and on which they look back with a smile or

sigh, who does not feel that there is a charm which will not depart about early youth? Longfellow knew that he would reach the hearts of most men when he wrote such a verse as this—

"The green trees whispered low and mild;
It was a sound of joy!
They were my playmates when a child,
And rocked me in their arms so wild;
Still they looked at me and smiled
As if I were a boy!"

Such readers as are young men, will understand what has already been said as to the bitter indignation with which the writer, some years ago, listened to self-conceited elderly persons who put aside the arguments and the doings of younger men with the remark that these younger men were *boys*. There are few terms of reproach which I have heard uttered with looks of such deadly ferocity. And there are not many which excite feelings of greater wrath in the souls of clever young men. I remember how in those days I determined to write an essay, which should scorch up and finally destroy all these carping and malicious critics. It was to be called *A Chapter on Boys*. After an introduction of a sarcastic and magnificent character, setting out views substantially the same as those contained in the speech of Lord Chatham in reply to Walpole, which boys are taught to recite at school, that essay was to go on to show that a great part of English literature was written by very young men. Unfortunately, on proceeding to investigate the matter carefully, it appeared that the best part of English literature, even in the range of poetry, was in fact written by men of even more than middle age. So the essay was never finished, though a good deal of it was sketched out. Yesterday I took out the old manuscript; and after reading a bit of it, it appeared so remarkably vealy, that I put it with indignation into the fire. Still I observed various facts of interest as to great things done by young men, and some by young men who never lived to be old. Beaumont the dramatist died at twenty-nine. Christopher Marlowe wrote *Faustus* at twenty-five, and died at thirty. Sir Philip Sidney wrote his *Arcadia* at twenty-six. Otway wrote *The Orphan* at twenty-eight, and *Venice Preserved* at thirty. Thomson wrote the *Seasons* at twenty-seven. Bishop Berkeley had devised his Ideal System at twenty-nine; and Clarke

at the same age published his great work on the *Being and Attributes of God*. Then there is Pitt, of course. But these cases are exceptional; and besides, men at twenty-eight and thirty are not in any way to be regarded as boys. What I wanted was proof of the great things that had been done by young fellows about two-and-twenty; and such proof was not to be found. A man is simply a boy grown up to his best; and of course what is done by men must be better than what is done by boys. Unless in very peculiar cases, a man at thirty will be every way superior to what he was at twenty; and at forty to what he was at thirty. Not indeed physically; let *that* be granted. Not always morally; but surely intellectually and æsthetically.

Yes, my readers, we have all been Calves. A great part of all our doings has been what the writer, in figurative language, has described as Veal. We have not said, written, or done very much on which we can now look back with entire approval. And we have said, written, and done a very great deal on which we can not look back but with burning shame and confusion. Very many things which, when we did them, we thought remarkably good, and much better than the doings of ordinary men, we now discern, on calmly looking back, to have been extremely bad. That time, you know, my friend, when you talked in a very fluent and animated manner after dinner at a certain house, and thought you were making a great impression on the assembled guests, most of them entire strangers, you are now fully aware that you were only making a fool of yourself. And let this hint of one public manifestation of vealiness, suffice to suggest to each of us scores of similar cases. But though we feel, in our secret souls, what calves we have been, and though it is well for us that we should feel it deeply, and thus learn humility and caution, we do not like to be reminded of it by any body else. Some people have a wonderful memory for the vealy sayings and doings of their friends. They may be very bad hands at remembering any thing else; but they never forgot the silly speeches and actions on which one would like to shut down the leaf. You may find people, a great part of whose conversation consists of repeating and exaggerating their

neighbor's Veal; and though that Veal may be immature enough and silly enough, it will go hard but your friend Mr. Snarling will represent it as a good deal worse than the fact. You will find men who while at college were students of large ambition but slender abilities, revenging themselves in this fashion upon the clever men who beat them. It is easy, very easy, to remember foolish things that were said and done even by the senior wrangler or the man who takes a double first-class; and candid folk will think that such foolish things were not fair samples of the men; and will remember, too, that the men have grown out of these, have grown mature and wise, and for many a year past would not have said or done such things. But if you were to judge from the conversation of Mr. Limejuice, (who wrote many prize essays, but through the malice and stupidity of the judges never got any prizes,) you would conclude that every word uttered by his successful rivals was one that stamped them as essential fools, and calves which would never grow into oxen. I do not think it is a pleasing or magnanimous feature in any man's character, that he is ever eager to rake up these early follies. I would not be ready to throw in the teeth of a pretty butterfly that it was an ugly caterpillar once, unless I understood that the butterfly liked to remember the fact. I would not suggest to this fair sheet of paper on which I am writing, that not long ago it was dusty rags and afterward dirty pulp. You can not be an ox without previously having been a calf; you acquire taste and sense gradually; and in acquiring them you pass through stages in which you have very little of either. It is a poor burden for the memory, to collect and shovel into it the silly sayings and doings in youth of people who have become great and eminent. I read with much disgust a biography of Mr. Disraeli, which recorded, no doubt accurately, all the sore points in that statesman's history. I remember, with great approval, what Lord John Manners said in Parliament in reply to Mr. Bright, who had quoted a well-known and very silly passage from Lord John's early poetry. "I would rather," said Lord John, "have been the man who in his youth wrote those silly verses, than the man who in mature years would rake them up." And with even greater indignation I regard the indivi-

dual who, when a man is doing creditably and Christianly the work of life, is ever ready to relate and aggravate the moral delinquencies of his school-boy and student days, long since repented of and corrected. "Remember not," said a man who knew human nature well, "the sins of my youth." But there are men whose nature has a peculiar affinity for any thing petty, mean, and bad. They fly upon it as a vulture on carrion. Their memory is of that cast, that you have only to make inquiry of them concerning any of their friends, to hear of something not at all to their friends' advantage. There are individuals, after listening to whom you think it would be a refreshing novelty, almost startling from its strangeness, to hear them say a word in favor of any human being whatsoever.

It is not a thing peculiar to immaturity; yet it may be remarked, that though it is an unpleasant thing to look back and see that you have said or done something very foolish, it is a still more unpleasant thing to be well aware at the time that you are saying or doing something very foolish. If a man be a fool at all, it is much to be desired that he should be a very great fool, for then he will not know when he is making a fool of himself. But it is painful not to have sense enough to know what you should do in order to be right, but to have sense enough to know that you are doing wrong. To know that you are talking like an ass, yet to feel that you can not help it; that you must say something, and can think of nothing better to say; this is a suffering that comes with advanced civilization. This is a phenomenon frequently to be seen at public dinners in country towns, also at the entertainment which succeeds a wedding. Men at other times rational, seem to be stricken into idiocy when they rise to their feet on such occasions; and the painful fact is, that it is conscious idiocy. The man's words are asinine, and he knows they are asinine. His wits have entirely abandoned him: he is an idiot for the time. Have you sat next a man unused to speaking at a public dinner; have you seen him nervously rise and utter an incoherent, ungrammatical, and unintelligible sentence or two, and then sit down with a ghastly smile? Have you heard him say to his friend on the other side, in bitterness: "I have made a fool of myself!" And have you seen him

sit moodily through the remainder of the feast, evidently ruminating on what he said, seeing now what he ought to have said, and trying to persuade himself that what he said was not so bad after all? Would you do a kindness to that miserable man? You have just heard his friend on the other side cordially agreeing with what he had said as to the badness of the appearance made by him. Enter into conversation with him; talk of his speech, congratulate him upon it; tell him you were extremely struck by the freshness and naturalness of what he said, that there is something delightful in hearing an unhackneyed speaker, that to speak with entire fluency looks professional—it is like a barrister or a clergyman. Thus you may lighten the mortification of a disappointed man; and what you say will receive considerable credence. It is wonderful how readily people believe any thing they would like to be true.

I was walking this afternoon along a certain street, coming home from visiting certain sick persons, and wondering how I should conclude this essay, when, standing on the pavement on one side of the street, I saw a little boy of four years old, crying in great distress. Various individuals, who appeared to be Priests and Levites, looked as they passed at the child's distress, and passed on without doing any thing to relieve it. I spoke to the little man, who was in great fear at being spoken to, but told me he had come away from his home and lost himself, and could not find his way back. I told him I would take him home if he could tell me where he lived; but he was frightened into utter helplessness, and could only tell that his name was Tom, and that he lived at the top of a stair. It was a poor neighborhood, in which many people live at the

top of stairs, and the description was vague. I spoke to two humble decent-looking women who were passing, thinking they might gain the little thing's confidence better than me; but the poor little man's great wish was just to get away from us, though when he got two yards off he could but stand and cry. You may be sure he was not left in his trouble, but that he was put safely in his father's hands. And as I was coming home, I thought that here was an illustration of something I have been thinking of all this afternoon. I thought I saw in the poor little child's desire to get away from those who wanted to help him, though not knowing where to go when left to himself, something analogous to what the immature human being is always disposed to. The whole teaching of our life is leading us away from our early delusions and follies, from all those things about us which have been spoken of under the similitude which need not be again repeated. Yet we push away the hand that would conduct us to soberer and better things, though when left alone we can but stand and vaguely gaze about us; and we speak hardly of the growing experience which makes us wiser, and which ought to make us happier too. Let us not forget that the teaching which takes something of the gloss from life is an instrument in the kindest Hand of all; and let us be humbly content if that kindest Hand shall lead us, even by rough means, to calm and enduring wisdom—wisdom by no means inconsistent with youthful freshness of feeling, and not necessarily fatal even to youthful gayety of mood; and at last to that Happy Place, where worn men regain the little child's heart, and old and young are blest together!

A. K. H. B.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE. BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

THE LORD HIGH ADMIRAL OF ENGLAND.

I.

HOW EDWARD PASSED HIS TIME WHILE LEFT TO HIMSELF
WITHIN THE TOWER.

THE three days devoted to the solemnization of Henry's obsequies were passed by his son in strictest privacy at the Tower. The freedom from restraint afforded the youthful monarch by the absence of his court was especially agreeable to him at this juncture. Not only had he to mourn for his father, but to prepare, as he desired to do by meditation and prayer, for the solemn ceremony, in which he himself would soon be called upon to play the principal part.

The near approach of his coronation, which was fixed for the Sunday after the funeral, filled him with anxious thought. It might naturally be supposed that one so young as Edward would be dazzled by the magnificence of the show, and lose sight of its real import; but such was not the case with the devout and serious-minded Prince, who, as we have already shown, possessed a gravity of character far beyond his years, and had been too well instructed not to be fully aware of the nature of the solemn promises he would have to make to his people while assuming the crown.

Daily did he petition Heaven that he might adequately discharge his high and important duties, and in no wise abuse the power committed to him, but might exercise it wisely and beneficently, to the maintenance and extension of true religion, and to the welfare and happiness of his subjects. Above all, he prayed that he might be made the instrument of establishing the Protestant Church on a secure foundation; of delivering it entirely from its enemies; and purifying it from the idolatries and superstitious practices that still clung to it.

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The bustle and confusion lately prevailing within the Tower had now ceased. All the nobles and important personages who had flocked thither to do homage to the young King, had departed, taking with them their troops of attendants. The courts were emptied of the crowd of esquires and pages who had recently thronged them. No merry hubbub was heard; but, on the contrary, a general gloom pervaded the place.

Orders had been given by the King that the three days of his father's funeral were to be observed as a period of deep mourning, and consequently every countenance wore an expression of grief—whether simulated or not, it is needless to inquire. Edward and all his household were habited in weeds of woe, and their sable attire and sad looks contributed to the somber appearance of the place. Ushers and henchmen moved about like ghosts. Festivity, there was none, or if there were, it was discreetly kept out of the King's sight. Edward's time was all most entirely passed in devotional exercises. He prayed in secret, listened to long homilies from his chaplain, discoursed on religious matters with his tutors, and regularly attended the services performed for the repose of his father's soul within Saint John's Chapel.

Built in the very heart of the White Tower, and accounted one of the most perfect specimens of Norman architecture extant, the beautiful chapel dedicated to Saint John the Evangelist might still be beheld in all its pristine perfection, were it not so encumbered by presses and other receptacles of state records that even partial examination of its architectural beauties is almost out of the question.

Consisting of a nave with a semi-circular termination at the east, and two narrow side-aisles, separated from the body of the fabric by twelve circular pillars of massive proportion, this ancient shrine

also possesses a gallery reared above the aisles, with wide semi-circular-headed openings, looking into the nave. The ceiling is coved, and the whole building is remarkable for extreme solidity and simplicity. It has long since been despoiled of its sacred ornaments, and applied to baser uses, but as most of our early monarchs performed their devotions within it while sojourning at the Tower, that circumstance alone, which confers upon it a strong historical interest, ought to save it from neglect and desecration.

During the three days in question, masses were constantly said within the chapel. The pillars were covered with black cloth, and decked with pensils and escutcheons, while banners were hung from the arched openings of the gallery. Tall tapers burned before the altar, which was richly adorned with jewels, images, crucifixes, and sacred vessels.

Edward never failed to attend these services, and was always accompanied by his tutors, to whom, as zealous Reformers, many of the rites then performed appeared highly objectionable. But as masses for the repose of his soul had been expressly enjoined by the late King's will, nothing could be urged against them at this moment, and the two preceptors were obliged to content themselves with silent disapproval. Though sharing their feelings, reverence for his father's memory kept Edward likewise silent. Some observations, however, which he chanced to make while returning from mass on the third day, gave an opportunity to Sir John Cheke of condemning the practice of image-worship which was still tolerated.

"Those Romish idols are an abomination in my sight," he cried, "and I hope to see our temples cleared of them, and of all pictures that have been abused by heathenish worship. The good work has begun, for I have heard this very day that the curate of Saint Martin's, in Ironmonger-lane, has caused all the images and picture to be removed from his church, and texts from Scripture to be painted on the walls. Peradventure, the man may be over-zealous, yet I can scarce blame him."

"He has but anticipated my own intentions," observed Edward, "our temples shall no longer be profaned by false worship."

"Right glad am I to hear your majesty say so," rejoined Cheke. "Under your

gracious rule, I trust, the Romish missals and mass-books will be entirely abolished, and a liturgy in the pure language of Scripture substituted. Uniformity of doctrine and worship, uniformity of habits and ceremonies, abandonment of the superstitious and idolatrous rites of Rome, and a return to the practices of the Primitive Christian Church—these are what we of the Reformed Church seek for—these are what, under a truly Protestant King like your majesty, we are sure to obtain."

"Fully to extirpate the pernicious doctrines of Rome, conformity among the clergy must be made compulsory," observed Cox; "otherwise, there will always be danger to the well-doing of the Protestant Church. I do not desire to recommend severe measures to your majesty, but coercion must be applied."

"I hope it will not be needed, good doctor," observed Edward. "I desire not to commence my reign with persecution."

"Heaven forbid that I should counsel it, sire!" replied the doctor. "Far rather would I that your reign should be distinguished for too much clemency than severity; but a grand object has to be attained, and we must look to the end rather than to the means. Strong efforts, no doubt, will be made by the Bishop of Rome to regain his ascendancy, and the adherents of the old doctrine, encouraged by the removal of the powerful hand that has hitherto controlled them, will strive to recover what they have lost. Hence there is much danger to the Protestant Church, of which your majesty is the supreme head, and this can only be obviated by the complete repression of the Popish party. Much further reform is needed, and this, to be thoroughly efficacious, ought to be proceeded with without delay, ere the adverse sect can have time to recruit its forces."

"But you do not apprehend danger to the Church, good doctor?" inquired Edward, with some anxiety.

"There is danger in delay," replied Cox. "Men's minds are unsettled, and advantage will certainly be taken of the present crisis to turn aside the ignorant and half-instructed from the truth. His grace of Canterbury, I am aware, is for gradual reform, entertaining the belief that men must become accustomed to the new doctrines ere they will sincerely embrace them. Such is not my opinion. I

would uproot error and schism as I would weeds and noxious plants from a fair garden, and burn them, so that they may do no further harm."

"Yet, perchance his grace of Canterbury may be right, observed Edward, thoughtfully. "I would show no indulgence to the adherents of the Church of Rome, but my object being to reclaim them, and bring them over to the true faith, I must consider by what means that most desirable object can best be accomplished."

"Gentle means will fail, sire, and for a reason which I will explain," rejoined Sir John Cheke. "In dealing with the Bishop of Rome you have to do with a powerful and unscrupulous enemy, who will not fail to take advantage of any apparent irresolution on your part. Moderation will be construed into timidity, conciliation into yielding and weakness. Prompt and energetic measures must therefore be adopted. A blow must be struck at Popery from which it will never recover. I applaud the design which I know you entertain of inviting the most eminent foreign Reformers to your court. Pious and learned men like Peter Martyr, Martin Bucer, Paul Fagius, Ochinus, and Bernardus, whose lives have been devoted to the glorious work of religious reform, would be of incalculable advantage to you at this moment. Not only would they aid you in removing the errors and abuses of the Church, but they would justify and defend the measures you design to adopt. Moreover, they would be of signal service at the universities, at which seats of learning men of great controversial power, able to refute the caviler, to convince the doubter, and to instruct the neophyte, are much wanted."

"Sir John says well," observed Doctor Cox. "Conferences and disputations on religious subjects are requisite now in order to refute error and convince men's understanding. Nowhere can such discussions be more advantageously held than at your majesty's universities of Oxford and Cambridge."

"Our cause is so good that it should need neither justification nor defense," rejoined Edward. "Nevertheless, at a season of difficulty and danger no precautions ought to be neglected. To secure the permanent establishment of the Protestant Church, all its ablest and stoutest supporters must be rallied round it. Pre-

eminent amongst these are the wise and good men you have mentioned, whose lives give an assurance of the sincerity of their opinions. The Protestant leaders are much harassed in Germany, as I hear, and they may, therefore, be glad of an asylum here. It will rejoice me to see them, to profit by their teaching, and to be guided by their judgment and counsels. His grace of Canterbury shall invite them to England, and if they come, they shall have a reception which will prove the esteem in which they are held. Peter Martyr would fill a theological chair as well at Oxford as at Strasburg, and I will find fitting posts for Bucer and the others."

At this point the conversation dropped. Seeing the King disinclined for further discussion, his preceptors did not press the subject, and he soon afterward retired to his own chamber.

II.

FROM WHICH IT WILL BE SEEN THAT THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH WAS NOT ENTIRELY CURED OF HER FASHION.

LIKE her royal brother, the Princess Elizabeth had been an inmate of the Tower during the time of her august father's funeral, but as she kept her chamber, owing to indisposition, as it was alleged, Edward saw nothing of her, until on the evening of the third day, when she sent to beg him to come to her.

The amiable young monarch at once complied with the request. On his arrival at his sister's apartments, he found Mistress Ashley with her, but on seeing him the governess withdrew. The young pair were then alone together, for Edward had left his own attendants in the waiting-chamber. Elizabeth looked ill, and had evidently been weeping. Much distressed by her appearance, Edward flew to her, embraced her tenderly, and inquired, with great solicitude, what ailed her?

"I do not think the air of the Tower agrees with me," she replied, with a faint smile. "I have never been well since I came here. I would pray your majesty's permission to depart to-morrow for Hatfield."

"I shall be sorry to lose you, dear Bess," replied the King, affectionately; "but, in good sooth, you do not look well, and if you think change of air will be of service to you, e'en try it. I loved you

would accompany me to Whitehall, in order to attend my coronation. I promise you it will be a goodly show."

"I do not doubt it," she rejoined. "But I am not in spirits for grand solemnities at present, and quite shrink from them. Therefore, with your majesty's leave, I will be gone to-morrow. Most of the court, they tell me, will return from Windsor to-night, and, as I care not to mingle with them again, I will depart betimes."

"Be it as you please, dear Bess. I will not force you to do aught against your inclinations, even though I myself shall be the loser. Depart at any hour you please. A fitting escort shall attend you. Sir Thomas Seymour, with the rest of the court, will be back from Windsor to-night. Shall I bid him go with you?"

"On no account," replied Elizabeth, hastily, blushing deeply as she spoke.

"Wherein has Sir Thomas offended you, Bess? You used to like him better than any other. What has occasioned this sudden change of feeling? Can I not set matters right between you?"

"There is nothing to be set right. That I have completely altered my opinion of Sir Thomas Seymour, I will not deny—that I have quarreled with him, is also true—but he is now perfectly indifferent to me."

"Hum! I am not so sure of that, Bess. But if you refuse to confide the cause of your quarrel to me, I can not tell whether you are right or wrong."

"Your majesty will never believe Sir Thomas Seymour to be in fault—that I know. But you will find him out in time. He has deceived others, take heed he does not deceive you."

"Whom has he deceived, Bess?—not you, I hope?" demanded Edward, looking at her fixedly.

"No, not me," she answered, in some confusion. "But I have heard that of him which causes distrust. Therefore, I deem it right to warn your majesty."

"You bear resentment against him for some cause, real or imaginary, that I can plainly perceive. Come, come! let there be an end of this quarrel, Bess. You and Sir Thomas are both dear to me, and I would have you friends. If he has offended you, he shall apologize—as humbly as you please. Will that suffice?"

"I thank your majesty for your gracious interference, and fully appreciate

the motives whence it proceeds, but your kindly efforts are thrown away. I require no apologies from Sir Thomas, and will accept none."

"On my faith, you are very perverse, Elizabeth. And I must needs confess that your strange conduct makes me think you must be to blame in the matter."

"I shall not attempt to justify myself," she rejoined, "neither shall I endeavor to shake the opinion your majesty entertains of Sir Thomas Seymour."

"You would hardly succeed in the latter effort, Bess. But let us change the subject, since it is not agreeable to you."

"Before doing so, let me ask you a question. How would you like it were the Queen dowager to bestow her hand upon your favorite uncle?"

"Is such an event probable?" demanded Edward, surprised.

"Suppose it so," she rejoined.

"There is nothing to prevent such a marriage, that I am aware of," observed Edward, after a short pause. "If the Queen must marry again, she could choose no one more acceptable to me than my uncle Sir Thomas Seymour."

"But she ought not to marry again!" exclaimed Elizabeth, angrily. "She has had three husbands already; the last a great king, for whom she ought ever after to remain in widowhood. Thus much at least, she owes our father's memory."

"If she had forgotten two husbands before wedding the King, our father, she is not unlikely to forget him," observed Edward. "Such is the way with women, Bess; and her grace will not be more blameworthy than the rest of her sex."

"But your majesty will not permit such an unsuitable marriage, should it be proposed?"

"I do not think the marriage so unsuitable, Bess; and I see not how I can hinder it."

"Not hinder it! You are far more patient than I should be, were I in your majesty's place. I would banish Sir Thomas Seymour rather than this should occur."

"To banish him would be to rob myself of one whose society I prefer to that of any other. No, I must adopt some milder course, if on reflection I shall judge it expedient to interfere at all."

Seeing the King was not to be shaken, and perceiving, also, that she had unintentionally served Sir Thomas Seymour by

alluding to the probability of his marriage with the Queen-dowager, of which Edward had previously entertained no suspicion, Elizabeth let the subject drop, and after some further conversation the young monarch took an affectionate leave of his sister, again expressing great regret at losing her so soon, and promising that an escort should be provided by the Constable of the Tower to attend her at any hour she pleased on the morrow.

III.

NOW THE EARL OF HERTFORD WAS MADE DUKE OF SOMERSET;
AND NOW SIR THOMAS SEYMOUR WAS ENNOBLED.

At a late hour on that night all the principal personages who officiated at the funeral solemnities at Windsor Castle, returned to the Tower.

Next day, a general meeting was held in the grand council-chamber in the White Tower. Certain new creations of peers were about to be made, in accordance, it was said, with the late King's directions; and other noble personages were to be yet further dignified. The young King sat in his chair of state beneath a canopy, and on his right stood the Lord Protector. Though the long-looked-for moment of aggrandisement had arrived to Hertford, he allowed no manifestation of triumph to escape him, but assumed an air of deep humility.

After some preliminary proceedings, the King arose, and turning toward the Lord Protector, said, with much dignity: "In pursuance of our dear father's directions, whose latest wish it was to reward those who had served him well and faithfully, it is our sovereign will and pleasure not only to add to the number of our peers by certain new creations, but further to honor and elevate some who are already ennobled, and whose exalted merits entitle them to such distinction. We will commence with our dearly-beloved uncle Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, Lord Protector of the realm, and Governor of our person, whom we hereby create Duke of Somerset, and appoint to be Lieutenant-General of all our armies both by land and sea, Lord High Treasurer, and Earl Marshal of England, and Governor of the Isles of Guernsey and Jersey."

"Most humbly do I thank your majes-

ty," said the newly-made Duke, bending the knee before his royal nephew, while the chamber rang with acclamations.

"Arise, your grace," said Edward. "We can not linger in a task so agreeable to us. My Lord of Essex," he added to that nobleman, "you are created Marquis of Northampton—my Lord Lisle, you are now Earl of Warwick, with the office of Lord Great Chamberlain—Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, you are henceforth Earl of Southampton—Sir Richard Rich, you are made Lord Rich—Sir William Willoughby, you are Baron Willoughby of Parham—Sir Edmund Sheffield, you are Baron Sheffield of Buttonwick—and you, our entirely beloved uncle Sir Thomas Seymour, are created Baron Seymour of Sudley, with the office of Lord High Admiral of England. To these titles it is our design to add ample revenues, to accrue from sources which we shall hereafter point out, so that the honors bestowed by our much lamented father upon his faithful servants may not be barren honors."

At the close of this gracious address, which was delivered with great dignity, another burst of approbation rose from the assemblage. One after the other the newly-created peers, and those who had gained additional rank, then bent the knee before the throne, and thanked the young monarch for his goodness toward them. As Lord Seymour of Sudley knelt to his royal nephew, Edward said to him: "Are you content, gentle uncle?"

"I am honored more than I deserve, sire," replied Seymour; "but I should have been better pleased with some office which would have enabled me more completely to manifest my attachment and devotion to you."

"Such as the governorship of our person during our nonage?" observed Edward, with a smile. "Perhaps we may induce our elder uncle to resign the post to you. What says your highness?" he added to the Lord Protector. "Shall not Lord Seymour be our governor?"

"It grieves me that I can not comply with your Majesty's request," replied Somerset.

"Wherefore not, good uncle?" rejoined the King. "Methinks we have showered favors enow upon your head to merit some slight return. Be good natured, we pray you, and concede the matter."

"I can not resign an office conferred

upon me by the council, even if I chose to do so," observed Somerset.

"Say frankly you do not choose, brother," cried Seymour impatiently.

"Frankly, then, I do not," rejoined the Duke. "Were I even called upon to resign, I should protest against your appointment, for I do not deem you a fitting person to have charge of his Majesty."

"Enough, your highness," interposed Edward. "We will not pursue this matter further. A time will come when we can choose for ourselves those we would have for directors and advisers. Meantime, we submit to the will of the council."

"The council will soon have but little authority," muttered Seymour. "Unless I am greatly mistaken, it will speedily be bereft of all power."

Meanwhile, the greater part of the assemblage had departed, the members only of the two councils being left. The doors were then closed, upon which the Lord Protector thus spoke: "Before we separate, my lords, it is necessary that I should point out to you a difficulty in which I am placed, and to ask your aid to remedy it. Doubts have been expressed whether you, as the council, have power to appoint a Protector; and the ambassadors of France and Germany have declared to me in private that they could not treat with me while there was any chance of my authority being disputed. To remedy this defect, and make matters sure, I now demand letters-patent from his majesty under the great seal, confirming my authority as Protector of the Realm, and Governor of the royal person."

Several of the council immediately expressed their assent to the request, but the newly-made Earl of Southampton rose to oppose it.

"What further authority does your highness require?" he said. "Methinks you have enough already."

"I have explained that there is much inconvenience attendant upon mine office as at present constituted," observed Somerset. "Its origin has been questioned, as I have told you, and this should not be — nay, it must not be. Unless I can treat independently with foreign powers, I am nothing. By his letters-patent, as I propose, his majesty will give me authority to act according to my judgment and

discretion for the welfare and advantage of his person and dominions."

"In other words, he will make himself King in your stead," whispered Seymour to Edward. "Do not grant these letters-patent."

"But the measures you propose will deprive the council of all control," pursued Southampton. "We may not approve your acts. I am for no further change. We have made too much concession already."

"It was found impracticable to carry on the business of the government during his majesty's minority without a head," observed Sir William Paget, "and therefore the Lord Protector was appointed. But the office will be ineffectual if not clothed with sufficient power."

"These are my own arguments against the appointment," cried Southampton. "The Lord Protector shall not be our master. According to this scheme, he might annul all our acts, appoint his own council, set aside the late King's will, and assume almost regal power himself."

"Hold, my lord; you go too far," cried Northampton. "Recollect in whose presence you stand."

"It appears to me, my lords," remarked the Earl of Warwick, "that we have no choice in the matter. I am not for abridging our powers, or for transferring them to the Lord Protector. But we must either enable him to act, or abolish the office."

"You have put the matter rightly," said Lord Rich. "The present discussion is a clear proof that there will be little unanimity amongst us. I would therefore beseech his majesty's gracious compliance with the Lord Protector's request."

"I add my voice to yours," said Lord Northampton.

"And so do we," cried several others.

"What says his grace of Canterbury?" demanded the King.

"I meddle not with secular matters," replied the primate; "but it seems that the Lord Chancellor's objections to the additional power to be conferred upon the Lord Protector are ill-grounded, and that your majesty will do well to accede to the expressed wishes of the majority of the council."

"There is only one dissentient voice, that of Lord Southampton himself," observed Sir William Paget. "But I trust he will withdraw his opposition."

"Never!" cried Southampton. "I foresaw this danger from the first, and was therefore averse to the appointment. Such an extension of power is not only pernicious in itself, but in express violation of the late King's will. I implore his majesty to hesitate ere yielding compliance with the suggestion."

"The Lord Chancellor is looked upon as the head of the Romish party," observed Cranmer, in a low voice to the King. "He evidently fears that the Lord Protector will use the additional power he may acquire in the repression of Papacy. Your majesty will do well not to listen to him."

"We thank your grace for the hint," rejoined Edward. "Your highness shall have the letters-patent," he added to the Lord Protector. "Let them be prepared without delay," he continued to Paget.

Soon after this the council broke up, and as the Lord Protector departed with his royal nephew, he cast a triumphant glance at his discomfited adversary, who replied by a look full of scorn and defiance.

"That man must be removed — and quickly," thought Somerset. "He is dangerous."

On his return to the palace, the King was attended by Lord Seymour, whom he held in converse, so as to keep him by his side, much to the annoyance of the Lord Protector, who was obliged to follow with the Earl of Warwick.

As they were proceeding in this manner, Edward remarked, somewhat abruptly: "Have you any thought of marriage, gentle uncle?"

"If I might venture so to reply, I would inquire why your majesty puts the question?" rejoined Seymour, surprised.

"You are reluctant to speak out, gentle uncle, and perhaps fear my displeasure. But you are needlessly alarmed. Let me ask you another question. Do you think it likely our mother, the Queen-dowager, will marry again?"

"In sooth, I can not say, my liege. Not as yet, I should suppose."

"No, not as yet — but hereafter. If she should — I say if she should — it would not surprise me if her choice were to fall on you."

"On me, sire!" exclaimed Seymour, affecting astonishment.

"Ay, on you, gentle uncle. Nay, you need affect not mystery with me. I am in

possession of your secret. Rest easy. If such a marriage were contemplated, I should not object to it."

"What is this I hear?" cried the Lord Protector, who had overheard what was said. "Have you dared to raise your eyes to the Queen-dowager?" he added to his brother.

"By what right does your highness put the question to me?" demanded Seymour haughtily.

"By every right," rejoined Somerset furiously. "If the notion has been entertained, it must be abandoned. Such a marriage never can take place."

"Wherefore not?" demanded Edward sharply.

"For many reasons, which it is needless now to explain to your majesty," rejoined Somerset. "But to make an end of the matter, I forbid it, peremptorily forbid it."

"It will require more than your prohibition to hinder it, should it be in contemplation," rejoined Seymour.

"Beware, lest pride and presumption work your ruin!" cried Somerset, foaming with rage.

"Take back the warning," rejoined Seymour, with equal fierceness. "You have more need of it than I."

"My inadvertence has caused this," cried Edward, much pained by the quarrel. "But it must proceed no further. Not another word, I charge your grace, on your allegiance," he added to the Lord Protector.

And still keeping his favorite uncle beside him, he proceeded to the palace.

IV.

NOW LORD SEYMOUR OF SUDLEY WAS CLANDESTINELY MARRIED TO QUEEN CATHERINE PARR, IN SAINT PETER'S CHAPEL IN THE TOWER.

ON quitting the King, Lord Seymour proceeded to the Wardrobe Tower, where he found his esquire awaiting him. Ugo began to express his delight at his patron's elevation, when Seymour cut him short impatiently, exclaiming:

"Basta! Ugo. Reserve thy congratulations for another opportunity. I have got the title I coveted and the office. I am Lord High Admiral of England. —"

"And therefore in possession of an office of the highest honor and emolument, monsignore," interrupted Ugo, bowing.

"I will not gainsay it. My importance is doubtless increased, but I am likely to

lose the prize I thought secure. The Lord Protector has found out that I aspire to the hand of the Queen-dowager, and will use all his power to prevent the marriage." And he proceeded to detail the quarrel that had just occurred between himself and his brother in the King's presence. "His majesty good-naturedly endeavored to patch up the dispute," he continued; "but I know Somerset will not forgive me, and will do his utmost to thwart my project. It is well he made not this discovery sooner," he added, with a laugh, "or I should not have been in the list of those who have this day gained a peerage. Thus much I have secured, at all events."

"And believe me it is no slight matter, my lord. Have you any reason to fear the consequences of a secret marriage with the Queen?"

"Once wedded to her majesty, I should fear nothing—not even my omnipotent and vindictive brother, who is taking steps to clothe himself with regal power. I do not fear him as it is—but he may thwart my schemes. Thy hint is a good one, Ugo—the marriage must be secret."

"Speedy as well as secret, monsignore. The sooner it takes place the better. You have other enemies besides the Lord Protector, who will work against you. Have you influence sufficient with the Queen, think you, to prevail upon her to consent to such a step?"

"Methinks I have," rejoined Seymour. "But I will put her to the proof—and that right speedily. She has agreed to grant me an interview this very morning, and if my reception be favorable, I will urge the imperative necessity of the course thou hast suggested, backing my suit with all the arguments in my power."

"Per dio! it would be vexatious to lose so rich a prize. Not only does her majesty commend herself to your lordship by her beauty, her exalted rank, and her many noble qualities, but also by her rich dower and her store of jewels. As to the latter, I myself can speak, for I have seen the inventory—such balaces of emeralds and rubies—such flowers and crosses of diamonds—such chains of gold and brooches—such tablets of gold and girdles—such rings, bracelets, and carcanets—enough to make one's mouth water. 'Twould be a pity, I repeat, to lose a queen with such a dower, and such jewels."

"She must not be lost! I will about the affair at once. Thou shalt aid me to make a slight change in my attire—for I would produce the best possible impression upon her majesty—and I will then ascertain my fate. Who knows? The marriage may take place sooner than we anticipate."

"Were it to take place this very day it would not be too soon, monsignore."

Seymour laughed, but made no reply. Having completed his toilette to his satisfaction, he repaired to the Queen-dowager's apartments. He was detained for a short time in the ante-chamber, but when admitted into the inner room by a gentleman usher, he found Catherine alone. She was attired in black velvet, which set off her superb person and fair complexion to the greatest advantage, and wore a diamond-shaped head-dress, richly ornamented with pearls, with a carcanet round her throat. Never had she looked more captivating.

Seymour's reception was quite as favorable as he had expected—far more so than he merited. But Catherine, though strong-minded, was but a woman. She listened to his protestations of repentance, his vows, his professions of unalterable fidelity—and forgave him. Nay more, when he urged the necessity of a clandestine union, she seemed half-disposed to assent to it. Emboldened by his success, Seymour resolved to bring the matter to the immediate issue suggested by his acquire.

"Why should our happiness be longer delayed?" he urged. "Why should not our marriage take place this very night—here in the Tower—in Saint Peter's Chapel?"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Catherine.

"Nay, the thing is quite possible, and only wants your consent to its fulfillment. The chaplain of the Tower will unite us. We shall then be secure against all danger, and may defy our enemies."

"But this is too sudden, Seymour. I can not prepare myself in so short a time."

"No preparation is needed," he cried. "Decision only is required, and you *have* decided in my favor, that I feel, my queen!" And throwing himself at her feet, he pressed her hand passionately to his lips. "Why should we trust to the future when the present is ours?" he continued fervently. "To-morrow, unfore-

seen obstacles and difficulties may arise. Let us seize upon happiness while it is yet within reach."

"It is very hasty!" murmured Catherine, but in a tone that showed she meant to yield.

"It seems so; but since we can not control circumstances, we must bend to them. To-night! let it be to-night, Catherine!"

The Queen consented. Her judgment was not blinded. She knew the imprudence of the step she was about to take. She knew the character of the man who sought her hand. Yet she agreed to a sudden and secret marriage with him. Her love overmastered her discretion. Some excuse may be found for her in the resistless manner and extraordinary personal attractions of her suitor. Few of her sex would have come off scathless from the ordeal to which she was subjected. Seymour seemed created to beguile, and on this occasion his power of fascination certainly did not desert him. As he arose from his kneeling posture, with a countenance flushed with triumph, he looked so superbly handsome that it was impossible to regard him without admiration.

"Heaven forgive me if I have done wrong in thus yielding!" cried Catherine. "My heart fails me, yet I must go on. I trust all my happiness to you, Seymour. Do not again deceive me!"

"Have no misgiving, Catherine," he rejoined. "My life shall be devoted to you."

It was then arranged that Catherine should attend vespers in Saint Peter's Chapel that evening. She was to be accompanied by Lady Herbert, Seymour's sister, who, as we have seen, was devoted to her brother, and on whom entire reliance could be placed. Seymour also would be in the chapel with the Marquis of Dorset, on whose aid he could count, and Ugo Harrington. When vespers were over, and the chapel cleared, the doors could be locked, and the marriage securely accomplished. No difficulty was apprehended in regard to the chaplain. Seymour undertook to secure his services on the occasion, and subsequent silence so long as secrecy was required. This arrangement being assented to by the Queen, with fresh protestations of devotion Seymour took his departure, greatly elated by his success.

But his exultation was quickly dashed. While traversing a corridor on his way to the Wardrobe Tower, he unexpectedly encountered the Princess Elizabeth. The Princess was attended by her governess and Sir John Gage, and was in the act of quitting the Tower, an escort being in readiness for her without. Up to this moment she had looked exceedingly pale, but her cheek flushed as she met Seymour's gaze. But she gave no other sign of emotion. Coldly returning his profound salutation, she passed proudly on, without a word.

"I would I had not beheld her at this moment. The sight of her shakes my purpose," he exclaimed, gazing after her. "'Tis strange how she still clings to my heart. But I must have done with this folly. 'Tis idle to think of her more."

And he went on, but Elizabeth's image haunted him still.

That evening, however, the marriage took place in the manner arranged; the chaplain's connivance and services being secured by Ugo. The Queen and Lady Herbert were in Saint Peter's Chapel; so also was Seymour, with his esquire and the Marquis of Dorset.

When all fear of intrusion or interruption was over, the ceremony was performed, and the widow of Henry VIII. became the spouse of the new-made Lord Seymour of Sudley.

Close beside the altar where they were wedded were laid two of Henry's slaughtered queens—Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard. Little did Seymour dream at that hour that at no distant day he would have a place beside them. Little did he dream, as he uttered his vows at the altar—vows so ill kept!—that he stood within a few paces of his own grave.

V.

HOW KING EDWARD RODE FROM THE TOWER TO THE PALACE OF WHITEHALL.

APPOINTED for Shrove Sunday, 1547, Edward's coronation was to be celebrated with great pomp; but divers old observances and formalities were to be discontinued, lest, as declared by the order of the council, "the tedious length of the same should weary, and be peradventure hurtful to the King's majesty, being yet of tender age. And also for that many points of the same are such as by the laws of the realm at this present are not allowable."

These alterations and omissions, relating chiefly to the Papal supremacy, were proposed by Cranmer, and vehemently objected to by the Lord Chancellor, Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, the Earls of Arundel and St. John, and other adherents to the Church of Rome in the Council, but after much deliberation and discussion, were eventually agreed upon. Several changes, indeed, were indispensable, since Edward was the first monarch who had assumed the crown subsequent to the throwing off of the Pope's authority.

Unusual interest attached to the ceremony, owing to Edward's extreme youth, coupled with the circumstance of his being the first Protestant monarch who had assumed the crown. The latter circumstance led to much discussion with those of the opposite faith, and the proposed innovations were warmly discussed, but however divided the two sects might be on points of doctrine, each looked forward with interest to the young monarch's coronation, and both were disposed to regard it as an auspicious event.

In order that the new reign might be marked by clemency, a general pardon was proclaimed, from which, however, two distinguished persons were excepted—namely, the Duke of Norfolk and Cardinal Pole; with some others of less note, as Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, Thomas Pate, Archdeacon of Lincoln, with two gentlemen named Fortescue and Throckmorton, all of whom had been attainted of treason in the late reign. It was asserted that the Lord Protector feared to liberate the Duke of Norfolk, and that Cranmer had an equal dread of Pole.

Edward having announced his intention of proceeding to the palace of Whitehall on the day before his coronation, great preparations were made by the citizens to give effect to his progress. Luckily, the weather was propitious. The day was kept as a general holiday, and was ushered in by the joyous pealing of church bells, and by the discharge of cannon.

At the Tower the note of preparation was sounded betimes, and the guard of honor, with the archers and arquebusiers, appointed to attend the King, were drawn up on the green in front of the palace. Amongst the first to depart was Queen Catherine, who, with her ladies, was conveyed by water to Whitehall. The Duchess of Somerset, the Marchioness of Dor-

set, and others, followed in the same manner.

Precisely at noon Edward set forth. Cannon were fired from the summit of the White Tower as he issued from the portals of the palace and mounted his milk-white palfrey, which was superbly caparisoned with damask gold deeply purpled with ermine. His own attire was of corresponding magnificence, for having laid aside his mourning, he now wore a robe of crimson velvet trimmed with ermine, a jerkin of raised gold, with a placard studded with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and pearls, and a gold chain, similarly ornamented, thrown over his shoulders. His hat, with a white feather in it, was looped with diamonds. Additional effect was given to the splendor of his appearance by a canopy of cloth of gold, which was borne above him by four barons of the Cinque Ports appareled in scarlet.

An advanced guard having set forward to clear the way, the royal cavalcade was put in motion. At its head rode the Duke of Somerset, habited in gold tissue, embroidered with roses, with the collar of the Garter round his neck. The trappings of his steed were of crimson velvet, worked with bullion gold, curiously wrought. The Duke was followed by nine children of honor, appareled in blue velvet, powdered with fleurs-de-lys of gold, and having chains of gold round their necks. Their horses were richly trapped, and on each was displayed one of the King's titles, as France, Gascoigne, Guienne, Normandy, Anjou, Wales, Cornwall, and Ireland.

Then came the Marquis of Dorset, specially appointed for the occasion Constable of England, bearing the sword. He was mounted on a great courser, richly trapped and embroidered. On his right, but a little behind him, rode the Earl of Warwick, now Lord Great Chamberlain, likewise very magnificently attired; and on the left the Earl of Arundel, Lord Chamberlain, but now temporarily filling the post of Earl Marshal, as deputy of the Duke of Somerset.

Next came the King on his palfrey, with the canopy of state borne over his head as already described.

After his majesty rode Sir Anthony Brown, Master of the Horse, richly arrayed in tissue of gold, and leading the King's spare charger, barded and sumptuously trapped.

Then came the Lord High Admiral, Lord Seymour of Sudley, resplendent in cloth of gold, velvet and gems, his charger trapped in burning silver, drawn over with cords of green silk and gold, and fringed with gold. Beyond all question the most splendid-looking personage in the procession, Lord Seymour attracted universal attention.

Then followed a long array of nobles, knights, esquires, and gentlemen, all well mounted, and richly appareled in cloth of gold, cloth of silver, tinsel, and embroidered velvet. A company of halberdiers formed the rear-guard. With these marched the three gigantic warders.

To his infinite delight, Xit was permitted to accompany the procession. He was provided with a pony about the size of Pacolet's horse, which had occasioned him such dire mischance. Trapped like a larger steed, this spirited little animal exactly suited his rider, being full of tricks and mischief. Xit rode with the pursuivants, whose duty it was to keep order in the procession, attending them whithersoever they went, and causing much amusement by his assumption of authority.

A brief halt was made by the young monarch at the gate of the By-ward Tower, where he addressed a few gracious words to Sir John Gage, Sir John Markham, the gentleman porter, and other officers of the fortress, who were there drawn up.

"We thank you heartily, our trusty Constable," he said, "and you, our worthy Lieutenant, and you, too, gentlemen, for the care ye have taken of us during our sojourn at the Tower. We will not say farewell to you, Sir John Gage, since we shall have you with us at Whitehall. But to you, Sir John Markham, and you, gentlemen, we must bid adieu for a while, committing our fortress to your custody."

Bending gracefully in return for the salutations addressed him, he then moved on, while Sir John Gage, mounting a richly trapped charger, which was held in readiness for him by an esquire, took his place in the procession by the side of Lord Seymour.

While glancing round at the burly yeomen of the guard stationed near the barbican, Edward remarked amidst the throng the repulsive and ill-omened countenance of Mauger, and with an irrepressible thrill of horror instantly averted his gaze. So perceptible was the movement,

and so obvious the cause of it, that some of the yeomen laughed, and one of them observed to the executioner: "His majesty likes not thy looks, gossip."

"I can not help it," rejoined Mauger gruffly. "I can not amend my visage to please him. But though he turns away from me now in disgust, he will lack my aid hereafter. Two of the proudest of those who have just gone by shall mount Tower-hill one of these days in very different guise from that in which they are proceeding thither now."

"Have done with thy croaking, thou bird of ill omen!" exclaimed the yeoman, shuddering at his words.

"There goes a third!" cried Mauger, without heeding the remark.

"Why, that is the Lord High Admiral of England, his majesty's favorite uncle," observed his companion.

"What of that?" rejoined Mauger, with a grim look. "Greater than he have died by the ax. I tell thee it is his destiny to perish on Tower-hill. If thou liv'st long enough, thou wilt find my prediction verified."

Disturbed by no dread of the future, but, on the contrary, full of high and ambitious hopes, Lord Seymour rode on by the side of the Constable, his gay looks, affable manner, and splendid attire, contrasting strongly with the grave deportment and stern countenance of the latter.

Cannon thundered from the battlements of the fortress, and from the great ships moored in the river, as the King issued from the outer gate, and deafening cheers arose from the crowd assembled to see him pass by. All the streets through which the royal procession had to wend its way were railed to keep off the multitude, and graveled to prevent the horses from slipping. Barriers, also, were erected at certain points.

Shaping its course along Tower street, the cavalcade struck off on the right into Gracechurch street, and passing through Lombard street, reached Cornhill. As upon the occasion of Edward's first entrance to the city, the fronts of the houses were hung with tapestry and rich stuffs. In Lombard street especially, which was almost entirely inhabited by wealthy goldsmiths, there was a magnificent display of cloths of gold, silver, and other tissues.

Stages were erected for the different city companies, on which stood the wardens and their assistants in their gowns

and liveries. Most of the companies had minstrels with them, but the best display was made by the Goldsmiths, who had a bevy of beautiful young maidens, dressed in white, and bearing silver branches containing burning tapers, ranged in front of their stage. Moreover, a pageant was exhibited by this company with which the young monarch appeared greatly pleased.

This was the manner of it. On a platform adjoining the stage just described, sat Saint Dunstan, the patron saint of the company, arrayed in a robe of white lawn, over which was a cope of bright cloth of gold hanging to the ground. The hoary locks of this saintly figure were crowned with a golden miter set with topazes, rubies, emeralds, amethysts, and sapphires. In his left hand he held a crosier of gold, and in his right a large pair of goldsmith's tongs, likewise of gold. Opposite the elevated seat occupied by Saint Dunstan was a forge, at which a workman was blowing with a huge pair of bellows. In another part artificers were beating out plate with hammer and anvil; while a third party were employed in forging and shaping vessels of gold and silver. At the back there was an open cupboard filled with glittering cups and dishes, and near it a stand piled with ingots of costly metals. Then there were assayers, finers, and chasers; and finally, there was Beelzebub himself, who, after playing sundry diverting tricks with the artificers, was caught by the nose by Saint Dunstan's golden tongs, and held captive for a time, roaring most lustily while so detained.

But this was not the only pageant prepared for the young King's delectation. In Cheapside, not far from the Cross, where the lord mayor and aldermen, with the rest of the civic authorities were assembled to give expression to their loyalty and devotion, was exhibited the device of a golden mountain, with a tree on the summit covered with fruit, like that grown, as poets feign, in the gardens of the Hesperides. On Edward's approach, this golden mount, which was reared on a lofty stage, burst open, and a sylph-like figure in thin gauzy attire, attended by a number of little sprites, fantastically arrayed, issued from it. Having executed a merry dance upon the stage, these elfs retired with their queen, and the mountain closed upon them.

Other devices there were, very gorgeous and curious, but we can not pause to particularize them. The populace were in high good humor, largesse being liberally distributed by the heralds; while all who listed could drink the King's health, for the conduits ran wine instead of water. Cheers of the most enthusiastic kind attended the youthful monarch during his progress, and blessings were showered on his head.

At length after repeated delays, the cavalcade approached Saint Paul's, then a noble Gothic pile, with which the modern cathedral can in no wise be compared. Independently of its magnitude and beauty, the ancient cathedral possessed at this time the loftiest steeple in Europe, its height being five hundred and twenty feet from the ground, while the spire itself, which was of wood, and which was destroyed by fire in the subsequent reign of Elizabeth, sprang two hundred and sixty feet above the tower. From the summit of this lofty tower, strains, which might well be termed seraphic, now resounded. Thither the well-trained choir of the cathedral had mounted, and pouring down their voices on the assemblage beneath, ravished the ears of all who listened to them.

As these strains ceased, the great door of the cathedral was thrown open, allowing the deep diapasons of the organ to be heard, amid which, preceded by his cross, came forth the Bishop of London, in his miter and robes, and bearing his crosier. He was followed by the dean, canons, and chaplains in their copes and surplices, and proceeded to cense the King.

To this impressive ceremony succeeded an exhibition of a widely different character. We omitted to mention that from the battlements of the great tower a cable had been drawn, which was made fast to a ring fixed in the masonry of the dean's gate. While Edward, who had been enchanted by the almost angelic music he had heard, was looking upward, as if in expectation of further melody of the same nature, he perceived a man step forth upon the giddy verge of the tower battlements with a small silk flag in either hand, which he waved to the assemblage below. The appearance of this personage, who, seen from that great height, looked like one of the grotesque stone sculptures of the edifice, was greeted with loud shouts by the spectators.

At this juncture Xit, who had contrived to work his way to the King, called out: "Tis Pacolet, sire. I know him even at this distance."

Just as the words were uttered, the mountebank—for it was he—threw himself with his breast on the cable, and stretching out his hands, which still grasped the flags, shot down the rope with amazing swiftness, but happily reached the ground unhurt. The rapidity of Pacolet's descent, which resembled the flight of a meteor, took away the breath of the spectators, but as soon as he was safely landed a tremendous shout arose. The applause was redoubled as the mountebank, nothing daunted by his perilous exploit, nimbly reascended the cable, and when he had attained a sufficient altitude for his purpose, began to execute various extraordinary and hazardous-looking feats. Perhaps no one of the thousand spectators who witnessed it was more delighted with the performance than Xit. He screamed like a child with delight; and his satisfaction was completed, when he was ordered by the King to see a dozen marks bestowed upon the adventurous mountebank.

Quitting the cathedral, the cavalcade then went on. At Ludgate, however, another brief stoppage occurred, for here a fresh pageant had to be exhibited.

From this part of the old city walls an admirable view was commanded of the procession both on its approach from Saint Paul's and during its descent at Ludgate-hill. The long line of gorgeously attired horsemen could be seen crossing the narrow bridge over the Fleet, and proceeding slowly along Fleet street. In other respects, however, the view from this point was exceedingly striking. As the spectator looked eastward, the noble cathedral in all its grandeur rose before him. Nearer, at the foot of the majestic pile, was Paul's Cross, where homilies were now constantly preached. Turning in the opposite direction, after surveying the then sharp descent of Ludgate-hill, and the open ground watered by the Fleet, he could plunge his gaze through the narrow but picturesque streets almost as far as Temple Bar.

In this quarter were situated some of the oldest and most curious habitations in the metropolis. The streets were narrow, the

houses lofty, with high roofs and quaintly carved gables, each story projecting beyond the other, so that the occupants of the higher rooms could almost shake hands with their opposite neighbors; but with all these objections, and many others that might be raised to them, there can be no doubt that these ancient structures were highly picturesque in appearance, and that to an artist the London of the sixteenth century would have been preferable to the London of our own era.

Down precipitous Ludgate-hill, with its houses climbing to the skies as we have described, and almost meeting above; across Fleet Bridge—the space on either side of the stream being thronged by spectators—did the splendid cavalcade move on.

Here, again, the scene was striking and picturesque, and immeasurably in favor of old London. On the banks of the Thames, on the left, stood Baynard's Castle, a vast and stern-looking structure; further on, on the same side, was the ancient palace of Bridewell. On the right, amidst a host of quaint old buildings, was the large and gloomy prison which took its name from the little river that washed its walls.

At Temple Bar, the lord mayor and aldermen, who had accompanied the procession from Cheapside, took their leave, and the cavalcade moved at a somewhat quicker pace along the Strand.

Here fresh crowds welcomed the young monarch, and greetings as hearty and enthusiastic as those he had received in the city saluted him. Though the houses were not so richly set forth as those of the wealthy goldsmiths of Lombard street, still there was no lack of decoration—and arras and painted hangings were plentiful enough.

Amid cheers and blessings, the young King reached Charing-cross, and passing through the beautiful gate of Whitehall, then but recently erected, immediately afterward dismounted at the principal entrance of the palace.

Somewhat fatigued by his ride, which, owing to the many delays, had occupied nearly four hours, and anxious to reserve his forces for the morrow, Edward withdrew to his own chamber, and did not appear again on that day.

VI.

HOW KING EDWARD VI. WAS CROWNED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WITHIN the ancient abbey of Westminster, where his sire and grandsire had been crowned, and where so many of his predecessors had been consecrated and anointed kings, all needful preparations were made for the youthful Edward's coronation.

In the midst of the choir, and opposite the high altar, was reared a lofty stage, the floor of which was covered with rich carpets, and the sides hung with cloth of gold. Two-and-twenty broad steps led to the summit of this stage from the west, but the descent to the altar comprised little more than half that number. The altar itself made a magnificent show, being covered with vessels of silver and gold, and having a gorgeous valance decked with jewels. The ancient tombs of King Sebert, Aymer de Valence, and Edmund Crouchback, were shrouded with curtains of golden arras. Many other parts of the choir were similarly decorated, as were the noble pillars in the body of the edifice, which were partially covered with red and white velvet, and hung with banners and escutcheons.

At an early hour in the morning all the approaches to the abbey were thronged by thousands eager to gain admission, and before eight o'clock every available position in the vast building, not reserved for those about to be engaged in the solemnity, was occupied.

About nine o'clock, the sense of tediousness which had begun to afflict the assemblage was somewhat relieved by the appearance of the choristers. These were attired in their copes, and had six large silver crosses with them. Next came forth the children of the king's chapel, arrayed in scarlet with surplices and copes. Then appeared the chaplains in surplices and gray amices, who were followed, after a short interval, by ten bishops, mitred, clothed in scarlet, with rochets and copes, and each carrying a crosier. After another short pause, the Archbishop of Canterbury himself appeared, mitred likewise, and in his full pontificals, and having his crosses borne before him.

Apparently wholly unconscious of the great interest he excited, Cranmer looked exceedingly grave, as if deeply impressed with the solemn nature of the ceremony on which he was engaged.

Having formed themselves into a procession, the various ecclesiastics marched forth from the great door opening upon the body of the fane for the purpose of conducting the King to the abbey. From this door cloth of raze was laid down to the principal entrance of the palace. This privileged path was railed, and lined on either side by archers and halberdiers. Marshals, standard-bearers, and other officers were ranged at short distances from each other along the lines.

The spectacle was magnificent. A bright, sunshiny morning exhilarated the vast multitude collected around the abbey and within the courts of the palace, and kept them all in good humor. Not a single untoward circumstance occurred to disturb the general harmony.

Meanwhile, the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the prelates and their train, had entered the palace, and every eye was fixed on the grand portal, the steps of which were lined by ushers and officers of the royal household.

At length, loud flourishes of trumpets announced the King's approach. First came forth the trumpeters in their embroidered coats, having their clarions adorned with silken pennons. Next followed the heralds in their coats of arms. Then came the pursuivants with their maces, and a little after them marched Xit, staggering under the weight of a silver mace larger than himself, and causing much diversion by his efforts to carry it. Next came Og, Gog, and Magog, followed by nine other tall yeomen of the guard, whom the giants overtopped by a head. Then followed the children of the king's chapel, the choir, the chaplains, the bearers of the crosses, the ten bishops, and lastly, the dignified and venerable-looking Cranmer.

Again loud flourishes resounded, and following another band of trumpeters, appareled like the first, came the Earl of Northampton, in a rich robe, bareheaded, and carrying a pair of gilt spurs—as a symbol of knighthood. After him came the Earl of Arundel, equally splendidly arrayed, holding a bare and pointless sword—signifying mercy. Next came the Earl of Dorset, bearing the Constable's mace. A second sword, sharpened at the point, to signify justice to the temporality, was borne by the Earl of Warwick. A third sword, likewise pointed, and denoting justice to the clergy,

was borne by the Earl of Derby. Then followed the Earl of Oxford with the scepter, to signify peace. Then came Shrewsbury, bearing the ball and cross, signifying monarchy. Then came Lord Seymour of Sudley, magnificently attired, bearing the sword of state in its scabbard. Then followed Barons Rich, Sheffield, and Willoughby, marching together. After them came Garter King at Arms, in his rich coat, with the Lord Mayor on his left, carrying a mace, and the Constable of the Tower on his right. Then came the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Treasurer, and the Lord Privy Seal, in their full robes. Then followed the Lord Protector, carrying the crown of Saint Edward on a crimson velvet cushion. All these noble personages were bareheaded.

The crowd had looked on with wonder and delight, and had loudly expressed their admiration of the Lord High Admiral's splendid appearance, but a tremendous shout rent the air as the young King now came forth beneath his canopy borne by four barons of the Cinque Ports. He was appareled in a robe of purple velvet deeply bordered with ermine, and his train was borne by six pages in white satin. As Edward marched on toward the abbey, smiling to the right and left in reply to the cheers with which he was greeted, it required the halberdiers to stand firm in order to resist the pressure of the crowd.

The trumpet-blasts and the tremendous cheering had apprised those within the abbey that the King was at hand, and all were on the tiptoe of expectation; but before describing the entrance of the procession, let us cast a hasty glance around the magnificent building. Magnificent, in sooth, it looked on this occasion. A spectacle of extraordinary splendor and beauty burst upon the beholder as he passed through the great doorway and looked toward the choir. With the exception of the railed and carpeted space in the center of the pavement, the whole body of the pile was thronged with spectators clad in the variegated and picturesque costumes of the period. Robes, cloaks, and doublets there were of cloth, silk, velvet, and other stuffs, of as many hues as the rainbow. Additional depth of dye was imparted to these many-colored garments, from the light streaming down upon them from the richly-painted windows. Amidst the closely-packed crowd

rose the tall gray pillars lining the aisles, decked with banners and escutcheons, as before described. The effect of the choir was marvelous. The doors were left wide open, so that the splendid estrade on which the ceremony was to be performed could be seen from all points. Nave, aisles, and galleries were thronged; so were the transepts on either side of the choir, so were the ambulatories adjoining the chapel of Saint Edmund the Confessor; so were many other places which could by no possibility command a view of the solemnity. In Saint Edmund's chapel, which communicated with the choir by two doorways near the altar, were congregated the nobles about to do homage to the King. Even Henry the Seventh's chapel was filled by those who had been unable to obtain accommodation elsewhere.

By this time, the foremost part of the procession had poured into the nave, and, amid loud blasts from the trumpeters, the young King at last set foot within the abbey. His canopy was still held over him, and with much dignity of deportment he proceeded toward the choir, where he was met by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Protector, and conducted to the chapel of Saint Edmund by the Confessor.

After tarrying there for a short time, he was brought forth seated in a chair of crimson velvet, which was carried by Lord Seymour and Sir John Gage, and conveyed to the summit of the estrade, at the north end of which he was set down by his bearers.

Cranmer, who, with the Lord Protector, had followed him, then advanced, and looking at the assemblage, which had become perfectly silent, called out in a sonorous voice: "Sirs, I here present unto you King Edward, the rightful inheritor to the crown of this realm. Therefore, all ye that be come this day to do your homage, service, and bounden duty, be ye willing to do the same?"

An enthusiastic response was instantly made—the assemblage crying out with one accord: "Yea! yea! King Edward! King Edward!"

A similar address was made by the Archbishop at each of the other corners of the stage, and like responses returned.

After this, the Bishops of London and Westminster ascended the stage, and raising the King from his seat, conducted him

to the high altar, where he reverently knelt down, but after a short prayer rose again, and offerings being brought him by the Earl of Warwick, he laid them upon the altar. This done, he prostrated himself on his face, while the Archbishop of Canterbury recited the collect, *Deus humilium*.

Aided by the prelates, the King then arose and returned to his chair, which had meanwhile been so placed as to face the altar. Seating himself within it, he steadily regarded the primate, who thus interrogated him in tones calculated to be heard by all those near at hand: "Dread sire, do you engage to your people that the laws and liberties shall be respected and upheld?"

"I solemnly promise it," replied the young King, in a distinct voice.

"Do you engage to keep peace with the Church of God, and with all men?" proceeded Cranmer.

"This also I solemnly promise," was Edward's reply.

"Do you engage to administer justice in all your dooms and judgments, tempered with mercy?"

"I will never swerve from justice," responded Edward, in his clear silvery voice, which penetrated all hearts; "yet will I ever be merciful."

"Do you engage to make no laws but such as shall be to the honor and glory of God, and to the good of the Commonwealth?—And to make such laws only with the consent of your people?"

"Such laws alone will I make as shall be acceptable in the sight of God, and to my people," replied Edward emphatically.

The Archbishop having finished his interrogations, Edward arose, and being conducted to the altar by the two prelates, a solemn oath upon the sacrament was proposed to him in these terms by Cranmer: "All things which I have promised I will observe and keep. So may God help me, and those holy Evangelists by me bodily touched upon the altar!"

This oath being taken, Edward prostrated himself with the same humility as before, while the Archbishop began with a loud voice the *Veni Creator spiritus*.

Cranmer then arose, and standing over the still prostrate King, said the *Te invocamus*. This done, Edward was again assisted to his feet by the prelates; after which, the Earl of Warwick advanced, and divested him of his robe and jerkin,

so that a crimson satin shirt was alone left upon his shoulders. A pall of red cloth of gold was then held over him by Sir Anthony Denny and Sir William Herbert, while the Archbishop proceeded to anoint him, first on the palms of the hands, next on the breast, then on the back and arms, and finally on the head, making a cross as he did so with the holy chrism. While this portion of the ceremony was performed, solemn notes from the organ pealed through the fane, and the whole choir chanted *Ungebat regem*.

The ceremonial of inunction being completed, Edward arose, and the Archbishop arrayed him in a tabard of tantaron-white, shaped like a dalmatic, placing a gold coit on his head, which was brought by the Earl of Warwick. He was next girt with a sword, the weapon being afterward laid reverently upon the altar to signify that his power was derived from Heaven. This done, he again sat down, whereupon regal sandals and spurs were placed upon his feet by the Lord Chamberlain—the latter being immediately afterward removed, lest they should incommode him.

Saint Edward's crown was then delivered by the Lord Protector to Cranmer, and placed by the Archbishop on the young King's brows. At the same time, the scepter was placed in the King's left hand, and the orb and cross in his right. After Edward had worn the crown for a moment, it was taken off, and replaced by the crown of France, which was likewise furnished by the Duke of Somerset. A third crown, that of Ireland, was next put on the young King's head, and this being removed, the crown of England was brought back, and worn by Edward during the remainder of the ceremony.

Trumpets were now blown lustily from the rood-loft; the organ pealed forth its loudest notes; and the whole choir sang *Te Deum laudamus*.

Then all the lords, spiritual and temporal, beginning with the Lord Protector, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chancellor, knelt down before the King, one after the other, according to their degrees, and did homage to him, kissing his right foot and his left cheek, and holding their hands between the King's hands.

Owing to the great number of nobles present, this part of the ceremony occupied a considerable time; but when all had rendered homage, they cried with

one voice, "God save King Edward!" and the vast assemblage joined heartily in the shout.

High mass was then performed, and at its close Edward, still wearing the crown,

and attended by the Lord Protector and the whole of the nobles, quitted the abbey amid manifestations of the greatest enthusiasm, and returned to the palace of Whitehall.

From the London Eclectic.

THE INCUBATION OF INSANITY.*

DR. WINSLOW'S book is admirably, most patiently, and industriously got up, but it still has the appearance of being got up. Upon a more interesting and absorbing subject it is impossible for a physician to write. It is the most painful topic of the age, from a sad sense of the interest which must be felt in the subject in almost every family circle; we purchased Dr. Winslow's volume, desirous to use our influence in calling attention to a subject so terrible and momentous. We have gone through the volume with great interest. It is impossible to peruse such a book without interest, but our ground of complaint with it is that it is too metaphysical, and not sufficiently medical. Here are upward of seven hundred pages—a very bulky volume; but interesting as it is, its interest is rather for the curious and disinterested explorers of the laws of thought, the chambers of the mind, and the anatomists of the brain, than for those who are excited by fears for others or for themselves. We had almost said the interest of the volume is rather that likely to be excited by an extensive reader than an extensive practitioner. If our readers have time to discuss at length the phenomena treated in this volume, we advise them by all means

to purchase it, and to give it their best consideration; but we repeat that interesting as it is, it is too large; it certainly wants compression. It even gives to the reader the idea of an author too much disposed to fortify himself by the opinions of others, to be either sufficiently clear or decided upon his own. With this reservation, we may say it is a perfect encyclopædia of the literature of insanity; and more especially in its more metaphysical relations. The questions raised and discussed are most curious and absorbing, and they convey the reader into the nearest neighborhood of that wonderful bridge which unites together the mysterious twins of matter and mind. Moreover, the interest of the volume is such that ordinary readers may find in its anecdotes and discussions and biographic allusions, pleasure and profit. Dr. Winslow says:

"This disorder of the functions of the brain, in the early period of its manifestation, is of so slight and transient a character, that it is easily overlooked by the patient, as well as by his physician. An apparently unimportant knitting of the brows, a trifling sensation of numbness in some part of the body, a condition of general, or local muscular weakness, a state of *ennui*, mental peevishness, irritability, and physical restlessness, an almost unappreciable depression or exaltation of the animal spirits, an impairment and disorder of the sense of sight, loss, aberration, or confusion of memory, defect in, or acute manifestation of, the sense of hearing, an inaptitude for mental work, an inability to concentrate the attention continuously on any subject, a state of sleeplessness, a condition of lethargy, a trivial deviation from the usual mode of talking, such as suddenly pausing in the conversation, as if to regain a lost train of ideas, a slight defect in the articulation, as-

* *On Obscure Diseases of the Brain, and Disorders of the Mind.* By FORBES WINSLOW, M.D., D.C.L., Oxon. Second Edition, Revised. London: John W. Davis.

On the Prevention and Treatment of Mental Diseases. By GEORGE ROBINSON, M.D. Longmans.

The Tragedy of Life: being Records of Remarkable Phases of Lunacy kept by a Physician. By JOHN H. BRENTON. In two Volumes. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 65 Cornhill.

sociated with a transposition of words, and inability to pronounce certain letters, *are all characteristic symptoms, frequently diagnostic of disease having commenced in the brain, and yet may be disregarded.*"

The author insists upon the important fact, and devotes very considerable attention to the important physiological principle that disturbed intelligence has the same relation to the brain that disordered respiration has to the lungs, pleura, and heart; but the physician was uneducated in this department of his profession, and therefore was unable to detect the incipient signs, and so diseased action is allowed to proceed unchecked, until diseased organization has taken place, and the patient has become incurable. It is melancholy to hear Sir William Ellis, formerly resident Superintending Physician of Hanwell Lunatic Asylum, declaring that of five hundred and eighty-eight cases in the house, there do not appear to be more than fifty which, under the more favorable point of view, can be considered curable; and yet to be told that seventy if not eighty per cent of cases of insanity admit of easy and speedy cure, if treated in an early stage, provided there be no strong constitutional predisposition to cerebral and mental affections or existing cranial malformation. Yet nature has continued her warnings unheeded, for nature is never sudden. It is indeed most true that there are difficulties attending the treatment of the various forms of mental disease, greater even than those which embarrass the treatment of physical. We perhaps do not even know what insanity is, and whether it is *per se* an affection of the mind. We do not know whether it has a psychical or a somatic action. "Is it possible," inquires Dr. Winslow, "for thought, in the abstract, to be diseased?" And, "What is the nature of the *vis nervosa*?" "What are the relations between the intellectual and vital manifestations?" Even medicine itself has its most intimate relations to the science of mind. "Many a disease is," says M. Reveille Parise, "the *contra coup*, so to speak, of a strong moral emotion; the mischief may not be apparent at the time, but its germ will be nevertheless laid." It is a question which may be put not altogether unsuccessfully as to the mysterious union existing between particular organic tissues and certain emotions of the mind. How does fear cause diar-

rhea, and thus predispose the system to contagion? Thus by many a door-way in the physical system is a way opened for the successful prosecution of those discoveries which may guide to the seat of mental disease. It is the sad condition of the house which compels the cry of agony of the inhabitant.

And yet these remarks conduct us to the complaint that Dr. Winslow, in this volume, does not sufficiently point out the mutual dependence of certain bodily conditions and mental states. How true is it that a strong stomach is the usual companion of a healthy or strong mind. Our author does not indeed quote the saying of Emerson, the American Essayist, that he knew a witty physician who found theology in the biliary duct; and used to affirm that if there was a disease of the liver the man became a Calvinist, and if that organ was sound he became a Unitarian. We suppose all the intermediate sects represent some modifications of disease or health; and indeed the flippant witticism has a foundation in nature and truth; this is a section of the subject most important, but it does not receive the attention it deserves from the author; he has, as we may notice, dwelt at great length upon the faculty of attention, as the sign of a healthy and well-balanced mind, but we meet with no such pregnant remark, as, that a diseased stomach and fickleness of character are usual companions; there is an intimate relation between the state of the stomach and the state of the brain. We have heard the testimony of a distinguished statuary, that all the great men die eventually of congestion of the brain. We can, for all the more practical hints, much more heartily recommend Dr. Robinson's small book; it may soon be perused; it exhibits none of the wide reading, the more curious thinking, and graceful facility of composition of Dr. Winslow's book, but the wise and judicious counsel will be found rather in the work of Dr. Robinson; and certainly the topic can not engage attention too closely; the causes and the cure of insanity should assume more than a mere metaphysical importance. The increase of nervous disorders, the dissolution of the forces of the brain, are related to the food and labor of the population, to the diet and work of this overtaxed age.

The diagnosis of insanity leads frequently to some very singular discoveries, tending, we believe, to throw considerable light, if not upon the nature of the soul, certainly upon the mode of its being, the paralysis of the moral sense, and the inability of the will to control insane ideas, which is of course the inner test and spring of insanity. Others of the insane are able, apparently with propriety, to pray by the bedside of patients still more grievously afflicted than themselves, without making any allusion to their own unhappy or disordered thoughts. Most of our readers will know well the case of Simon Brown, a dissenting minister, to whom Southey refers in his *Life of Cowper*. His intellectual powers were great, but he became insane. His delusion, like the delusion of the poet, lay in the thought that he had fallen under the sensible displeasure of God, who had caused his rational soul gradually to perish, and left him only, in common with brutes, an animal life; that it was, therefore, profane in him to pray, and incongruous to be present at the prayers of others. In this opinion he was inflexible. Being once importuned to say grace at the table of a friend, he repeatedly excused himself; but the request being still repeated, and the company kept standing, he discovered evident tokens of distress, and, after some irresolute gestures and hesitation, expressed with great fervor this ejaculation: "*Most Merciful and almighty God! let thy Spirit, which moved upon the face of the waters when there was no light, descend upon me, that from this darkness there may rise up a man to praise Thee!*" We are thus right, then, in assigning to the will the highest province in the soul. "This commands: directly," says Dr. Winslow, "the will ceases to exercise a proper influence over the understanding and emotions, the intellect loses its healthy balancing power, thus nervous disorders as well as insane delusions are often self-created;" the perturbed mind, with its unhealthy impulses originates often in a voluntary and criminal indulgence in a train of thought which might have been battled, conquered, and subdued; but the sinful and sensuous became the disturbed, the disturbed the morbid, and the morbid the deranged mind. Thus we see how all sin lies in the will. Thus these symptoms are of the order, as Dr. Graves has said it is, "not sufficient to treat them when

they come, we must treat them coming." Many Christians have been greatly troubled by their thoughts. "Poor Christian as he went through the valley of the shadow of death, was so confounded he did not his own voice; and one of the wicked ones got behind him and stepped up softly to him and whisperingly suggested many grievous blasphemies to him; which he verily thought had proceeded from his own mind. This put Christian more to it than any thing he had met with before." He did not know that

"Evil into the mind of God and man,
May come and go—may come and go unhurt."

Good Richard Baxter says:

"There are some cases when a man's thoughts are in a manner forced upon him, *from the present temper and indisposition of his body*; so that, so long as that habit of body lasts, he can not avoid that sort of thoughts. This is the case of some deeply hypochondriac persons, many of whom will be haunted with a set of thoughts and fancies that they can by no means get rid of, though they desire it never so earnestly. We may properly call these *fancies of their waking dreams* as their dreams are their sleeping fancies."

Hence how amazing is the power of the strong will of the wise physician over the patient. Have we not seen the physician's eye calming, in the wildness of delirium? When the celebrated Dr. Willis, the physician of George III., was examined with reference to his treatment of the King, it transpired that he had even permitted to the King the use of a razor; Burke asked how he should have acted if the King had been seized with a sudden frenzy, the razor in his hand; upon this, Willis desired two vivid lights to be placed between the great orator and himself, and exclaimed, "There now, I should look at him thus," darting at the same time such a look at Burke, from his appalling eyes, that he recoiled in horror and affright. This look, he observed, would make a maniac quail more than chains of iron.

To this wondrous power, which wondrously the will exerts over the yet unstrung keys and faculties of the soul, belongs also that amazing subtlety and simulation which many of the insane practice, so that sometimes the most experienced are deceived; in such cases chloroform, it has been found, is a detective. It stealthily winds its way through the various

cells and chambers of the mind, and drags the hallucinations forth from their hiding place; like the light that manifests, or the word of the kindred mind, which is as a glass to the mind, so this mysterious aesthetic agent is the very Vidocq of the soul. Indeed, we may ascribe some such power even to all madness; it reveals the latent and hidden characteristics of the soul—it lays bare the hidden recesses—its lightnings exhibit wondrous retreats, which we had never explored in the more ordinary sunlight of every day life.

It would seem that minds of the very highest order and health, are known by their power of memory; or, which seems to be almost the same faculty, their attention. "The difference," says Sir William Hamilton, "between an ordinary mind and the mind of Newton, consists principally in this, that the one is capable of the application of a more continuous attention than the other—that a Newton is able without fatigue to connect inference with inference in one long series toward a determinate end." "Genius," says Helvetius, "is nothing but a continued attention." And again, our readers may probably remember a fine passage in Sir William Hamilton's Lectures:

"When we turn," says this great man, "for the first time, our view on any given object, a hundred other things still retain possession of our thoughts. Even when we are able, by an arduous exertion, to break loose from the matters which have previously engrossed us, or which every moment force themselves on our consideration, even when a resolute determination, or the attraction of the new object, has smoothed the way on which we are to travel, still the mind is continually perplexed by the glimmer of intrusive and distracting thoughts, which prevent it from placing that which should exclusively occupy its view in the full clearness of an undivided light. How great soever may be the interest which we take in the new object, it will, however, only be fully established as a favorite, when it has been fused into an integral part of the system of our previous knowledge, and of our established associations of thoughts, feelings, and desires. But this can only be accomplished by time and custom. Our imagination and our memory, to which we must resort for materials with which to illustrate and enliven our new study, accord us their aid unwillingly, and indeed only by compulsion. But if we are vigorous enough to pursue our course in spite of obstacles, every step as we advance will be found easier; the mind becomes more animated and energetic, the distractions gradually diminish, the attention is more exclusively concentrated upon its object, the kindred ideas

flow with greater freedom and abundance, and afford an easier selection of what is suitable for illustration. At length our system of thought harmonizes with our pursuit. The whole man becomes, as it may be, philosopher, historian, or poet; he lives only in the trains of thought relating to this character. He now energizes freely, and consequently with pleasure, for pleasure is the reflex of unforced and unimpeded energy. All that is produced in this state of mind bears the stamp of excellence and perfection."

"It is," says Buffon, "only protracted patience" "In the exact sciences," at least, says Cuvier, "it is the patience of a sound intellect, when invincible, which truly constitutes genius." Reflections like these, which all revolve round the continuity of mental states, lead right on to the doctrine of the unity, and indivisibility of the mind and consciousness. It is a terrible truth that sinful and vicious men throw away their self-government—that word which expresses a ruined building, dilapidated, when stone has fallen from stone, may be used to express the ruined mind, all the faculties have fallen away from each other—they are dismembered, unrelated, and therefore weak; the faculty of attention is an important means of discipline, and this power has been lost; and in the loss of this power there has been no consideration of that of the unpolluted sanctities of the Eternal. There has been no prayer to "Him before the rebuke of whose countenance all the vanities of a distempered imagination will at once flee away."

In the action of insanity we often see how all notion of time is lost sight of—"all notion of duration is annihilated, and the interval between the first moment of seizure and the restoration of reason, appears like a blank, or analogous to a troubled or distressing dream."

"It is recorded of a British captain at the battle of the Nile, that he was giving an order from the quarter-deck of his vessel, when a shot struck him on the head, depriving him immediately of speech. As he survived the injury, he was taken home, and remained deprived of sense and speech, in Greenwich Hospital for fifteen months! At the end of that period, during which he is said to have manifested no sign of intelligence, an operation was performed on the head which almost instantaneously restored him to consciousness. He then immediately rose from his bed, and not recognizing where he was, or what had occurred, expressed a desire to complete the order which had been so abruptly interrupted when he received his injury during the battle fifteen months previously!

"A farmer, of fair character, who resided in an interior town in New-England, sold his farm, with an intention of purchasing another in a different town. His mind was naturally of a melancholy cast. Shortly after the sale of his farm, he was induced to believe that he had sold it for less than its value. This persuasion brought on dissatisfaction, and eventually a considerable degree of melancholy. In this situation one of his neighbors engaged him to inclose a piece of land with a post and rail-fence, which he was to commence making the next day. At the time appointed he went into the field, and began, with a beetle and wedges, to split the timber out of which the posts and rails were to be prepared. On finishing this day's work, he put the beetle and wedges into a hollow tree, and went home. Two of his sons had been at work through the day in a distant part of the same field. On his return he directed them to get up early the next morning, to assist him in making the fence. In the course of the evening he became delirious, and continued in this situation several years, when his mental powers were suddenly restored. The first question he asked, after the return of his reason, was, whether his sons had brought in the beetle and wedges? He appeared to be wholly unconscious of the time that had elapsed from the commencement of his delirium. His sons, apprehensive that any explanation might induce a return of his disease, simply replied that they had been unable to find them. He then immediately arose from his bed, went into the field where he had been at work a number of years before, and found the wedges and the rings of the beetle where had left them, the beetle itself having moldered away. During this delirium his mind had not been occupied with those subjects with which it was conversant in health.

"Mrs. S——, an intelligent lady, belonging to a respectable family in the State of New-York, some years back undertook a piece of fine needlework. She devoted her time to it almost unceasingly, for a number of days. Before she had completed it she became suddenly insane. In this state, without experiencing any material abatement of her disease, she continued for about seven years, when her reason was suddenly restored. One of the first questions which she asked, after her sanity was restored, related to her needlework! It is a remarkable fact that, during the long continuance of her mental aberration, she said nothing, so far as was recollected, about her needlework, nor concerning any of the subjects that usually occupied her mind when in health."

Something, however, very much like this, has occurred to us all repeatedly, when in the course of conversation or discourse, some link has dropped out which we have quite vainly tried to recall—we could not, till again some winding of the road of speech brought us up against our lost thought, which then we put into

words; the marvel of the matter being that that lost thought must have been somewhere in existence all the time we were vainly hunting for it. Such instances lead the mind forth into innumerable speculations upon mental states separated from bodily conditions.

It is in the terrific action of a tortured conscience, and in some of the experiences of insanity, we have glimpses of the capacities of a disembodied spirit for extreme misery. How terrible is that state when the mind recoils from itself, and yet is compelled, even in agony to turn upon itself. Who can explain the horrors of delirium tremens? What a tyranny, immaterial things, images, ideas, exercise over the soul. We once, on board a ship, saw a sailor transfixed with horror and agony, in the conception that he was in hell. We say the mind can not escape from *itself*; what, then, is that from which it can not escape? Dr. Winslow quotes the story of some friend of Socrates, who, alluding to a mutual acquaintance afflicted with melancholy—that "he had derived no benefit from his travels." "I am not surprised at that," said the philosopher, "*for he traveled along with himself*," and Sterne says: "The learned Smellfungus traveled from Boulogne to Paris, from Paris to Rome, and so on, but *he set out with the spleen and jaundice, and every object he passed by was discolored or distorted*." Sometimes this is simply nervous irritability, the operation of some physical cause; although, as we have said, we do not know how often psychical causes proceed from physical; but when conscience unappeased is all awake and all in terror—when the eyes of the soul meditate only on the horrors of some approaching penalty—when all the powers of its sensitiveness are quickened, and when neither its own will nor any above it, exercises any strong command over its functions, nothing can more assuredly illustrate the circumstances of the condition of the moral dispensation beneath which we live, and nothing can more solemnly tend to illustrate the terrors of that state upon which the soul enters when the bodily environment no longer operates to detain it from the kingdom of its more potent and predominant will.

"A convict in Van Diemen's Land, after quarreling with one of the overseers, brutally murdered him. He immediately escaped with a few clothes and a gun, to the wild solitude of the

bush. The murderer lived for some time like a savage, occasionally making his appearance, armed to the teeth, at various huts, where he peremptorily demanded food. The convict's mind ultimately succumbed to the severe mental agony and physical distress to which it was exposed, and he became a dangerous lunatic. He was eventually perceived to be under the dominion of a terrible hallucination. He imagined that he was constantly being pursued by the ghastly phantom of his murdered victim. He was observed to rush frantically from tree to tree, bush to bush, house to house, from one part of the district to another, endeavoring to fly (like an animal hunted to death by ferocious bloodhounds) from the clutches of some person constantly in his wake, and steadily tracking his path. The maniac eventually surrendered himself into the hands of the police, alleging that annihilation was preferable to the agony of mind which he had suffered. In fact, (although insane,) he prayed earnestly for death at the hands of the public executioner, in order to extricate himself from the spectral image that was never absent from his mind."

Another fearful hint looks out from the sleeplessness of the insane. Complete sleep among the insane is scarcely ever observed—a case is published of one patient who was not known to close his eyes for a period of three months; and yet such persons live. Another got up in the middle of the night, and tired three horses with galloping, in the vain hope that excessive muscular fatigue might induce a disposition to sleep.

"The question, how long a person can exist without sleep, is one oftener asked than answered, and the difficulties of answering the question by experiment would seem to leave it forever unsolved. A Chinese merchant had been convicted of murdering his wife, and was

sentenced to die by being deprived of sleep. This painful mode of death was carried into execution under the following circumstances: The condemned was placed in prison under the care of three of the police guard, who relieved each other every alternate hour, and who prevented the prisoner from falling asleep night or day. He thus lived nineteen days without enjoying any sleep. At the commencement of the eighth day his sufferings were so intense that he implored the authorities to grant him the blessed opportunity of being strangulated, guillotined, burned to death, drowned, garrotted, shot, quartered, blown up with gunpowder, or put to death in any conceivable way which their humanity or ferocity could invent. This will give a slight idea of the horrors of death from want of sleep."

We had intended devoting some space to the very interesting volumes of Mr. Brenton, and we had marked some scenes for quotation, as the author of *The Tragedy of Life* is well acquainted with the forms and symptoms of insanity, and he has wrought many of his scenes with considerable vigor. Madness has been ever one of the most perilous tests of genius, and few who have attempted to sketch its moods have succeeded; the delineation depends so entirely upon the touch, which genius gives for all successful results. We can not say that Mr. Brenton's volumes give to us any characters which remind us of Ophelia, or Lear, or Madge Wildfire, but they are the sketches of reading, thought, and observation. To those who are interested in the study of forms of insanity, they present a succession of various stages and characteristics, in which the range of observation and study is relieved and lightened by the author's fancy.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ANACREON, ODE ON HIMSELF.

STRETCHED upon the tender myrtle,
And the pulpy lotus herbage,
Glad I pass the jocund health round.
Then let Cupid with red ribbon
Bind the tunic o'er his full neck,
And come minister me wine-draughts.
Like the wheel of any chariot
Whirls our rolling life in circles.
Little dust, with strewn bones bandless,

Is our token when we perish.
Good friend, would'st anoint a tombstone,
Feeding earth with vain libations?
An thou must, in life, anoint me,
Damask all my hair with roses,
And my mistress to the bower bid.
I will, Cupid! ere I go hence
To the deadman's shadow-chorus,
Disabuse me of all sorrow.

FELTHAM BURGHLEY.

From the London Eclectic.

SOME NEW VIEWS IN PLATO'S CAVE.*

WE are thankful to every man who in sincerity and earnest-heartedness helps to demonstrate the real life of man, and who causes more light to break forth from God's word; to any man who, realizing the awfulness of the mystery "in which we live, and move, and have our being;" to any man who makes us more really acquainted with

"The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty."

Mr. Hinton deserves our thanks; for, in a spirit of great earnestness, he has attempted to do this. He, indeed, says little more than what all ministers are supposed to preach; he only interprets the word of God literally; and, as to our apprehension, we have always conceived it. Yet, Mr. Hinton's seems a very fresh book, and we dare to say that multitudes of those who may read it, if multitudes read it, will regard it as new as if his theory had not been succinctly stated a hundred times in the New Testament. In the matter of the interpretation of scriptural difficulties, many people have no doubt felt as poor old Tiff felt about the preacher:

"Dey talks 'bout going in de gate, and knocking at de do', and 'bout marching on de road, and 'bout fighting and being soldiers of de cross; and de Lord knows, now, I'd be glad to get de chil'en through any gate; and I could take 'em on my back and travel all day, if dere was any road: and if dere was a do', bless me, if dey wouldn't hear old Tiff a rapping! I 'spects de Lord would have fur to open it—would so. But, arter all, when de preaching is done, dere don't 'pear to be nothing to it. Dere an't no gate, dere an't no do', nor no way; and dere an't no fighting, 'cept when Ben Dakin and Jim Stokes get jawing about der dogs; and everybody comes back eating der dinner quite comfortable, and 'pears like dere wan't no such thing dey's been preaching 'bout. Dat ar troubles me—does so."

Even so, Mr. Hinton would say, people talk about death and life—spiritual death and life; do they believe what they say? Is there a death, and is there a life? Scripture speaks of men "dead in trespasses and sins." Scripture addresses men and says: "Ye are dead." It speaks of "filthy lusts which drown men in perdition." Moreover, it addresses others, and says, "You hath he quickened;" and it speaks of experiences, and says: "We know that we have passed from death to life." Is this all a matter of imagery, and to be dismissed for any real purposes of life and consolation? Are we to say, when the preacher has ended, there is no death, and there is no life? Mr. Hinton does not think so. The reader will find himself as he reads, unless we are mistaken, in the vice of a logic as clinching, on the point of a paradox as impaling, as that of Bishop Berkeley. The reading of this volume a second time, produced in our mind feelings very similar to those we experienced when many, many years since, we for the first time followed the Bishop in his analysis of "the principles of human knowledge." In the same way, Mr. Hinton breaks down the fence of mere appearances, and advances beyond the phenomenal: the apparatus of astronomic science, and the illusions of the stereoscope are pressed into the service of our teacher to show how the senses are imposed upon. He maintains that it is in consequence of our fall and our sinfulness that we do not see the universe as it is. That is not true, which seems to us, that only man is alive, and the universe is dead. No, man is dead, and the universe is alive.

"Do we ask: How should man be in an inert world? Let us ask: How should he be in a revolving universe? These two questions admit of one reply. He is not so. The universe can not be revolving. Let the universe, therefore, stand fast, and man revolve. So shall be to him day and night, rising and setting suns. noonday brightness for his work, and solemn revelations of the stars to lead him up to God. The universe can not be dead. Let the uni-

* *Man and His Dwelling Place. An Essay towards the Interpretation of Nature.* By JAMES HINTON. Second Edition. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

verse be living, therefore, and man be dead. So to him there shall be a world of passive laws and lifeless uniformity, a world subject to his control, invitant to his energy, full of deep lessons to his heart."

Again he says:

"Analogies help us more, and they are never wanting to any thing that is true, for nature lends all her treasures to adorn whatever she acknowledges. What we feel so strange is, that we should perceive around us so definite and substantial a habitation as this earth, if the physical does not exist absolutely, but is merely the phenomenon to us of some other existence. But look at the sky at night. Consider the firmament. Is it not stretched as a canopy folding in the earth, of definite circumference, and solid look? Do not say no; for humanity would testify against you. History proves that it appears so to man's natural eye. Is there any such canopy around the earth? Is there any thing like it? Man dwells, to his consciousness, in an encircling heaven which is not. A habitation, bright with gems and stretched on everlasting pillars, has been prepared for him—by what? By his presence to infinity bestrewn with lavish worlds. And why? Because it is the nature of his sight. Why should not man's presence to the spiritual infinitude of being place him, to his consciousness, in a home like earth, amid a universe of stars? Do we ask why? Because it is the nature of his present state to feel as dead that which is living; because the phenomenon which he perceives is different from the truth of things, and by his defect of being, the phenomenon is his reality."

These extracts will no doubt plainly show to our readers that no exposition of ours can make this strong and yet very interesting book so clear to the mind as the author himself. And we believe he does his best to separate man from his shadow; or, perhaps we should say he does his best to show that a shadow can not be—that it is not a being, but the phenomenon of being—that the being is wholly independent of it. "Nature is living, holy as the life to which man shall be raised; the finger pressed no more on her mute lips—once mute, but vocal now with heaven's own music. The secret uttered, the sole secret, only to man unknown: that life is holiness, that holiness is freedom, that freedom is necessity, that necessity is love, God's secret, the secret of being, which, not to know, is death."

Many centuries and ages have passed away since the first attempts were made to solve the mystery of our being. Mr.

Hinton has attempted the task very bravely; others, also, have attempted.

Every reader of Plato's *Republic* will remember a famous passage in the seventh book, in which he compares our natural condition, so far as our education or ignorance are concerned, to a number of men living in a vast subterranean cave, in what Philip Bailey would call the fire-crypt of the world, among the marble and granite monuments and tombstones of antediluvian generations. Plato conceived some such world beneath the earth, where night and day are all as one; and strange grotesque shapes are seen in all parts of the vaulted chamber; and the torchlight brings out the phantoms and the shadows which go creeping up and down among the petrifications and the stalacmitic columns; and, whisper as we may, echoes will creep after us, which make us start and wonder who repeated our words. Plato conceived some such world; in Greece it was not difficult to conceive such. Corridors and galleries, dizzy and fretted crags, or fantastic horrors breaking forth in forms like afrites blackly looming in torchlight-shadow from the unexpected waters of some subterranean lake; and Plato thought he saw in such a place the parable of a human soul captive to its senses and its ignorance.

Plato imagines such a cave, the entrance open to the light, but the men bound by their necks and legs, shackled, and compelled to sit still and look straight forward. The prisoners in the cave would be, therefore, unable to turn their heads or necks to gaze behind them. Above and behind them Plato conceived a fire burning, and an elevated gallery passing between the fire and the prisoners; and along this gallery a number of persons moving, throwing their shadows upon that part of the cavern facing the prisoners; some of them passing along would move in silence, while others would speak, and speaking would awaken echoes in the cave, adding the mystery of sound to the mystery of sight in the senses of the captive men. Plato conceives the amazement of one of these captives when liberated—when able to turn his eyes toward the light, to ascend toward it, to interrogate the objects of which he formerly beheld only the shadows; and when dragged up the painful and steep ascent, how dazzled would his eyes be by the glare of the sun. Amazing would be the change in

the solemn periods of rolling epochs or ages. Or it can step into the antediluvian years, or even to the vast mensurations of astronomic cycles and epicycles—the pendulous beat and throb of palpitating planets in their orbits, or the mighty adjustments of the celestial mechanics; and it is still in time. The spirit can make its own time; it is conditioned, but it creates new conditions. It is true, also, that we can not in thought escape from *space*. We may shut our eyes and think, but we must still behold space, and all that we see we must see as existent in space. But even to sense itself, how vast the amplitude, so to speak; how infinite the dimension is over which the eye is able to dilate. We too are able to “take the wings of the morning, and to dwell in the uttermost part of the earth.” We too are able to wing our flight from star to star, and are sometimes, and often, not conscious of the tether or the chain. And if it is true that we are met by another thought-form, namely, that of *substance*, or, to speak more popularly, of personality—if we know things only by their personality, by the *me* and the *not-me*, the *Ego* and the *non-Ego*—if, however we may wander, and whatever we may see, we are compelled to give a shape and a reality to what we see—so that we can frame no poem, but it takes vesture and shape in characters, and dream no dream but it is around us in embodiment; still the spirit is free to move, actively to move, and even to create and to rearrange, and to re-shape things from other forms. Thus the man in the cave finds himself conscious of powers which can only find their appropriate complement outside his cave.

We spoke of the lamp found in the vault, and its revelations; even so indeed; but the cave becomes not merely diaphanous but plastic. The man within the cave touches the walls of his cell, and they recede from him. He turns the laws of his being into the lifters of his being; and what seem to be imposed upon him as conditions become the aids of development. We look sometimes at the conditions of our being, and we seem to be the mere slaves and pack-horses of the sense, as it has been said:

“*Things* are in the saddle,
And they ride mankind.”

We can answer nothing—What, we some-

times say in spleen and disappointment, What do we know? We can not tell the relation of will to action—we can not tell the relation of spiritual force to the limb of the body. Solve us the mystery of the toothache. Why should a piece of bone be so troublesome a companion? What is life, and what is love? We are told, when hands join hands, or when lips join lips, a process many of our readers wot of. We are told, when eyes dart into eyes their lustre and their lightning, and when thereupon something happens—We are told it is electricity. Even our friend, Dr. Von Knowallaboutit, assures us that he has clearly demonstrated that it is electricity and nothing more.

“Simply this, and nothing more.”

And we said to our dear Dr. Von Knowallaboutit, that does not at all explain the little mystery in which our friends are just now involved. What is sympathy? What is freedom? What is gravitation?—Weight of bodies. What is heat?—Friction of bodies. Light?—A very subtle fluid. Will?—Spiritual force. Why do two and two make four? We know all that is said, but the very definition is a chink to reveal our ignorance.

And yet, is it not amazing to know what this man in the cave can do with his conditions? How much easier we think would it be to construct a being whose powers were in his instincts. It is not so with man; we exist more by knowledge than by instinct; and yet more by sympathy, which is instinct made divine, even than by knowledge. Man, even in the rudest state, before he is adorned by civilization—the savage man—how he copes with and conquers nature—watches her ways with subtle and crafty eye; imitates her, and takes her captive and subjects her; the wild eagle feather on his head, the chain of shells, show how native grace, even in him, asserts itself. The discovery of fire, the structure of language, law, and society; and the fabrication of the javelin and the dart—how they speak of the effort of the man to escape from the cave. But see how man creates *new conditions* for himself: he has not wings, but he voyages the air in a balloon; he has not fins, nor the respiration of a fish, but he walks at the bottom of the sea in a diving-bell; he takes captive, light, and he says, “Paint me that face;” and lightning—and he says, “Carry me that message;”

he takes captive the wind, and he says, "Grind my corn;" and to the steam he says, "Make my calico, and silk, and cloth;" he says to the glass, "Help me to read;" he says to the telescope, "Show me the rings of Saturn, and the mountains of the moon;" he says to the microscope, "Show us the insects that sleep in the mysterious chambers and bells of the flowers." What mysterious power is this within man which liberates him from his conditions? You call it imagination—we accept the word; and we call that wonderful which some will look upon with contempt. Is it not wonderful? Imagination, you call it. Yes, but how do the images come there? We remind you of our definition of knowledge—that "it is the image of the thing known in the understanding of him who knows." History, and geography, and poetry, do what they will with us; we fight and shout with Achilles in the trenches; we are in Venice with Shylock; we hear Portia plead; we hear the imprecation of the octogenarian Doge; we are with Macbeth in the wild old castle that night when "the crow hied his way to the dusky wood;" nay, it is not difficult to behold where Satan sits in Pandemonium, or stands in the sun. We can pitch our tent in the lonely heights of the Himalaya, in passes where the sun has never shone; or in the lonely Balkan range. We can wind our way down the Danube. We can pass through the Red Sea with the Host of Israel. We are with Nehemiah, by torch-light, surveying the ruins of Jerusalem. We walk the streets of Oxford, hurrying along breathless to see the old man Latimer—brought out in his shroud to the stake. We stand and shout "God save the Queen," as the old sheriff sets up the standard of Her Grace, and proclaims the cry of the nation against the Armada. Well has a friendly poet said:

"Long have I loved what I behold,
The night that calms, the day that cheers,
The common growth of mother Earth
Suffices me; her joy and mirth—
Her humblest mirth and tears.

"I know the secrets of a land,
Where human foot did never stray;
Fair is that land as evening skies,
And cool, though in the depth it lies
Of burning Africa.

"Or we'll into the realms of Fairy,
Among the lovely shades of things,
And shadowy forms of mountains bare,
And streams and bowers of ladies fair,
The shades of palaces and kings.

"The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
I shall not covet for my dower;
If I along that lowly way
With sympathetic heart may stray,
And with a soul of power."

We can make out something, then in our cave—we have found the Aladdin lamp. The foliage, or the fold, has been removed from our diaphanous environment; it is not all blackness; intelligence has reached us, something has been clearly imprinted on our minds. The lamented Dr. George Wilson, in his paper in *Macmillan*, the last, we believe, he ever wrote, mentions an affecting circumstance in the history of a celebrated astronomer resident in Ireland, who was in the habit of using a fine reflecting telescope. On one occasion he neglected to put the cap over the mouth, or object-glass, of the instrument, so that the light was free to enter the tube, and fall on the polished metal reflector. He was taken ill that day, and in the end died. For weeks, for months after his death, his study remained locked, as he had left it on the first day of his illness. All this time there stood the telescope, with its eye pointed to a distant church with its spire. Every day the sun peeped in, and the moon and the stars offered their services. No other work was asked of them, so they drew the church-spire and the landscape on the mirror of the telescope as they made their rounds. At last the observatory was opened, and the telescope was taken down, and behold upon its mirror a permanent picture of the church-spire, and the objects around it; the mirror had tarnished and rusted, but the light determined where the rusting should occur, and where the metal should remain bright, and it employed the rust to furnish the shadows. So like the image on the object-glass, *light and life and time* write indelibly on the soul of the man in Plato's cave; so when death takes down the observatory and the telescopic eye, will the image be found durable on the sentient object-glass of the soul.

It is not so to the man who sits in the cave, and to whom all the work of nature and of life only suggest the thought, if it

may be called the thought, of the infinite wizardry around them. A wild Arab chief stood by a photographer, near Cairo, while he was taking the impression of the great Sphinx. When, in the faint light the glass was taken unchanged from the camera, and, as it seemed, only submitted to a simple baptism, and then as feature after feature came out, until at last there lay all the mysterious sculpture, the Arab chief turned to another by his side, and pointing to the photographer, exclaimed : "*He is the eldest son of Satan.*"

Immured in ignorance, locked up in the cell of sensuality, the poor inhabitant of the cave, even if he hears, knows not what to make of the echoes, and if he sees, knows not what to make of the phantoms which cross his vision there.

A friend of ours went to preach in a lone farm-house in one of the backwood settlements of England. Invited to preach by the farmer, he found when he got there that it was a case of preaching the Gospel from envy and strife, originating in a quarrel with the rector, on the score of tithes, rather than any love to the truth. He had to sleep in the house, and he thought he would employ some time in attempting to benefit his host. He found a Bible in the house, but nobody able to read it. He asked his host if he knew the Lord's prayer. "Oh! yes," said he, and he began, "In the day wherein I was made, my godfather——" Our friend said, "Not so," and tried to explain the difference between a prayer and a catechism. This only produced the beginning of the Creed, "I believe——" At last our friend began at the beginning of things, he said : "You *must* have some idea of God—who made the fields; the hedges?" "I made 'em mysen," said the stolid man in the cave. All the ideas were mixed and confused in the man's soul. Our friend said : "You've been to church; you've heard the Bible; who made it?" "Why him as made the almanac," said the farmer. This is the man conceived by Plato; stolid, chained neck and foot. We will not glorify ourselves, but we will pity that mind. Man, as we have seen by some remarks made not long since, has an inner consciousness; he in whom this is unawakened is not yet a man. The consciousness of hunger and thirst; the consciousness of night and day; the consciousness of weariness and pain; these are not the things which make a man. No! The poet, immortal for

such dissection and description, has said of one he has described :

"He roved among the vales and streams,
In the green wood and hollow dell;
They were his dwellings night and day,
But nature ne'er could find a way
Into the heart of Peter Bell.

"In vain through every changeful year
Did Nature lead him as before;
A Primrose by a river's brim
A yellow Primrose, was to him,
And it was nothing more.

"In vain through water, earth and air,
The soul of happy sound was spread,
When Peter, on some April morn,
Beneath the broom or budding thorn,
Made the warm earth his lazy bed.

"At noon, when by the forest's edge
He sat beneath the branches high,
The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his soul—he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky.

"On a fair prospect some have looked—
And felt, as I have heard them say,
As if the moving time had been
A thing as steadfast as the scene
On which they gazed themselves away.

"But Nature could not touch his heart
By lovely forms, and silent weather,
And tender sounds; yet you might see
At once that Peter Bell and she
Had often been together.

"There was a hardness in his cheek,
There was a hardness in his eye;
As if the man had fixed his face
In many a solitary place,
Against the wind and open sky."

Behold in Peter Bell the man of the cave.

But we are disposed to indulge in another portrait, for the man of callous and lost sensibility is not the only one to whom life is as the immuring wall of a cave; it is also true that what is best in us, very frequently enslaves us to what is also worst in us; the senses are a divine gift to man, but they have often been excited until they have become the very means of riveting his chain, and more completely compelling him to the desolation of his cave. The cell of the lunatic has frequently been peopled by visions strange and gorgeous as any beheld by the healthy eye of the pilgrim of Nature. Plato speaks of the phantoms of the

cave beheld by the dwellers there as real, and as their only conceptions of reality. Lord Bacon speaks of the idols of the den. In our own day there is no want of such; the poor man in the cave is haunted by phantoms. Awakened as we have seen, and attempting to realize his better being, we can not be surprised that an involved scenery gathers round the awakening intelligence of the man; he is haunted by the phantoms of a double consciousness; the shadows of a sensuous and a moral consciousness flit perpetually before his being; he is perpetually moved by visions which seem to contradict, even seek to thwart, each other; the actual and the ideal, the practical and the prophetic, are constantly interpreting, or apparently so, the scenery of the cave differently. Within the cave goes on the whole of the debate between those two apparently hostile spirits of the cave—the reason and the faith. Woe be to the man who puts them against each other in hostile encounter. We do great and serious wrong to our nature when we represent these two as opposite to each other, for it is only by both that man can ever escape from the cave. Reason is only the hand of faith, as faith is ever the eye of reason; it is ever a sad thing when the man beholds these as effigies on the wall rather than strives to make them the actualities of his being.

The things of the mind are explained by resolute looking. Resolute lookers into these things have seen more, and have solved much. Mr. Hinton looks clearly, quietly, and resolutely; but many who have slightly glanced within the haunted mind or consciousness start away in terror. Our old nurse used to tell us of a wonderful young lady, gifted we should say, with great presence of mind, who, standing and combing out her hair at eleven or twelve o'clock at night, before her glass, saw a closet-door behind her open, and a strange head appear where no head should be. She neither screamed nor fled, but continued combing her hair, then quietly advanced toward the door, locked it, and so at last aided in catching a robber. And we have heard of a picture, the eyes of which have marvelously enough seemed to move, and when the brave heroine looked behind she found there a tricky chamber-maid playing the ghost. Our mind is a haunted chamber or cave, and those who have the courage

to be perplexed by the phantoms which glide through it, should have the courage also to step into the secret closet of the soul, and track the ghosts to their abode. We know little beside the pictures of things, and pictures of things frighten us. Wonderful are the secrets of the cave; great is the power of the phantom-band over us. We feel that our power, and our conquest, and our sympathy, is in the very haunted chamber within us. Who has not stepped into a camera—up the flight of steps—into the dark chamber, there just one insignificant little crevice, and now see in all its color and its beauty, and its life and loveliness, is the picture of the world without. How does it get in here? We have all some such chambers. In them the dead never die, or if they die they come to life again. How vividly the bands of the past throng and flock before us. What is that imaging power? We have stepped into that inner secret place, and heard a breathing softer than our own, and trembled lest our own should stir it to departure. At will we can step into the old room and see the beloved face—the ancient crimped cap we knew so well in our boyhood—the bright Christmas evening—the old school-room at the hush of the evening hour—the dead master—and the rimy trees in the park—and the hearth flames, and the red curtains of the first home. Ghosts!—Can't we raise them? The imagining power within us is strong to people our cave with them, even by the thousand in an hour. We often feel, after we have visited our Plato's cave, that we have made a thousandfold more sure to us, in vivid impressions of these things, the assured duration of our own being. Nor do we know how much we are indebted for all power and for all hope, to our ability to visit the wells of recollection.

In the wilderness of life there is a lone fountain; few discover it. The Arab and the Bedouin, on their wild steeds, pass even within hail of it, but they never turn aside to slake their thirst at it. Around it stretches the desert, the hot and burning sands—the red-hot copper sky; the fiery and passionate sun; no flower seems to spring on the sandy margin—no palms or almond trees; and only around it play fitful mirages and fata-morgana. And yet the fountain is there; and there are those who have drank of it, and drink of it—a perpetual welling and flowing

spring; and those who can leave the horse and the harness of life behind, find their way to its waves. It is the fountain of re-collection, the true fountain of life and being. To drink of its waters is to live indeed.

Something of what all highest life is, we may know, even in the little parable of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Have we not all heard of Dr. Heydigger's experiment? Dr. Heydigger was a quaint antiquary; a little tanned leathern automaton of a man—withal an old bachelor—he lived amidst queer old vellum-bound and brazen-clasped books, and skeletons of men of every race, and of strange birds and beasts, and plants, and gums; and once he invited a few old friends to see him, "for," said he, "I am about to make an experiment, and I should like you to be the witnesses of it." What could it be? Was he about to make a skeleton speak, or a mammoth's bones dance? So, after tea, to which he had invited the widow Wycherly, and the grave, old gouty Colonel Chesterton, and the somewhat foppish, although faded, old Mr. Westerby, "You have heard," said he, "of the fountain of youth?"—they had all heard of the fountain of youth. "Now," said he, "this vase is filled with the water of the fountain of youth. Look," said he, "upon this rose; it was given to me by Silvia Weston the night before we were to have been married—fever seized her, she died the next day. I have kept it ever since. Poor rose!—how faded it is! but look, I dip it into these waters of this vase, and lo!—" and indeed the rose bloomed out as if it had been only that instant gathered. "You have heard of the marvelous effects of the fountain of youth; well," said the doctor, "drink, and be young again." They drank, and they felt the waters like wine flowing through their veins, and they all traveled back to the days they had known of old—alas! not wisely, for the simulation of youthful airs and manners, it must be admitted, does not sit so well on aged forms. The old lady became a coquette; some ill-natured people have said, that ladies never have to become coquettes; one of the gentlemen became again a sturdy soldier, and another an active speculator, till Dr. Heydigger's rose lost its dewy moisture, and he took it, and placed it again in its old accustomed place, and all was over.

We are all young again when we do any thing which can be called great or good. We drink of the fountain of re-collection, and our youth is restored to us; it is re-collected being when the bright and vividly-colored conception mounts into the imagination—when the glowing impulse fires the spirit with the high, and generous, and noble thought. And indeed, it is no honor to be old; it is the crown and glory of our life to preserve the identity of its being—to live over its first and best impressions. All our best things are re-collected youth—best paintings, best words, best deeds, are only the ingenuity and ingenuousness of childhood shining through the adamant and diamond of age. It is the aim of genius to disimprison the nature. When a man suspects us of evil, when we only are conscious of integrity, we say, poor man, he has forgotten to be young; he thinks all life has shriveled and corrupted down into the sordid clay of life. We often fancy our highest development will only be perfected recollection, and our immortality, the return of wearied feet and wearied wings, to drink of the immortal fountain of the first youthhood of our race in a clime where no serpent can coil, and no temptation dishallow, and no tear mingle with the waves of the fountain.

On the whole one can not but say, how great was the wisdom of these ancient men, and of them all not one was wiser than this illustrious Plato; but even he saw better, man in his degradation and in his cave than in his elevation and in his glory. There are some things in this very book, *The Republic*, which may merit the denunciation of Paul—"Confessing themselves wise, they became fools"—while in his review, and reference to the golden age, he concludes by saying: "These things we must omit until a fair interpreter come." Well, may we not say that the fit interpreter has come? Has not He appeared who is the light of the world, and has He not appeared for the very purpose of conducting man from the darkness of his natural cave? Exact indeed is the harmony of view between Plato's estimate of human nature and the New Testament estimate of him. But in Plato there was no bright exhilarating truth to stream through the cave—no sacred, hallowed, Divine Liberator appeared to pierce the gloom, to break the chain, to chase the

phantoms—to proclaim to the man in the cave his freedom. What was to be effected, was to be effected by the cold processes of logic, and gymnastics, and law. Before all things, it is ours to proclaim the entrance of the Prince of Light into the cave, to destroy its fetters. This great truth gives vitality to every other truth. But for this, what is literature—any where? And without it what does the study of science become?—a veil between the faces of man and God.

"When will the hundred summers die,
And thought and time be born again;
And newer knowledge drawing nigh,
Bring truth that sways the soul of man?
Here all things in their age remain,
As all were ordered ages since;
Come, Care and Pleasure, Hope and Pain,
And bring the fated Fairy Prince."

Perhaps our readers will think we have left Mr. Hinton; indeed we have not; but we must beg them then to turn to those pages, and to expound them to their own minds. The book is not mere metaphysical sport; we know it is clear and lucid in its style; it is quiet and singularly unpretentious in its tone, and has in it the deep marks of a conscientious and ardently inquiring spirit. We must venture to believe that the author has not given their due weight to some matters which are a greater burthen upon our hearts than they appear to his. The author is too noble a man, and too much in earnest with his subject, to say severe things to his readers; but we are sorry to find how he charges the heresy "that the resurrection is past already," upon the Church in general. We can find ourselves believing, as we hope we have long believed, the main position of his book, although stated in another manner, without relieving ourselves by the doctrine of universal redemption and restoration independent of the Scripture statements and words. We must believe that there is a real death in life of the soul after death. Our Lord would not have given himself a sacrifice with such peculiar agony, he would not have bowed himself with such consciousness of wretchedness, had there been no fearful possibility of the duration of eternal sorrow, after all; we accept, however, Mr. Hinton's Essay as an attempt to interpret nature.

Dr. Bushnell, in his admirable essay on *Nature and the Supernatural*, has spoken

of nature as we know it, as a pebble lying on the beach of the great ocean of eternity before it; it is a very subordinate part of that universal and divine system. The pebble would be very conceited to think that it contained within itself the all in all; and yet our talk is really usually no wiser than this—"We limit the Holy One of Israel." The object of Christianity is to reach the pebble, chafing on the shores of being, to put within it new life, and a holy, hallowed, and hallowing consciousness. It may be supposed that Mr. Hinton and Dr. Bushnell would not agree in their statements of what seems to each to be truth in their most valuable and thoughtful works; works which, in no play spirit, should be read by all who desire to receive reverently the teachings of the universe. But Mr. Hinton would agree with Dr. Bushnell when he states that—"This is, in fact, the grand all-conditioning truth of Christianity itself. That man has no ability in himself, and by merely acting in himself, to become right and perfect; and that hence, without some extension to him from without and above, some approach and ministration that is supernatural, he can never become what his own ideas require." It is true, as Dr. Bushnell has said, God loves character. He has divided the universe into powers and things—or persons and things. Perhaps Mr. Hinton might demur to the classification; certainly the whole work of God is to transform the human being from a thing into a power, or a person; to make that living and loving which was dead, and therefore beingless: and for kindling a new soul in man, we know of nothing better than Mr. Hinton's volume, Dr. Bushnell's and Dr. John Young's *Province of Reason*. Dr. Young's book, like its companions, is full of fine healthy bracing thoughts, it is not too much to say we know not where we could find so fine an entrance into the temple of the human soul. There would be found in all these writers, great as their apparent difference, this real relation, that man is in the dungeon of his being; that his detention there is voluntary; that God has himself put in his hand a key by which he may escape from the chain. Dr. Young says in a passage of nervous and most animating eloquence:

"'Read—within!' is the audible command of his own mind, to every human being—

'Read—*within*.' Go down to the deep place of intuitions, which own no earthly fountain! Search, Look, Gaze, Try to detect and decipher the mysterious writing on the primitive tablets of the soul, which no created hand has traced! Listen, also! in that profoundest, sacredest adytum—away, from all outer sounds, which derange and dull the organ of hearing, wait for the faintest whisperings of the holy oracle! Look and Listen, Wait and Gaze, long, patiently, painfully! The oracle *will* utter itself, the hidden, holy writing *will* shine out, and some divine letters, words, sentences *will* become legible to the eye! Nor can this do other than prompt and help the study, not less, but more eager, and humble, and reverent, of the pages of the outward inspiration. *That*, like another mystic Shekinah, will illumine the deep adytum and suffuse it with a diviner glory. But whether in the first, more dim, mysterious light, or in the later, brighter effulgence, Reason is the eye of the soul, which Faith submissively and joyously follows. What the one describes, the other accepts. The two are one; at least a harmony, if not a unity.

"Calm, eager, piercing is the gaze of Reason. It is the eye of profound, abstracted contemplation, now turned downward to the deepest depths of the being and again lifted upward to the sphere of the Eternal, that it may find what is written in the one, interpreted and confirmed by the other. There are select moments in the mental history, sacred to the higher reason, when it is not so much *exerted* by us, as visited, independently of effort on our part, with wondrous illumination. It is not an elaborate, but a purely receptive, at the most, a contemplative faculty. There are select moments, when its receptive power and the positive impartations made to it and the openings into the unknown, through which it may gaze, all are extraordinary. It may be with the Volume of Inspiration before us and its holy teachings lifting up our minds—it may be, in the secret chamber, when we are upon our knees, before the 'All-seeing'—it may be on the lone mountain or in the deep forest wild—it may be, in the silence and outspread darkness of midnight—alone, far from human fellowship! The eye of reason sweeps the horizon all around, and the whole expanse of the concave, overhead. Like as some absorbed worshiper of science, in his solitary tower of observation, while all the world is asleep, directs his telescope, now to one quarter of the heavens and again to another; the eye of the spiritual

seer, the spiritual seeker, gazes forth and upward. Thus it may have gazed, often and long, but in vain. At length, the moment comes when a single, brilliant, glittering, spark-point, like a precious star, a solitary jewel on the brow of night, is descried. Perhaps another glints out and perhaps even another still. It is rapture, worth all the gazing, and waiting, and watching, and disappointment, and frequent sickness of heart!

"Wait on! Brave soul—seeker after imperishable eternal truth. Light is worth waiting for. It *shall* spring up. More and yet more shall break forth, to the upward, eager eye. But the realm of the darkness is vast, the points of light are few. We anticipate, we long for another state of being. Shall there ever be to us an atmosphere without clouds, a day to which there is no night? '*In thy Light—Thou Eternal Fount*'—we shall see Light!"

Mr Hinton, too, bows to the same authority:

"W. Long ago was the question asked: Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? Science has answered it; He does.

"R. That is not enough.

"W. It is not. He is not only holy. If righteousness looks down from heaven, truth springs up from the earth. Righteousness and peace have kissed each other. God gives life to man, his life for man. He has shown us what he does, and why. So we can rest and trust in him. The reason of all things is that man must be redeemed. If in all our sorrows, all our joys, we could but think of that!

"R. 'Tis time there came some change in our present thoughts. The world is tired of its endless round. Who is content?

"W. I do not know. There are many who try to make themselves content, who think it a religious duty. But who will fairly look upon the world and say: *I am content*?

"R. I would not be the man. Unless, indeed, it is true that God is redeeming man, and that all this history is the destroying of the death within him. If I could believe that, I should be happy.

"W. You would be. You could not help it. The power of an overwhelming joy would carry you along, compelling you to throw all your heart and soul into God's work. It would save you to believe; to believe in Christ, THE REDEEMER OF THE WORLD."

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE NORTHMAN'S FORAY.

BY THOMAS IRWIN.

It is bleak and misty even
By the Norland's surfy sea,
Over rock and piny mountain night is widening gloomily.

From the reefs the storm bird's screaming
Mingled with the water's roar,
Shrills across the sandy ridges and the salt grass of the shore.

Keen the gray ground wind is blowing
Through the thistles and the heath;
O'er the snarling billows scudding, blowing in their foamy teeth.

Blackness roofs the dreary inland
Closing down the pallid glare:
Silently the gaunt-winged crane is poising in the sullen air.

While across the flats of sand
The stealthy spring-tide laps the shores,
While along the rocky deeps the billows burst in stormy roars.

All is darkness for a space
Until from out the foggy south
Slowly comes the great white moon, as from a mighty cavern's mouth.

Slow through bars of brassy cloud
Her icy splendors broadening roll
Brightening in her shroud she rises, like a purgatorial soul.

Lo! beneath a shadowed headland,
Stretching heavily to sea,
In a gusty creek a barge swings o'er her anchor restlessly.

Blackly flutter the dim sails,
And, streaming through the cabin glass,
Falls the smoky flame upon the curling billows as they pass.

On a mound that views the inland
Move a group of Figures slow:
Windy crest and ironed stature looming in the moonlight low.

Yonder skirting the pine forest,
In the blackness of the land,
Rises the old Palace Castle, with its turret blazing brand.

On the dim flats intervening
Scarcely meeting the dusk sight,
Lie vague lengths of dismal waters, glossy in the night.

And the shifting wind is rising,
And the barge's canvas fills,
And the marshy inland brightens, and the moon has topped the hills.

Restless grow the figures,
Like a group of dawn-a-startled corpses,
Hark! their pricking ears are listening to the galloping of horses.

Hark ! a distant trumpet's blasting,
And the palace starts awake,
Every window flaming as 'twere peopled from the burning lake.

O'er the moor roll sounds of fury,
Heavy trampling, misty splashing,
Foes are flying, foes pursuing, amid torch and saber flashing.

Now the foremost come, their steeds
Outflinging in a gallop span—
Haunch a-backward staggered stop they, and to earth off springs each man.

And the leader of the foray,
Scorched and blooded, points his mace
Seaward—wolfish murder gleaming from the lines of his gray face.

All are weighed with gold and booty,
As they downward tramp the steep;
All arrived a jutting crag, spring deckward in a flinging leap.

By the prow the dripping anchor
Sudden swings, and swells the sail,
Like a vast and angry pinion matching with the wintry gale.

With the wintry gale that from
The roaring forests inland, soon
Whitens the long foamy ridges toward the horizontal moon.

Headland after headland passes
As they norward shape their course :
Sidelong to the sea the vessel scuds before the tempest's force.

And the moon gets high and clouded
And the ice-star shines forlorn
O'er the towns wherein the watch at midnight winds a lonely horn.

Where before the castle's fire,
The bearded princes speed the feast,
Where the sullen grave-mound covers white bones pointed to the east.

Then, as o'er the black night ocean,
In the storm-wind strong and loud,
Onward flew the torch-lit vessel, rapid as a fiery cloud.

While the snow flaw gusting smote
The fur-clad helmsman as it passed,
While from hand to hand the mead cup circled round the straining mast,
One, an ironed champion rising trolled their day-deeds to the blast.

Singing of the white lands norward,
And the sports that wait them there,
Spearing the blub sleeky walrus, hunting down the fangy bear—

Then, as from the rock the signal
Pacted with the sulphry ore
Calls the weary fog-sea whalers with their oily wealth to shore.

They will have a riot-rouse,
Long as the long Iceland night,
Then the deeds of this wild day will make the memory lamp burn bright.

Singing by the roaring log-fire
Nightly in the snowy grange,
Living an exultant life beneath the crowns of their revenge.

From the Edinburgh Review.

BUCKLE'S CIVILIZATION.*

It must be confessed that Mr. Buckle is not a writer who gains upon us by a further acquaintance with his work. His first volume, published nearly five years ago, excited, and in some degree gratified, the curiosity of the public by a lively and perspicuous style, by a considerable display of reading, by great hardihood of dogmatical speculation, and by a lofty design to "create the science of history." It was received with a degree of interest due rather to the apparent courage and ability of the writer, whose name then first appeared in English literature, than to the results at which he had actually arrived. Many errors of detail were pointed out—a thing not to be wondered at in a disquisition which affected to embrace every section of human knowledge, and to "accomplish for the history of man something equivalent or at all events analogous to what has been effected by other inquirers for the different branches of physical science." (Vol. i. p. 6.) Doubts were expressed by ourselves and by other critics as to the possibility of establishing the scientific conclusions promised by Mr. Buckle on what he terms "the great average of human affairs." Above all, we saw reason to distrust the soundness of his fundamental principles, and we clearly perceived that human life is of far too short a span to embrace the preliminary facts or to reach the result contemplated in so gigantic a plan. Indeed, Mr. Buckle has himself arrived, on this point, at our own conclusion.

"It is, indeed, too true, that such a work requires, not only several minds, but also the successive experience of several generations. Once, I own, I thought otherwise. Once, when I first caught sight of the whole field of knowledge, and seemed, however dimly, to discern its various parts and the relation they bore to each other, I was so entranced with its surpassing beauty, that the judgment was beguiled, and I deemed myself able, not only to cover the surface, but also to master the details. Little

did I know how the horizon enlarges as well as recedes, and how vainly we grasp at the fleeting forms, which melt away and elude us in the distance. Of all that I had hoped to do, I now find but too surely how small a part I shall accomplish. In those early aspirations, there was much that was fanciful; perhaps there was much that was foolish. Perhaps, too, they contained a moral defect, and savored of an arrogance which belongs to a strength that refuses to recognize its own weakness."—Vol. ii. pp. 327, 328.

In the space of five years small indeed is the progress made. The General Introduction contained in the first volume is followed in the second by two disquisitions on Spain and Scotland—subjects which have been selected as appropriate illustrations of Mr. Buckle's historical theories, but which bring us not one step nearer to his ultimate object. Indeed, as Mr. Buckle's scheme embraces the "totality of human affairs," nothing human is foreign to his task, and however copious his resources may be, it is certain that the portion he leaves untouched must incalculably exceed in amount that which he relates.

It is not our intention, on the present occasion, to resume or to prolong the discussion in which we engaged at the time of the publication of his first volume. But further consideration has satisfied us that if we erred in the estimate we then formed of Mr. Buckle's abilities, we erred on the side of indulgence. The truths which he announced to mankind as the discoveries of genius, are in reality mere fanciful conceits when they are not plagiarisms from the French Encyclopædists of the last century; and if his book retain hereafter any place at all in the literature of this country, it will be remembered chiefly for its misapplied ingenuity and its logical perversity. Claiming to be itself a history of scientific method, and of the process by which civilization has been evolved by the mind of man in different countries, it is totally deficient in methodical arrangement. No rigorous chain of philosophical reasoning can any where be

* *History of Civilization in England.* By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. Volume the Second. London. 1861.

discovered ; and if any such plan exists in the mind of the author, it is entirely lost in the profusion of desultory incidents and extracts with which he has embroidered his pages. His original pretensions to lead us to the science of history turn out to be wholly unfounded ; for in science Mr. Buckle is without that comprehensive grasp which reduces the intricate skein of causes and events to a single thread ; and in history he analyses more than he combines, enlarging to excess on occurrences which fall in with his preconceived notions, and rejecting or passing over in silence events of at least equal importance, which are at variance with them. We shall say nothing more of the absurdity (to use no harsher term) of the attempt to explain the order of the world by reducing the moral government of Providence to a system of averages based on the laws of iron necessity, or of the design to trace the growth of modern civilization irrespective of, or rather in opposition to, the influence of Christianity. The first of these doctrines is so far from having any novelty to boast of, that it is identical with the theme of the immortal poem of Lucretius ; for, like the great Epicurean, Mr. Buckle is of the opinion that, after all, religion, or as he terms it superstition, is the source of the chief evils which afflict society. The motto of his book ought to be

“arctis
Religionum animos nodis exsolvere pergo.”

But Mr. Buckle's aversion to the doctrines and institutions of Christianity is still more unphilosophical and unjust in a writer professing to trace the modern civilization of Europe from general causes. Be it for good or for evil, the modern world is what Christianity has made it. Mr. Buckle sees only the dark side of the picture—the shades of superstition, the fires of persecution, the excesses of enthusiasm—he does not perceive that the same power which he execrates and reviles for its occasional abuses, is the day-spring of the nations, and that wherever the law of Christianity prevails human society rises immeasurably above the limits of the pagan, the heathen, or the Mohammedan world.

In truth, we must be permitted on this and on many other points to express our surprise that Mr. Buckle should have read so many books to so little purpose. He

relies too much upon a well-stored common-place book and a rapacious literary appetite. There is nothing so absurd or untrue that some evidence may not be collected in support of it from the dusty shelves of huge libraries. But what is the worth of such evidence ? He who would write history aright must seek to trace its course in the living reality of human action, not merely in the dry records of the dead. Mr. Buckle will produce you a statistical return or a literary authority for every statement in his book. He is indignant at the bare idea that any one should call his accuracy in question. For every thing he has “ample and irrefragable evidence.” We do not doubt it. He has so much evidence that he imposes on himself with it. His statements will bear every test except that of being confronted with reality. He repeats his own paradoxes till he believes them to be truths ; and although he is always lauding the blessings of skepticism, there is one kind of skepticism which he is seldom disposed to practice—that, namely, which consists in a prudent distrust of his own infallibility.

The intention of Mr. Buckle in his second volume is not to pursue the inductive line of argument, to which he says that he is at present unable to add any thing new, but to strengthen it by application and verification, showing how his conclusions explain the history of different countries and their various fortunes. For this purpose he has selected the history of Spain and the history of Scotland, (to which that of Germany and the United States of America are hereafter to be added,) “with the object of elucidating principles on which the history of England supplies inadequate information.” The history of civilization in England being still Mr. Buckle's chief object, and the title of his book, it is extremely characteristic of his mode of writing that he first devotes two or three octavo volumes to an ample discussion of what his subject does *not* comprise.

However, we are quite ready to follow him on this ground, and we readily acknowledge that the fairest test of the soundness of his general principles is to be found in their application to the history and condition of particular countries. The question then now before us is, whether Mr. Buckle's theory of general causes, aspects of nations, and invariable

laws explains the history and condition of Spain and Scotland better than they have been explained before. To answer this question in Mr. Buckle's favor it must be shown that he has traced the leading facts of their history and condition to the operation of those causes, and that he has not either misapprehended these facts, or suppressed other causes of equal or greater efficacy. This is the test we shall endeavor to apply to his reasoning.

It might be supposed by a cursory observer that in selecting Spain and Scotland as the fields of his inquiries, Mr. Buckle had intended to choose the two countries of modern Europe most unlike in physical character, in race, in their past political history, and in their present condition. The Spanish Peninsula basks in a southern sun and verges on the confines of Africa; Northern Britain partakes of the natural aspect of the Scandinavian kingdoms. The soil and climate of Spain are capable of producing in unlimited abundance all the fruits of the earth, from the finest corn to the vegetation of the tropics, but these splendid gifts are comparatively neglected; the soil and climate of Scotland can in many parts barely ripen wheat, our shocks of oats are not unfrequently garnered in the October snows, our best produce is roots, but the industry, perseverance, and science of our agricultural population have made many an acre of Scottish moorland worth more than five times the same extent of the favored soil of Spain. Spain owes whatever she has enjoyed of wealth and splendor to the matchless advantages of her position, and to the favors of fortune, but these to a great extent she has thrown away. Scotland owes her slow but constant progress in the scale of civilization to herself; she has never receded a hair's breadth in her onward course; and she has gradually worked out a destiny which the proudest nations of the earth may envy. The indolence and wealth of one country are only surpassed by the enterprise and the poverty of the other. Spain has ever been a nation essentially self-contained, hating all foreign innovations; Scotland has borrowed largely from her neighbors. In Spain the aristocracy has for centuries been extremely weak and the authority of the Crown paramount: in Scotland the Crown long maintained an unequal contest with the great houses, and even in modern times

the landed aristocracy of the northern kingdom has a larger share of influence than in any other part of Britain. But notwithstanding these and many other salient points of difference, it is by way of comparison rather than of contrast, that Mr. Buckle has directed his attention to these two countries. Whatever their other differences may be, there is, he thinks, "the most striking similarity between those countries in regard to *superstition*. Both nations have allowed their clergy to exercise an immense sway, and both have submitted their actions, as well as their consciences, to the authority of the Church." (Vol. ii. p. 160.) To say nothing at present of the gross misapplication of terms which describe under the same formula the intensely absolute authority of Spanish Catholicism and the intensely democratic constitution of the Scottish Presbytery, we shall here content ourselves with replying to Mr. Buckle, that if this powerful and irresistible general law has been, as he asserts, in equal operation in the two kingdoms—if Scotland is indeed as superstitious and priest-ridden as Spain—the results have, as Mr. Buckle himself admits, been diametrically opposite; for whilst the political strength and intellectual power of Spain have faded away, Scotland has sent forth a host of her sturdy sons, year by year, to reap the harvest of the world; she has given, in one century, Adam Smith to speculative science—James Watt to industrial art—Walter Scott to literature—names so great that we know not what other names can in their respective walks be placed beside them; and she has been foremost in arms, in government, in enterprise, in research, and every form of intelligent labor throughout the globe. Either therefore the parallel which Mr. Buckle has attempted to establish on this point is as false as it is fanciful; or if it be admitted to exist, then this general cause has not the importance which Mr. Buckle attaches to it, since the same principle, in two widely dissimilar countries, is followed and accompanied by opposite results. His entire thesis therefore breaks down at the outset; for while he chooses to assert that the general cause of theological superstition has operated for centuries in Scotland as in Spain, he is compelled to acknowledge that a multitude of special causes have conspired to produce in the two countries very different effects. Mr.

Buckle is singularly unfortunate in the selection of his general principle and of its application; for if the principle were true, and his doctrine of the science of history sound, the results must be similar in the two cases; but the results are absolutely dissimilar; whence it may seem either that his principle is not true, or that general principles are liable to be converted in their application and results by special causes.

Let us now proceed to examine with greater detail some of Mr. Buckle's actual statements with reference to Spain. It will be seen that scarcely one of them is sufficiently accurate and irrefragable to support the large generalizations he rests upon them.

To begin with his physical description of the country.

"If we except the northern extremity of Spain, we may say that the two principal characteristics of the climate are heat and dryness, both of which are favored by the extreme difficulty which nature has interposed in regard to irrigation. For, the rivers which intersect the land, run mostly in beds too deep to be made available for watering the soil, which consequently is, and always has been, remarkably arid. Owing to this, and to the infrequency of rain, there is no European country as richly endowed in other respects, where droughts and therefore famines have been so frequent and serious. At the same time the vicissitudes of climate, particularly in the central parts, make Spain habitually unhealthy; and this general tendency being strengthened in the middle ages by the constant occurrence of famine, caused the ravages of pestilence to be unusually fatal. When we moreover add that in the Peninsula, including Portugal, earthquakes have been extremely disastrous, and have excited all those superstitious feelings which they naturally provoke, we may form some idea of the insecurity of life, and of the ease with which an artful and ambitious priesthood could turn such insecurity into an engine for the advancement of their own power.

"Another feature of this singular country is the prevalence of a pastoral life, mainly caused by the difficulty of establishing regular habits of agricultural industry. In most parts of Spain, the climate renders it impossible for the laborer to work the whole of the day; and this forced interruption encourages among the people an irregularity and instability of purpose, which makes them choose the wandering avocations of a shepherd, rather than the more fixed pursuits of agriculture."—Vol. ii. pp. 3-7.

Mr. Buckle has thought proper in reference to this subject to attempt to answer the criticisms justly called forth by

his random assertions. He has collected a great array of authorities, and employed some vehemence of language in defense of his preposterous theory that the superstition of the Spanish people is attributable to the prevalence of earthquakes and volcanoes in the Peninsula; and he attacks this journal in particular for having held up to ridicule this gross exaggeration. We had stated that "there is no volcano in the Spanish Peninsula, and the only earthquake known to have occurred there was that of Lisbon." Mr. Buckle, on the contrary, does not scruple to assert that "in Spain *there have been more earthquakes than in all other parts of Europe put together, Italy excepted.*" Let us now see which of these statements "displays such marvelous ignorance, that it deserves to be rescued from oblivion and put on record as a literary curiosity."

In April, 1858, when we reviewed Mr. Buckle's first volume, we had not had the advantage of consulting Professor Mallet's Earthquake Catalogue, which was published complete in that year, though some of the Professor's Reports had been read at previous meetings of the British Association. Fortunately, however, Professor Mallet's volume now supplies us with materials to bring Mr. Buckle's statement to an exact test. No part of Europe, or indeed of the globe, is entirely free from earthquakes, and our assertion clearly meant, not that no earthquakes had ever occurred there, but that they have been less frequent, and (with one exception) of less historic moment than in other countries; whence we argued that it was absurd to attribute to this cause a peculiar effect upon the moral and intellectual condition of the people of Spain. Messrs. Mallet have certainly brought to light some instances of these phenomena, and they state that *more than once* this agency has been displayed in the Peninsula upon the most tremendous scale. But what are the facts as compared with other parts of Europe? The number of recorded earthquakes in the British Isles, since the eleventh century, is 234; in the Scandinavian Peninsula and Iceland, since the twelfth century, 252; in the basin of the Danube, since the fifth century, 318; in the basin of the Rhine and Switzerland, since the ninth century, 557; in Turkey in Europe, since the fourth century, 570; in France, Belgium, and Holland, since the fourth century, 702; in the Italian Peninsula

la, since the fourth century, 1085; but in the *Spanish Peninsula*, since the eleventh century, 220 only, being the *smallest number in the whole catalogue*, and below the record even of the British Isles: and of these the great majority occurred not in Spain, but in Portugal. Very few of them have been of a very destructive character, as indeed is apparent from the fact, that many of the finest buildings still to be seen in Spain are of great antiquity, yet unshaken by these convulsions of the soil.

The mere scientific question of the number of shocks of earthquake felt in a given time is of small importance, but Mr. Buckle used this inaccurate statement to build a theory upon it, and he has repeated that statement with Professor Mallet's volume before him. In the teeth of this evidence, that the number of earthquakes, in the whole Peninsula, does not exceed *one sixteenth* of those recorded in other parts of Europe, he deliberately repeats his assertion, "that in Spain there have been more earthquakes than in all other parts of Europe put together, Italy excepted." Mr. Buckle inveighs with scornful compassion against critics, whom he accuses of ignorance and haste, and he challenges his readers "to give the benefit of the doubt to the author of a deliberate and slowly concocted work." But we submit that in this instance the hasty statement of the reviewer is infinitely nearer to the truth than the deliberate and slowly concocted misstatements of physical facts on which Mr. Buckle has erected his fantastic theory of Spanish superstition.*

* Mr. Buckle complains with great bitterness of his anonymous critics, but all his critics are not anonymous: for example, in a letter written by M. de Tocqueville to one of his friends in May, 1858, and published in his *Correspondence*, we find the following passage:—

"Have you heard of a book which has just come out, and which has suddenly raised its author, previously unknown, to the dimensions of a first-class lion? This noble animal is called Mr. Buckle. His book is an introduction, in eight hundred pages, to a history of mankind, (that is all,) which he proposes successively to publish. The spirit of the work seems to me to merit especial attention. It is *illiberal and passionately anti-Christian*. Is it not strange that such doctrines as these can lead to a great literary success in England, where I was told the other day that every year the restraint of religious traditions became more strict and almost tyrannical?" — *Tocqueville Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 438.

It is not undeserving of remark that Mr. Buckle's

But let us now revert to the passage just quoted. Mr. Buckle asserts that except in the *northern extremity* of Spain, the heat and dryness of the soil are favored by the extreme difficulty of irrigation. Now, it so happens—and it is inconceivable that Mr. Buckle should be ignorant of the fact—that the most ancient and the most perfect systems of irrigation to be seen in Europe occur in the *south* of Spain, especially in the Vega of Granada and the Huerta of Valencia, and nothing can surpass the fertility of those favored regions. But what is the reason? These works were constructed by the Moors. They remain to this day a monument of their ingenuity and industry; and they prove that the deplorable condition of agriculture throughout a great part of Spain arises not from natural and general causes of climate and soil, but from the habits and character of the present inhabitants of the country. Spain has been inhabited in different ages by many different races. Her provinces still bear the stamp of an extreme dissimilarity. A Catalan and an Andalusian—a Castilian and a Gallego are not sons of the same mother. *Quantos payzes, tantos costumbres*. The Spain of Rome, with her Bætic legion, encamped round the walls of Italica or Cordova, was one dominion; the Spain of the Moorish dynasties, then at the highest pitch of Mohammedan civilization, wealth, taste, and learning, was another empire; the Spain of Christian faith and Christian chivalry, long pent in the Sierras of the North, and divided among a heptarchy of princes, fought its way through eight centuries of bloodshed, until it culminated in the triumph of the Catholic kings. Under these successive revolutions the face of the country has more than once been entirely transformed. Population has risen and declined—agriculture has been perfected and forsaken—literature, art, architecture, have undergone the same vicissitudes. But if the fate of nations is predetermined by fixed natural causes, these have never varied. It is man, not the soil or the climate, that has changed. And as it is certain that nothing can be more dissimilar than the state of Spain in these different periods of her history, we are led irresistibly to the conclusion, that the

first volume called forth these expressions of derision and aversion from one of the most liberal and philosophical thinkers of this age.

fixed natural aspect of a country is but a secondary element in its destiny; and that its history consists not in the fertility or aridity of its soil, but in the character of the race inhabiting it, and the events by which they are affected. Indeed, Mr. Buckle himself is so far aware of these facts that after having spoken at page seven, of the "difficulty of establishing habits of 'agricultural industry' in Spain, he states, at page sixty-five, that the best systems of husbandry then known were practiced by the Moriscoes, *who tilled and irrigated with indefatigable labor.*" These contradictions are not uncommon with Mr. Buckle. In the next page, after describing the pastoral condition of Spain, he adds:—

"Under such circumstances every thing grew *precarious, restless, and unsettled*; thought and inquiry were impossible; doubt was unknown; and the way was prepared for those superstitious habits, and for that *deep-rooted and tenacious belief*, which have always formed a principal feature in the history of the Spanish nations."—P. 8.

We are at a loss to conceive how it comes to pass, that when every thing is "precarious, restless, and unsettled," "thought and inquiry are impossible," and the way is prepared for "deep and tenacious belief." Mr. Buckle's own philosophy is essentially precarious, restless, and unsettled; but we have no apprehension that it will ever lapse into a deep and tenacious belief.

Mr. Buckle has well pointed out that the history of Spain is conspicuously marked by three great contests, all of them partaking of a religious character, and exciting the religious passions of the inhabitants. The first was the contest of the Arian Goths against the Frankish Catholics, in the sixth century, when the war for national independence became a war for national religion, and an intimate alliance was formed between the Arian kings and the Arian clergy. The second was the contest with the Moors; the third was the contest with the Reformation. But in the Arian war Spain was on the side of liberal and national opinions, assailed by the authority of the Roman Church. Late in the sixth century, the Latin clergy converted their Gothic masters, and "the Spanish Government becoming orthodox," says Mr. Buckle, "naturally conferred upon its teachers an authority equal to that wielded by the Arian

hierarchy.* The inference is questionable, and the phrase "Spanish Government," as applied to the "Reyes Gotos" of the seventh century, still more so; but the fact that great power was early acquired by the Church in Spain is certain. We venture, in spite of Mr. Buckle, to think that it was fortunate for the future existence of the country as a Christian nation that it was so. For what occurred in the following century?

"In 711 the Mohammedans sailed from Africa, landed in the south of Spain, and in the space of three years conquered the whole country, except the almost inaccessible regions of the north-west. The Spaniards, secure in their native mountains, soon recovered heart, rallied their forces, and began in their turn to assail the invaders. A desperate struggle ensued, which lasted nearly eight centuries, and in which, a second time in the history of Spain, a war for independence was also a war for religion; the contest between Arabian Infidels and Spanish Christians, succeeding that formerly carried on between the Trinitarians of France and the Arians of Spain. Slowly, and with infinite difficulty, the Christians fought their way. By the middle of the ninth century, they reached the line of the Douro. Before the close of the eleventh century, they conquered as far as the Tagus, and Toledo, their ancient capital, fell into their hands in 1085. Even then much remained to be done. In the south, the struggle assumed its deadliest form, and there it was prolonged with such obstinacy, that it was not until the capture of Malaga in 1487, and of Granada in 1492, that the Christian empire was reestablished, and the old Spanish monarchy finally restored.

"The effect of all this on the Spanish character was most remarkable. During eight successive centuries, the whole country was engaged in a religious crusade; and those holy wars which other nations occasionally waged, were, in Spain, prolonged and continued for more than twenty generations. The object being not only to regain a territory, but also to reestablish a creed, it naturally happened that the expounders of that creed assumed a prominent and important position. In the camp and in the council-chamber, the voice of ecclesiastics was heard and obeyed; for as the war aimed at the propagation of Christianity, it seemed right that her ministers should play a conspicuous part in a matter which particularly concerned them.

* Mr. Buckle is hardly warranted in placing the conversion of the Spanish clergy to Latin orthodoxy in the sixth century. The first mass according to the Roman form was celebrated in Aragon, in the monastery of St. Juan de la Pena, on the 21st of March, 1071, and in Castile, in the Grand Mosque of Toledo, on the 21st of October, 1086. (Macrie, *Reformation in Spain*, vol. iii. p. 13.)

"Under circumstances like these, the clergy could not fail to extend their influence; or we may rather say, the course of events extended it for them. The Spanish Christians, pent up for a considerable time in the mountains of Asturias, and deprived of their former resources, quickly degenerated, and soon lost the scanty civilization to which they had attained. Stripped of all their wealth, and confined to what was comparatively a barren region, they relapsed into barbarism, and remained, for at least a century, without arts, or commerce, or literature. As their ignorance increased, so also did their superstition; while this last, in its turn strengthened the authority of their priests. The order of affairs, therefore, was very natural. The Mohammedan invasion made the Christians poor; poverty caused ignorance; ignorance caused credulity; and credulity, depriving men both of the power and of the desire to investigate for themselves, encouraged a reverential spirit, and confirmed those submissive habits, and that blind obedience to the Church, which form the leading and most unfortunate peculiarity of Spanish history."—Pp. 18-17.

But in his anxiety to denounce the two great curses of human society, loyalty and superstition, Mr. Buckle fails to perceive that there may be circumstances, and in Spain there were circumstances, which render even these degrading passions subservient, and indeed essential, to the cause of national existence. What is it that in Eastern Europe has kept alive the spirit of a nation under the detestable yoke of Turkish oppression! The profound attachment of the Greeks to the Eastern Church. What was it that enabled the Spaniard to carry on this tremendous contest of eight centuries? His enthusiastic—if you will, his fanatical—devotion to the Cross and to the Crown. His existence was a perpetual crusade. The cause of his sovereign was the cause of heaven. These are high-flown sentiments, which Mr. Buckle views with extreme compassion. But the practical result of them was, that Spain resumed her place amongst the Christian nations of Europe, and that if she had had less of bigotry or less of faith, she might have remained subject to a Moorish Khalifate, and have sunk into the condition of those once flourishing Christian provinces which still bear the burden of Mohammedan rulers. Indeed, Mr. Buckle himself acknowledges the force of this argument in another place, where he says that: "Nothing but the strictest discipline and the most unhesitating obedience could have enabled the Spaniards to make head

against their enemies. *Loyalty to their princes became not only expedient, but necessary.*" (P. 28.) And in another place: "The Church and the Crown, making common cause with each other, and being inspired by the cordial support of the people, threw their whole soul into their enterprises, and displayed an ardor which could hardly fail to insure success." (P. 34.) Yet he considers these results as only "apparently beneficial," and in the end unsound and even pernicious.

Mr. Prescott has related the same events in a far more philosophical spirit; and however we may deplore with him that this religious fervor of the Spanish character, settled in later days into a fierce fanaticism, it bespeaks an illiberal and partial mind not to recognize the glory which encircled the throne of Isabella the Catholic, the statesmanship of Ferdinand, and even the wisdom and benevolence of such a priest as Cardinal Cisneros. It is true that the religious motive predominated over all other motives in their minds. They engaged in the wars of Granada less to acquire territory than to regain the ancient domain of Christendom; and the same spirit animated Isabella when she engaged in that other enterprise which was to give a hemisphere to her descendants. It is equally true that this religious motive was, after the manner of that age, deeply tinged with intolerance and bigotry. But Mr. Buckle's mind is so constituted, that he sees and abhors the intolerance and the bigotry, without acknowledging the elevation of the motive or the grandeur of the result. Intolerance and bigotry are every where hateful, and nowhere so hateful as when they taint the purity and contract the range of noble minds. But what shall we say of an historian who, in dealing with the annals of Spain, and such personages as Isabella and Charles V., can find nothing to record of them but their acts of persecution?

Indeed, to such extravagant lengths has Mr. Buckle carried his one-sided argument, that in discussing the causes of the peculiar condition of Spain, *he has passed over in total silence the discovery and conquest of America.* If there be one event more than another in the history of mankind which has changed the destiny of nations, it is this; and Spain was the first country to feel the full effect of it. That spirit of adventure which had

hitherto been consumed in the Moorish wars, was thenceforth, and for another century, poured forth on the New World. The whole economical condition of Spain was powerfully affected by the enormous quantities of the precious metals imported from America, and by the wealth obtained in daring or fortunate enterprises rather than by domestic industry. The powerful attraction of these Eldorados of the West weakened and demoralized the center of empire; and whatever may be the influence of Spanish superstition on the destiny of that people, we can not entertain a doubt that the conquest of America, and the pernicious colonial policy which prevailed for nearly three centuries, had an equally powerful effect in corrupting the true sources of national prosperity. To this subject, however, Mr. Buckle does not allude in his Essay on Spain, because it is a special cause, not apparently falling within the law of general averages.

It is one of Mr. Buckle's favorite doctrines that governments, politicians, and even political institutions, have little or no permanent influence on human affairs—a maxim which, when applied to the course of history in any given country, leads him to very singular results. His entire sketch of the reign of Charles V. is comprised in the following lines:

"Charles V., who succeeded Ferdinand in 1516, governed Spain for forty years, and the general character of his administration was the same as that of his predecessors. In regard to his foreign policy, his three principal wars were against France, against the German Princes, and against Turkey. Of these, the first was secular; but the two last were essentially religious. In the German war, he defended the Church against innovation; and at the battle of Mühlberg, he so completely humbled the Protestant Princes, as to retard for some time the progress of the Reformation. In his other great war, he as the champion of Christianity against Mohammedanism, consummated what his grandfather Ferdinand had begun. *Charles defeated and dislodged the Mohammedans in the East, just as Ferdinand had done in the West*; the repulse of the Turks before Vienna being to the sixteenth century, what the conquest of the Arabs of Granada was to the fifteenth. It was, therefore, with reason that Charles, at the close of his career, could boast that he had always preferred his creed to his country, and that the first object of his ambition had been to maintain the interests of Christianity."—Pp. 19, 20.

The passage is scarcely worth quoting, except for the extraordinary statement

with which it concludes. Ferdinand and Isabella overthrew the Moorish kingdom of Granada, and the Moors ceased to rule in Spain. Did Charles V. defeat and dislodge the Mohammedans in the East, "just as Ferdinand had done in the West"? The whole statement is a blunder or a fabrication, and may be taken as a signal example of Mr. Buckle's "irrefragable accuracy." So far was Charles V. from defeating and dislodging the Mohammedans in the East at any period of his reign, that Solymán the Magnificent was then at the height of his power, and Germany was continually threatened by his arms. Instead of Charles V. "dislodging" the Turks, the Turks more than once dislodged him. In 1526 the whole of Hungary was overrun, the battle of Mohács fought, King Louis killed at it, and the Archduke Ferdinand assumed the Hungarian crown; but it was a crown without a kingdom. In 1529 Solymán invaded Austria and besieged Vienna itself; Charles was in Spain at the time, and took no part in the campaign; the defense of Vienna was entirely due to Ferdinand; but to compare the repulse of the Turks on that occasion to the conquest of Granada from the Moors, is a mere romance. So little did the Turks suffer from that repulse, that Solymán merely retired to Buda, and three years later Charles found himself obliged to take the field against the Sultan. Never, at any time, had the terror of the Turkish arms been more extreme. Germany was paralyzed by the disunion which the Reformation had caused between the princes and states of the Empire. Charles condescended to send an ambassador to Constantinople, to propose, almost to sue for, peace. Solymán kept him waiting for a fortnight, contemptuously rejected his overture, and boasted that his object was not to attack the King of Hungary but the King of Spain. The Turkish army was again stopped in 1532, not by Charles, or at Vienna, but by the little fortress of Güns, vigorously defended by Nicolas Jurischitsch: and in the following year peace was signed with the Turk, which Charles was anxious to conclude on any terms. "The Emperor," says Zinkeisen, in his excellent history of the Ottoman Empire,* "was never in earnest in this

* Zinkeisen, Geschichte der Osmanischen Reichs, vol. ii. pp. 734.

Turkish war. He had neither liking nor energy for it." This is what Mr. Buckle calls the "other great war" of Charles V., which he conceives to have been carried on with religious enthusiasm, and to have done for Solyman the Magnificent what Ferdinand had done for the feeble and unfortunate Boabdil.

Another event of more direct application to the condition of Spain is the destruction of the comuneros of Castile, and of the political liberties of the country, in the rebellion of 1521. Mr. Buckle disposes very briefly of this occurrence, by asserting that "it is quite certain that if the royalists had lost the battle of Villalar, instead of gaining it, the ultimate result would have been the same;" and further that "as the spirit of freedom never really existed in Spain, therefore the marks and forms of freedom were sure sooner or later to be effaced." With regard to the first of these propositions, we remark that if it be true that "general causes eventually triumph over every obstacle, and are irresistible in the average of affairs," it is of no consequence whatever whether a battle is lost or won, or indeed whether any given event does or does not occur. But we may retort Mr. Buckle's argument on himself, by observing that those persons who think that the loss or gain of a battle *does* influence the course of human affairs, will reject his theory. In the second of the propositions quoted, he simply begs the whole question. Very different is the judgment of Principal Robertson on those memorable and mournful transactions: "The grievances complained of and the remedies proposed by the English Commons in their contests with the Princes of the House of Stuart, particularly resemble those upon which the Juntas now insisted. But the Spaniards had already acquired ideas of their own liberty and independence, had formed bold and generous sentiments concerning government, and discovered an extent of political knowledge to which the English did not attain till more than a century afterward."*

This again is a view of the Spanish character which does not suit Mr. Buckle's theory, and therefore the overthrow of the commons of Castile is omitted in his survey of the decline of Spain. In our judgment it is of all the causes of that

decline the most potent and the most deplorable. The destruction of the constitutional rights of the nobles and the burgesses invested the Crown with absolute power: and the Crown of Spain invested with absolute power meant Phillip II. in the plenitude of his malignant greatness until it dwindled to Charles II. in the lowest degradation of human imbecility, or to Charles IV. in the last stages of swinish indulgence. We shall not follow Mr. Buckle through this portion of his *Essay*. Nothing that even he can say of that race of sanguinary and selfish bigots can exceed our abhorrence of them. But we deny that the Court of Madrid is to be regarded as the sole test of the spirit of the Spanish people. Mr. Buckle has fixed his attention on the records of a profligate and bigoted Court, but he knows absolutely nothing of the people of Spain. He never alludes to that sense of personal dignity and that spirit of local independence which under the worst of governments have still kept alive the spirit of a great people. We infer from the tenor of his observations that the information he has laboriously accumulated is entirely derived from books. There is not an indication of personal knowledge or original observation in his pages; and if he has ever visited Spain or even Scotland, we must conclude that he is absolutely devoid of the faculty of observing the living realities of the world. The consequence is, that his sketch of these countries altogether wants the most essential qualities of truth and expression. It is a portrait drawn after a photograph—with a certain amount of caricature in some of the more prominent features, and an entire failure in the general effect.

We have made but little progress in pointing out Mr. Buckle's blunders and omissions, for our remarks have been confined to the first twenty pages of his volume, and the whole work affords an equally fertile field for criticism. But we have said enough to show the value of this portion of his labors, though we had marked several other passages for comment. A passing allusion to one or two of them must suffice. Thus Mr. Buckle, not content with pointing out the temporary regeneration of Spain by the able and patriotic ministers of Charles III., calls that prince a "man of great energy," "enlightened, indeed, in comparison with his subjects." If Mr. Buckle will take the

* Robertson's *Charles V.*, book iii. p. 168.

trouble to examine the first Lord Auckland's journal of his residence at the court of that prince, he will perceive to what this energy and enlightenment amounted. The reign of Charles III. was, by comparison, a brilliant period in the history of Spain, for she was neither robbed by foreigners nor torn by revolutions; and the consequence was a great and immediate improvement in her condition; but the personal merits of Charles III. himself have been considerably exaggerated by M. Rio and Archdeacon Coxe, who are Mr. Buckle's principal authorities.*

Mr. Buckle winds up this singular survey of the past history of Spain by some observations on the present condition of that country, which must be imputed to gross misrepresentation if they do not originate in still grosser ignorance. He asserts that "no ameliorations can possibly be effected in Spain, which will penetrate below the surface, until the superstition of the people be weakened by the march of physical science," (p. 146;) he believes that "in Spain there never has been a revolution properly so called"; and that "Spain sleeps on untroubled, unheeding, impassive, receiving no impressions from the rest of the world, and making no impressions upon it," (p. 154.) It happens, unluckily for Mr. Buckle's theories and for his accuracy, that these statements are totally at variance with facts. We confidently assert that the progress made by Spain in the last ten years is great and astonishing. Mr. Buckle appears not to be aware that the Church and the ecclesiastical corporations have been divested of their enormous en-

dowments; that the clergy are now paid a moderate stipend by the state; and that religious orders of men no longer exist in the kingdom, whilst those of women are greatly reduced. The operation of the law of Desamortization has thrown immense quantities of land into the market, and agriculture is making considerable progress. The finances of the kingdom have recovered their equilibrium; they have been judiciously applied in part to the organization of a well-equipped and efficient army, and to the creation of a steam navy; a general system of railroads has already opened communication between Madrid and the Mediterranean — it will shortly be extended to the Pyrenees and the Atlantic ports; the press of Spain is liberally conducted and at least as free as that of any continental country; some progress has already been made in the reduction of custom-house duties; and the whole kingdom shows signs of prosperity and activity which have been unknown for centuries. It is true that deplorable traces of religious bigotry still linger in the country; the Queen is under the influence of a crazy nun, and the government is still thwarted by the bigotry of the Church*; perhaps this spirit has been aggravated among the clergy and at the Court by the evident advance of inquiry and freedom; but Mr. Buckle is totally mistaken if he believes this to be the prevailing disposition of the Spanish people at the present time. The Spaniards are jealous of foreign interference, extravagantly proud of their own importance, attached to the Catholic faith, and weary of revolutions; but they are no longer the priest-ridden and servile race which Mr. Buckle most erroneously and inaccurately describes. The revolution has done its work, and Spain is steadily resuming a considerable position in the family of nations.

* For example, he speaks after Rio of the agricultural settlements called "La Carolina," in the Sierra Morena, and of six thousand Dutch and Flemish invited to settle there. The settlers were not Dutch and Flemish, but German, and more especially Swiss. All the promises made to the settlers were broken; most of them perished miserably; and Don Pablo Olavide, a Peruvian, who was the author of the scheme, narrowly escaped from the fury of the Inquisition. Mr. Buckle quotes from Muriel a passage, speaking of "the town of Almuradiel, in the middle of the *campo nuevo* of Andalusia, for the rugged pass of Despeña Perros;" but he evidently misunderstands the passage, for Almuradiel lies north of the Sierra, and is not in Andalusia, but in the plain of La Mancha. In the reign of Charles III. he takes the pompous language of the Spanish historiographers for sober reality; but then Charles III. expelled the Jesuits and distrusted the priests, redeeming qualities in a Spanish king.

* Of this the most melancholy proof is the incarceration of Matamoros and Albama, pious and inoffensive men, who have been consigned for months to the dungeons of Granada, for no other crime than the profession of the faith of the Gospel, because the law of Spain tolerates no dissent from the Catholic Church. These odious acts, resembling the prosecution of the *Madiai* by the late Grand Duke of Tuscany, are disgraceful to the Spanish government, and strangely at variance with the general spirit of their policy; but it is unjust to impute them to the whole nation.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

A CHAPTER ON DOGS.

"WITH eye upraised, his master's looks to scan,
The joy, the solace, and the aid of man,
The rich man's guardian and the poor man's friend,
The only creature faithful to the end."—*Anon.*

WE confess ourselves, with Pierre, "a friend to dogs," yea, even to an extreme point, founded on much close intimacy with and long experience of their noble qualities; but we demur to the exclusive tenor of the last line of our motto. If a canine adherent is the "only creature" whose fidelity endures to death—creature being taken in its extended sense—what becomes of the love of wives, parents, children and friends, of whose devotedness so many imperishable examples are recorded? We need not enumerate all the trite illustrations which rise up in a legion as the thought presents itself. Our own experience tells us that poets, however agreeable as solacing companions, are not to be trusted as moral casuists. Lord Byron, again, says of a deceased Newfoundland dog, that he was the only friend he had ever known—a mere ebullition of affected cynicism. He knew better, and felt better; but a pungent line is a temptation under which even St. Anthony would have succumbed had he been accessible to the rhyming *estro*.

Instinct and reason are the terms usually employed to mark the distinguishing attributes of animals and men. Where does the one faculty end and the other begin? Can we distinguish and divide them by any specific barrier? Are they separated as by a high wall or deep trench, or do they glide into and rise imperceptibly from each other, after the whimsical system of cosmogony invented by Maillet, enlarged by Lamarck, and advocated by some modern transcendentalists, who persuade themselves that they believe in progressive development or *transmutation*—as Dr. Buckland designated the theory—which, being fairly interpreted, means that fishes, birds, reptiles, mammals, and monkeys, grow successively from one in-

ferior organism until the monkey at last merges into a man?

The boundary between instinct and reason becomes extremely perplexing to those who have associated much with the canine race. Sir Walter Scott declared that he could believe any thing of dogs. He was very fond of them, studied their idiosyncrasies closely, wrote voluminously in their praise, and told many stories of their unaccountable habits. Once, he said, he desired an old pointer of great experience, a prodigious favorite, and steady in the field as a rock, to accompany his friend Daniel Terry the actor, then on a visit at Abbotsford, and who, for the nonce, voted himself a sportsman, on a sporting excursion. The dog wagged his tail in token of pleased obedience, shook out his ears, led the way with a confident air, and began ranging about with most scientific precision. Suddenly he pointed, up sprang a numerous covey; Terry, bent on slaughter, fired both barrels together, aiming in the center of the enemy, and missed. The dog turned round in utter astonishment, wondering who could be behind him, and looked Terry full in the face, but, after a little pause, shook himself again, and went to his work as before. A second steady point, a second fusilade, and no effects. The dog then deliberately wheeled about and trotted home at his leisure, leaving the discomfited venator to find for himself during the remainder of the day. Sir Walter was fond of repeating the anecdote, and always declared that it was literally true, while Terry never said more in contradiction than that "it was a good story."

Ancient and modern history abound in incidents* which prove the strong claim

* Mr. Josse's volume is a most interesting summary. We have carefully avoided his anecdotes, as

of dogs to be enrolled amongst rational and thinking beings. A great authority, Dr. Johnson, it must be admitted, asperses their intellectual pretensions. He maintains that they have not the faculty of comparison, because, if offered two pieces of meat of different sizes, they will seize the small as readily as the large one. We have tried the experiment on the faith of his assertion with a singularly sagacious quadruped, and having looked at both, he selected the largest piece. He did more. He concealed it under his paw until he had secured the other. It is vain to call this mere greediness of appetite—it was deliberate calculation. But this insulated case may not establish a rule. Let the objection stand for its value; still, it is far from conclusive.

Show a water-dog a leap he is accustomed to take from a rock when the tide is in, and off he springs immediately. Suggest it to him from the same point when the tide is out and he can see the jagged stones at the bottom—he draws back, hangs his ears and tail, crouches at your feet, and can not be induced to venture either by threats or by the blandishment of throwing in a stick or a piece of his favorite viand. If this is not an exercise of the faculty of comparison what is it? Not mere instinct in the abstract, but instinct specially applied.

Dr. Beattie, author of the *Minstrel* and of various works in prose, in his *Moral and Critical Dissertations*, published in 1783, relates the following well-authenticated anecdote: "A gentleman was walking across the Dee, near Aberdeen, when it was frozen; the ice gave way in the middle of the river, and down he sank, but kept himself from being carried away in the current by grasping his gun, which had fallen athwart the opening. A dog, who had attended him, after many fruitless attempts to rescue his master, ran to a neighboring village and seized the skirt of the coat of the first person he met. The man was alarmed, and would have disengaged himself, but the dog regarded him with a look so imploring and so significant, and endeavored to pull him along with so much gentle violence, that he began to think there might be something extraordinary in the case, and suffered himself to be conducted by the animal,

who brought him to his master in time to save his life. The person thus preserved, whose name was Irvine, died about the year 1778. His story was long a theme of conversation in the neighborhood." Dr. Beattie says: "I give it as it was told by himself to a relation of his, a gentleman of honor and learning, and my particular friend, from whom I had it, and who read and approved of this account before it went to press."

Were there not here both memory and calculation, guided by experience and by what in a human creature we should not scruple to call good sense? Dr. Beattie at once decides to the contrary. "Rather let us say," he observes, "that here was an interposition of Heaven, who having thought fit to employ the animal as an instrument of this deliverance, was pleased to qualify him for it by a supernatural impulse. The event was certainly so uncommon that, from the known qualities of a dog, no person would have expected it; and I know not whether this particular animal ever gave proof of extraordinary sagacity in any other instance." The premises and assumed deduction are somewhat vague. Nothing can be said in opposition to the *Minstrel's* hypothesis, although we can scarcely feel the soundness of the logic by which the argument is thus closed.

The writer of this notice, many years ago, possessed a noble Labrador dog called "Tiger," immaculate in breed and unmatched in endowments. We could tell stories of him—and vouch for them, too—which would have made Pyrrho himself cease to doubt. He ran by the side of a stage-coach from Newcastle to Edinburgh—one hundred and twenty miles—and when taken up about half-way by the Jehu, out of compassion, jumped down again in disdain, and alternately chased the birds through the fields, and leaped with untiring pertinacity at the horses' noses. On another occasion he swam across the Queensferry after the mail-boat, in which it was impossible to confine him, and in the dead of night, and overtook the coach with a triumphant yell of delight after it had got ahead of him by several miles. But these were mere physical feats. Let us cite a case of his intellectual qualities. When at Newcastle-on-Tyne a gentleman of the name of Huntly, a friend and visitor of his master's, once set a bull-terrier on him. Tiger was valiant,

also those of other writers. The subject is far from being exhausted.

but no match for his trained opponent, and came off second best. But he stomach-ed his defeat and bided his time. Some months after he removed with his master to Edinburgh. One day when he was lying under the table, as was his wont, Huntly came in, who had just arrived, to pay a visit. Tiger at once recognized him, rushed out, ruffled up his back, growled, showed his teeth, and stood defiant, until rebuked and ordered down by his master. In a few days Huntly came again and said: "Your dog alarms me. Every morning when I go out I find him standing opposite my steps, he growls significantly, and goes away slowly, looking at me over his shoulder. I think he means mischief." A week more elapsed, when one morning the writer, being busily engaged in correcting some printer's proofs, heard suddenly a noise upon the stairs outside the door of his sitting-room followed by a growl, a short struggle, and a shriek. He ran hastily to open the door, when Tiger sneaked in and scuttled under the sofa, his usual place of retreat when he had offended; Huntly followed, pale and terrified, with his trowsers torn and blood flowing from a fleshy part of his person. The dog had seized him suddenly and taken his revenge. He was dragged out and severely punished, which he bore with the silent philosophy of a stoic. But from that moment, his honor being satisfied and his debt paid off, he ever received Huntly with a wag of the tail and a disposition to lick his hand.

It is generally believed that dogs dream—unquestionably a process or exercise of faculty that involves ratiocination and memory. The theory dates back to Aristotle. Lucretius dwells on the imperfect attempts they make at barking and running in their sleep. He says the animal then imagines himself pursuing his prey or attacking an enemy. Those who have witnessed these canine contortions would find it difficult to think otherwise. Infants of a month old smile in slumber, but this must, assuredly, be mechanical, as it can not be imagined that a babe should have visions or dreams before it has ideas.

The extreme attachment which the fair sex have sometimes shown to domestic animals has seldom produced a more strange advertisement than the following, copied verbatim from the *Daily Advertiser* of the 13th of November, 1744:

"Wanted, an *exceeding small* lap-spaniel. If any one has such a one to dispose of, either male or female, and of any color or colors, that is very, *very* smali, with a very short, round, snub nose, and good ears, if they will bring it to Mrs. Smith, at a coach-maker's over against the Golden Head, in Great Queen's street, near Lincoln's-Inn Fields, they may (if approved) have a very good purchaser. And to prevent any farther trouble, if it is not *exceeding small*, and has any thing of a longish, peaked nose, it will not do at all. And nevertheless, after this advertisement is published no more, if any person should have a little creature that answers the character of the said advertisement, if they will please to remember the direction and bring it to Mrs. Smith, she is not so provided but that such a one will still at any time be hereafter purchased."

A beautiful little "barbette," (poodle,) being very ill-treated by a large cat, the following epigram, by way of warning, was made extempore by a relation to the owner of both:

"Notre chatte! qu'il vous souvienn
Que si vous battez not' chienne,
Vous serez bientôt le manchon,
De notre petite Fanchon."

"Mark my words, grimalkin gruff,
Leave that little dog at peace,
Or else your skin shall make a muff
To adorn my little niece."

Dogs that have been stolen, and conveyed to a great distance, have sometimes found their way home, in a manner little short of miraculous. Dr. Gall mentions a dog that was taken from Vienna to England; that it escaped to Dover, got on board a vessel, landed at Calais, and after accompanying a strange gentleman to Mentz, made its way alone from thence to the Austrian capital.

An old hunting ballad, now nearly two hundred and fifty years old, gives the following names (some of them still popular) belonging to a celebrated pack of hounds of that day:

"Juno and Jupiter, Tinker and Troller,
Singwell and Merryboy, Captain and Orier,
Gangwell and Ginglebell, Fairmaid and Fryer,
Beauty and Bonnylass, Tanner and Troun-
cer,
Foamer and Forester, Bonner and Bouncer,
Gander and Gundamore, Jowler and Jum-
per,
Tarquin and Tamberlane, Thunder and Thum-
per."

Out of all these appellations only two seem to commemorate the party disputes of the age. "Bonner" may refer to Queen Mary's persecuting Bishop, and "Gundamore" certainly means the renowned Spanish diplomatist, Gondamar, who hoodwinked our British Solomon. In a play by Mrs. Behn, we find a Whig knight calling his house-dog "Tory."

The following singular instance of spontaneous affection between a lion and a dog was related in 1796, sixty-five years ago, in a magazine of repute, the *Monthly Mirror*, and is even there spoken of as an old, well-known story. We have never met with it elsewhere, and know not whether it has been repeated since.

It was customary in those days for people who were unable to pay the usual toll of sixpence for a sight of the wild beasts in the Tower, to bring a small dog or a cat as an oblation to the animals, in lieu of money to the keeper. Amongst others, a rude fellow had caught up a pretty black spaniel in the streets, which was accordingly thrown into the cage of the great lion. Immediately the little victim, as if conscious of its danger, trembled, and shivered, and crouched, and threw itself on its back, and put forth its tongue, and held up its paws in supplicating attitudes, as an acknowledgment of superior power, and as if praying for mercy. In the mean time the lordly brute, instead of devouring, looked on it with an air of philosophic inspection. He turned it over with one huge paw, and then back again with the other, and snuffed at it, and seemed desirous of courting a further acquaintance.

The keeper, on seeing this, brought a large mess of his own family dinner; but the lion held aloof and refused to eat, keeping his eye on the dog, and inviting him, as it were, to be his taster. At length the little creature's fears being somewhat abated, and its appetite quickened by the smell of the victuals, it approached slowly, and still trembling, ventured to taste. The lion then advanced gently, began to partake also, and they finished the meal very lovingly together. From that day the strictest friendship commenced between them—a friendship combining all possible affection and tenderness on the part of the lion, and the utmost confidence and boldness on that of the dog; insomuch, that he would lay himself down

to sleep within the fangs and under the jaws of his terrible patron.

A gentleman who had lost the spaniel, and had advertised a reward of two guineas to the finder, at length heard of the adventure, and went to reclaim his dog. "You see, sir," said the keeper, "how fond they are of each other; it would be a great pity to part such loving friends. However, if you insist upon your property, you must even be pleased to take him yourself; it is a task that I would not engage in for five hundred guineas." The gentleman became furious, but finally calmed down, and chose to acquiesce in the loss of his dog, rather than run the risk of a personal dispute with the lion.

The sequel of this extraordinary story is tragical in the extreme. In something more than twelve months the little spaniel sickened and died, leaving his companion the most desolate of creatures. For a time the lion did not appear to conceive otherwise than that his favorite was asleep. He would continue to smell to him, and then stir him with his nose, and turn him over with his paw; but finding that all his efforts to awaken him were vain, he began to traverse his cage from end to end at a swift and uneasy pace; then he stopped and looked down upon him with a fixed and drooping regard, and again lifted his head on high, opened his horrible throat, and prolonged a roar, as of distant thunder, for several minutes.

They attempted, but in vain, to convey the carcass from him; he watched it perpetually, and would suffer no person to touch it. The keeper then endeavored to tempt him with a variety of food, but he turned from all that was offered with loathing. They then put several living dogs into his cage, and these he immediately tore piecemeal, but left their members on the floor. His passions being thus inflamed, he would dart his fangs into the boards, pluck away large splinters, and again grapple at the bars of his cage, as if enraged at his restraint from tearing the world to pieces. Again, as if quite spent, he would stretch himself by the remains of his beloved associate, gather him in with his paws, and put him to his bosom, and then utter roars of such terrible melancholy as seemed to threaten all around, for the loss of his little play-fellow—the only friend, the only companion he had ever had. For

many days he thus languished, and gradually declined, without taking any sustenance or admitting any comfort, until one morning he was found dead, with his enormous head lovingly reclined on the carcass of his small friend. They were interred together, and their grave plentifully watered with the tears of the keeper and his loudly-lamenting family.

The poodle was long considered eminently sagacious and faithful. He was a great favorite in his day, but his day is passing over, and the breed, like the Red Indians, gradually wearing out. Washington Irving's description of a pet of this species is worth repeating: "A little, old, gray-muzzled curmudgeon, with an unhappy eye, that kindles like a coal if you only look at him; his nose turned up, his mouth drawn into wrinkles so as to show his teeth; in short, he has altogether the look of a dog far gone in misanthropy, and totally sick of the world. When he walks, he has his tail curled up so tight that it seems to lift his feet from the ground. This wretch is called *Beauty*."

With all our avowed respect and love for the canine species, we must exclude the genus *lap-dog* in all its varieties. They are, and ever were, with rare exceptions, unmitigated inflictions, from "Chowder," immortalized in *Humphrey Clinker*, down to the modern breed of pseudo King Charleses, Blenheim's, Skye Terriers, and Cuban nondescripts inclusive. Great praises are bestowed upon the Japanese household pets, but we have not yet made their personal acquaintance. A prairie-dog is an anomalous curiosity, scarcely as large as a common rat. Formerly, if we are to believe George Colman, one of the principal duties of a domiciled tutor was to comb the lap-dogs. The pugs, seldom seen now, were the most objectionable of all in temper and ugliness. They snarled and bit at every body, including their mistresses. They were full of cunning and spite too, and would pretend that you trod on them, though you were several yards off. Not long ago we heard a lady in one of the fashionable squares violently objurgating a butcher's boy, for having, as she supposed, kicked a sort of hybrid deformity, who was trying to waddle after her with an intense effort at locomotion, and who suddenly set up a grievous howl. The urchin denied the charge stoutly. "He were only a making be-

lieve, marm," said he, "to get me into an 'obble. I didn't touch 'im. The malice of them ere little beastisses is hincorveivable."

Many a good servant has been discharged for giving umbrage to Pompey the Little. The following instance may be relied on as authentic. The *wing* of a chicken was ordered to be given to a valetudinary greyhound, swathed up in body-clothes to prevent his catching cold. Thomas, the footman, insulted him with a *leg*. The imposition was discovered, and the offending Thomas instantly discharged by his mistress, with this accompanying homily: "Have I not repeatedly warned you never to presume to give any thing but the tenderest white meat to my delicate idol? Have you not frequently heard me say that gross food created flatulencies in his dear little stomach? You know not the sufferings your audacity may have brought upon the poor angel! Prepare this moment for your departure from my house. I would not keep such a monster for the universe; and, to teach you more humanity for the future, this circumstance shall not be suppressed, should I be applied to for your character."

Some ladies have even put on sables for the loss of a lap-dog, and for a time have been inconsolable. The corpse has been retained in the house for at least a week before interment, during which time no visits were received or paid, and the undertaker made all the necessary preparations for a sumptuous funeral. It sometimes happened, too, that the body was laid out in state in a room hung with solemn trappings, prepared for the purpose. The late Duchess of York, having no children, and seeing nothing of her husband, concentrated her affections on dogs, great and small, from the lordly mastiff down to the unsightly turnspit and "cur of low degree." There was a cemetery provided for them at Oatlands, where they had monuments and inscriptions most elaborately executed. Lord Byron's favorite, Boatswain, who died mad, is buried in consecrated ground within the ruined aisle of the old-church at Newstead Abbey, and with an obelisk to his memory, mounted on a huge pedestal, imposing enough for a prime minister.

Affection for animals is not always confined to dogs, cats, horses, or monkeys, parrots or macaws. It extends to reptiles and fishes. We have heard of a lady who

went into society with a pet snake entwined in her hair. It is recorded of Licinius Crassus, that he so intensely doted upon a lamprey, which he kept in a pond, that when it died, he wept profusely. Domitius, his fellow-prætor, being scandalized at this unseemly grief, demanded of him spitefully: "Are you not ashamed to shed so many tears for the loss of a thing between a fish and a worm?" "And you," retorted Licinius, "are you not more ashamed, who have buried three wives without shedding *one* tear?"

Sir Walter Scott, in *Woodstock*, draws a splendid type of a hound, Bevis, the attached companion of his old cavalier, Sir Henry Lee. He says in a note, that the portrait is not altogether imaginary. "It may interest some readers to know that Bevis, one of the handsomest and most active of the ancient highland deerhounds, had his prototype in a dog called Maida, the gift of the late chief of Glengarry, to the author. A beautiful sketch was made of him by Edwin Landseer, and afterward engraved. The painting is at Blair-Adam." The adventures of the Bevis and Sir Henry Lee of the novel are imaginary; but Sir Walter may have known or remembered that at Ditchley, in the county of Oxford, formerly belonging to Lee, Earl of Lichfield, but subsequently the seat of the Dillons, there is, or was, a portrait of an earlier Sir Henry Lee, and an earlier and veritable dog, to whom his master was indebted for his life. Mr. Jesse gives the story at full length.

Another extraordinary attribute peculiar to dogs is, that they not only adopt their master's habits and manners, but grow to resemble them in temper, disposition, and physical appearance. A singular instance came under the writer's own knowledge in his youth, in the case of an officer in the same battalion with himself, who had a large, rough terrier, called "Pincher," so completely his double in every look, gesture, and turn of mind, that it became a regimental joke to call him indiscriminately by the captain's name and his own, to either of which he answered with equal readiness. Pincher and his master were both killed at New-Orleans on the unlucky ninth of January, 1815. They were buried in the same hastily-dug grave, and some said the mutual resemblance in death was still to be observed.

A wooden horse proved the destruction

of Troy: a *live dog* rescued Drury Lane Theater from bankruptcy in 1803. A splendid specimen of the Newfoundland breed, light "Carlo," appeared in an aquatic spectacle written expressly for the display of his abilities, called, *The Caravan, or the Driver and his Dog*, a stupid affair, which would not be endured now. A large tank of real water, with two liquid cascades tumbling into it, was exhibited on the stage. Into this a boy—a stuffed figure of course—was thrown from an overhanging precipice. Carlo plunged from the rock, seized the supposed boy by the waist-band, and swam with him on shore. Never did Betterton, Garrick, or Kemble: no not even *Master Betty*, obtain louder plaudits, or attract greater audiences. About ten years later another dog, at Covent Garden, far eclipsed Carlo in a celebrated spectacle called *The Forest of Bondy, or Dog of Montargis*, founded on a well-known historical fact, recorded by Montfaucon as having occurred in France during the reign of Charles V., but referred by some authorities to the time of Charlemagne. This story of the murder of Aubri de Montdidier by the Chevalier Macaire, and the discovery of the crime by means of the victim's dog, with the judicial combat, in which the quadruped proved victorious, has been too often told to bear repetition. The melodrama was one of the most successful ever produced, and is still on the acting list; but it proved a source of ruin, among many others, to Frederick Jones, patentee and manager of the Theater Royal, Crowstreet, Dublin, who had engaged the four-legged star; but having a quarrel with his owner, substituted another performance on the night of a vice-regal command, by Lord Whitworth, and had his house sacked in consequence. The fact was, the "star" had not been paid for several nights, and thought that a good opportunity of striking for increased wages. This "untoward event," which occurred on the sixteenth of December, 1814, is celebrated in Dublin histrionic annals as "The Dog Row."

But since those days, dogs have disdained to appear singly; they form companies, and act entire plays. Not long since, in Paris, a *troupe* of sapient retrievers gave *Romeo and Juliet* in its integrity; and both on the London and Dublin boards we have seen steeple-chases nobly acted by large French poo-

dles, bestridden by diminutive monkeys, who whipped and spurred with frantic energy and emulation.

At the commencement of the action which took place in 1803 between the Nymphé and Cleopatre, there was a large Newfoundland dog on board the English vessel, who, the moment the fire began, ran from below-deck, in spite of the efforts of the men to keep him down, and climbing up into the main-chains, there kept up a continual barking, and exhibited the most violent rage during the whole of the engagement. When the Cleopatre struck, he was amongst the foremost to board her, and then walked up and down the decks, seemingly conscious of the victory that had been gained.

In the *History and Memoirs of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris* there is the following relation of a *talking dog*, near Zeitz, in Misnia. Leibnitz corroborates the fact :

"It is a countryman's dog, of a very common shape, and of a moderate size. A young lad heard it utter some sounds, which he thought resembled German words, and upon this, took it into his head to teach him to speak. The master, who had nothing better to do, spared neither time nor pains, and luckily the pupil had such dispositions as it would be difficult to find again in any other. At length, after some years, the dog could pronounce about *thirty* words. Of this number were *tea, coffee, chocolate, assembly*, etc., words that are current in all modern languages, without much variety. It is to be observed, that the dog was three years old when he was put to school. He talks only by echo, that is to say, after his master has pronounced a word; and he seems to repeat it by constraint, and against his inclination, although not coerced by being beaten. It must likewise be observed, that Mr. Leibnitz saw and heard him."

The earliest and the oldest dog of antiquity of whom we have any account, is "Argus," of Ithaca, immortalized by Homer in the *Odyssey*. He recognized Ulysses, in rags, after twenty years of foreign travel, wagged his tail, licked his master's hand, and died of joy and fidelity. Lord Byron, with inconsistency of opinion, which, at another time, he contradicts, (but he was a mass of contradiction,) thinks dogs less staunch in the present age, and says, that after five years' absence, a modern Argus would hand himself over to a new patron, and bite his old one "by the breeches."

"Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again
He'd tear me where he stands."

Plutarch thinks more charitably. He loved and respected dogs, and omits no opportunity of speaking in their favor. When relating how the Athenians were obliged to abandon their city in the time of Themistocles and the Persian invasion, he breaks the thread of his history to describe the lamentable cries and howlings of the domestic dogs they are constrained to leave behind. He mentions one that swam after his master, Xantippus, across the sea, to Salamis, where he died, and was honored with a tomb, at the public expense, by the citizens, who gave the name of the "Dog's Grave" to that part of the island where he was buried.

The same historian again tells us that the dead body of a soldier killed in a private quarrel was carefully watched by his dog, who would not permit any person to touch the remains of his departed master. Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, happening to pass that way, took notice of the unusual spectacle, and inquired into the circumstances of the case. On being informed that the man had been slain three days before, and that the dog had neither stirred from the body nor taken any food since, the king ordered the corpse to be interred, and the dog to be taken care of and brought to him. The creature soon grew fond of Pyrrhus, who shortly after directing his forces to be marshaled, the whole army passed before him in review. During this ceremony the dog for some time, lay quietly at his feet, until seeing the soldiers pass by who had murdered his late owner, he sprang at them with such rage and fierceness, and turned himself toward Pyrrhus with such meaning in his looks and gestures, that the men were sent to prison on suspicion of having committed the crime with which the dog had charged them. Being strictly examined, they confessed their guilt, and were executed in due course. It seems not improbable that Sir Walter Scott may have derived from this historical incident the attack made by "Roswal," the Scottish knight's deer-hound, (in the *Talisman*,) upon Conrade of Montferrat, who had transfixed him with his lance when guarding the English banner.

An anecdote told by Maxwell, in his

Victories of Wellington and the British Armies, forms, in some leading points, a modern pendant to this ancient tale :

"After the battle of Barrosa, (fifth March, 1811,) the wounded of both nations were, from the want of means of transport, necessarily left upon the field during the whole night and part of the following day. General Rousseau, commander of a French brigade, was of the number. His dog, a large white poodle, which had been left in quarters upon the advance of the French force, finding that the General returned not with those who escaped from the battle, set out in search of him, found him at night in his dreary resting-place, and expressed his affliction by moans, and by licking the hands and feet of his dying master. When the fatal crisis took place, some hours after, he seemed fully aware of the change, attached himself closely to the body, and for three days refused the sustenance that was offered to him. Arrangements having been made for the interment of the dead, the body of the General was, with the rest, committed to its honorable grave. The dog lay down upon the earth which covered the beloved remains, and evinced by silence and deep dejection his continual sorrow for the loss he had sustained. The English commander, General Graham, whose fine feelings had prompted him to superintend the last duties due to the gallant slain, observed the four-footed mourner, drew him, now no longer resisting, from the spot, and gave him his protection, which he continued until the dog died, many years after, at the General's residence, Balgowan, in Perthshire."

Many who have closely studied the distinctive attributes of dogs, in all their varied races, divide the palm for intelligence and affection between the poodle and the terrier. Others prefer the shepherd's colley. The Newfoundland dog ranks lower in the scale than he did formerly. Hounds seldom form individual attachments to men unless they are domesticated in early life, and brought up singly. The Danish or Dalmatian carriage-dog is a creature of locality. He devotes himself to the stable of his companion horses. During King Charles the First's troubles, a discourse arose one day as to what sort of dogs deserved preëminence; and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the spaniel or greyhound, the King gave his opinion in favor of the greyhound, "because," he said, "he has all the good nature of the other, without his fawning." The story is told by Pope, who said it was related to him by Sir William Trumbull, who had it from one that was present.

In *Camden's Britannia*, we find a curious paragraph, stating that in the year 1290, at Genelon Castle, in Burgundy, there was a battle, or rather fight of dogs, wherein every one killed another, being in number three thousand. One dog alone survived. Dogs bay at the moon, either from pleasure or disturbance. Who can tell which? They also howl on the approaching death of a member of the family to which they belong. If they do this from intelligence or sympathy, or presentiment, it increases their claims on the attention of men. All legends, too, unite in saying that dogs (and horses also) are susceptible of superstitious terror. There have been few instances of prudence and shrewdness more remarkable than the fact of a little dog, who being attacked by a much more powerful animal, brought another abler than himself from a distance of one hundred miles to revenge his wrong, and then returned home with his protector, after the latter had chastised the aggressor, gayly frisking his tail in token of satisfaction. And what can surpass the reminiscent acumen of the spaniel who, having had a damaged leg cured, brought a companion to the same doctor, to be relieved from a similar casualty?

We can not do better, to wind up this short notice, than copy a letter of Sir John Harrington (included in the *Nugæ Antiquæ*) to Henry, Prince of Wales, son of James I., concerning the extraordinary qualities of his celebrated dog, "Bungey."

"May it please your Highness to accept in as goode sorte what I now offer, as hath been done afore time, and I may say, *I pede fausto*; but having goode reason to think your Highness hath goode will and likinge to read what others have told of my rare dogge, I will even give a brief historie of his goode deedes and strange feats; and herein will I not plaie the curre myselfe, but in good soothe relate what is no more than bare veritie. Although I mean not to disparage the deedes of Alexander's horse, Bucephalus, I will match my dogge against him for good carriage; for, if he do not bear a great prince on his backe, I am bolde to say he did often bear the sweet wordes of a greater prince, Queen Elizabeth, on his necke.

"I did once relate to your Highnesse after what sorte his actinge was, wherewith he did sojourn from my house at the Bathe to Greenwich Palace, and deliver up to the Courte there such matters as were intrusted to his care. This he hath often done, and came safe backe to the Bathe, or to my house here at Kelstone,

with goodlie returns from such nobilitie as were pleassde to emploie him; nor was it ever tolde our Ladye Queene that this messenger did ever blab ought concerning his highe trust, as others have done in more special matters. Neither must it be forgotten, as how he once was sente with two charges of sack wine from the Bathe to my house, by my man, Combe; and on his way the cordage did slacken; but my trustie bearer did now beare himselfe so wisely as covertly to hide one flasket in the rushes and take the other in his teethe to the house, after whiche he wente forthe againe and returned with the other parte of his burden to dinner. Hereat your Highnesse may perchance marvel and doubt, but we have livinge testimonie of those who wroughte in the felde and espiede his worke, and now live to tell they did much longe to plaie the dogge, and give stowage to the wine themselves; but they did repaire and watchede the passage of this whole business.

"I need not say how muche I did once grieve at missinge this dogge; from my journie toward Londonne, some idle pastimers did divert themselves with huntinge mallards in a ponde, and conveyed Bungey to the Spanish Ambassadors, where, in a happie houre, after six weeks, I did heare of him; but such was the courte he did pay to the Don, that he was no lesse in good likinge there than at home. Nor did the householde listen to my claim, or challenge, till I rested my suite on the dogge's own proofes, and made him performe suche feats before the nobles assembled as put it past doubt that I was his master. I did send him to the hall in the time of dinner, and made him bringe thence a pheasant out of the dish, which created much mirth; but muche more when he returned at my commandement to the table and put it again in the same cover. Herewith the companie was well content to allow me my claim, and we bothe were well contente to accepte it, and came homewards. I could dwelle more on this matter, but *jubes renovare dolorem*; I will now saie

in what manner my poor dogge died. As we traveled towardes the Bathe, he leapede on my horse's necke, and was more earnest in fawninge and courtinge my notice than what I had observed for some time backe; and after my chidinge his disturbinge my passage forward, he gave me some glances of such affection as moved me to cajole him; but, alas! he crept suddenlie into a thorny brake and died in a short time.

"Thus I have strove to rehearse such of his deedes as maie suggeste much more to your Highnesse's thoughte of this dogge. But having said so much of him in prose, I will say somewhat, too, in verse, as you may find hereafter at the close of this historie. Now, let Ulysses praise his dogge Argus, or Tobit be led by that dogge whose name doth not appear; yet could I say such things of my Bungey as might shame them bothe, either for faith, clear wit, or wonderful deedes; to say no more than I have already said, of his bearing letters to Londonne and Greenwiche, more than one hundred miles. As I doubt not your Highnesse would love my dogge, if not my selfe, I have been thus tedious in his storie; and againe saie, that of all the dogges near the Kinge, your father's Courte, not one hathe more love, more diligence to please, or less pay for pleasinge, than him I write of; for verily a bone would content my servant when some expecte muche greater matters, or will knavishly finde out a bone of contention.

"I now rest your Highnesse's friend, on all service that may suite him,

"JOHN HARRINGTON.

"Kelstone, June 14th, 1603."

"P.S.—The verses above spoken of are in my booke of Epigrammes in praise of my dogge Bungey to Momus. And I have an excellent picture, curiously limned, to remain in my posteritie."

THE CZAR AT MOSCOW.—The following account of the Emperor of Russia's reception at Moscow appears in Bullier's lithographic sheets: "Letters received from persons well informed announce that when the Emperor Alexander entered the theater at Moscow all the company quitted it, as if they obeyed a preconcerted signal. It is added that the Emperor's aides-de-camp were insulted by the crowd. But, what is still more serious, the insurrection among the peasants is extending every day, and is assuming alarming proportions. Hitherto the troops have acted without hesitation against the insurgents, but fears as to their fidelity are now beginning to be entertained."

As was expected M. Thiers did not accept the twenty thousand francs, the Emperor's prize awarded in the Institute, but returned it with the recommendation that it should be employed as the foundation for other literary prizes. The Monthyon prize, founded by Baron de Monthyon in 1782 for the most useful work of the year, has been awarded to M. Xavier Marnier, the author of a popular work on Scandinavian history and literature. The book for which the prize was awarded is entitled *Garida*, and contains some delightful sketches of Canadian life and many exquisite touches of pathos. There were more than a hundred competitors for this prize.

From the London Review.

PITY THE SORROWS OF A POOR OLD MAN.*

THE Papacy is the hereditary nuisance of Europe; the only variety in its history being, that sometimes it has been, as in the middle ages, a terrible nuisance; and sometimes, as at this moment, a ludicrous nuisance. It is really quite shocking to think what a terrible old fellow this Pope is. In our last number we quoted some passages from Romish journalists, showing that the death of Cavour was the result of his excommunication by the Pope. And exhibiting his amazing facilities for mischief from his league with the powers of the spiritual world Dr. Manning says:

"Read the history of Christian Europe, and look along the line of its monarchs who have fought with the Vicar of Christ, and find me one who has ever contended against the temporal sovereignty of the Vicar of our Divine Lord, and has not been chastised. Find me one who has ever dared to resist the divine ordinance of God, in whose history there is not written—nay scored, engraved in characters so deep, that the lapse of ages can not efface them—the judgment of God upon that rebellious head. I will not go to old examples; I will only take one. There was one who rose to a zenith of power in Europe which has never been surpassed. His arms won the dominion of Spain; the whole of France was under his feet; Germany had been beaten down again and again in a succession of battles. He had been crowned King of Italy, and there was a King of Rome of his own making; Belgium was his; Sweden was reigned over by his creature; England remained as it were, floating on the waters; and there was one vast country defended by its own winters. These were the

only barriers to his universal rule. But in the zenith of his power there was an old unarmed man in the Vatican, whom, most unchivalrously, his armed men took away in the dead of the night. Weak and sick as he was, they hurried him along, with the blinds of his carriage down, lest, whosoever should see him, should recognize him, and should know him to be the Vicar of Christ. That poor feeble man was in the grasp of the eagle; he was imprisoned at Savona, and at Fontainebleau. This great Emperor was king of the world, and when this poor feeble man affixed to the doors of his church the sentence of excommunication, the Emperor said: 'Does he think this will make the muskets fall from the hands of my soldiers?' 'Within three short years,' as an historian, and himself a soldier in that great expedition, writes, 'our men could not hold their muskets.' You know the history; that which has been shall be."

Our writer continues:

"The conclusion, then, I wish to establish is this, that the last glories of the Holy See will be greater than the first; for its imperishable vitality and divine tenacity of endurance has been, and ever will be, more and more luminously manifested in the struggle through which it is passing. It will be more clearly seen by all the world that the sole principle of stability to be found among men is the Church Catholic and Roman; that all forms of human institution are transitory, dissolving, and self-destructive. The Roman State has been changed and fashioned again and again into counties and duchies, into kingdoms and provinces of empires. Where, I should like to know, at this moment, is the very name of those kingdoms and of their lords, who claimed to be its temporal governors? Where now is Napoleon, 'King of Rome'? And where, to-morrow, will be Victor Emmanuel, 'King of Italy'? All those occasional forms of rebellion, revolution, and disorder, which spring from the will of man, have a momentary success, and in a little while are not. God, with a divine scorn and with a majestic indignation, smites them as small as the dust of the summer threshing-floor, and the winds of his derision sweep them from the face of the earth."

There are few men to whom we have felt more deeply, even tenderly indebted than to Archdeacon Manning; his sermons have been frequently a source of strength and ministration to us; we were

* *The Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes.* Three Lectures by the Very Rev. H. E. MANNING, D.D., Provost of Westminster. Delivered in the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, Bayswater. London: W. Knowles, Norfolk Road.

Our Holy Father the Pope—Who is he? An Answer to a Flying Sheet. By FRANK FAIRPLAY. Richardson & Son.

The Present Crisis of the Holy See tested by Prophecy. Four Lectures, by HENRY EDWARD MANNING, D.D. Burns & Lambert.

The Tablet, June 15th, June 22d. Lectures by the Right Rev. Dr. MANNING, on the "Last Glories of the Holy See."

Devotion to the Church. By FREDERICK W. FAIRBANK, D.D.

grieved—we scarcely 'were surprised—when we heard that he had become a pervert. He is an ascetic. Even his sermons, rich as they are in the best fullness of Gospel truth, and profoundly as they deal with the most subtle recesses and sins of the human heart, are from these very reasons, among other reasons, a help to the more ascetic tempers of the religious life. We have, however, prized his sermons highly, and it has been impossible for us to feel for him other than love and reverence as a teacher; we have even attempted to account for his departure to the recesses of a Church where he might foster more securely the anchoritic puritanism of his nature, but it seems that it is impossible for any to enter that Church and to remain loyal to Christ; and the way in which even Dr. Manning identifies the person of the tattered and ragged old impotent imbecility occupying the chair of the apostles at Rome, with the person of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, is shocking and horrible. He does not hesitate to appropriate to the living Pope the words referring to our Lord: "He is the sign which shall be every where spoken against; he is set for the fall and for the rising again of the nations." Dr. Manning continues:

"He is the test of the world; Pius IX., that despised name to those who are not of his family—he is the test of the world. And there are voices that are coming up now as of old, 'Hail King of the Jews!' and they would fain blindfold him, and buffet him, and spit upon his face; they would mock him as a false king with a reed, a feeble reed, as an impotent king with a crown of thorns—mock loyalty from a revolting people, and they may say: 'Away, we will not have this man to reign over us; we have no king but Cæsar.' But he is Vicar of Him who will judge the world."

In the same manner Dr. Faber talks:

"How temerarious it is to criticise the conduct of the Popes or the movements of the Church in the same way as we should criticise the acts of sovereigns or the aggression of states, and not rather to recognize with Jacob in Beth-el: 'Indeed the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not.' And trembling he said: 'How terrible is this place! this is no other but the house of God and the gate of heaven.' (Genesis 28.)"

"There are times when loyalty can hardly be excessive. Is not this a time of that description? But, in truth, is there any time when loyalty to Christ's Vicar can exceed in its self-sac-

rifice? O children of the Church! If the times have dazzled any of you now with their earthly brightness, so that your eyes are too weak to bear the heavenly splendor of our Father's tiara, at least *let your faith, your sadness, and your love do homage to his Crown of Thorns.*"

It is not too much to call this language the very chivalry of blasphemy.

There is something incomparably amusing and facetious in the arrogance with which papist writers disport themselves in the press. Do our readers remember a passage from Wiseman's *Recollections of the Last Four Popes*? Ah! the supple Cardinal, would he express himself so now? Is not the following odoriferous conclusion wasted on the desert air?

"Well, and no wonder he deemed himself invincible! And while he stood on his own ground, sat on his war-steed, or on his throne, he was so.

"But there needed only a plain and simple monk, brought up in a cloister, ignorant of the world, single-minded in his aims, guileless and artless in his word and speech, not eloquent, nor brilliant in qualities or attainments, meek, gentle, sweet, humble-minded, and devout; it required only a Pope of average character in the qualifications of his state, to prove that there was a power superior to that of a mighty conqueror, and give to the age a rival, though unbelted, hero.

"And no wonder if the captor was made captive, and the conqueror was subdued. For he had left his own ground, he had dismounted from his charger, he had descended from his throne: he had stepped into the sanctuary. And there the old man of mild aspect and gentle voice was in his own. And the whole could only be a repetition of a scene often repeated there; and its result was only the execution of an eternal law.

"The Emperor Arcadius, more perhaps through evil counsel than through malice, had the great Bishop St. John Chrysostom removed from his patriarchal see, and carried away into the fastnesses of cold inclement mountains. Years after his death, Theodosius and Pulcheria made reparation in the same city, publicly and fearlessly, for the injury inflicted by their parents on so holy a man.

"And has there been virtually no repetition of this same noble and generous scene? *Upon how many a French soldier and officer has the splendid status of Pius in the Vatican seemed to look down, smiling and forgivingly, and with hand outstretched to shed a blessing, at once sacerdotal and paternal?*"

Meantime, how is the poor old gentleman who has such claims upon our more than affectionate regard? Is he sick, or is he well? for reports are very contradictory in this all-important matter. We

are gratified, indeed, to learn that his foot is in good condition. Time has been when that foot was not alone alive, but kicking; in these days it is not kickable, but it is still kissable. We learn from our interesting cotemporary of the *Tablet* of July 20th, that

"The Polish peasant, Golomb, whose arrival in Rome as a deputation from his village to console the Pope, was narrated in the *Monde*, has been received by his Holy Father. Count Ladislaus Kulczycki acted as his interpreter, and translated to Pius IX. the simple language of the peasant, who, in his love and rapture, found words, exclamations, and tears in abundance. The Pope answered in these words: 'While the Church is forsaken by her children who are nearest to her, thou, man of a far distant land, hast quitted thy home; thou hast traversed Europe on foot, in order to come here to kiss the foot of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. And for this thou art blessed, and heaven's blessings are upon thee. *Kiss, then, the Pope's foot.* I bless thee, and in thee I bless all the Polish people.'

"Golomb prostrated himself, and kissed the Holy Father's foot, who did not allow him to depart without taking with him a proof of his munificence."

"Kiss, then, the Pope's foot!" Time has been when that choleric old personage has used his foot for other purposes than to be subjected to the embrace of ardent devotees. We have heard how literally it has been set upon the neck of the enemies of the Papacy. Meantime, it is undoubtedly true that he is sick—very sick, and, no doubt, very sorry. He is not only sick, but the old gentleman is also very poor. We have an instance of this in the gift made by the Holy Father to the Bazaar of the Immaculate Conception. The other day, in the *Tablet*, we read the following announcement:

"IMMACULATE CONCEPTION CHARITY.

"THE BEAUTIFUL PRESENT OF POPE PIUS IX. TO THE ORPHANS OF LONDON.

"When informed of our twenty thousand neglected children, the Holy Father turned to a beautiful painting on porcelain of the Sacred Heart of our Lord and the Immaculate Heart of Our Lady, which stood on his table in a rich frame, surmounted by the Papal arms, and said: 'This has been a comfort to me in my troubles—it is a gift to me—but now I have nothing left to give except what is given to me. Let this go to the Orphans of London.' He added his special Benediction:

"'Despoiled and made poor—Pope Pius gives not out of his abundance—but out of his want.

"'Despoiled and made poor—he still keeps what man can not take from him—the Catholic heart of the Vicar of Christ, that can feel for every woe of the universal Church, and mourn for the ruin of our children as for a household grief.

"'Despoiled and made poor—he says with the first Pope—"Silver and gold have I none—but that which I have I give."

"In disposing of this much prized offering the Committee of Management are duly anxious—

"1. To carry out the intentions of the Holy Father, by looking to the interests of his poor children.

"2. To deal most fairly with the many who devoutly covet this sacred prize.

"3. To secure that it shall fall into the hands of such as will cherish and hand down as a family heir-loom this memorial of the Great Pontiff, whose portion has been, and is, and to all appearance will be, 'cross upon cross.'

"With this view they propose not to offer the present of Pope Pius for sale, *but to let it be awarded by vote.* They feel sure that the sale of the voting tickets will realize for the little ones of Christ the benefit that the Vicar of Christ desires for them.

"Any one, therefore, who desires to secure for himself or for any friend, or family, or community, the present of Pope Pius to the orphans, can purchase voting tickets, and nominate and vote for the

CANDIDATE OF HIS CHOICE."

We called attention the other day to some of the dodges of Romanism, and this seems to be a very good dodge; it looks like putting up for a lottery that which would not realize sufficiently by a sale.

We are called upon to "pity the sorrows of this poor old man." We will not pity them; on the contrary, we will rejoice over them as an illustration of the righteousness of God. The crimes of the Papacy have been often recited; they can not be recited too often; they should be kept alive ever in the memory of men. Among the kings and cabinets of the earth, there have been many bloody chapters of cruelty, but we believe the most bloody chapter in history is, that: human nature, alas! is cruel; but the Popes, the royal fathers of the Church, during all the ages, exercised no restraining influence upon those mad and furious passions. If we yield ourselves, for a moment even, to pity, it is only in the feeling that the present Pope is the Eli of his Church; "his sons have made themselves vile, and he restrained them not." We know well

enough that gray hairs are not to be insulted; nay, we know that the gray hairs of idiots of old were venerated; but when the scheming, cunning brow, clothed with gray hairs, finds all its glory gone, and that all its tricks have overtaken it and left it only in its old age a monument of its folly, men will look, and note, and read the lesson. Men are not exempted from service to the moralist, because, when their crimes have overtaken them, they are old.

When great men sink into their dotage, or when mighty empires fall in their decline or decay, their descendants gratefully recite the deeds of their stronger and brighter days. But, reviewing the history of the Papacy, what single chapter or epoch of its history can the eye of the reader or the antiquary alight on that kindles a single grateful impulse in the heart? There is nothing generous, nothing great; there is royalty without magnanimity; there is profusion without generosity; there is majesty without strength. The world owes nothing to *Papal Rome*. Not from it, but from the opinion fostered without, the Christianity that existed by sufferance, or in obscurity, or in persecution, was the world blessed. *Papal Rome*, *Ultramontaniam*, has always been a grim and bloody Sheva in Christendom.

Alas! then for poor old Lear; "his daughters have brought him to this pass;" or, say his sons; though the priests of Rome are little better than cruel women. The man's foes have been those of his own household. His Holiness has carried on his government by men who belong to the family of those eminent statesmen, Robson and Redpath. Antonelli, his chief minister, has at any rate the reputation of being a very Monti Christ of crime. He has a pretty ancestry. "He was born," says About, "in a den of thieves!" and unless the universal voice of fame belies him, he has practiced his whole life the lessons derived from his brigand ancestry. His wealth is unlimited. Such cardinals have amazing opportunities of acquiring unlimited wealth. He is in every sense the *Mazarin* of Rome, and of his age. His wealth has been made by those gambling dodges of commerce which an unprincipled minister of finance, above the voice of public opinion or the justice of law, can always employ. Sydney Smith said: "The Bishop of — is so like Judas, that I now firmly believe in the apostolical

succession." We may say that Antonelli is so like Judas, that we believe in the apostolical succession. We believe it is Mrs. Gretton who gives to us some illustrations of his method of raising his personal finances; and it furnishes us with a very clear idea of the mode in which he became rich. The markets were startled one day by a prohibition upon the export of corn—there was a dread of scarcity—and grain was sold at very small prices. Some persons had misgivings, for there was a silent and almost simultaneous demand for it over the country. Some of the merchants who knew the tricks of state, exclaimed: "Ah! there is some devilry here!" The prohibition was removed for a limited period; ports opened for a moment; very great numbers of merchants scoured the country, but nothing was left them—all was sold, sold unsuspectingly to Cardinal Antonelli's brother, for he had, and has, a perfect monopoly of the corn-trade. It was cleverly done; just in the very nick of time down comes another courier; the ports are closed; the curtain falls upon the brother—and somebody else chuckling over one hundred thousand dollars, realized by this great little corn transaction. It is said the devil is not so black as he is painted, but that must be a very nigritic painter who can over-color the blackness of Antonelli. This is the kind of statesman Rome has always loved and kept in her pay. Her cardinals have been men of this hallowed stamp and character, trafficking ever with the kings and merchants of the earth. Rome has ever desired to hold the purse-strings of empires. And England is unhappy, and perfidious, and wretched, and exorcised, excommunicated, and damned because she holds her own purse-strings, keeps her wealth for herself, her children, and Protestantism, and the world, and makes her statesmen responsible to law and honesty. But Rome!—the history of its popes, and its cardinals—well, the *Newgate Calendar* is a very dark-paged book; but what *Newgate Calendar* contains such a comprehensive summary of crimes, conceived in meanness, hatched in splendor, brought forth in grandeur, and flaunting their way in baseness and in blood, as the *History of the Papacy*?

We believe the Papacy was never so out at elbows as now. It has not the strong veneration of superstition by its side, and even in its own camp there is a

schism. Yet we must remind our readers that Romanism is very elastic. You stretch it, almost to breaking, but it is not broken; a little relaxation, and lo! it springs back into its old place again. And we must remind our readers too, that there have been many moments when the Papacy has been reduced to emergencies perhaps as great as those it at present suffers. There was the period which has been called the Babylonish captivity, when Rome was no longer the Metropolis of Christendom, when the Pope was merely a French prelate. For seventy years this period of expatriation lasted. "It is," says Dean Milman, "perhaps the most marvelous part of its history, that the Papacy having sunk so low, sank no lower, that it recovered its degradation; that from a satellite, almost a slave, of the King of France, the Pontiff ever emerged again to be an independent potentate; and although the great line of mediæval popes expired in Boniface VIII., he could resume even his modified supremacy. There is no proof so strong of the vitality of the Papacy, as that it could establish the law that, wherever the Pope is there is the throne of St. Peter; that he could cease to be Bishop of Rome in all but in name, and then take back again the abdicated bishopric."

And, so to keep in mind a well-known scene in *Alton Locke*, while the nations were rejoicing,

"John Barleycorn got up again,
And sair surprised them all."

We shall be long in believing that it's all over with the Papacy; we doubt that will not be till it's all over with a worse than the Papacy.

The poor demented Lear of Europe. He can not do much, but there is one thing he can do as well as ever—we had almost said as effectively—he can curse and swear, and use all manner of bad language, and on the whole reminds us of what Mrs. Partington or Mrs. Malaprop would be a little the worse for liquor. Old age and majesty in misfortune usually command some homage—they are usually sublime—but in the attitude of the Pope at this moment there is nothing sublime. The power of the Papacy is limited, "and the will is present, but how to do it knows not." We see in a paragraph like the following, that the thing is not to be trusted:

"We receive from Rome numerous letters which all agree in contradicting the news circulated by several journals that all the political prisoners belonging to the Romagna have been released. The fact is, that they all, without a single exception, remain in irons. Some few prisoners (the *Opinion* gives their names) were set at liberty on June the twenty-fourth, but none of them were from the Romagna. Of these very few, almost all had but a few weeks or days to remain in prison before the term of their sentences would expire, and the majority returned to their families afflicted with incurable diseases contracted during their confinement. 'What matters,' said the priest, 'we have done our best to save their souls!' A favorite device of the Roman government when it wishes to gain credit for clemency is to remit an illusory portion of a heavy sentence, particularly in cases where the recipient of the favor has already suffered so much that he is not likely to live to enjoy it. For example, four years have been struck off the list of hard labor to which young Mezzopreti of Toeli, was condemned. But he is now nothing but a living skeleton stretched upon a bed of suffering. He was once a rich merchant. Since his imprisonment he has learnt the death of his father, (who died of grief,) of his two sons, and the utter ruin of his house. His young and beautiful wife has been obliged to go out to service to provide for the sustenance of his only remaining child. In most countries when a criminal is thought to deserve more than twenty years' imprisonment he is sentenced for life, or sometimes, which is more humane, to death. But here forty years of the galleys is quite a common thing. But this is not all; political vengeance inflicts a sentence of fifteen or twenty years in irons even after death. In these cases the skeleton of the prisoner, when he dies, is kept unburied and in irons. When the Pope thinks it desirable to show mercy, the number of years of imprisonment remitted is deducted, in the first instance, from those to be suffered after death, so that many whose names are paraded as instances of his Holiness's clemency have no hope but to die in the galleys, and have no other ground for rejoicing than this—that the fetters will be removed from their bones while their rottenness is in a somewhat less advanced state than they were originally led to anticipate. There is no country in the world but Rome where these refinements of cruelty are indulged in. To conclude with an individual case—Giovanni Lucenti, a Roman, now lies in prison, working out a sentence of thirty-six years in irons. He was a prosperous tradesman, and the father of a large family, whom he brought up in the enjoyment of ease and comfort. The Pope has just granted him a remission of twenty-five months out of his thirty-six years! What a mockery! Lucenti, since he has been in prison, has lost a leg and an eye, has become deaf in one ear, has a tumor in his liver, a chronic disease of the chest, and a squamous affection of the epigastrium. Is not this killing by slow torture?—*Opinion Nationale*.

The Pope is one, the Papacy is one; its sorrows have been multiplied, but it has ever been the consistent power, hostile to, and at war with, all the best temporal and eternal interests of mankind; nor is it possible to find any moment when the Pope has not been in a state of grief; either growling and champing for some bone beyond his reach, like a dissatisfied dog, or with pitiable senility, moaning and mourning over his toothless gums, or limiting chain, preventing him from flying abroad through Europe, upon his errands of mischief. Some superficial readers, whose principal knowledge is derived from the newspapers of the day, suppose that it is only within these recent years that the Papacy has come to such a pass of poverty and shame; let them take down any history, and they will find how, in all ages, it has been the great pest of Europe, stirring up the coals of strife in every little state; sowing the seeds of dissension between all European princes. The history of the Papacy is a mountainous mass of filth and putridity, whose reeking abominations stench and infect every atmosphere of every land; and at this moment Papists are outraged because England will not stir herself to give security to the Papal dungeons! to give protection to the miasmas and plagues which sweep over the holy city from the campaign around its walls! because, in a word, Protestant England, excommunicated England, will not stretch forth her hand to steady the tottering chair of the imbecile and cruel idiotcy, and retain the tattered tiara of sovereignty upon its brazen brow!

True, the Papist in our community must often feel that he is an anomaly; he neither knows what to make of himself or his priest, or his country. If he is an Ultramontanist, he places himself beyond the pale of country. He calls on England to defend the Pope, and he uses the very name of the Pope for the purpose of insulting the Queen—if the act were not even too contemptible for such a charge, or the majesty of the sovereign too high to be touched by such bravado. We present our readers with the following little note from a leader of the *Tablet*, of June 29th last:

"It is now some twenty years since the question was first discussed in this journal whether at Catholic dinners and breakfasts on public occasions the health of the Pope should be proposed before or after the health of the Queen.

The discussion is inconvenient, and for many reasons we regret that there should be any disagreement on the question. But on the recent presentation of the testimonial to the venerable Bishop of Troy, of which a report appeared in our last, the matter was treated by the Chairman, the Hon. Charles Langdale, and it appears to us that, to all intents and purposes, the case must be considered as decided. It appears to us that the time is past for any compromise, or for the discovery of any expedient by which the difficulty might be avoided. We have always adhered to the opinion, which we believe to be the opinion of the vast majority of English Catholics, that, theoretically and in principle, there is no room for doubt that, if the two toasts are to be drunk on the same occasion, the health of the Head of the Church ought to have precedence over the health of the Head of the State. The spiritual sovereign ought to take precedence of the temporal sovereign.

"As long as there was any reasonable hope of avoiding any conflict of opinion or practice before the Protestant public on a matter so delicate, we would have been glad to see any course adopted that involved no sacrifice of principle.

"And, after all, it is with that same Catholic public that the decision rests. They require the Pope's health to be the first toast proposed on these occasions, and are not willing to be satisfied with any other arrangement. But we take it that Mr. Langdale's speech and the practice observed at the Crystal Palace Déjeuner last week, will be held to have finally settled the rule that on public occasions, when Catholics give toasts and drink healths, the first toast on the list must be His Holiness the Pope. Uniformity of practice on these occasions is extremely desirable. No other order would be approved of, or, we believe, tolerated by the majority of those who attend on these occasions; and, therefore, we trust that the doubt has been raised for the last time."

Thus, these men place themselves beneath the shadow of that constitution of civil and religious liberty they have uniformly resisted, except for their own purposes, for the very purpose of supplanting it and breaking up its foundations. Let men sneer at Protestant Alliances as they will, and Saturday Reviewers bring all the light artillery of their insolence and persiflage, we must maintain that Rome, in England, needs watching and circumventing, even in our midst. With light and opinion all abroad, she is mischievous, and may be, and perhaps is, dangerous. She is first an annoyance, than a nuisance, at last a curse.

Very amusing indeed is the arrogance of Rome. Even Dr. Manning, in England, having received some English education, and living beneath the protecting

shadow of our country and freedom, has, we will say, nor do we mean it offensively, the audacious impudence to talk thus:

"Can you find the Christianity of the world any where except as identified with that one great world-wide organization the center of which is Rome? Take Rome out of the world, and where is Christendom? Take away the one universal Roman Church, and I ask you where is Christianity? Then if the history of Christianity is the history of the Christian Church, what is the history of the Christian Church, but the history of the Holy See? And further than this, in writing the history of the Holy See, you write the history of the Pontiffs. It is not the material seat, whether of bronze or of stone, that may be crumbled into dust, that constitutes the seat of Peter. It is not the person, it is the man, it is the successor of Peter, it is the Vicar of Jesus Christ that constitutes the Holy See; and the history of the Holy See is the history of a succession of men, two hundred and fifty and more, who link us now with the day when 'The Word was made flesh' and visible among mankind—that long line of living witnesses, and of supreme Pontiffs who have ruled the world. I say, then, the history of the Holy See, the history of the Church, the history of civilization, is the history of the Pontiffs. I will ask you, are there princes, philosophers, statesmen, or conquerors, who have contributed to Christian Europe what Leo the Great, Gregory the Great, Gregory VII., Gregory XI., Innocent III., Alexander III., Sixtus V., and Pius V. contributed? The worst that can be said is this, that in that line of two hundred and fifty supreme Pontiffs, there have been a few who have descended to the level of temporal sovereigns! but except those few, they have been the illuminators, and the legislators, and the rulers, and the civilizers, and creators, of that fabric of the civil order under the shelter of which we live."

In the little tractate, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article, the author, Frank Fairplay, is not ashamed to talk of the contributions of Rome to civilization! We are far from thinking that the phenomena of the age we call civilization are all so purely beneficent that they have not their adulterations. But the mischief of the Papal system is, that it is all adulteration; it is all rottenness. Where is the civilization? Is it in the universal mendacity of the officials of the Papal States, where, as a tradesman said to Mrs. Gretton, rubbing his fore and middle finger against his thumb, "A little of this does every thing"? Is that civilization where all is in confusion? "All is falling to pieces, Signora; who can wonder at it?" The reason has many times

been given by the Italians themselves: "We are governed by men who have no children." And it has been said, the definition some one gave of a satyr, or the god Marsyas, is good for these monks: "He's a Christian a-top, and all animal below." "As long as we remain in the hands of the Pope we shall never be more than a nation of buffoons, opera-dancers, singers, fiddlers, priests, and slaves." Is that civilization where monks and nuns meet the traveler wherever he directs his steps? or Trappists, holding no communion of speech except by permission of the superior, save on the three great festivals of the year, and never beyond the walls of the convent; surrendering themselves beforehand to the silence and confinement of the tomb? Does civilization linger in the neighborhood of those shrines, the ceiling blackened with the smoke of many lamps perpetually burning; the walls covered with plates of silver, or gilded and wrought bass-reliefs, or coarse brick-work, worn by the kisses perpetually pressed on it? Or, is this a mark of civilization; as we open these pages and looking within find the priestly vestments of silver brocade, the silver statuettes, the saints' crucifixes, the church vessels, the necklaces, the gold chains, the rings, brooches, watches, cups, flagons, silver hearts, the gem which sparkled on a prince's finger, the coral pendants of a poor peasant, given for the last year's vintage? Is civilization moving the fingers of those poor nuns, wasting away their sweet life, working the costly alb of fine white linen, with its exquisite designs, and its deep flounces of magnificent point lace, so envied by all the ladies when the priest walks in procession; or the stole, with its texture of cloth of silver almost concealed by the raised embroidery of gold? Does civilization retire modestly to Italian states, villages, cities, smaller towns—Loretto, for instance, "Where," says the Englishwomen in Italy, "the sinister aspects of the men give a clue to innumerable robberies in the neighborhood; and where, in the town, slipshod women, their hair matted and discolored, and beggars in every stage of misery, blind, palsied, and maimed; squalid children, lean fighting dogs, and portly priests, and dirty pilgrims, with scallop-shell and staff, pleasantly beset the curious and wonder-smitten wanderer's way?"

Austria has loved Rome—Rome has

loved Austria. The two beloveds are worthy of each other. The Austrian policeman takes from the scholar a book—"Ah! Signori, what is this?"—"A book with the portrait of a man with a beard." "Do you not know that beards are republican and are forbidden?" "Signori, I am not answerable for beard or portrait; this is a historical romance; the man is represented in the costume of the times; then every man wore a beard." Vain excuse, it only rouses the wrath of the policeman; tears the portrait out of the book; and takes another—alas! another portrait, and here another. "Oh! but this is suspicious; his papers must be examined." The policeman being ignorant, how can it end? Why, in six months in a wretched dungeon; and the man, to the day of his liberation or his death, not knowing the cause of his imprisonment, only glad to escape, and not disposed to be nice in his inquiries. They have no civilization; the amazing wealth of soil is undeveloped—of manhood is unused and untried—of the splendors of art is locked safely in the coffers of the Church. And there is a connection between bodily filthiness and physical. The subjects of the Papacy are, perhaps, the most unclean people in Europe—perhaps on the earth. The Cossack of the steeps; the Arabs of the desert, are not so unclean—they are not only unclean, they are studiously filthy, even in their very ideas of cleanliness. "Are you ill, Signora?" asks the attendant when an English lady asks for the convenience for washing. "No, I'm not ill, but the English are fond of washing." "Oh! be careful, Signora, be careful, too much washing will disagree with you. Well, then, if you must wash, I'll mix a little white wine in the water." The lady expressed her astonishment, and also her dissent from such a mode of taking wine and water. "Ah! well, Marchesa does so; or perhaps a little broth—we bathe the baby in broth." "No." "Well, at least your face, Signora; don't spoil it by water. A little weak broth—lean veal—every particle of fat skimmed off, it softens and nourishes the skin; or a little milk warm from the cow; be careful of the water." Such people are hopeless; and they derive these lessons from the monks, the padres. "They are a queer set," said the same lady of a number of them, (decidedly not hydropathic,) but her language was known, and the father

said: "That is exceedingly unfair and narrow-minded to cast that as an imputation upon one class of the community which is decidedly national."

There is sympathy still felt for poor old Rome in this country. We are not unmindful of the complications of the Roman question. It is not a question to be settled in a breath. It is a difficulty. But we must allow no fictitious sympathy to turn us aside. We know what Rome is in our midst. She does not shine before our eyes. Restrained by law, and compelled to be decent and clean, and to behave respectably, and even in some slight way respectfully. Even here Rome does not excite our love or our admiration. Even here she knows how to curse. We know what she is capable of in that way, and we must allow no sympathy to hold back our actions. The temporal power of Rome has always been badly wielded, and always will be—always wielded for the benefit of the Church!—the Church, that is, the Priests!—that cruel corporation, strong in their exemption from the ordinary loves and affections of our nature; strong, some in having overcome all such weaknesses, and some in having transfigured what were given to be affections into vices and crimes. From those ages when the crimes of the Papacy were sublime and vast in their astounding munificence of cruelty and abomination, we descend to later times. To the dark reign and rule of Gregory XVI., when the highways of Rome swarmed with robbers, and the Papacy rejoiced in the administration of Barratelli, the spy. Where else could the genius of such a man be fostered? Cardinal Barratelli! his parents were beggars; and he begged from a family he at last brought to ruin in 1796; he was an utter revolutionist; he was one of a committee charged with the levying a tax on the aristocracy; his private life was eminently scandalous; he tricked a woman of her wealth, whom he seduced from her husband. She made over to him her property, and he left her to die in destitution; for this no lodge of Free-Masons would receive him, but the Church of Rome did not scorn the outcast. He was a spy in Austria in 1816; he was protected by Austria because he remained faithful to the principles of public order. And these are the men who maintain order, and this is the order they do maintain. We do not charge on all

the men of Rome this horrible treason against the holiest rights of man. Consalvi has not received yet the honor he deserves. Ah! but Rome can better appreciate a Barratelli or an Antonelli than a Consalvi.

In the light of all this, what shall we call the Pope but an Abbot of Misrule; a very unfortunate Abbot, since it is no Christmas game now to him, but still a mummery; and in the light of all this, where and how is it to end; the change change is coming, is here; in Rome the Papacy is collapsed, but in the event of that entire dissolution of the connection of the temporal powers of Rome, what will be the result? Is it quite certain that Rome will really even then be weakened? We confess our whole hopes are in freedom. In Turin all is alive; there is free conversation, something more than the *début* of a new singer, or the apotheosis of a new saint. Politics, provincial reforms, vast public works, new buildings rising instead of grass-grown streets and decayed palaces; the hammers of the workmen are ringing; no studies of artistic mendacity, or van-footed friars, infantile filth, and beggars on asses; the children are sent to schools, and friars are suppressed—engaged in preaching, education, or visiting the sick. All this has

been done in *ten years*. Here agriculture and art, the plow and the wine-press, butter, churns, honey, wax, beehives, cheeses, wheat, corn, sausages and hams, maccaroni, vermicelli, rings, stars, balls, chocolate, preserved fruits, steam-engines, models of shipping, hydraulics, sewing-machines, beds, surgical instruments, clocks and watches, cannons, mortars, chemical products, glass, earthenware, silk in every stage, damask of Syria, guano of Chamberry, the three piled velvet of Genoa, woolen stuff, cotton stuff, carpets, paper, hemp, cordage, carriages, harness, embroidery, and fine carving—all this is owing to *Count Cavour*. When he came into power, seventeen kilometres (two thirds of an English mile) of railway were completed; in 1858, one thousand, besides other lines in progress; yet there are only five millions of inhabitants in the state, and these burdened with expenses. Of course these innovations are mourned over, but well may they love Victor Emmanuel, and, we will add, well may Rome hate Cavour.

When Mr. Arthur was in Italy, he says one of the last men with whom he talked in Bologna, looking out of an eye where consumption gleamed, said: "SIR, THE ALMIGHTY IS TIRED OF ROME." Yes, God and man are tired of Rome.

From the London Eclectic.

"THE SUNNY SIDE THE WAY."

A VERY pretty little volume of verses lies before us. *Cottage Carols, and other Poems*. By John Swain, (Hamilton, Adams & Co.) It seems Mr. Swain has already been encouraged by the publication of some former volume it has never been our happiness to see, called *The Harp of the Hills*, and so he ventures into print again. If *The Harp of the Hills* has as much merit as this cheerful, sunshiny collection of verses, it deserves any amount of success. The volume makes no pretension; the author preaches first a kind of

homily in blank verse, and then calls on his readers to join with him in his song. Here is a sweet little instance:

"LOOK UPON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

"But not to times, to seasons, or to places
Will we be bound; or unto nature's order
In this the singing of our Cottage Carols.
Indeed why should we? Is not January
Sometimes as warm as spring; and is not
spring
Not seldom cold as Christmas? So no binding,

As one is bound who hath his speech prepared—

Prepared by some one else—and must speak that,

Or else sit down, look foolish, and be dumb;
No—we will on, turn back, go up or down
Through time as well as space; and therefore now

Departing from the summer morning hills,
We to the early days of spring return—
Where—List! a song:

"THE SUNNY SIDE THE WAY.

"Coldly comes the March wind—
Coldly from the north—
Yet the cottage little ones
Gayly venture forth:
Free from cloud the firmament,
Free from sorrow they,
The playful children choosing
The sunny side the way.

"Sadly sighs the north-wind
Naked boughs among,
Like a tale of mournfulness
Told in mournful song:
But the merry little ones,
Happy things are they,
Singing like the lark, on
The sunny side the way.

"There the silvery snowdrop—
Daffodils like gold—
Primroses and crocuses
Cheerfully unfold:
Poor? those cottage little ones?
Poor! no—rich are they,
With their shining treasures on
The sunny side the way.

"Coldly oft, the winds blow
On the way of life,
Spreading in the wilderness,
Care and pain and strife;
Yet the heart may shelter have,
Cold though be the day,
Choosing like the little ones,
The sunny side the way."

The little volume is just what it says it is, a volume of cottage carols, and it will touch springs of feeling, and awaken even thought by some of its happy refrains, in circles where the higher forms of the poetic art are altogether inaccessible. Mr. Swain sings very pleasantly about country scenes and objects. Here is a lay in honor of

"THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

"All over now. The green-leaved time is o'er;
The lonely spirit of departed days,
Sighs o'er the desolation of the land.
The dead leaves can not place of quiet find,

But rustle in the corners of the fields,
Or fly before the wind like things of fear;
And yet—there—hark! a carol yet is heard.

"Sing the Chrysanthemum cheerfully flourishing,
Though come no dews of mild nights for its nourishing:
Though the wind wearily
Sighs in the moaning bough;
Though late and drearily
Cometh the dawning now;
Though darker days and yet shorter are sure to come,
Cheerfully flourisheth still the Chrysanthemum.

"Greenly it grew in the blossom and berry time,
Modestly grew in the summer-bird's merry time;
But when the silver light
Faded from lily-land;
When song had taken flight—
Left plain and hilly land;
When what had lovely been, old grew and deaf and dumb,
Then into pleasant bloom burst the Chrysanthemum.

"Look! what a lovely one—spotless as innocence,
Leaning, how gracefully, over the garden fence.
Purple ones too are there,
Like living amethysts;
Golden ones all as fair
As if November mists
Never had, envy like, over them trailing come;
Brave is the last of blooms—comely Chrysanthemum.

"Sing the Chrysanthemum flourishing cheerfully,
While the day wears away sadly and tearfully;
While late and drearily
Opens the dawning now:
While the wind wearily
Wails in the moaning bough;
While the day looks as if longing for light to come,
Yet, even yet, lives and blooms the Chrysanthemum."

We very heartily introduce to such of our readers as do not already know it, this pleasant collection of verses, in which the spirits of Charles Mackay and Mary Howitt very modestly and sweetly mingle. We close our extracts with two other quotations, one headed "Sing a Song of Sunshine":

"SUN AND RAIN.

"How gloriously the sunshine
Salutes the fields of June!
How dances 'mid the leafy boughs,
To merry woodland tune!
The shadows shadows chasing,
Of clouds that fleetly pass,
More glorious make the sunshine,
By contrast, on the grass.

"But like to little cottagers
Reclining on the earth,
Outwearied with the wild delight
Of their exhausting mirth;
So droops the lovely field-flower,
As languid and in pain,
Bowed to the earth thus wearily,
It breathes a prayer for rain.

"The gale with cooler rush comes
Upon the leafy bloom;
All hazy grows the sultry sky—
Clouds in the distance loom:
The lightnings leap out fearfully—
The air the thunder roars;
And all night long upon the earth
The drenching rain descends.

"The sunny morn, and cloudless,
Awakes upon a scene
All the more glad and beautiful
Because the storm hath been:
Our hearts have days of sunshine,
But, freshness to retain,
We must have times of cloudiness—
We must have night and rain."

And yet one more:

"THE OPENING OF THE LEAVES.

"The book of nature's glory,
The volume vast and old,
Another true love-story
Beginneth to unfold;
The earth with thousand voices,
The earth no longer grieves;
But blest with hope, rejoices
At the opening of the leaves.

"The cottage windows brighten
More early in the morn;
The cherry-branches whiten,
The apple-bloom is born;
Old age to look advances,
And looking, love receives;
The heart of childhood dances
At the opening of the leaves.

"Man opens halls of splendor,
And palaces of skill,
And man to man can render
Honor with right good-will;
If songs of praise be given—
If honor man receives,
Oh! lift the heart to Heaven
For the opening of the leaves.

"Oh! how the book of glory,
The volume vast and old,
Its ever true love-story
Continues to unfold!
The earth with all its voices—
The earth no longer grieves,
But worshipping rejoices
At the opening of the leaves."

LYELL AND TENNYSON; SCIENCE IN VERSE.

WE once heard it said by an enthusiastic amateur well versed in the wonders of geology, that it was a pity Lyell had not trained himself for a poet, and that, had the *Principles of Geology*, as developed by Lyell, been known in Milton's day, our great epic poet would have produced something far grander than his account of the creation of the world given in the seventh book of *Paradise Lost*—a geological paraphrase, perhaps, of the Mosaic cosmogony, after the manner of Hugh Miller's or Dr. Hitchcock's latest versions

of the so-called "reconciliation" done into sounding blank verse. We can well fancy the effect on the popular mind that might have been produced by poetical inspiration such as this, considering the ever-shifting ground that, in the progress of discovery, theological geologists are obliged to assume; and considering also, that had Milton known or cared any thing about stratigraphical succession, he would have been the last man to commit the atrocious literary blunder of turning popular science into easy verse. Geology,

chemical affinities, and the loves of the flowers, will none of them suffer it; and there is more poetry in Babbington's *Manual of British Botany*, than Darwin's *Botanic Garden*. Even Hugh Miller's vein of vigorous Scottish thought is apt to pall on the sober-minded reader, and were Lyell, in a fit of poetic inspiration or insanity, in his next editions, to turn his *Principles or Elements of Geology* into Miltonic verse, there can be little doubt that the most flowery geologist would find it heavier reading than *Paradise Regained* to a girl of sixteen fresh from *Lalla Rookh*.

The experiment is easily made, although Sir Charles is probably not aware how nearly his harmonious prose approaches in structure to good blank verse. Like Davy, while writing prose he unawares, in modulation at least, almost writes in a poetical form; for, with the occasional transposition, omission, or addition of a word, or the docking of a syllable, we shall find the opening chapter of the *Elements* leading easily off in flowing decasyllabic lines as follows:

Of what materials is the earth composed,
And in what manner are these things arranged?
These are the first inquiries which engage
Geology, a science which derives
Its name from *ge*, the earth, and *logos*, word.
All inexperienced, we might have supposed
That such investigations would relate
Exclusive to the mineral domain,
And to the various rocks, the soils, and metals,
Which rest upon the surface of the earth,
Or lie concealed within its stony depths.
But, in pursuing such research, we soon
Find ourselves led to think about the changes
That erst the ancient earth has undergone,
Both on its surface and interior;
And all the causes which gave rise to these;
And what is less expected and more strange,
We soon become engaged in deep research
Into the history of the living world,
And all the tribes of animals and plants,
Which, in the different periods of the past,
Inhabited the globe.*

Further on, were a manual written in this fashion, we might have the "tabular view of the fossiliferous strata" given in the style of Homer's catalogue of ships, and the lists of fossils delivered like the enumeration of Milton's devils:

Micraster cor-anguinum, Baculites,
Scaphites and Turritiles and Ammonites,

* *Elements of Geology*. Fifth Edition. Chap. i. p. 1.

Siphonia pyriformis, Ptychodus,
Hamites spiniger and Nautilus,
And all the host of Oysters.

And, as mere lists of fossils are necessarily both numerous and dreary, lest they should be too heavy for general digestion, these weighty matters might, in due place, be relieved after the modern fashion by an occasional lyrical measure, an example of which we give for a chapter on that important subject, the "Coal-measures:"

In the lapse of ages run,
Periods of primeval earth,
Where are all the Mammals gone,
Growth of Palæozoic birth?
Cambrian grit, Silurian shale,
Slate of Devon, tell the tale.

Beds of Coal, where murky moil,
Bares the under-fire-clay blue;
Once a stiff tenacious soil,
Where the Sigillaria grew;
Monkeys with prehensile tails,
Surely leaped above these shales.

Swinging in the branches tall;
Where tree ferns and Walchias wave,
Quadrumana great and small,
Must have found a monkey's grave;
Buried in the muddy slime,
Of the Deltas of the time.

But, alas! no pit reveals
Vertebra, or other bone;
Even pouched Marsupials,
Rife in jaw-bones,* there are none.
Hopeful Faith! a later date
Yet shall see them; watch and wait.

Let Mr. Murray think of this, if—which seems improbable—prose editions of Lyell should ever hang heavy on his shelves; and, letting Lyell reap the fame, we ourselves might perhaps be induced to undertake the manual labor:

Hammering and clinking, chattering stony
names
Of shale and hornblende, rag and trap and tuff,
Amygdaloid and trachyte.

It is not, however, to be supposed from the above lyrical specimen that we wish to insinuate that the first theoretical geologist in the world positively holds an opinion so unorthodox in geology as that

* As geologists are aware, the balance of evidence tends to prove that the Marsupial mammals fossilized in the Oolitic rocks consisted of lower jaw-bones alone, nothing else being found of them.

mammals existed in all known geological time — more especially since Darwin's great work may now have modified some of the leanings in that direction that marked his earlier writings. For, unlike some of his more conservative cotemporaries, Lyell does not come lagging up behind after all the world has left them. On the contrary, he is eminently progressive, and in the struggle of opinion more than any other geologist, he both modifies old and develops new views by a process of natural selection so judicious and powerful, that the monads from whence they sprung pass by long and easy stages into whales and elephants; and the fathers of the monads—if a monad has a father—often find themselves deservedly buried and lost forever among the piles of traditional strata.

But return to the poetry of science. Even if, enamored of our specimen paragraphs, the public were to call for, and Murray were to respond and publish a poetical manual, it would be unsafe to calculate on its popularity as being a new idea and the first attempt of the kind. Witness *Werneria, or Short Characters of Earths, etc.*, by Terræ Filius, published in 1805, and long since passed into the limbo of other antiquated manuals, in which the author seriously describes all the common minerals of the day in uneasy verse, "that it may assist the recollection, and serve as an artificial memory for the several characters of the substances." Accordingly, in his introduction, he starts away as follows, and we vouch for the faithfulness of the transcript, barring the transposition of a single word in a line that limped so abominably that neither the mind's eye nor ear could tolerate it:

"All earths are known for brittle, and for fixed,
And sparingly in water soluble;
Deprived of taste and smell, communicate
To glass no tinge, and to metallic form
Are inconvertible; and bulk for bulk
Exceed not water more than five to one.
Than others some more perfect are, and hence
The terms of *saline* and *insipid* come.
By nature all are white, and solvent all
In one and t'other acid, nor can e'en
Prussiate of lime or potash e'er throw down
These once dissolved, like all the metal-tribe,
Save platinum alone. The purer earths
At present known are, Silix, Alumine,
Lime, and Magnesia, baryte, strontian,
Adamantine, jargon."

There is no doubt that, after all, in this last word lies the sum of the whole mat-

ter of the popular connection of science with poetry. For, although the commoner sort of devourers of flowery literature of a higher grade than the above may think otherwise, most sound working men of science, and all true poets, will agree that in general the poetry of science so-called, is little better than mere wordy inflation—platitudes about the inconceivable magnitude and distances of the fixed stars, the velocity of light, the immeasurable length of geological periods, the great pre-Adamite monsters, the oft-repeated wreck and ruin of the old world, and the harmony of things in general—all, even when tolerably well stated, far less impressive both to the sober judgment and the fervid imagination, than the plainest statements in homely English in a sound scientific treatise. Flowers are not honey, nor is coal mineral oil, although honey is extracted from the first, and paraffine from the other; and neither is science poetry, as Dick's *Christian Philosopher*, the *Philosophical Transactions*, and *Morris's Catalogue of British Fossils* can testify.

One poet—the greatest of his time—has, however, dared to make free use of science in his verse, not by full-blown bombastic descriptions of "the wonders of nature," but because, in addition to a high constructive power, an imagination powerful and tender, a perfect ear, and a thorough command of language, his mind is so fully imbued with true scientific feeling, that in his loftiest and gravest themes he often turns to it by instinct for comparison and for illustration. Or, again, from the fullness of actual and accurate knowledge, in a few perfect lines he gives the whole pith of a well-digested theory—or, not unfrequently, of those solemn arguments that, based upon the ever-increasing development of natural science, so perplex the minds of many thoughtful men, when, among other things, they remember that pain and death have been the heritage of all created beings from the earliest epochs of known geological time down to the present day. For man in his external relations to the world is subject to a very ancient law, that vexes and will ever vex the souls of philosophers, who strive in existing nature to prove the idea of perfect benevolence alone:

"Are God and Nature then at strife
That Nature lends such evil dreams?"

To this every one who believes in Omnipotence must necessarily answer, "No," and then confess his ignorance.

"Behold, we know not any thing,
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter turn to spring.

"So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry."

Does, then, all our prying "through life and death, through good and ill," teach nothing beyond this—that "there's something in the world amiss," involved in such hopeless confusion that all we do and all we learn bring us no nearer to any solution of the mystery of why things are so arranged that animals of every grade must live, suffer, and die? Again, we ponder:

"Are God and nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
*So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life.*

"*So careful of the type? but, no,
From scarp'd cliff and quarried stone
She cries: 'A thousand types are gone:
I care for nothing, all shall go.*

"*'Thou makest thine appeal to me:
I bring to life, I bring to death:
The spirit does but mean the breath:
I know no more.'* And he, shall he,

"Man, her last work, who seemed so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who rolled the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

"Who trusted God was love indeed,
And love Creation's final law—
*Though Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shrieked against his creed—*

"Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
*Be blown about the desert dust,
Or sealed within the iron hills?*

"O life as futile, then, as frail!
Oh! for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil."

It requires an educated person, well versed in geological theory, thoroughly to realize the meaning of these lines, and

of many others scattered through Tennyson's poetry, especially in *In Memoriam*. The words must be pondered well before their full inner significance is seen. In plain prose, the mournful music of these half-doubting, half-despairing lines seems to say: Since terror and death have ever been the heritage of created beings, and since species, genera, and whole orders of life have in old times passed away in long succession, leaving only their traces in the rocks—and since man "in intellect so like a god," is yet like other animals subject to all these sorrows and accidents of death for reasons to him unfathomable—what can he expect, but that his doom shall be like theirs? What but that, as with extinct creations, so in the distant epoch to come, the only relics of his past existence shall have no higher fate than to be entombed in sediments drawn from the destruction of those hills that minor poets have fondly termed everlasting—sediments now being "sowed" in existing seas and forming "the dust of continents to be."

"There rolls the deep where grew the tree,
O earth! what changes hast thou seen!
There where the long street roars, hath
been
The stillness of the central sea.

"The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form and nothing stands;
They melt like mists, the solid lands,
Like clouds they change themselves and go."

No one could have written the foregoing lines who was not deeply impressed and perfectly conversant with the geological theory of denudation, and with those great terrestrial changes so familiar to geologists, which, through ages that to our finite sense look like a large section of eternity, evince the vast alternating mutations of sea and land; but to the unlearned reader they fall dead upon the ear, or seem to be sounding words alone. Compared with the lapse of unknown time since the passage of the older geological periods, the towering Alps, that seem and are so venerable, form but a mountain-range of yesterday, for both the Alps and the Jura rose from the deep after the earlier Tertiary epochs had passed away. If, then, it be true, that man, subject to all terrestrial accidents, is often buried in the "dust" of seas that from all analogy must form the continents of a phase of



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JOHN G. SQUIRE, 1867
HISTORIAN OF THE NETHERLANDS

the coming world, what, in a physical sense, remains for him but the mournful expectation that his bones should forever

"Be blown about the desert dust,
Or sealed within the iron hills?"

And if this indeed be the end of all his perplexities, well may the despairing cry be raised:

"What hope of answer or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil."

What hope but this—

"I see in part
That all as in some piece of art,
Is toil coöperant to an end;"

and then, with some, both of the more timid and the bolder thinkers,

"If e'er when faith had fallen asleep,
We heard a voice, 'believe no more,'"

we may still "faintly trust the larger hope;" or, waxing stronger, trust in full—

"That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, LL.D.

THE name and writings of this eminent historian of the Netherlands have become familiar to American readers. The pages of *THE ECLECTIC* this year have been enriched with a review of his works. The English quarterlies speak the language of high commendation of his talents as a historian. We have now the pleasure of presenting to our readers a fine portrait of Dr. Motley, which we are quite sure will be welcomed as an appropriate embellishment of our present number. The portrait has been engraved from a photograph taken at Boston a few weeks since, which Dr. Motley kindly consented to sit for at our request, which we accompany with a brief biographical sketch.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY was born in Dorchester, Mass., April fifteenth, 1814. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1831, and thence proceeded to the University of Göttingen, where he continued about one year, and another year at the University of Berlin, after which he traveled for some time in the south of Europe, chiefly in Italy. On his return to America he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1836-'7. He displayed little liking for the drudgery of the law, and scarcely practiced his profession. In 1839 he published a novel entitled *Morton's Hope, or the Memoirs of a Young Pro-*

vincial. In 1840 he received the appointment of Secretary of Legation to the American embassy to Russia. He held the post about eight months, when he resigned and returned to the United States. In 1849 he produced a second historical fiction, entitled *Merry Mount, a Romance of the Massachusetts Colony*. This work, like the preceding, although well written, and giving abundant evidence of talent, attracted little attention. Meanwhile he had contributed various articles to some of the leading reviews. Among these papers, one on De Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, and another on Goethe and his writings, appeared in the *New-York Review*. Still another of very striking character on Peter the Great, was published in the *North-American Review* for Oct. 1845. Soon afterwards he became interested in the history of Holland, and began to collect authorities for a work on that subject, writing enough to form two volumes; but, unable to gather such material at home as he deemed necessary for the thorough prosecution of the subject, he embarked for Europe with his family in 1851. On examination he became dissatisfied with his labors, threw aside all that he had written, and began his entire task anew. In Berlin, Dresden, and the Hague, he passed the principal portion of

his time during the next five years, engaged upon the composition of his history, entitled *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*. It was published in London in 1856, (3 vols. 8vo.) and was at once reproduced in New-York. It was also reprinted in English at Amsterdam, beside being translated into Dutch under the supervision of the historian M. Bakhuyzen van den Brink, who prefixed an introductory chapter. A German translation was published at Leipzig and Dresden; and the first volume of a French translation, with an introduction by Guizot, was published in 1859. The sale of the work in England, to Nov. 1857, had reached fifteen thousand copies; and in America, up to June, 1860, seventy-seven hundred and ninety copies had been printed. Mr. Motley visited the United States for a short time in 1858. He is now in Europe pursuing his researches regarding the history of Holland. A new work, entitled, *The United Netherlands*, (3 vols. 8vo.) is announced (Oct. 1860) for publication in London. Since the publication of his *Dutch Republic* he has been elected a member of various learned societies in Europe and America, among them of the Institute of France in place of Mr. Prescott, deceased. In 1860 he received the degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford, and that of LL.D. from Harvard College. Dr. Motley returned from Europe the past summer, (1861,) and after a few weeks' sojourn among his friends at Boston, he received his appointment as Minister Resident to Austria, concerning which the *Boston Transcript*, of August twentieth, has the following:

"John Lothrop Motley, the newly appointed Minister to Austria, one of the most accomplished men ever sent by the Government of the United States to represent it abroad, will sail from this city in the steamer to-morrow. Mr. Motley does not, as some journals seem to think, owe his appointment to the influence of powerful friends, or to his great literary reputation among the scholars and historians of Europe, but to his demonstrated capacity for the performance of diplomatic duties, as shown by his services to the American cause in England, before our

regular ambassador, Mr. Adams, arrived in London. In the prosecution of his researches into the history of the sixteenth century, Mr. Motley had not forgotten the political history of his own country. He was perfectly familiar with all the facts, arguments and principles on which the Unionists and the secessionists respectively relied, and he was perfectly familiar also with all those avenues to the English mind, by availing himself of which an American can hope to convey intelligence on American affairs to English statesmen and men of letters.

"His high social and his high literary rank afforded him the opportunities for influencing English opinion, not only by his masterly communications to the *London Times*, but by private conversations with Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, and other members of the British Cabinet. After the attack on Sumter, and the grand uprising of the people to defend the Constitution and the Union of the States, Mr. Motley, not Mr. Dallas, was really our Minister at the Court of St. James. He did all that the wide information, the untiring activity, and the bright intelligence of one man could possibly do, in disabusing Englishmen of the misinformation regarding the matters in dispute, which the diplomatic agents of the Confederates were industriously circulating. To this work he cheerfully gave up all literary activity which had previously engaged his attention, and into this new work he threw himself with all the chivalrous earnestness and patriotic fervor of his nature.

"We perceive that some journals congratulate Mr. Motley that his office will give him the means and the leisure to continue his 'history.' This, we feel assured, is a consideration which has no prominence in his own ardent mind. He goes to Europe, not so much to obtain materials for his history of the *Thirty Years' War*, as to employ in the service of his country all his knowledge, all his intelligence, all the charm of his frank and cordial manners, and all the consummate tact in dealing with men he has acquired by mingling freely in European society."

From the Edinburgh Scotsman.

TWO NEW FAMILIES OF ASTEROIDS.

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT PLANETS.

MONS. LEVERRIER, the celebrated astronomer, read an interesting paper to the Academy of Sciences in 1859, on certain irregularities in the motion of the planet Mercury. These, carefully studied, led him to the curious conclusion that the planet's motions were disturbed by a quantity of matter revolving between it and the sun. Believing that if this matter had existed in the form of a planet it could not have escaped notice, he concluded that it must be distributed in a group of small bodies, like the asteroids, circulating between Mars and Jupiter. In confirmation of this idea, he found that Lemonnier, in 1772, saw, under some peculiarly favorable circumstances, a ring or chaplet of small bodies across the sun's disk, occupying some minutes in doing so. Further researches submitted to the Academy on the seventeenth of last month, have enabled him to advance a step farther in the path of discovery thus opened up.

He observes that from the action of the planets on each other, their orbits are subjects to changes of three kinds. There may be a change in the *plane* of a planet's orbit, or the angle it forms with the ecliptic; secondly, in its *orientation*, or the part of the heavens to which its longer axis points; and thirdly, in its *form*, or the shape of the ellipse described by the planet. Now, the amount of such changes, ascertained by observation, affords data for computing the masses of the bodies producing them; and if we assume that the known planets are the only disturbing bodies, it follows that the results obtained—the value of the masses—should be the same whatever be the changes from which the computation is made. If the results do not exhibit this harmony, the discordance indicates the action of some body exterior to the planets, which has been overlooked. It was in this way, from the difference between the observed and com-

puted longitudes of Uranus that the disturbing action of an unknown planet (Neptune) was ascertained; and by marvelous refinements of calculation, its very place in the heavens pointed out. By a similar process, M. Leverrier was led to infer the existence of a ring of small bodies revolving between Mercury and the sun, and though no living astronomer has seen them, the reality of the discovery will most probably not be questioned. His paper was noticed in the *Scotsman* of September twelfth, 1859, under the title of "An Unpunctual Planet."

M. Leverrier has also been studying, and apparently revising, the theory of Mars. From the movements of the earth, he estimates the mass of that planet at "one three millionth part" of the mass of the sun; that of the earth at "one three hundred and fifty-five thousandth part;" and that of Venus at one four hundred thousandth part," of the mass of the great central luminary. In Sir John Herschel's *Outlines*, the mass of the earth is put down about one fifth, and that of Mars about one seventh part greater than the above estimates, while that of Venus is nearly the same. Setting out from these data, the French astronomer finds that to reconcile the ancient with the modern observations of Mars, it is necessary to accelerate his perihelion movement. To find an adequate cause for this again, we must assume an increase in the attractive force of the earth or Venus—that is, in the computed mass of one or both of these planets. But the action of Venus on Mars is from its position comparatively feeble; and the value of its mass rests on grounds that are considered unassailable. We have no alternative, then, but to add to the computed mass of the earth, and an addition of a *tenth* suffices. But there are good reasons against admitting such a change; and an equal quantity of matter, in another form, revolving round the sun

at the same distance, will give us the attractive force required. This, Leverrier concludes, must exist in the form of a ring of planetary bodies, analogous to the asteroids, revolving round the sun in orbits of nearly the same diameter with that of the earth.

He rests this conclusion on purely astronomical grounds, and makes no allusion to a phenomenon which will readily connect itself in many minds with his ring of planetary bodies, and could not be absent from his own—we mean the aerolites or mineral masses, lumps of iron, and showers of stones falling from the atmosphere, which have so long been a puzzle to philosophers. One of the earliest of these on record is the block, as large as two millstones, which fell at *Ægos Potamos*, on the west bank of the Hellespont, in the year 465 B.C. From one which fell at *Tahlinder*, in the Punjab (of iron) in 1620, a sword was made for the Emperor *Jehangire*. Since the year last mentioned there have been sixteen instances, well authenticated, of stones having fallen in the British Isles. *Ed. Biot* has found an equal number recorded in the imperial annals of China, between 650 B.C. and 333 A.D. The explosion of a fiery globe at *l'Aigle*, in Normandy, on the twenty-sixth of April, 1803, at midday, scattered thousands of stones over an area of twenty or thirty square miles. There was a similar shower of aerolites in the State of Ohio, on the first of May, 1860, which was also attended with loud detonations, some of the larger blocks weighing from forty to one hundred pounds. There are many other instances. (See *Humboldt's Cosmos*, vol. i. 108–118; vol. iii. 422.)

For the last twenty years it has been all but universally admitted that the falling blocks are of the nature of planetary bodies. Hitherto, however, it has been supposed that the number was very small, and there was nothing in the mode

or time of their occurrence to indicate that they had any connection with one another, or with any known part of our solar system. They seemed as independent, and to defy calculation or prediction, as much as the non-periodical comets, without having the marks of brotherhood which these display. Leverrier's discovery, therefore, comes opportunely to give us some idea of their origin. The aerolites, it may be presumed, are *stragglers* from the ring or circular belt of stones revolving round the sun, and consist of individual blocks, which during their revolution happen to come near enough to the earth to be detached from their places by its attraction. Judging from the specimens which visit our globe, these traveling stones must amount to many millions, since, in the aggregate, they are equal to one tenth of the earth's mass. It may be assumed that the orbit in which they move has a different plane from that of the earth, and, if so, the fall of aerolites can occur only at the points where the planes intersect—that is, *periodically*—and twice a year at most; while, as their orbit, like the earth's, must be elliptical, and the ring of meteoric stones may not be entire, but consist of detached portions, it is evident that many years may elapse without the earth encountering one aerolite, while on other occasions it may encounter many in a single year.

If M. Leverrier's conclusions are accepted, they extend the science of astronomy in its more minute features, and make us acquainted, by an indirect but ingenious and refined process, with two multitudinous systems of small planetary bodies, of which otherwise we never could have obtained any knowledge. An incidental but valuable result of the discovery is the rational explanation it offers of those mysterious masses of stone and metal which fall from the atmosphere.

C. M.

MAKING MONEY TO DIE WITH.

OUR lunatic asylums are insufficient for the accommodation of their patients. A prodigious increase of the number of the receptacles for the insane, has coëxisted with a still greater increase in the madness and idiotism of the nation; and, rapid as has been the multiplication of private establishments, the demand has far exceeded the supply. This was a result not less certain than it is alarming. Insanity is constitutional—hereditary. The seeds of it lurk in the constitution of many who marry before it has developed its marked characteristics. They multiply themselves indefinitely in their children, and there is nothing to arrest the indefinite, the geometrical ratio of increase, but the feeble effect of a “crossing of the breed.” The conventional tyranny of appearances has much to answer for. Families with five hundred pounds a year think they must have every thing that those with one thousand pounds a year appear to have. The needy maintain the same worldly exterior as the comfortable and the rich. War, mechanical invention, discoveries of prodigious quantities of the precious metals, facilities of communication with distant countries, have given a stimulus to production and speculation so general and intense, that hope, fear, anxiety, sudden fortune, unforeseen reverse, agitate the whole of society to a high-pressure degree. The brain softens, the *morbus Brightii* seizes his victim, and mania or slaving idiotcy follow. “Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows what is it to leave betimes?” Shakspeare, the author of that sentence, adorned his own doctrine. He retired to Stratford in the blossom of his early fame and the dawning of his pecuniary fortune. He was the greatest of practical philosophers as well as the poet for all time; his plan of life was eminently wise in securing true happiness, the proper end of existence. He refused to exhaust his life in the mere means of living, and had the sagacity to know when he had enough, and contentedly to resign the tempting and trencherous solicitations of avarice and ambition to scrape together and grasp at

more. Lawyers seem to think it some great merit when they say there is no galley-slave worked harder than a leading barrister in full practice. Why the deuce *does* he slave? He has only to return fees he never earns, to refuse retainers for work that is beyond his strength, and let briefless clever fellows have his redundant share of business. But no, Greed masters him; like the spider, he spins his entrails out at his brains; and nine out of ten successful (?) lawyers live on in the monstrous life-shadow of sophistry and lies, to be hurried by paralysis or imbecility out of existence, without having known an hour of enjoyment. A fashionable physician who is telling patients all day of their overwork and of the Bright disease, is himself dying by inches, of nothing but fees. A great professor of surgery literally, at last, had a total inability to refuse them. In vain his colleagues proscribed a limit to his professional hours, and a longer period of relaxation and enjoyment. It was so easy to receive guineas and to say two or three sentences, and to write a prescription, that positively he could never leave it off until first mind, and then life left *him* off. If we will just imagine what must be the effect on posterity of the whole nation since the commencement of the great French war, having acted more or less on this view of the end and significancy of life, we can be at no loss to account for the rapid increase of paralysis, apoplexy, failure of the senses, softening of the brain, mania, fatuity. The overtaxed brain becomes vitiated and suffused—the victim imparts to posterity congenital and hereditary cerebral disease. He gives but the dregs of his being to his children. The family of the man who has exhausted his brain are very frequently “washed out,” barren, feckless, or absolutely insane or foolish. Left by a muckworm or worldly father with the large fortune he had not the wisdom to enjoy or the heart to spend, their inheritance is generally fooled away in a muddle, or recklessly squandered in facile profligacy or insane dissipation. Had the progenitor earned

less and spent more on his own leisure and enjoyment, his children would actually have been richer by the necessity of doing something for themselves, than by his thrusting a silver spoon in their mouths the moment they were born. The "almighty dollar" is too many for all Anglo-Saxons—leads us all *propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas*. All America is mad; and it is about money, and getting on, and keeping grimly what it has got, and refuses to part with. Secession means £400,000,000 worth of slaves—Northern Federalism is but panic at the prospect of Southern debtors repudiating, and Southern mortgages being left unpaid without being foreclosed. Every thing is too go-a-head—every body is living too fast. We should lose nothing by producing less. We waste half what we earn in worthless speculations and bad debts, and still have more left than does us good. We have lent money to states, to foreign and colonial railroads and mines, which might just as well have never been earned, and still we have more left than is wholesome for contentment. In this central city of the world we can literally reckon the number of self-made men risen to the pinnacle of for-

tune by the insane, the paralytic, or the hopelessly brain-softened or heart-diseased. Some take fright and retire from the very neap tide of their fortunes to save the rest of their lives from "wan despair" or hopeless imbecility. Most hold on until their own abundance becomes completely their master. They fall down before the huge pile in fetish worship—contemplate it in awe and reverence as an idol not to be touched except to add new sacrifices to the heap of votive gifts. The barrister who has made more fees than ever were realized by the highest practice, after exhausting night and day in grubbing guineas in railway committees, was driven by a ruined brain in early manhood, to retire upon a fortune he can no longer enjoy; and he wanders about in desperate dejection, possessed by the one absorbing thought of the fear of death. The "Napoleon of Commerce," withered at the top, believed himself ruined, and every Saturday night drew laborer's wages from his keeper. Unwarned by his fate, his greatest commercial rivals have gone, or are going, the way he went—with what result to their posterity it would be invidiously personal to inquire.

DEATH OF THE SULTAN.

THE Sultan died at Constantinople. His brother, Abdul Aziz, has succeeded him.

Sultan Abdul Medjid Khan, the thirty-first sovereign of the family of Osman, and the twenty-eighth from the taking of Constantinople, was born on the twenty-third of April, 1823, and succeeded his father, Sultan Mahmoud Khan II. on the second of July, 1839. Though Abdul Medjid has left behind him twelve children, according to the *Almanach de Gotha*, the eldest of whom, a male, was born on the twenty-first of September, 1840, yet it is according to the custom of the Turkish Empire that the succession to the throne devolves on the deceased's brother, Abdul Aziz, who was born on the ninth of February, 1830. Abdul Medjid when

summoned by the Austrian and Russian Emperors, in 1849, to surrender the Hungarian refugees, acted with great firmness; and during the early stages of the Crimean war, he evinced a full sense of the responsibilities cast upon him at so critical a juncture in his country's history. The events attending that war are too recent to require recapitulation, and since its close the Sultan has betrayed much of the apathy characteristic of his race. His health has been declining for some time past. Abdul Medjid reigned twenty-two years, under the protection of Western diplomacy. The statesman who is now at the head of the British Government may be considered to have been his guardian from the day of his boyish accession till now that he has sunk, a prematurely old

man, into the grave. The first important event of his reign was the check to the ambition of Mehemet Ali, who, favored by the Cabinet of M. Thiers, sought to make Egypt and Syria independent of the Porte, if even he did not dream of subverting the dynasty of Othman. The policy of Lord Palmerston, which triumphed on that occasion, has for twenty years since been accepted as that which ought to govern the dealings of Europe with the Turkish Empire. It may be summed up in a few words. To defend the Sultan against Foreign Potentates, and to aid him in ruling his own Pashas, has been the endeavor of England during the whole reign of Abdul Medjid. The results have been most remarkable. A tranquillity and order, a centralization without example for completeness, and a ready and even ostentatious loyalty to the Porte, marks every Mohammedan Governor throughout the empire. But, with all this seeming unity and strength, the Turkish Empire is now more decrepit than when Abdul Medjid began to reign, for the Turks themselves have lost heart and energy. The Turks have not rallied after the war of 1854. Abdul Medjid was a type of the race and of the system. He was eminently a civilized Turk, as his father, Mahmoud, had made the governing classes. He was kind, averse from severity even to a fault; he had manners which became his high station, and went through his interviews with foreign ambassadors very decorously and courteous-

ly. But activity and forethought, and proper care for the Empire, were utterly wanting. It is of no use to enlarge upon the private life of this unhappy Prince, who, establishing a harem at the age of fourteen or fifteen, had the look and bearing of an old man before attaining middle age. His extravagance and the extravagance of his wives knew no bounds. How they spent their money is almost inconceivable. It went, not by thousands, but by millions of pounds sterling. Ever new palaces, new diamonds, new pensions to favorites or schemers of all kinds, swallowed up revenues which would be considered large even in England. He has brought Turkey almost to the ground. His numerous sons and daughters have been magnificently provided for at the expense of the exhausted Empire. He is now gone, and another, the thirty-second of the family of Othman, succeeds. This is Aziz, his brother, and the only other surviving son of Mahmoud. Aziz is said very much to resemble his father in character and vigor of will, but to be not a reformer and free-thinker, but a strict Mohammedan, and a reactionary in politics. Though much confidence ought not to be given to the estimates formed of an Oriental Prince who has been jealously kept in idleness and almost in seclusion all his life, we think it likely that the new Sultan will prove a man of more powerful mind than his brother. He is thirty-one years of age, and of strong constitution.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

A MEMOIR OF DANIEL SAFFORD. By his Wife. Published by the American Tract Society, 28 Cornhill, Boston. Pp. 384.

THIS memoir is the record of a well-spent life. To spend life well, in the best sense of the term, is a great achievement. Comparatively few men do it. As men have but one life to live on earth, it is worth the best effort to make the most of this one life. As a remarkable example of success in such a life amid the activities of business in the walks of commerce, Mr. Safford was in many respects a model man. As such, the volume which records the annals of his life, the wise employment of his time, the great amount of good to the bodies and souls of men

which he accomplished, and the quiet and unobtrusive manner of it, is well worth the perusal, the careful study of business men, who would go and do likewise.

In preparing this valuable memoir for publication, Mrs. Safford has performed a work which, from her relations to the subject, no one else perhaps could have done so well. She has erected a monument to the memory of her husband more enduring than Parian marble, and immeasurably more useful to the world of living humanity for ages to come. It may well and truly be written of Mr. Safford "that he being dead, yet speaketh" in words silent, but most useful and instructive.

SPOTS ON THE SUN, OR THE PLUMB-LINE PAPERS. Being a series of Essays, or Critical Examinations of Difficult Passages of Scripture; together with a careful Inquiry into certain Dogmas of the Church. By Rev. T. M. HOPKINS, A. M., Geneva, New-York. Published by Rudd & Carlton, 180 Grand street, New-York. 1861. Pp. 367.

This volume is comprised in eight chapters. I. Samson and his Foxes. II. The Dial of Ahaz. III. The Resurrection of the Body. IV. The God-likeness in Man. V. The Inexorable Element in Law. VI. Did Christ preach the whole Gospel? VII. Stopping of the Sun and Moon. Part 1. VIII. Stopping of the Sun and Moon. Part 2. The contents of this volume indicate the nature of the subjects presented and discussed, better than a whole page of description. The author thinks for himself, investigates for himself, reasons for himself, and from the nature and habits of his mind, it would be strange if after many years of devoted study of the Bible and of preaching the Gospel, he did not bring out things new and old from this great and exhaustless gold mine of divine truth. The reader of this volume will be interested, instructed, edified; he will derive ideas, views, thoughts, which perhaps he never thought of before. We greet every good digger into the mines of celestial truth. Gold is never injured by being melted again and worked over.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS. By CHARLES DICKENS, Author of *Pickwick Papers*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Dombey and Son*, etc. With thirty-four illustrations from original designs, by JOHN MCLENAN. Complete in one volume. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 806 Chestnut street. Pp. 523.

The name and fame of Charles Dickens as a writer of romance and fiction are so well known over the reading world in both hemispheres, that to speak of him and attempt to tell who he is and what he is, would be about as much a work of supererogation as to try to inform the world that the sun shines, though it only shines one day at a time.

MEDITATIONS ON THE DEAD.—Go to the grave of buried love, and meditate. There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being who can never—never—return to be soothed by thy contrition! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.—*Washington Irving.*

BODY VERSUS MIND.—By examining the tongue of their patient, physicians discover the disease of the body, and philosophers the disease of the mind.

THE IRISH CENSUS.—The abstracts of the census of Ireland for 1861 have just been issued. The total population of Ireland on the 7th of April was 5,764,543, less by 787,842 than it was in 1851, which is a decrease of 12.02 per cent, on the last decennial period. On the previous decade there was a decrease of 19.85 per cent. The diminution has been greatest in Munster, where it is 18 per cent, and the least in Ulster, where it is only 5 per cent. The Commissioners ascribe the decrease to emigration. From the report of the Emigration Commissioners it appears that 1,230,986 emigrants left Ireland during the last ten years; and from the returns obtained by the Registrar-General of Ireland, it is found that of these, 1,174,179 were set down as "permanent emigrants." Roman Catholics, 4,490,588; members of the Established Church, 678,661; Presbyterians, 598,992; all other persuasions, 8414; Jews, 322. The total number of Protestants in Ireland is 1,273,960, giving the Roman Catholics a majority of 3,216,623; or about 3½ Roman Catholics to 1 Protestant. In Ulster the proportions are—Established Church, 390,301; Presbyterians, 511,371; Roman Catholics, 963,687.

THE EMPEROR PAUL OF RUSSIA.—One assigned cause for Sir Charles Whitworth's disgrace with the Court of Russia is curious. The Emperor had given orders no empty carriage should pass a certain part of the palace. Sir Charles, ignorant of this, had left his coach to speak with a workman, and desired it might drive on and meet him at a distance. The sentinel stopped the carriage, the servants insisted on driving on, a scuffle ensued. The Emperor, ever on the watch about trifles, inquired into the cause of the dispute, and on learning it, ordered the servants to be beat, the horses to be beat, and the coach to be beat, (Xerxes lashing the sea!) Sir Charles Whitworth, by way of washing off this stain, ordered his servants to be discharged, his horses to be shot, his carriage, after being broken into a thousand pieces, to be thrown into the river. The Emperor, indignant at this mark of offended pride, insisted on his recall.—*Journal kept during a Visit to Germany.*

RELICS FROM POMPEII.—Some interesting relics have been recently dug up at Pompeii. Among these was a thick golden ring with a precious stone, bearing the figure of Hercules, armed with his club, and engraved by the artist Sonoles, a cotemporary of Augustus, and whose name is marked in minute letters. A full-size female head of bronze, with glass eyes and bronze inkstand with a lid, and a sponge inside, still in good preservation, were also discovered, with a number of coins, and several curious buckles of gold.

THE BRIDGE AT BREST.—Among the improvements (says the Paris correspondent of the *Times*) which have been lately made in the port of Brest, a magnificent bridge has been thrown over the Penfeld, an arm of the sea which separates Brest properly so called from Recouvrance. The arch of the bridge is ninety feet above the lowest tide, and will permit merchant ships and small vessels of war to pass under it. But to open a passage for ships of the line through a bridge so high and of such great dimensions appeared impossible. The work, nevertheless, has been accomplished. Great as the difficulty is to separate so gigantic a mass, two men are sufficient to accomplish it in the course of ten minutes. Nor does it require more force or a greater amount of

time to close it. This stupendous work gives a just idea of the power of mechanism. The project is due to M. Oudry, of the Ponts et Chaussées, and the execution to M. Schneider, of Creuzot.

THE COAL-OIL TRADE OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—In the year 1860, fourteen thousand and two tons of Albert Coal were exported from New-Brunswick to Boston and Portland, for the purpose of manufacturing a fine description of burning oil, commonly known as Albertine Oil. This coal is probably the most valuable in the world, and is sold at the wharf at Hillsborough, N. B., for fifteen dollars per ton. It produces upward of one hundred gallons of crude oil, or about seventy-five gallons of refined oil of the most superior quality, per ton. A company was organized some years ago in St. John for manufacturing Albertine oil from this coal, and up to the present time it has not only supplied the New-Brunswick market, but has exported considerable quantities to Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Canada and the United States. Another company was recently organized in St. John for the purpose of manufacturing burning oil from schale, or schist, which is found in great abundance in Albert county. In consequence, however, of the immense quantities of well-oil being discovered in the United States, and the Government of that country having recently imposed, under their new Tariff, a duty of ten per cent per gallon on coal-oil, instead of fifteen per cent *ad valorem*, as formerly, this company, after investing a large amount of capital, has been under the necessity of abandoning the manufacture of oil for the present.—*Halifax Morning Journal, August 5th.*

THE DEVIL AT CORFU.—About a fortnight ago the quiet town of Corfu was startled one night by the appearance of his Satanic Majesty. Men fled in all directions, women fainted, and children cried, but there the devil was, and nobody dared to go near him. The superstitious Greeks attributed his arrival either as a consequence of the comet, or else a punishment of the late conduct toward England, or else as the beginning of the end of the world; but, as to its being a hoax, that was out of the question. But it was a hoax, and carried too far, for some women became dangerously ill, and it is said one died of fright. The police, who are remarkable in Corfu for their stupidity and cowardice, were ordered to take him, and succeeded in surrounding him, on which he blew fire from his mouth, and the police vanished in every direction. The officers of the garrison watched in the streets for him, but he did not care to come across them, and kept out of the way till they had retired. This went on for three or four nights, when he suddenly disappeared, and at the same time an officer of the navy, who had been turned out of the service for misconduct, and who was waiting at Corfu for a passage home, left the island in a steamer. There is now very little doubt that he personated the devil; at least he is suspected of it. The "get-up" was capital—the usual horns and tail, and an apparatus on his feet by which he was able to increase his height to seven feet, and diminish it again to his ordinary stature.—*Galvani.*

DARING FRENCH ENGINEERING EXPERIMENT.—The Straits of Messina are destined to undergo an operation (on the part of a French engineer) somewhat akin to the daring experiment of the Menai Bridge, but of a different character. There are no project-

ing cliffs that would enable Charybdis to communicate with Scylla athwart a tubular shaft hung in mid air, over "the masts of some tall admiral;" besides, as a line of railway across the Channel is the object in view, an artificial ascent and incline is out of the question, but a gigantic pair of swivel pontoons nearly on a level with high water is held to be perfectly practicable, and the engineer, M. Oudry, has already demonstrated that in his lately achieved bridge over an arm of the sea at Brest. Between that naval arsenal and the opposite point at Recouvrance there rolls the tidal estuary, called Penfeld Inlet, across which he has thrown two sheet-iron tubes, each two hundred and fifty-four feet long, resting for support each on a central fulcrum or swivel, sustained by two piles of granite, in diameter measuring thirty-six cubic feet, the weight of each joint of the movable bridge being about three million pounds, yet such is the well-poised and accurate mechanism of this enormous structure, that a couple of men can swing round and reconnect the bridge, as if it were mere watchwork on the principle of horizontal movement.—*Paris letter.*

MEMORIES.

WHEN the wild dark rains their dirges sing,
And the winds of winter moan,
And we feel that life is a bitter thing
As we sit by the fire alone—
How we picture the loving face that smiled
From its place in the old arm-chair,
And thrill to the kiss of a darling child
As we part its golden hair!
Sweet, though sad, such dreams must be,
Coming ever and aye to me—
Memory!—O Memory!

When we stand on the perilous deck at night,
And hear the breakers roar—
When the anchor snaps, and the lurid light
Reveals the long lee-shore—
Lo! a cottage-lamp with its glimmering rays
Shines soft on the gloom afar,
And we hear the voices of bright home-days
As we crash on the rocky bar!
Sweet though sad, such dreams must be,
In the wild perils of the sea—
Memory!—O Memory!

Ah! the loved and the dead will in thought come
back,
To comfort the loving heart;
And the vision of home will light up her track,
When the ship's great timbers part!
But tears will the strong man's cheeks bedew,
As the wilder memories come,
Of one to her early vows untrue,
And a sad forsaken home!
Darker than death such dreams must be,
To one so true of heart as thee,
Memory!—O Memory!

—WESTBY GIBSON.

GRANDEUR GRANDLY TRANSCRIBED.—The magnificent Dome of Monreale, Sicily, is to be fitly illustrated by the Rev. D. B. Gravina, on the most magnificent scale, by eighty large imperial folio plates printed in chromo-lithography, with, as certain specimens already completed show, the greatest care and accuracy of attention to the famous mosaics of this singular building, the crown of Norman Architecture.

The architectural portion will be included in these, of course. The author, who has resided for forty years in the Benedictine Monastery, adjoining the Dome, has given all his attention to the work he has now nearly brought to a conclusion, and contributes a text explicatory of the symbolic meaning of the emblems of the colors, and of the sacred and profane usages and customs, as delineated in the mosaics. The plates have been partly executed by the author, partly by Sicilian artists. The proceeds are to be devoted to building a school for poor children at Maidstone. The date of the subject, about 1170, and the vast variety of his mosaics, can not but afford a means of interesting the public, especially as we find architects turning their attention to mosaic as a means of decoration; and that there is considerable hope Sir Christopher Wren's original intention of illuminating the stark walls of St. Paul's Cathedral with such materials may soon be carried out.

INCREASE OF INSANITY.—The fifteenth report of Commissioners in Lunacy, just issued, shows that during the ten years from the 1st of January, 1849, to the 1st of January, 1859, the number of patients in the various asylums of England and Wales has advanced from 14,560 to 22,853. This increase had been principally in public asylums. In county and borough asylums the advance has been from 6494 to 16,845, making an increase of 9351; in lunatic hospitals from 1135 to 1992, making an increase of 857; but as respects licensed houses, the numbers have been reduced from 6931 to 5016, making a decrease in these houses of 1915 patients. The great increase which has taken place in the number of patients in asylums is limited almost entirely to pauper and criminal patients. As respects private patients, the return shows a total increase of 1072 cases during the ten years, namely—from 3759 to 4831. Amongst the pauper patients, the women in 1859 exceeded the men by 1800.

THE POPE'S HEALTH AND PREPARATIONS FOR APPOINTING A SUCCESSOR.—The *Perseveranza*, of Milan, states, upon what it considers good authority, that in the prevision of the Pope's death, a place is being secretly prepared, in the bishopric of Verona, for the reception of the cardinals in conclave, who, in the event alluded to, are immediately to make their escape from Rome, and proceed to the place appointed, to elect a new Pope under the protection of Austria.

DISAPPOINTMENT OF THE PAPAL GOVERNMENT.—When Cardinal Antonelli was officially informed by the French Ambassador of the recognition of the kingdom of Italy, he replied: "This is where we have been led by the solemn promises made by your Emperor at the beginning of the war."

A MANSION AND ESTATE, in the vicinity of Lucerne, have just been purchased for the King of Naples for the sum of 400,000 francs.

A BIBLICAL DISCOVERY.—During the ensuing month a work of rare interest to the biblical scholar will be published. It is a *fac simile* of the earliest copy of the Scriptures ever yet discovered. The manuscript contains portion of the Gospel of St. Matthew, and was written by Nicholas, the seventh deacon, at the dictation of the Apostle Matthew, fifteen years after the Ascension. The manuscript,

with many others, was discovered by the Rev. Mr. Stobart, in a sarcophagus, at Thebes. The papyrus is much damaged, and the fragments preserved are not very numerous, but they supply two lost verses, furnish a much purer text than any other known version, and clear up many passages that have hitherto been doubtful and obscure. This in all probability was the identical manuscript that was copied seven times by Hermodorus, during the life of the Apostle, and likewise seven times after his death. The copy from which the English version of the Gospel is chiefly derived, is the eleventh copy made by Hermodorus, preserved in one of the monasteries of the East, and in this several errors have been made in the transcription.—*Literary Gazette*.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1862.—The Imperial Commission, says *Galignani*, for the London Universal Exhibition of 1862 has already received 2686 applications from persons who wish to be exhibitors. At the Exhibition of 1851 the number of French exhibitors was 1700, and the total weight of the packages sent 730 tons. It is already certain that the French section of the coming Exhibition will be much more extensive, as five Paris houses alone purpose sending goods weighing 736 tons, or six tons more than the total weight of all the articles exhibited in 1851.

THE TOOLS GREAT MEN WORK WITH.—It is not tools that make the workmen, but the trained skill and perseverance of the man himself. Indeed it is proverbial that the bad workman never yet had a good tool. Some one asked Opie by what wonderful process he mixed his colors. "I mix them with my brains, sir," was his reply. It is the same with every workman who would excel. Ferguson made marvelous things—such as his wooden clock, that accurately measured the hours—by means of a common penknife, a tool in every body's hand, but then every body is not a Ferguson. A pan of water and two thermometers were the tools by which Dr. Black discovered latent heat; and a prism, a lens, and a sheet of pasteboard enabled Newton to unfold the composition of light and the origin of color. An eminent foreign *savant* once called upon Dr. Wollaston, and requested to be shown over his laboratories, in which science had been enriched by so many important discoveries, when the Doctor took him into a little study, and, pointing to an old tray on the table, containing a few watch glasses, test-papers, a small balance, and a blow-pipe, said: "There is all the laboratory I have!" Stohard learnt the art of combining colors by closely studying butterflies' wings: he would often say that no one knew what he owed to these tiny insects. A burnt stick and a barn-door served Wilkie in lieu of pencil and canvas. Bewick first practiced drawing on the cottage-walls of his native village, which he covered with his sketches in chalk; and Benjamin West made his first brushes out of the cat's tail. Ferguson laid himself down in the fields at night in a blanket, and made a map of the heavenly bodies, by means of a thread with small beads on it, stretched between his eye and the stars. Franklin first robbed the thunder-cloud of its lightning by means of a kite made with two cross-sticks and a silk handkerchief. Watt made his first model of the condensing steam-engine out of an old anatomist's syringe, used to inject the arteries previous to dissection. Gifford worked his first problem in mathematics, when a cobbler's apprentice, upon small scraps

of leather, which he beat smooth for the purpose; while Rittenhouse, the astronomer, first calculated eclipses on his plow handle.

TRIAL TRIP OF THE WARRIOR.—The Warrior, iron steam-frigate, left Blackwall for Greenhithe on the 8th ult. She had the assistance of powerful tugs, was under steam herself, and answered her helm so readily as to be always completely in hand. With such aids, notwithstanding the very strong wind and sharp turns in the river, she proved as manageable as a penny steamboat, and accomplished the distance to Greenhithe within two hours. Respecting her speed the *Times* says: "The greatest number of revolutions obtained, or, more properly speaking, allowed, per minute was fifty-eight, and at this all worked as smoothly and quietly as when the screw was scarcely turning. This number of revolutions was required only once, and that merely for a minute or two, to turn the Warrior astern. At full speed at sea the engines will make sixty-two revolutions per minute, which will give her a speed of screw of eighteen knots. Allowing as much as one sixth of this for 'slip,' (in the case of the Warrior the slip is not expected to exceed one eighth,) we shall have a speed of fifteen knots—speed which no man-of-war in the world comes within a knot an hour of."

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.—A slip of paper was found in a bottle some weeks ago, on the western coast of Uist, in the Hebrides. It was apparently the leaf of a pocket-book, and was covered on both sides with pencil-marks, from which the following was with difficulty deciphered: "On board the Pacific, from L'pool to N. York. Ship going down. (Great) confusion on board. Icebergs around us on every side. I know I can not escape. I write the cause of our loss, that our friends may not live in suspense. The finder of this will please get it published. Wm. Graham." The ship here named is supposed to be the Pacific, one of the Collins line of steamers, which vessel left Liverpool on Jan 28, 1858, three days before the Persia, and has not since been heard of; and this slip of paper, three inches by two, is probably the only record of the fate of that missing ship.

CANINE SACRIFICITY.—On Monday last, a lady while going from Peterhead to Meethill, had accidentally dropped her reticule, containing jewelry and other articles, on the turnpike road. The dog, sitting at the Gate of Millend, his custom always in the afternoon, observed it, and seeing no person in charge of it, had gone to the spot and brought it home in his month. Finding no admission to the house at Millend on his return with the reticule, he carefully concealed it among the grass within the inclosure near the house, but immediately on his master coming home, he ran to the spot, snatched the reticule, and laid it at his feet. His master opened it, and, from the initials engraven on the jewelry, discovered the real owner of the property, who has the dog to thank for being the means of saving and faithfully restoring it.

NO HEART, NO PULSE.—A Scotch advocate, pleading the cause of a widow against a skinflint, the judge recommended that the parties should "feel each other's pulses." Mr. L——, looking earnestly at his lordship, exclaimed: "Where there is no heart, there can be no pulse, my lord."

THE LADY.—The aim of a real lady is always to be natural and unaffected, and to wear her talents, her accomplishments, and her learning, as well as the newest and finest dresses—as if she did not know she had them about her.

A FEW SIGNS.—Solomon said, many centuries ago: "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right." When I see a boy in haste to spend every penny as soon as he gets it, I think it a sign that he will be a spend-thrift. When I see a boy hoarding up his pennies and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose, I think it a sign that he will be a miser. When I see a boy or girl always looking out for him or herself, and disliking to share good things with others, I think it a sign that the child will grow up a very selfish person. When I see boys and girls often quarreling, I think it a sign that they will be violent and hateful men and women. When I see a little boy willing to take strong drink, I think it a sign that he will be a drunkard. When I see a boy who never attends to the services of religion, I think it a sign that he will be a profane and profligate man. When I see a child obedient to his parents, I think it a sign of great future blessings from his Heavenly Parent. And though changes sometimes take place in the character, yet, as a general rule, these signs do not fail.

MATERIALS FOR PAPER.—Among the many patents which have been either provisionally registered or sealed, may be noticed one for an improved method of preparing sparte, alpha, the dwarf palm, and other gummy resinous plants to be used in the manufacture of paper, an invention to facilitate the decolorizing and bleaching vegetable substances so as to obtain paper pulp; the use of sulphite of barytes to be mixed with rice, or small grained starch, to be added to cheap paper pulp. Damaged grain may thus be used for paper; for the manufacture of paper from an equal admixture of rags with Spanish grass, and other fibrous plants; to convert tanner's bark and ligneous substances of various kinds into pulp, by means of a solution of lime-water and soda ashes. The organic matter when bleached is reduced to pulp by the machines now used by paper manufacturers; an invention to reduce saw-dust, vegetable fibers, charcoal, and asphaltum into pulp or plastic material; and for an improved method of preparing paper pulp from straw, flax-waste, bamboo-cane, etc.

DEATH A LEVELER.—It is very singular how the fact of a man's death often seems to give people a truer idea of his character, whether for good or for evil, than they have ever possessed while he was living and acting among men. Death is so genuine a fact that it excludes falsehood or betrays its emptiness; it is an infallible touchstone, that proves the gold and dishonors the baser metal. Could the departed, whoever he may be, return in a week after his decease, he would almost invariably find himself at a higher or a lower point than he has formerly occupied in the scale of public appreciation.

RATHER SHARP.—A lady became so much dissatisfied with her lover that she dismissed him. In revenge he threatened to publish her letters to him. "Very well," replied the lady, "I have no reason to be ashamed of any part of my letters except the address."

FIRST LOVE.—Not one woman in fifty marries the man she first loved. And the cause can readily be explained. What is called first love, is merely a slight agitation of the surface of the feelings—a sort of fluttering in the bosom, as if a young bird nestled there. This, in playful language, is called a fancy, which may excite dreamy and hopeless reveries, but rarely stirs a woman's heart to its depths. Being evanescent, it passes away like music softly dying in the distance.

LOST FOR A TIME.

Thou art not here, yet 'tis the spot
Where we were wont to meet,
The same green branches o'er me spread
Sweet blossoms round my feet;
And though the rose is withered now
You plucked to deck my hair,
Another on the branch has grown
As fragrant and as fair.
Blow, rose, and perish on the tree—
He'll gather sweets no more for me.

The streamlet with its dreamy hum
Glides calmly as of yore,
Sweet violets twinkle o'er the bank,
And wildings gem the shore:
But he who loved that valley-voice
Comes not to list its tone,
And wander o'er that flowery bank
With her he loved alone.
Bright stream, chime on thy minstrelsy,
Fond memory's attuned by thee.

And where is Hope, who used to paint
The future in such fairy guise,
The promised land, the promised bliss,
All, all have soared beyond the skies:
And Hope is to the kirkyard gone,
Cold on my lover's breast:
She drooped her wings and fondly died,
There too would Anna rest;
Through Time, our ashes mingled be,
Our souls through all Eternity.

—J. W. THIRLWALL.

WILD flowers are the alphabet of angels—whereby they write on hills and fields mysterious truths.

WE trouble life by the care of death, and death by the care of life; the one torments, the other frights us.

If you have a heart of rock, let it be the rock of Horeb, that gushed when stricken by the prophet's rod.

THE world goes ever on. It is strange how soon, when a great man dies, his place is filled; and so completely that he seems no longer wanted.

VERACITY.—The groundwork of all manly character is veracity. That virtue lies at the foundation of every thing solid. How common it is to hear parents say: "I have faith in my child so long as he speaks the truth. He may have many faults, but I know he will not deceive me. I build on that confidence." They are right. It is a lawful and just ground to build upon. And that is a beautiful confidence. Whatever errors temptation may betray a child into, so long as brave, open truth remains,

there is something to depend on, there is anchor-ground, there is substance at the center. Men of the world feel so about one another. They can be tolerant and forbearing so long as their erring brother is true. If we can not believe what others say to us, we can not act upon it, and to an immense extent that is saying that we can not act at all. When you undertake to benefit a lying man, it is like putting your feet into the mire.

WHEN Alderman Treacher, a brewer, was knighted, Garrick said he ought to have been made a knight of *Malta*.

A PHILOSOPHER says, that if any thing will make a lady swear, it is looking for her nightcap after the lamp's blown out.

A VERY eulogistic obituary of a lady says: "She was married twenty-four years, and in all that time never once banged the door."

LEARN in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside, but inside. A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone ever do.

AN ASSIDUOUS ATTEMPT AT ALLITERATION.—(To be read only by lisping young Ladies and Gentlemen.)

Some sweet simple spinsters strayed, scanning some stream,
(So simple, so sweet, scarcely single should seem.)
Said Susan: "Sophia! soon some sighing swain
Shall sing sister Sally some sweetheating strain.
Serenading so sweetly, shall strike some such string,
Sister Sally shall skip, sister Sally shall sing."

A. J.

THREE KINDS OF MEN.—There are three kinds of men in this world—the "Wills," the "Wont's," and the "Cant's." The former effect every thing, the other oppose every thing, and the latter fail in every thing.

THE seventieth planet has been discovered by Mr. Payson, of Madras, and has been named the Asia, as it is the first discovery of the kind which has been made in that quarter of the globe. It is an asteroid between the eleventh and twelfth magnitude.

NOTHING, perhaps, strikes the ear more pleasantly than a pretty woman's charming voice—except, perhaps, her charming hand.

ENVY pursues its victims throughout life. It ceases to gnaw only when the grave-worm, its brother reptile, begins.

OUR own hands are Heaven's favorite instruments for supplying us with the necessaries and luxuries of life.

SHOCKING KNOWLEDGE.—Personal acquaintance with a galvanic battery.

You know mock-modesty as you do mock-turtle—from its being the produce of a calf's head.

WANTED.—A life-boat that will float on a "sea of troubles."



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From the British Quarterly.

REVOLUTIONS IN ENGLISH HISTORY.*

As in other ages when a period of great deeds has been succeeded by a season of repose, the forty years which have followed the Peace have been prolific in contributions to our history. The care of the state and the industry of many persons have been employed during all this time in illustrating the national life of England, or in giving it historical form and consistency. The noble edition of the statutes at large which was first published in 1819, and which, as Mr. Froude very justly observes, is the best contemporary evidence of our annals, has been followed by the labors of the Record Commission, and by the epitomes or transcripts of our ar-

chives which issue at intervals from our State Paper Offices. As might have been expected, such a field for investigation has not been allowed to lie fallow or barren, and a great number of men of genius have enriched it in parts with the choicest culture. The novels of Bulwer and of Mr. Kingsley, and the volumes of Mr. Froude and Macaulay attest, by splendid yet varying proofs, the great increase of our historical materials, and how brilliantly art and industry have adorned them. It is remarkable, however, that while the history of England has been thus successfully dealt with in fragments, so few attempts have hitherto been made to condense our recent acquisitions in this province into something like a collective form, and to place the reader in a point of view from which he can see our annals as a

* *Revolutions in English History.* By ROBERT VAUGHAN, D.D. Vol. I. *Revolutions of Race*; II. *Revolutions in Religion.* London: John W. Parker & Co. 1859-61.

whole, as modern researches present them to him. With scarcely an exception our later historians have preferred elucidating particular periods, to tracing our national life from its source until it reaches its full development; and the result has been that the general reader is often as ignorant as formerly of the subject. All competent persons have long ago agreed that the work of Hume is shallow and inaccurate; yet it still retains its hold upon the public; and this is because it has not been supplanted by any digest of equal ability which embodies, for all the period it embraces, the latest discoveries in English history.

To supply this want in our present literature, and, without attempting a formal narrative, to place before the reader, in clear miniature, the whole features of English history, as recent researches have led us to see them, is the main object of the volumes before us. Subordinate to this is the secondary object of tracing out concisely yet boldly the causes which have formed the national existence, and of estimating, and setting in proper significance, the influences which have shaped the destiny of the empire. For reasons which will be obvious to some of our readers, we have delayed to pronounce our judgment upon the manner and style in which Dr. Vaughan has so far succeeded in carrying out these important aims. But as, with a few very trifling exceptions, these volumes have met with a cordial reception from the organs of public opinion, we think that it would be a prudish mistake to defer any longer our notice of them. We feel assured our readers will believe that our criticisms always follow the rule, "that truth is to be preferred to Plato;" that what we really and honestly think will be set down without respect to persons.

This being premised, we feel free to express our judgment upon these two volumes, which, though only a part of the whole design, contain a review of the history of England from the age of Cæsar to that of Elizabeth. That judgment is, that no other book fulfills, in nearly an equal degree, the important purpose the author sets forth with, or details with equal accuracy and picturesqueness the great phases in our national life, and the various causes which have affected it. It is true that, in following out his plan, Dr. Vaughan seems to have been of opinion

that history does not obey the impulse of laws readily discoverable by us; and, accordingly, to the school of Vico, he may seem wanting in the power of generalization. It is also true that, in our judgment, opposed as it is to historical dogmatism, he might have defined with more clear precision one or two epochs of change in our annals, and might have suggested more fully than he has done the influences which produced those transitions. And, as it is obvious when treating a subject which requires not only a breadth of view and a sound judgment in forming conclusions, but a vast range of special knowledge, that it is idle to expect completeness of information in an equal degree upon all topics, so we shall not assert that in all respects Dr. Vaughan's work is entirely trustworthy, or gives all events their proper proportion. In short, that ideal philosophic insight, and that thorough mastery of numberless acquirements which would make a work of this kind perfection, are of necessity more or less deficient in these volumes; and, accordingly, some insufficient judgments, some views in part inaccurate and hasty, some partial estimates, and some errors of fact, undoubtedly may exist in them. So, too, a captious and sneering critic might hint occasional blemishes in their method; and their diction, though always vigorous and natural, and sometimes very pleasing and animated, admits, perhaps, of a higher polish. Making every allowance, however, for these drawbacks, this work presents, we think, the best summary extant of the life of this nation, viewed as a whole, in its long course from its Celtic independence to the eventful close of the sixteenth century. No other work so clearly sets forth the important changes which Celtic Britain underwent at the Roman and Saxon invasions, or gives a more satisfactory solution of the real effects of the Norman Conquest. If somewhat deficient in its description of our legal and constitutional progress before the accession of the House of Tudor, no other work gives so good an account of our social life in the Middle Ages, of our old commercial and industrial organization, and of the movement which originated with Wycliffe. The chapters upon the England of Henry VIII., upon the growth of our early Protestantism, upon the character of our first Reformation, and of the personages who guided its

issues, upon the double Revolution which followed, and upon the rise of Puritanism among us, are eminent for ability and judgment; and, indeed, the whole view of the Tudor period not only contains much new information, but is very valuable from its display of sound criticism, and clear discrimination. We should also add, that we were greatly struck with the unassuming and moderate tone which characterizes every part of the work, as well as with its impartial spirit, its genial temper, and its warm humanity.

In seeking an answer to the question, how the life of England was evolved in the past, Dr. Vaughan, we think, was perfectly right to refer briefly to Celtic Britain, and to trace the effects of the Roman conquest. It has been the fashion with a class of writers who identify national being with institutions, to place the commencement of English history at the period of the Saxon invasion, and Lord Macaulay, from a different reason, has arrived at nearly the same conclusion. Now, although it is true that the Celtic tribes no longer occupy the English soil, that Druidism and its kindred jurisprudence have become forgotten things of the past, and that the visible traces of the Roman colonists, and of their settlement in this island, have been overlaid by the dust of centuries, it is equally certain that indirectly the influence of these races has been great in forming the type of the English people, and in giving a stamp to the national character. For—setting aside the important fact that if we would view the empire as a whole, the Celtic element even now is dominant in Wales, Ireland, and one half of Scotland—it is quite clear, as Dr. Vaughan has shown, that the Celtic race has mingled with the Saxon within even England, properly so called, in a greater degree than has generally been supposed, and has therefore formed one main stem from which to derive our national existence. To which we might add, that the two sovereigns who perhaps have left their mark most visibly on the frame of our institutions and polity, namely, Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, were in part, at least, of Celtic origin;* and, singularly enough, in their acts and

lives betrayed the tendencies of the Celtic nature. As for the Roman influence upon this island—even if we reject the theory of Spence and of other critics of that school, that much of the so-called Saxon institutions had in fact a Celto-Roman original—still, if we remember that the Christian Church was planted in England by Roman hands, that for somewhat more than three hundred years a Roman colony occupied England, and that many of our towns, existing at this time, owe their rise to Roman and Imperial civilization, we can scarcely doubt that it is idle to deny that this race has deeply affected our destiny. We agree, therefore, with Dr. Vaughan, in tracing the elements of our national life to the period of Cæsar and of Agricola, and we think that, had he not gone so far back, his work would have wanted logical unity.

Who, then, and what were the Celtic tribes who wandered over our English plains at the time when Cæsar first saw our cliffs, and Agricola led his legions to conquest? Lord Macaulay, adopting the tone of the *Commentaries*, says: "When first they were known to the Tyrian mariners, they were little superior to the natives of the Sandwich Islands." There is reason to question the fidelity of this account, since, long before the invasion of Cæsar, the inhabitants of Britain are described as half-civilized, and, as Dr. Vaughan observes justly, even if it be true of the Britons of Cæsar, it can not apply to the Britons of Tacitus. It is quite certain that the various races who inhabited this island, toward the close of the first century, were, at least all along the southern counties, very far removed from primitive barbarism, and were not ignorant of agriculture and commerce. This, of course, was owing to the proximity of Gaul, which, subdued before the Christian era, and reduced to the shape of a Roman province, opened channels for trade to her British neighbors, and taught them perhaps a perilous culture. Dr. Vaughan's description of these British tribes, as they appeared to the Romans of the age of Vespasian, is very full, graphic, and interesting. Though presenting marked differences between themselves—the Silurian race showing traces of the south, while the others were more of the type of the Gael—and not combined in an uniform government, they were bound together by the strong ties of the

* This fact was laid to the charge of the House of Tudor repeatedly. It was often said by malcontents in their days, that "Cadwallader's blood" had no right in England.

common faith and laws of the Druids, which, in the ascendancy they gave to a priesthood, are so significant of the Celtic character. They were also exceedingly brave and warlike, but, like their descendants in after-ages, were broken into separate communities, which, under the rule of ambitious chiefs, were constantly in a state of discord with each other, and opened a way to a steady invader. "Dum singuli pugnant, universi vincuntur" is the Roman commentary on these British septs, so like the clans of O'Neill and Llewellyn; and Dr. Vaughan has clearly marked this special feature of Celtic nationality.

After several fierce yet ineffectual struggles, the Celtic Britons succumbed to Rome, and Britain, in the reign of Domitian, was at length subdued by Julius Agricola. Dr. Vaughan describes with much spirit the heroic deeds of Boadicea and Caractacus, the steady progress of their civilized invader, and that very characteristic incident, the massacre of the Druids in their groves of Mona. From this time, for more than three centuries, the whole island, from Cornwall to Caithness, was more or less under Roman rule, though the Roman influence was hardly felt beyond the line of the Grampian hills. Some writers have thought that this long occupation had very little effect upon the country, and that scarcely a trace of the foreign admixture survived the close of the fifth century. Though it is true that Britain was never Romanized in the same degree as the Gallic provinces, that the Celtic tongue seems never to have died out, that we do not read of British imperators, or of Britons found in the Imperial Senate, and that "no Latian porticos or aqueducts" remain in stately ruins among us, Dr. Vaughan, we think, has shown conclusively that, not to speak of permanent results, the effects of the Roman conquest in Britain were broader and deeper than has generally been admitted. He rejects, indeed, the theory of Spence, that our polity and laws in the Saxon period may be really traced to the Celto-Romans, insisting, with Coke and the jurists of that school, that our laws spring from a native original. But he has pointed out that, eastward of a line from the Scotch Highlands, through Derbyshire to the south, the Roman influence was paramount in Britain, while westward the Celtic element prevailed; and he has given us a number of clear proofs of the marked

character of the Roman ascendancy. The island was portioned out into provinces, was governed by Legates and Procurators, and was occupied by a series of garrisons, which, under old republican appellations, were so many centers of a Roman population. The Celtic princes were gradually Romanized, accepting, as Tacitus tersely remarks, "humanity" in exchange for "freedom;" the dress, the architecture, and the language of Rome became fashionable with the Celtic nobility, and the British youth, enrolled in the legions, "saw their national life in the camp and the eagles." At the same time the agriculture was Roman, and rose to a very high pitch of excellence; Roman roads and stations pervaded the island, and the commerce of Britain with Gaul and Italy spread Roman influences throughout the country. In fact, it is probable that Celtic Britain was more deeply penetrated by Roman elements than India has been by those of England.

But whatever may have been the transient effects of the Roman occupation of this country, its permanent results have been considerable. We shall not discuss the interesting problem whether Roman law, transmitted from the Empire, is the real basis of the English common law, and of most of those Saxon institutions which we fondly ascribe to Teutonic freedom. Dr. Vaughan we think has pronounced too hastily against a conclusion now strongly supported; and, could we see in the courts and assemblies which existed before the Norman conquest, an image of the Imperial institutions, surviving in form, yet changed in spirit, we should find a strong additional link to connect the chain of English history. It appears, however, certain from this work, and indeed more clearly than any where else, that we owe the rise of Christianity in Britain, not to any particular missionary or apostle, but to the Roman legionaries and colonists who brought with them the sacred influence. Thus we trace our religion through distant ages to the presence of the soldiery of Trajan and the Antonines in their different settlements on this island; and Dr. Vaughan has fully proved that long before the ascendancy of the Papacy, Christianity had taken deep root in Britain, and never lost it at any time afterward. Three bishops from Britain were present at Arles, when Constantine called its council together; there were

British ecclesiastics at the Council of Nice; and the system of monasticism was established among us toward the close of the fourth century. In the fifth century, the Pelagian doctrines had infected many of the Christians in Britain—a fact significant of the deep influence which the Christian ethics must already have had, since every error in the Pelagian tenets may be traced to a somewhat exaggerated notion of the power of man to attain perfection. It is not possible at present to estimate the mighty effects which this change of religion must have had on the Celto-Roman province. What is more important to our present purpose is to bear in mind, as these volumes have shown, that Christianity never died out in Britain; that it survived the Roman settlement in this island; and that its light was never extinguished through the dark chaos of the Saxon invasion. Long after the advent of Hengist and Horsa, and before the celebrated mission of Augustine, we find the Church established in Britain, and numbering congregations of the faithful amidst the mountain fastnesses of Wales, or beside the stormy cliffs of the Hebrides. This is one of the points in the publication before us, to which we would specially call attention; and it has been worked out with much skill and learning.

But if the seeds of civilization and religion were sown in England by the Roman occupation, that event brought elements of evil with it. It sapped the strength of the British races by drafting their youth into foreign armies, and it cast the palsying spell of Imperialism on the brave descendants of Cassivelaun and Boadicea. The defense of Britain against the Picts and the Scots was transferred to the Tigris and the Pillars of Hercules; and the whole tendency of the Roman rule was to break down the nationality of Britain. It is to these causes, and not to the effects of Christianity and a more polished life, that Dr. Vaughan properly ascribes the decline of power in the British Celts and their inability to withstand invasion. Here is his summary of the results of the Imperial Government before its collapse in the fifth century:—

“The condition of affairs in Roman Britain was fair and imposing on its surface, but hollow beneath. Corruption in Rome never failed to become the parent of corruption in its dependencies. The distinctions of rich and poor obtained in some degree among the Britons even in their

vanquished state. The arts of peace came into the place of the calamities of war. But even that change may not be a change for the better. What is gained in quiet and comfort may be gained at a serious loss to virtue and manhood. By this process, the fidelity, the courage, and the national spirit which had characterized the Britons in their rude state, were all deeply impaired. The men of substance were flattered, baited with pleasure, and rendered harmless by such means; and while the industrious furnished the conqueror with a revenue, the adventurous were made to replenish his armies in distant provinces. Such was the general policy of Rome. Britain was used so long as it could be used, and was abandoned when it could be used no longer. It had been civilized into helplessness, and it was then left to its fate.”

Night sinks for a time upon English history as the Roman colony leaves our shores; and through the impenetrable gloom of the past we can only hear the sound of great changes, and catch the outlines of mythical phantoms. When light reappears, we find a new race supplanting the ancient children of the soil in the more Romanized districts of England, driving out the Britons along a line from the Frith of Forth to the mouth of the Exe, and forming itself into different communities, three of which at the edges of the Celtic pale obtain from the first a marked preëminence. The Saxon invaders, though sternly resisted, and, even within their own settlements, more mixed with the British than has been imagined, became the dominant race in England; they lay the basis of the national language; set out the lines of a national polity, the traces of which are still among us; and give that peculiar stamp to our character which has marked thirty generations of Englishmen. Converted gradually to the faith of the Briton, they introduce the Teutonic spirit—so different from that of the Celt in religion—into all parts of their Church system, and though of course not free from the superstitions which deface an age of comparative barbarism, they vindicate, even in that early Church, the ascendancy of law over that of the priesthood. From various causes the three chief States, which formed the heads of the Saxon Commonwealth, are united under a single prince; and the House of Cerdic, in the person of Athelstan, becomes at length sovereign in England. Long before this time, the Saxon settlements, and, indeed, almost all the seaboard of England had been invaded by new as-

sailants, as fierce and heathen as the ancient Saxons; and the Danish armies, as they were ominously called, had planted themselves in our northern counties, and had mingled largely with their former population. In the eleventh century these formidable colonists had themselves conformed to the Christian faith, and, blended with the kindred Saxon races, had engrafted upon the Saxon stem a new stock of exuberant vigor. A Danish dynasty now appears for a time, but it seems, in its general influence, to have differed but little from the Saxon monarchy; and the scepter of Canute again passes to the hands of the genuine Saxon kings without a violent social revolution. During all this time the Saxon element remains still predominant in England; the Celtic yields to it in the Saxon region, and barely withstands it in its own retreats; the Danish influences it, yet melts into it; and in the reign of Edward the Confessor, after long ages of violence and change, the Anglo-Saxon polity and laws, and the Anglo-Saxon character and nature, had become the ascendant power in the nation.

Dr. Vaughan has treated this long period, from 412 to 1066, with great ability and research; and has added much to our knowledge of the subject. Perhaps he has dwelt a little too much on the wars of the Saxon and Danish races, though, in keeping with his original plan, he has shown how these wars had a lasting effect in forming the Saxon monarchy of England, and fixing the distribution of the people. We were much pleased, to speak generally, at the continuity of his narrative in this period—how he traces the changes this island underwent, not to sudden events or single persons, the usual expedients of hasty ignorance—but to the gradual operation of causes succeeding each other in the lapse of centuries. The points which perhaps he brings out most clearly, and places most originally before us, are the strong hold which the Celtic Britons retained for ages on the English soil; the peculiar effects on the Saxon settlement that followed from the position of the three leading states, the character of the Saxon Church and of the Christianity which sprang from it; and the real genius, nature, and spirit of the Saxon laws, institutions, and manners.

As regards the first of these cardinal points, he has clearly proved that the Britons remained a distinct people beyond

the age of Alfred and Athelstan; that they occupied the tract from Cornwall to Cumberland, until the close of the tenth century; and that, even within the Saxon counties, they formed a considerable element in the people. As regards the second he has justly observed that the place of Wessex, Northumbria, and Mercia, as the frontier states of the Saxon region, contributed to the long duration of the Heptarchy, since the marked ascendancy and power of these states protected the lesser commonwealths in their rear from any necessity of a common union against British or Scottish invasion. As regards the third, he shows convincingly that the rapid conversion of the Saxon conquerors was due, not less to Augustine's mission, more than to the remnant of the British Christians, and also perhaps to the natural aptitude of invaders, separated from their old associations, to adopt a purer and more spiritual religion. The great Saxon prelates and ecclesiastics Dr. Vaughan treats with less courtesy than we consider them justly entitled to, and he is very hard on the grave corruptions which seem to have penetrated the Church at this time; but he has traced fairly, fully, and generously the enormous advantage the Church proved in welding together the races on one soil, in forming a mediating influence between them, and in taming their fierce and uncivilized nature. And as for the social and political life which seems to have animated the Saxon monarchy, Dr. Vaughan's account of it is, we think, more interesting than that of any other writer. He has firmly grasped, and minutely set forth, the main principles of the Saxon polity, so unlike those of anarchic feudalism—that law is the paramount influence in the state—that every subject has his legal status—and that civil society is bound together in the bonds of mutual support and responsibility; and he has well illustrated the working of these principles in the various institutions of our Saxon ancestors. We can also commend his succinct review of the actual history of these institutions—the monarchy, the church, the witanagemot, and the law courts; and his chapter on the early Saxon civilization is full of very interesting matter.

The following passage will give some idea of Dr. Vaughan's view of the Saxon monarchy about the middle of the eleventh century:

"The 'oath and pledge' which had bound the Saxons as freebooters, now binds them as men engaged in a better occupation; and disposed to exchange government by the sword for government by law. Tithings, and hundreds, and shire courts, weave them all into a great social network, which covers the land. Every man enters into a security for the good conduct of the men nearest about him, and acts continually, from the nature of the case, as an officer of the police, and as an officer whose motives to vigilance supersede the necessity of pay. Such as were not responsible to the court of the hundred, were responsible to the hall court of their lord. All localities have their local governments, and each locality has its refuge from injustice from within itself, in its right of appeal to the sense of justice beyond and above itself. For the tithings, the hundreds, the hall-mote, the shires, the king's court, the king himself—none of these are absolute. The last resort lies with the wisdom of the great council of the nation, conjoined with the king. By the weak and necessitous such ultimate appeals would rarely be made. But the right was open to such causes and persons as might reasonably claim a hearing in that high quarter. Such is the polity which, in new circumstances, grew out of those simple principles of government which had been common to the Germanic race from the earliest time, and which were to be further developed through the storm and labor of centuries in English history."

The main defect in the Saxon monarchy was, perhaps, the want of a strong executive, and of a compact and centralized government. It perished under the sword of the Norman; and for nearly two hundred years after the battle of Hastings, England groaned beneath the yoke of foreign conquest. In the lower strata of society, indeed, the Saxon laws and institutions survived, and were destined to reappear anew in forms only partially altered; but a violent change passed over the upper; and in many respects the polity of England went through a complete and terrible revolution. A French dynasty, resting on the shields of a hundred thousand French nobles and knights, sat on the throne of Canute and Harold; and if we may credit cotemporary accounts, was enabled to govern with extreme despotism. The lands and estates ofthane and franklin passed into the hands of a foreign seigneur, who dotted them over with numerous castles; and the harsh bonds of an iron feudalism formed a check upon the native population, and a means of mutual support among the conquerors. The Norman Aula Regis and council came

into the place of the witanagemote; and the Church, powerfully supported from Rome, became filled with alien prelates, and, very differently from Saxon times, was made a separate estate of the realm, and was raised to the highest degree of splendor. The vanquished race struggled fiercely for a time, but at length sank down in unquiet subjection. They became the tenants and dependents of the Norman; but, although considered as an inferior caste, they retained many of their ancient privileges, especially in their local tribunals, and in their tenures by free socage. By degrees the two races became amalgamated; and toward the close of the twelfth century the harsh features of conquest rapidly disappear, and a new England, composed of a people of diverse origin melted into each other, begins to take its place among the nations. And it must be remembered, that though the conquest had its dark side in its military tyranny, it tended to strengthen and consolidate the monarchy; it gave rise to many valuable institutions; and, by increasing the intercourse of England with continental and foreign nations, it improved and fostered our early commerce.

Dr. Vaughan describes this great Revolution with much minuteness, and in accurate colors, and he marks its phenomena very distinctly. He has shown conclusively that the notion respecting the early civilization of the Normans is not sustained by any real evidence; and that the followers of William the Bastard were little better than military freebooters. His description of the battle of Hastings is very graphic and even eloquent; and he has pointed out more closely than any one the reasons why this disastrous event brought in its train the subjugation of England. We commend, especially, his learned account of the struggles made by the Saxon nation, which is fuller than that of any other historian; and his notice of the gradual growth of the tyranny which overshadowed the Saxon polity, is full of laborious research and information. The relations of the two races to each other from the death of William to Magna Charta, he has traced out in the Norman institutions; and he has accurately noted the peculiar characteristics of English feudalism after the Conquest—the great power it gave to the sovereign—the check it placed on the Norman seigneurie—and

the military protection it secured to the country. He has justly remarked that the germs of a change, and of the re-appearance of the Saxon element, remained in the local tribunals of the country; and he has traced out with considerable skill, though not we think with complete accuracy, the rise of the Anglo-Norman jurisprudence—conspicuous for its centralized aspect, and for its especially regal character—and of the growth of trial by jury. He has carefully pointed out the ascendancy acquired by the Church in the Norman period, an ascendancy of which the culminating point was reached in the reign of Henry II.; and although he is somewhat severe on the prelates who labored to secure this spiritual domination, he is not blind to its beneficial influences. And he has given us a very interesting chapter upon the social effects of the Conquest in expanding the range of English ideas, in freeing them from an insular character, and in laying the foundation of our maritime greatness.

The following is Dr. Vaughan's sketch of the state of England before Magna Charta; and it marks his candid and penetrating spirit:

"By the Conquest our island almost ceased to be insular. England became a consolidated power, participating in all the questions and interests affecting the nations of Europe. In the great controversy, for example, between the ecclesiastical and the civil power, England has its full share. All the subtle pleas on which such controversies were founded became familiar to men's thoughts in this country. Ecclesiastical disputes, military affairs in Normandy, the commencement of the Crusades, the fame of our Richard I. in those enterprises, the new laws, and the new features in the administration of law—all may be said to have been both the effects and causes of a new wakefulness, disposing men to observe, to reflect, and judge, in regard to what was passing about them. The five hundred monasteries had their schools, but the five hundred towns and cities were all schools; and in these last, the lessons taught, though little marked or perceived, were ceaseless, manifold, and potent. By degrees, Norman and Saxon became more equal. Marriages between the two races became every day events. In the face of the law and of the magistrate, the two races may be said by this time to be two races no longer. If the Saxon burgess and the Norman alderman still looked at times with jealousy upon each other, the fight between them became comparatively fair and harmless, as it became less a battle of the strong against the weak. When the corpse of King John was laid in Worcester cathedral, the dark day in the history of the English had passed. In future,

the Norman, whether prince or baron, must demean himself honorably toward the Englishman, or cease to be powerful. The revolution of this period to the Saxon had consisted in his being defeated, despoiled, down-trodden, and in his recovering himself from that position by his own patient energy, so as to regain from the new race of kings all the liberty he had lost; and guarantees for that liberty which are full of the seeds of a greater liberty to come. With this revolution to the Saxon, there came revolution to the Norman. The Norman is no longer a man of military science, and nothing more—no longer a mere patron of letters, with scarcely a tincture of them himself. His intelligence is enlarged. His tastes are expanded and refined. The country of his adoption is becoming more an object of affection to him than the country from which he has derived his name. In short, the Norman is about to disappear in the Englishman. The Englishman is not about to disappear in the Norman. After all, the oldest dwellers upon the soil have proved the strongest."

Magna Charta broke down the Norman tyranny; and during the next three hundred years, the constitution and national life which exists in England, even at this time, were settled in their main features and elements. All that since has followed—the limitations of the prerogative, the establishment of a free monarchy, the successful ascendancy of parliamentary government, the Reformation and its manifold effects, the peculiar forms of our social life and correlation of orders in the nation, our maritime eminence and commercial greatness—may be traced up as ultimate developments of the polity of England in the Middle Ages. There were many important changes in this period, and a great Revolution has since succeeded; but it may be affirmed that the germs of our England may be found in the England of the later Plantagenets. The first great point which deserves attention in studying this part of English history is the form in which English society was cast, and which it assumed in the fourteenth century. The distinctions of race between Norman and Saxon disappear completely in the higher orders; and an aristocracy, nominally feudal, but divested of most of the feudal privileges, and in no sense an exclusive caste, becomes the head and champion of the nation. The free and socage tenants, who never had lost their rights in the darkest times, ascend rapidly in the social scale; and, possessed of considerable political power, of rising importance in the commonwealth, and yet shut out from any place in the state, compose the gentry and

yeomanry of England, and the representatives of the English Commons. A mercantile class is the natural result of this happy fusion and gradation of society, and of the insular position of the country; and the trade of England, though bound in fetters which seem to us exceedingly absurd, expands by degrees, and secures to the nation an opulent order of busy traders, and a race of hardy and enterprising seamen. The towns grow up, and afford markets, not only for the produce of the country, but also for the labor of the peasant; and under this influence and that of the Church the curse of serfdom fades from the soil, and the villein laborer becomes a freeman. There is, doubtless, occasional social disorder; now and then a fierce and powerful monarch invades the privileges of noble and people; now and then the baronage indulge in excesses of predatory wars and mutual outrage; and outbreaks of lawless force and rapine are not uncommon in a nation as yet rude and untamed by civilization. But the great rights of society have been won in the breaking down of the barriers of caste, and the equality of laymen in the eye of the law; and on this foundation we see even now the fabric of the future arising.

The next points to consider are the development of our polity and laws, and the history of the Church in England. *Magna Charta* secures the great general rights of personal security and private property, and lays the foundation of taxation by Parliament. In the next generation Parliament appears; and the important statute, *De Tallagio non Concedendo*, gives the Commons their oldest and highest privilege. Soon the Houses vindicate their claims to make laws, and to visit state offenders with penalties; and the boldest Plantagenet feels that his power is no match for that of the nation. Toward the close of the fourteenth century, the monarch, though still possessing prerogatives of very large and undefined extent, is restrained by law in his every action, and fenced round by strong limitations; he has no power to enact a statute; he can not levy a tax at his will; and through his ministers he is responsible to his people. Concurrently with this, the common law is molded into its present form; the *Aula Regis* becomes the Courts at Westminster; and a jurisprudence, curiously combining the regal with the popular element—very far from just, when

the Crown is concerned, yet equal in its relations with the subject, and in part, at least, administered by the people—becomes the heritage of all English laymen. With the progress of our polity and laws, and the corresponding advance of the nation, combined with other special causes, the power of the Church declines gradually; it remains, indeed, a separate estate, with a qualified right to legislate for itself, with enormous influence in its spiritual tribunals, with absurd immunities and privileges in the state, and with a gigantic mass of property. But the days of Becket and Anselm have passed; and in the various statutes of Provisors and Mortmain, in the jealousy felt at the ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and in the hatred expressed of the regular clergy, we see the symptoms of a coming revolution. These symptoms culminate in the theories of Wycliffe, and in the attitude of the Commons of his time; the one, with the penetrating glance of genius, seeing through the false assumptions of the priesthood, and shaping out an ideal Reformation; the other, with sturdy insular feelings, detesting the foreign power of the Papacy, and feeling their way to a national Catholicism. So rapid had been the progress of the nation that, toward the close of the fourteenth century, England seemed on the verge of a great revolution on the side of liberty in Church and State, and was fast emerging from her medieval condition.

A very important century succeeds, in which, though signs of ominous import cloud over the prospect for several years, and great changes take place in our polity as well as in the social life of the nation, the hopes of the future are not disappointed, and England passes into a phase immediately preceding more modern civilization. The wars of the Roses, and the working of the laws of economic and commercial change, break down the strength of the feudal baronage; and for a season the liberties of England appear exposed to a growing despotism. But the increasing power and wealth of the Commons prove a counterbalancing check on the monarchy; and the government, though more vigorous than of old, is not really dangerous to freedom, and is all the better for a greater centralization. The Crown and the House of Commons acquire a marked ascendancy in the Commonwealth; the one, armed with an in-

definite prerogative, and able to do many violent acts, so far as regards individual rights; the other, deprived of its old supports, and as yet unorganized and unconscious of its strength, yet, on the whole, not unworthy of its trust, and jealous of any general encroachments. Simultaneous with this political crisis is a mighty change in the national life—a change involving the gravest issues, and launching England on a new era. The old bonds of feudalism break down, with the old system of husbandry and population; the old modes of commerce, trade, and manufacture are felt to be gradually growing obsolete; and new forces, ideas, and energies, transform the altering frame of society. It is in vain that law attempts to control, and to fix in the ancient ways and courses these novel elements in English society. The fiat has gone forth that mediæval England is to be the England of more modern times; and the whole nation gradually and unconsciously passes into a different phase of existence. One institution alone remains, unchanged in outward appearance at least from what it had been in the fourteenth century, and even resting on a stronger foundation. The Church, which in the reign of Richard II. seemed likely either to fall altogether, or to be cut off from dependence on Rome, had regained, at the accession of Henry VIII., its old ascendancy and apparent influence, and was in the closest relations with the Papacy. It was still a distinct estate of the realm, with enormous privileges and exemptions from law, and since the fall of the feudal aristocracy it was dominant in the House of Peers. It had won the right of crushing out heresy, in consequence of the reaction against Wyckliffe, and it towered in the highest places of the land in the full pomp of opulence and dignity. But it was mined by rank corruption within; the vices, frauds, and exactions of the priesthood had made it a mark for popular hatred; and in its occasional immolations of some early martyrs to nascent Protestantism, it was kindling the fires of its own destruction.

In tracing out the character of this period, Dr. Vaughan has been, on the whole, successful, though, of course, he has not dealt equally fully with all the parts of his important subject. He has well worked out his cardinal idea of the progress of England in general prosperity between

Magna Charta and Henry VIII., although that progress was arrested for a time in the first years of the sixteenth century. He follows out the symptoms of this growth in the great centers of English life, political, social, and ecclesiastical, in a very clear and interesting manner; and he carefully subordinates the course of his narrative to the carrying out of his main purpose. We could wish that he had marked a little more clearly the enormous change which the ruin of feudalism effected in the lower and middle classes of England; though he has not failed to dwell on the fact, and he very properly refers to it afterward as one of the complex problems of the Reformation. Speaking generally, we think more highly of his sketches of the social and ecclesiastical condition of England, than of the improvements in her laws and constitution. He has given, we think, too little prominence to the law reforms of Edward I., for there is no doubt that in that sovereign's reign the principles of our common law were laid down nearly as they exist; that our system of tenures was settled on a basis which lasted untouched till the reign of Charles II.; that our courts were placed on their present footing in litigation between subject and subject; and that subsequent changes in their procedure are merely expansions of powers then given them. This extraordinary reform in our laws is a very curious problem in our history; and we think Dr. Vaughan has not discussed it with his wonted care, ability, and learning. In treating the constitutional progress of England between the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries, he comes in rivalry with Mr. Hallam, who has made this his particular study; and though he deals with it carefully and minutely, he has little space for originality in this province. His summary, however, is more interesting than Hallam's; and though not so full of antiquarian research, is probably nearly as useful to the student; and it notices very fully and ably the great reforms of the fourteenth century. Perhaps it is somewhat wanting in its estimate of the power which the Tudor princes acquired on account of the fall of the old noblesse; though it does not fail—what Hallam omits—to notice, besides, the steady advance which the House of Commons made at this period.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

From the North British Review.

E D W I N O F D E I R A . *

WE are the advocates of the real in poetry, as in art and in every thing, and love our brown loaf better than ambrosia, and claret at thirty shillings more than the mead of the Mysian Olympus. Such tastes are human and ignoble; but we are convinced that a greater amount of incomprehensible twaddle has been talked upon the "ideal" than upon any other mundane matter. The ideal! Except in the frost-bitten romance of the nursery, or during the revelries of the dear Christmas-tide, where does the "ideal" exist? The gauzy wings, and the brief and span-gled petticoats, are yet, no doubt, unpro-faned by an irreverent criticism.

"Still in immortal youth Arcadia smiles."

Jack still mounts his marvelous bean-stalk; and Cinderella drops the fairy slipper, as she hurries from the enamored prince. But the man who, in these days, can sit down, and, in cold blood, indite a treatise on the "ideal," must be a lunatic, or a lover. The reign of chivalry is over; and the "ideal" has no place in a world which has been converted into an extensive cotton-mill.

The kindly old-fashioned Seasons, that we all remember so well, Summer, seated on her tawny pard, and Autumn, crowned with yellow sheaves, and gray-bearded Winter, shivering in his bear-skin coat, have been clean swept away, and men of fine genius expend more "tender" labor on the berries of the mountain ash than on the blue eyes of Lesbia. Why not? *Magna est veritas*. Let us be true, and sincere, and conscientious, however dreadfully unpleasant we may make ourselves.

The triumph of the realistic school has been nearly as complete in Poetry as in Art. An immeasurable gulf divides the age which could relish "the great Mr. Congreve's" stilted and artificial tribute

to "Anna's mighty mind," from that which recognizes, in the simple and honest words that Alfred Tennyson addresses to his Queen, a truer spirit of loyalty. In Poetry, too, as elsewhere, the old mythologies have "undergone the earth." The Spirit that had her haunt "by dale, or piny mountain, or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly brook," has vanished, and left no trace of her whereabouts. Where are Oberon and Titania? There is no moon-light now like that in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Never a witch rides to the "Brocken" on her broom; and when, in its mystic cauldron, her black broth simmers upon the stage, the gods laugh. Even the Hobgoblin has lost faith in himself, and cracks a jest upon his own nose. Phillis, and Daphne, and Lavinia have been forsaken by their swains; and the domestic poet of the period presents his frigid affections to Mary Jane or Anna Maria. Our "Bridge of Sighs" crosses the unromantic, if not unmemorable river, which supplies Barclay and Perkins'.

It was about time indeed that the romantic school should be abolished, when Mrs. Radcliffe and Monk Lewis had come to be its apostles. The thing had entirely worn itself out: it was as dead as the Dead Sea—and the sooner it was put out of the way the better. The fairy world had been unpeopled; which it was not to Shakspeare, though he rather inclines occasionally to quiz Peas-Blossom and Mustard-Seed. But Shakspeare had as real a faith in that world as in any other; it did not strike him with any sense of strangeness. Theseus, no doubt, declares, "I never may believe these antique fables and these fairy toys;" but the Master himself must be held to reply, in the words of Hippolyta, that even the tricks of the imagination are never altogether without warrant; and that, when thus transfigured, the story of the night,

"More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy:
But, howsoever, strange and admirable."

* *Edwin of Deira, and other Poems.* By ALEXAN-
DER SMITH. 1861.

Yet even Shakspeare rarely gives us more than a *glint* of moonlight. Ariel and Titania are very well in their way; but Englishmen need coarser food: moonbeams will not fill the stomachs of mortals; and so, with his delightful ease, he turns the page, and the strong colorless light falls upon doughty burghers, and patriotic kings, and the passions which consume Lear, and Othello, and Juliet.

That the recoil has been somewhat excessive need not be denied. Reactions always are; and Mr. Buckle will be succeeded by a fanatical Joe Smith or an ultramontane priesthood. Wordsworth has a good deal to answer for in this respect. Steeped in poetry as he was, the bard of Rydal was yet utterly destitute of the faculty of selection, and he always showed himself quite unable to appreciate the natural suitableness and the relative proportions of the subjects on which he worked. The result was, that in vindicating the real, he not unfrequently descended to what was essentially mean, trivial, and prosaic. Most of his disciples have kept in his track. The delicate revelries of the imagination, the stately discourse of kings and heroes, Belinda's charming burlesque, the polished couplet and the ringing epigram, have been exchanged for the sorrows of an idiot or the amours of the nursery-maid. The fair humanities of old religion, nay, even the ladies and gentlemen in the drawing-room, are scrupulously avoided, and the poet seeks the angel of the house in the scullery or behind the bar. This wretched mistake discredits the reformation. Homeliness is not necessarily poetic. It is pure caprice and wantonness to single out the ignoble incident in an ignoble career. The man who does so willfully cripples his art. The most exquisite genius is needed to conceal the essential meanness and poverty of many of the situations which Wordsworth selects; and, with all his enthusiasm, he fails to invest them with interest. Whereas a great theater—the Thermopylæ Pass, the Sacred Lagoon, the Plain of Marathon or of Troy—*warms* the imagination. It rouses the fire in the reader, and he comes prepared to own and to obey the spell.

The true domain of poetry may be said, in this aspect, to lie somewhere between the photograph and the fairy-land. Neither fairy nor photograph is touched by the authentic passion of the imagination; and, deprived of *its* heat, poetry dies.

The nobler incidents of history (using the word in its widest sense) are thus the materials which the poet must use, and, for our part, we are disposed to hold that these incidents should be chosen from the past rather than from the present.

Not that we by any means acquiesce in the opinion that the present time is necessarily prosaic. Every age has its own romance; and scraps of that romance are sometimes visible to, and sung by, the contemporary poets. *The Charge of the Light Brigade* is already classic as one of Homer's battles. No tragedy in past history causes a thrill such as stirred Europe, the other day, when its greatest statesman died. Cavour's whole life, indeed, is a poem—none the less fascinating because the purity of his patriotism did not shrink from base allies and obscure intrigue. He may, like Robert Bruce, have deeply sinned; but he was true to freedom, and he died for his nation. It is impossible to touch pitch with impunity; but it can not be said to defile the man who devotes his life with incorruptible fidelity to a great cause, *as* it defiles the man whose aims are sordid and whose ambition is mean. The character of Cavour may continue to perplex the judgment of the formal moralist; but, as with the outlawed king, the higher and more religious instinct strikes home, detects the royal manhood behind, and pronounces an unfaltering absolution:

"De Bruce, thy sacrilegious blow
Hath at God's altar slain thy foe;
O'ermastered yet by high behest,
I bless thee, and thou shalt be blessed!"

And even the real life immediately about us still keeps its pathos. Love, anger, jealousy, despair, are potent under Victoria, as under Agamemnon or Lear. There is not a household in the land where the Great Sorrow is not felt—which the Destroyer does not enter—from which *the Cry of the Human* does not ascend to heaven.

"O God! to clasp these fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely;
To see a light on dearest brows,
Which is the daylight only.
Be pitiful, O God!"

Mrs. Browning's is a noble poem—alas! that she too should even to-day have dragged that sharp cry, not from one heart only, but from many who revered and loved the purity, and gentleness, and unquenchable energy, and vivid intelligence,

of a most helpful woman—but the subject is one not easily exhausted. It will last our time—as also, let us trust, the Love which deprives his dart of its sting, and reaps victory through her tears. Such materials can the present time furnish to the Tragic Muse; and for Comedy—Have we not Vincent Scully and a whole island of Irishmen?

At the same time, as we have intimated, we incline to prefer the claim of History. When a poem possesses a historical basis, the risk of caricature is diminished. The poet who spins his web out of his own brain for any long time, “gangs aft agee;” whereas the poet who relies upon the facts which the unimaginative annalists of a people have recorded, is protected against the deceitfulness of the imagination, and brought back incessantly to reality. And, moreover, an event, as a whole and in its completeness, may be viewed with better effect when removed a little way from us. The pressure of the crowd partly conceals its proportions; but, in the silence of the night-season, what is poetic in the story is disengaged from its casual environment, grows plainer and more distinctly articulate.

We have always held that there was the right stuff in Mr. Alexander Smith. We felt sure that one who united, as he did, the fire of the poet with the sagacity and moderation of the critic, would ultimately work clear of the fogs which obscured his genius. We are glad to find that we have not been mistaken. Mr. Smith has turned to history; and, guided by the Venerable Bede, has produced a thoroughly good piece of work. There can be no mistake about it. He has hitherto failed conspicuously in his choice of subjects; but his choice in this case is admirable. The story is rife with incident, and keeps the reader's interest awake from beginning to end. His plot, too, has been generally very defective: it wanted bone and muscle; but he has now got a historical framework which he is forced to respect, and which prevents him from running into unnaturalness. The morbid and diseased self-consciousness of the *Life Drama* is got rid of: the author of *Edwin of Deira* is beyond dispute an eminently healthy and well-conditioned mortal. The passion is no longer inverted or irregular; and, while it has ceased to consume itself in an explosive way, it continues to fire the narrative, and prevents

it from languishing or growing tame. Nor does his fertile pictorial faculty run to seed as it used to run; the tendency to verbal conceits and remote prettiness is subdued; and when an analogy is introduced—for the dawn, and the sea, and the stars, are still visible—it is true, simple, and effective, and aids, instead of embarrassing, the progress of the story. In short, we every where detect the evidence of honest and thorough work, and the result is exactly what we might look for. Mr. Smith has written a poem, which is marked by the strength, sustained sweetness, and compact texture of real life.

No doubt, the old cuckoo-cry of plagiarism will be again heard. It will be said that *Edwin of Deira* is a mere echo of *The Idylls of the King*. We do not dwell upon the fact that Mr. Smith had planned and well-nigh executed his poem before the appearance of the Laureate's master-piece, (though we have the best reason to know that such is the case,) but we say that those who can not see that, however alike in certain subordinate respects the two works may be, Mr. Smith's is yet substantially original, must be quite unable to discriminate between the nicer moods of poetic feeling. We have no doubt that, were we to descend into the obscure arena, we could point out half a dozen passages—not more—in which there is a marked verbal resemblance between *Edwin* and the *Idylls*. But what of that? Can such coincidences—lying upon the surface, and not affecting the internal structure and general bearing of the work—detract from the reputation of a poet who, in the conception and execution of his subject, shows vital force and essential originality?

Some critics, indeed, who desire to deal fairly and honestly with Mr. Smith, may say that his indebtedness does not end here. And in one sense they are right. Mr. Smith is undoubtedly indebted to the Laureate for the *form* of his verse. The *Morte d'Arthur* is, if not the first, at least the most perfect specimen, in our language, of a peculiar poetic construction. It is rather difficult to define precisely wherein its peculiarity consists. We may compare it, perhaps, with the paintings of some of the early artists—Cimabue or Giotto—or with the abstract representations of natural forms in architecture. It is plain, angular, unelastic; but in its lofty simpleness there is

none of the familiarity of the love-song or the pastoral. This simple stateliness is preserved with unbroken and marvelous effect throughout the *Morte d'Arthur*. It is perceptible, in a more modified form, in *The Idylls of the King*, and Mr. Smith has employed it in *Edwin of Deira*, but with certain essential variations. With simplicity of construction, he has tried to inweave richness of imagery and subtlety of feeling. It may be doubted how far such a union is practicable. We are rather disposed to fancy that the style to which we allude is best suited to represent the marked and naked features of nature, and well-defined and not very intricate feelings. It is thus that it is used in the *Morte d'Arthur*—the scenery massively lined rather than described :

“ A dark strait of barren land,
On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full,”

and the feelings clearly articulated, and not confused by moral or intellectual dilemmas. Mr. Smith, however, has almost succeeded in his venture ; and, though we experience a jolt occasionally, it is seldom sufficient seriously to interrupt our enjoyment. We do not think it needful to add a word on his right to use this form. If he is not entitled to use it because it has been used by another, then Pope was not entitled to employ in *The Dunciad* the measure which had been employed by Dryden in *MacFlecknoe*—a proposition which we bequeath to the provincial and metropolitan Cockneys who pass their time in picking the dry bones of the poets.

It is a story from the early annals of England that Mr. Smith has selected. He has caught the hurry and movement of a martial age. The poem is rich with color ; there is every where a glow as of a king's crown or a knight's armor. The princes and warriors are noble gentlemen. The chivalrous demeanor, the stately kingliness of speech, are well suited to the environment. But it is the scenes of stiller life, when the strife of heroes, and the bay of the hunters' dogs, and the clatter of the wine-cup, and the trumpet-call sounding shrilly through the crash of battle, are momentarily silenced, that we like best. Donegild, smitten but unsubdued by suffering :

“ More queenly — wearing sorrow's dreary crown,

And robed in bitter wrongs—that when she moved
In youthful beauty, and the diadem
Paled in more golden hair,”

is a fine picture, firmly handled ; and Bertha is as sweet a girl as ever entered into a poet's dream. We are almost afraid to own how much we admire her. There is an exquisite rhythm in the verse whenever this maiden enters, as if her own fingers had touched the strings—a delicious swell of music, as if the very Spirit of Love were breathing through the words. It may be quite true that we never meet in modern literature with the superb and thoroughbred gentlemen, to whom we are introduced in *Coriolanus* or *The Tempest*—gentlemen who seem to have spoken with kings and worn ermine all their days—but Bertha, at least, may claim a niche between Miranda and Hermione.

We have spoken highly of Mr. Smith's new poem ; and we are anxious that our readers should judge of the fidelity of our estimate. They will be better able to do so, if, before reading the sketch of the story and the illustrative extracts we purpose to make, they will, in the first place, turn to Bede's *Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation*, (Book ii. cap. 9 to 14 inclusive,) where they will find the history of “Æduin, King of the Northumbrians,” narrated at length. In the mean time, a few sentences from Hume will serve to explain “ the situation.”

“ Adelfrid, King of Bernicia, having married Acca, the daughter of Ælla, King of Deiri, and expelled her infant brother Edwin, had united all the counties north of Humber into one monarchy, and acquired a great ascendant in the heptarchy : he also spread the terror of the Saxon arms to the neighboring people ; and by his victories over the Scots and Picts, as well as Welsh, extended on all sides the bounds of his dominions. . . . Notwithstanding Adelfrid's success in war, he lived in inquietude on account of young Edwin, whom he had unjustly dispossessed of the crown of Deiri. This prince, now grown to man's estate, wandered from place to place in continual danger from the attempts of Adelfrid, and received at last protection in the court of Redwald, King of the East Angles, where his engaging and gallant deportment procured him general esteem and affection. Redwald, however, was strongly solicited by the King of Northumberland to kill or deliver up his guest ; rich presents were promised him if he would comply, and war denounced against him in case of refusal. After rejecting several messages of this kind, his gen-

erosity began to yield to the motives of interest, and he retained the last ambassador, till he should come to a resolution in a case of such importance. Edwin, informed of his friend's perplexity, was yet determined at all hazards to remain in East Anglia, and thought that, if the protection of that court failed him, it were better to die, than prolong a life so much exposed to the persecutions of his powerful rival. This confidence in Redwald's honor and friendship, with his other accomplishments, engaged the queen on his side; and she effectually represented to her husband the infamy of delivering up to certain destruction their royal guest, who had fled to them for protection against his cruel and jealous enemies. Redwald, embracing more generous resolutions, thought it safest to prevent Adelfrid before that prince was aware of his intention, and to attack him while he was yet unprepared for defense. He marched suddenly with an army into the kingdom of Northumberland, and fought a battle with Adelfrid, in which that monarch was defeated and killed, after avenging himself by the death of Regner, son of Redwald: his own sons, Eanfrid, Oswald, and Osway, yet infants, were carried into Scotland; and Edwin obtained possession of the crown of Northumberland. Edwin was the greatest prince of the heptarchy in that age, and distinguished himself both by his influence over the other kingdoms, and by the strict execution of justice in his own dominions. He reclaimed his subjects from the licentious life to which they had been accustomed; and it was a common saying, that during his reign a woman or child might openly carry every where a purse of gold without any danger of violence or robbery."

The poem opens at the close of the great battle with Ethelbert, which drives Edwin, a solitary fugitive, from his kingdom, to seek the hospitality of his father's friend, King Redwald.

"Edwin 'scaped, but 'scaped as one
Wet-fetlocked from the Morecambe tide, that
brings
Sca-silence in an hour to wide-spread sands
Loud with pack-horses, and the crack of whips.
And on the way the steed of steeds beloved
Burst noble heart and fell; and with a pang
Keener than that which oftentime is felt
By human death-beds, Edwin left the corse
To draw the unseen raven from the sky;
Then fearful lest the villages of men
Might babble of his steps to Ethelbert,
Certain to sweep that way with clouds of horse,
He sought rude wastes and heathy wilder-
nesses
Through which the stagnant streams crept black
and sour."

He wanders on, passing through "the

land of reed and fen, with many a wing
be-clanged," till he comes to a glen near
Redwald's capital:

"To a ravine that broke down from the hill
With many a tumbled crag: a streamlet
leapt
From stony shelf to shelf: the rocks were
touched
By purple fox-gloves, plumed by many a
fern;
And all the soft green bottom of the gorge
Was strewn with hermit stones that sideways
leaned,
Smooth-checked with emerald moss."

Here he meets one of the pages from the
court, who enlarges to him on the gossip
of the palace, on the king and his seven
sons, "the maddest men for hunting,"
and his daughter Bertha, a maid that
comes—

"Like silence after hoof and bugle blare;
Who owns the whitest hand, the sweetest
cheek
Air touches, sunlight sees."

At length they reach the town—

"Discoursing thus
They entered on a broad and public way
Whereon were travelers and lively stir,
And now a maid, and now a knight went past
With light upon his armor; and at length,
The while the press was growing more and
more,
They came upon the palace, vast in shade
Against the sunset. Noisy was the place
With train and retinue, and the cumbrous
pumps
The feasters left without. The steeds were
staked
Upon the sward, and from the gates the folk,
Busy as bees at entrance of a hive,
Swarmed in and out. Men lay upon the grass,
Men leaned with folded arms against the walls,
Men dined with eager hands and covetous
eyes;
Men sat on grass with hauberk, greave and
helm
And great bright sword, and as they sat they
sang
The prowess of their masters deep in feast—
How foremost in the chase he speared the boar,
How through the terrible battle press he rode,
Death following like a squire."

The travel-stained fugitive is brought
into the great hall, where Redwald and
his nobles are feasting—

"A hundred bearded faces were up-raised
Flaming with mead."

The king recognizes him; the wandering

* History of England, chap. i. p. 32.

face brings back the old time, "ere thou young sir, wert thought of," and he greets him cordially. Placing Edwin beside him, the feast, which is described with great zest, goes on—

"Sheep, steer, and boar,
And stags that on the mountain took the dawn
High o'er the rising splendors of the mists,
Were plenteously there. All fowls that pierce
In wedge or caravan the lonely sky,
At winter's sleety whistle, heaped the feast;
With herons kept for kings, and swans that float

Like water-lilies on the glassy mere.
Nor these alone. All fish of glorious scale,
The fruits of English woods, and honey pure
Slow oozing from its labyrinthine cells,
And spacious horns of mead—the blessed mead
That can unpack the laden heart of care—
That climbs a heated reveler to the brain,
And sits there singing songs."

Next day, dressed in a manner suited to his rank, he is conducted to the chamber where the princes are preparing for the chase.

"Then he led,
Through a long passage, toward a noise of dogs
That ever nearer grew, and entered straight
A mighty chamber hung with horn and head;
Its floor bestrewn with arrows, as if War,
Grown weary of his trade, had there disrobed
And thrown his quiver down. And in the midst
The brothers stood in hunting gear, and stroked
Great brindled dogs, that leapt about their knees,
And talked of them the while, and called to mind
How this one charged the lowering mountain bull,

What time he stood affronted in the glade
And the spurned earth flew around him in
his rage;
How the boar's tusk made that one yelp and limp
The day he came upon him in the brake."

Then, while they babble of hawk, and steed, and hound, the princess enters:

"In at the door a moment peeped a girl,
Fair as a rose-tree growing thwart a gap
Of ruin, seen against the blue when one
Is dipped in dungeon gloom; and Redwald
called,
And at the call she through the chamber
came,
And laid a golden head and blushing cheek
Against his breast. He clasped his withered
hands
Fondly upon her head, and bent it back,
As one might bend a downward-looking
flower
To make its perfect beauty visible,
Then kissed her mouth and cheek."

Edwin proceeds to describe to Redwald how he lost his kingdom,

"And how, at a most dismal set of sun,
He saw his files lie on the bloody field,
Like swathes of grass, and knew that all was
lost;"

and urges the cautious and hesitating old man to undertake his cause. Redwald will not commit himself, but his eldest son Regner, touched by the misfortunes and nobleness of the fugitive, becomes his fast friend. A hawking expedition follows. A heron is flushed among the reeds of a gloomy mere, and Edwin first casts his hawk:

"Then Regner, riding near,
Watching his countenance, caught his eye, and
cried:

'When 'gainst the heron Ethelbert thou fliest,
I follow in thy track, come weal, come woe!'—
And, rising fiercely in his stirrup, flung
His falcon into air. A glorious sight
To see them scale the heaven in lessening rings
Till they as motes became: while here and there
About the strand the eager brethren rode,
With shaded faces upturned to the blue,
Now crying, 'This one has it!' and now 'That!'
When suddenly, from out the dizzy sky,
Dropped screaming hawks and heron locked
in fight,

Leaving a track of plumes upon the air.
Down came they struggling, wing and beak
and claw,

And splashed beyond the rushes in the mere.
Amid the widening circles to the waist,
A falconer dashed and drew to shore the birds,
All dead save Edwin's falcon, that, with claws
Struck through the heron's neck, yet pecked
and tore,

Unsated in its fierceness."

On their return to the palace, and after the feast is over, Bertha joins them:

"The princess came and sang as was her wont,
And as it chanced that night a tale of love—
Of love new-born and trembling like an Eve
Within a paradise all wide and strange
At the most perilous sweetness of herself
But one short moment known. And while
her voice

Went wandering through a maze of melody,
The hand lay where it fell, and ceased the
breath,

And finer grew the listening face. And when
Like a leaf's wavering course through autumn
air,

The wildered melancholy music ceased,
And silence from a rack of keen delight
Unstretched their spirits to their grosser
moods

And common occupations, she arose
With music lingering in her face, and eyes
That seemed to look through surfaces of things,
And would have thence withdrawn from out
the hall

But Regner caught her 'twixt his mighty knees,
Proud of her innocence and gentle ways,
Impatient half that she was not a glede
Fire-eyed to peck his fingers."

Edwin is already deeply smitten, and he has soon an opportunity to avow his love. A great stag-hunt takes place, at which the Princess is present. They leave the palace in the early morning, ride to the forest where the antlered monarch has been seen, and the chase begins.

"And when afar
At instance of a strong-lunged forester,
The sudden bugle on the rosy cliff
Was splintered into echoes, from the marsh
The heron screaming rose; within his wood
The mountain bull stood listening to the sound,
Silent as lowering thunder, when the winds
Are choked, and leaves hang dead; and from
his lair
Rose, with dew-dappled flanks, the stag, and
snuffed
Their coming in the wind—a moment stood,
His speed in all his limbs—but when the pack
Dragged with them down the echoes of the
vale
And opened out, he fled, with antlers laid
Along his back like ears."

As the impetuous chase goes on, Edwin and Bertha are left alone together, and the story is told.

"Around a crag
That with its gloomy pines o'er-hung the vale,
Swept hunt and hunter out of sight and sound.
They were alone, and in the sudden calm,
When round them came the murmur of the
woods
Upon a sweeping sigh of summer wind—
O moment dying ere a cymbal's clash!
O memory enough to sweeten death!—
The unexpected solitude surprised
His heart to utterance, and the princess sat
Blinded and crimson as the opening rose
That feels yet sees not day. Then while the
wind
To his quick heart grew still, and every leaf
Was watchful ear and eye, he pressed his lips
Upon the fairest hand in all the world
Once."

The stag is killed by Regner, and the hunters turn home—

"The princess rode with dewy drooping eyes
And heightened color. Voice and clang of
hoof,
And all the clatter as they sounded on,
Became a noisy nothing in her ear,
A world removed. The woman's heart that
woke
Within the girlish bosom—ah! too soon!—
Filled her with fear and strangeness; for the
path,

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Familiar to her childhood, and to still
And maiden thoughts, upon a sudden dipped
To an unknown sweet land of delicate light
Divinely aired, but where each rose and leaf
Was trembling, as if haunted by a dread
Of coming thunder. Changed in one quick
hour
From bud to rose, from child to woman, love
Silenced her spirit, as the swelling brine
From out the far Atlantic makes a hush
Within the channels of the careless stream,
That erst ran chattering with the pebble
stones."

But, ere he reaches the palace, Edwin's friend, the page, meets him, and warns him not to enter, as an agent of Ethelbert is with the King, who meditates treachery. He remains without the walls during the night—a prey to bitter reflection.

"Ah! miserable me! My soldiers bleach
Beneath the moon, and she who bore me,
sleeps
On flint beside the waterfall, begirt
By widows, and by children, and by all
The congregated sorrow of a realm
Most sorrowful. And I, who can alone
Bring to my people roof-tree, fire and law,
And build for them again an ordered state,
Sit here an outcast, and the door is shut."

As he waits through the long night, sorrowful and desperate, an apparition appears to him, and undertakes to restore him to his kingdom and to unite him with Bertha. Edwin promises obedience to his ghostly visitor; and in the morning the page returns to inform him that Ethelbert's emissary has been dismissed, that war has been declared, and that the council in the King's chamber wait for him. He enters, and Redwald tells him somewhat hotly that, moved by Bertha's tears, he has espoused his cause.

"And while the king
Went on thus chafing, Edwin's sleepless heart
Grew silent as an eagle's famished brood
Huddled upon a ledge of rosy dawn,
When sudden in the blinding radiance hangs
Their mighty dam, a kid within her grip,
Borne off from valleys filled with twilight cold
That know not yet the morn."

Edwin gratefully accepts the proffered aid, and concludes by avowing his love for the Princess.

"At the king's feet
She sat, and, hearing, over neck and brow
Broke morning; and as love is faced like fear,
Or wears fear's mask, she hid her own and
shrank;
And, shrinking, like a sudden burst of light,

The unimprisoned splendor of her hair
In coil on coil of heavy ringlets fell,
And veiled the face that burned through hands
close pressed,
And clothed her to the knee."

Redwald gives his consent, in a passage
of great beauty, and the two are betroth-
ed:

"So, sweet, arise,
And give the man thy heart hath chosen out,
From all his fellows a pure hand in pledge
Of faithfulness—the one assured thing,
He ever will possess upon the earth."

And then Bertha rises up and puts her
hand in his—

"She heard, and, all untouched by virgin
shame,
False and unworthy then, erect she stood
Before her father and her brethren seven,
Pale as her robe, and in her cloudless eyes
Love, to which death and time are vapory
vails
That hide not other worlds, and stretched a
hand,
Which Edwin held, and kissed before them
all
In passionate reverence; smitten dumb by
thanks
And noble shame of his unworthiness,
And sense of happiness o'erdue. And while
The prince's lip still lingered on the hand
That never more could pluck a simple flower
But he was somehow mixed up in the act,
She faltered like a lark beneath the sun
Poised on the summit of its airy flight,
And, sinking to a lower beauteous range
Of tears and maiden blushes, sought the arms
That sheltered her from childhood, and hid
there,
Shaken by happy sobs."

The preparations for the war are quickly
completed. With his army Edwin cross-
es the hills, "through a world of mist,
and crag, and dashing waterfall," and
swoops upon Ethelbert like a falcon. The
usurper is driven to bay—

"So when the sun
Broke through the clouds at setting, on a mound
Stood Ethelbert, surrounded by his lords,
Known by his white steed and his diadem,
And by his golden armor blurred with blood,"
and falls under Edwin's ax, after a kingly
conflict, in which Regner is slain.

Restored to his kingdom and married
to Bertha, the great drama is played out.
The passionate excitement of war and
love is over. A graver strain succeeds.
Edwin has now to discharge the duties of
the kingly office; and the poem is hence-
forth occupied with domestic life, religion,

and his efforts to reconstruct the shatter-
ed state. A son is born to him—named
Regner, after Bertha's noble-hearted
brother—and the little fellow is very ex-
quisitely described—

"So the boy throve into his second year,
And babbled like a brook, and fluttered o'er
The rushes, like a thing all wings, to meet
His father's coming, and be breathless caught
From the great foot up to the stormy beard
And smothered there in kisses. And when'er
Edwin and Bertha sat in grave discourse
Of threatened frontier and the kingdom's need,
If the blue eyes looked upward from their knees,
Their voices in a baby language broke
Down to his level, and the scepter slipped
Unheeded from the hands that loved his curls
Far more to play with. Every day these twain—
Two misers with their gold in one fair chest
Inclosed—hung o'er him in his noon-day sleep
Upon the wolf-skin—blessed the tumbled hair,
Cheek pillow-dinted, little mouth half-open
With the serenest passage of pure breath,
Red as a rose-bud pouting to a rose;
Eyelids that gave the slumber-misted blue;
One round arm doubled, while the other lay,
With dainty elbow dimpled like a cheek,
Beside a fallen plaything. Slumbering there,
The fondest dew of praises on him fell,
And the low cry with which he woke was stilled
By a proud mother's mouth."

The poem concludes with the arrival
of the Christian missionaries, and the
adoption by the King—warned by the ap-
parition who again appears to him—of the
faith which they have been sent to teach.
This last scene is very fine and animated.
A ship has arrived in the offing, and the
King rides down to the beach to greet
the wayfarers—

"In the bright
Fringe of the living sea that came and went
Tapping its planks, a great ship sideways lay,
And o'er the sands a grave procession paced
Melodious with many a chaunting voice.
Nor spear nor buckler had these foreign men,
Each wore a snowy robe that downward flowed,
Fair in their front a silver cross they bore,
A painted Saviour floated in the wind,
The chaunting voices, as they rose and fell,
Hallowed the rude sea-air."

The people assembled on a great plain
outside the city, and Paulinus addresses
them:

"Fair island people, blue-eyed, golden-haired
That dwell within a green delicious land
With noble cities as with jewels set—
A land all shadowed by full-orned woods
Refreshed and and beautified by stately
streams—"

and tells them of the message with which
he has been intrusted—

"The Lord Christ bleeding bowed his head and died;
And by that dying did he wash earth white
From murders, battles, lies, ill deeds, and took
Remorse away that feeds upon the heart
Like slow fire on a brand. From grave he burst,
Death could not hold him, and ere many days
Before the eyes of those that did him love
He passed up through yon ocean of blue air
Unto the heaven of heavens, whence he came.
And there he sits this moment man and God;
Strong as a God, flesh-hearted as a man,
And all the uncreated light confronts
With eyelids that have known the touch of tears."

King and people accept the new religion; and, as the idol-temples are fired, the white-robed priests unite in a solemn chant—

"Down falls the wicked idol on his face,
So let all wicked gods and idols fall!
Come forth, O light! from out the breaking east,
And with thy splendor pierce the heathen dark,
And morning make on continent and isle
That thou may'st reap the harvest of thy tears,
O holy One that hung upon the tree!"

Once more Paulinus addresses the King, and, in prophetic strain, discloses to him the great future which is now in store for his land—

"From out the twilight of unnoted time
The history of this land hath downward come
Like an uncited stream that draws its course
Through empty wildernesses, and but hears
The wind sigh in the reed, the passing crane;
But Christ this day hath been upon it
launched
Like a golden barge with burnished oars,
Whose progress makes the lonely waters blush,
And floods the marshes with melodious noise.

And as that river widens to the sea
The barge I speak of will dilate and tower,
And put forth bank on bank of burnished oars,
And on the waters like a sunset burn,
And roll a lordlier music far and wide,
And ever on the dais a king shall sit,
And ever round the king shall nobles stand."

So Edwin grows and flourishes, and becomes a mighty idol-breaker, until, in a good old age, he is laid in the church which he has built:

"The fanes he burned
At Goodmanham, at Yeverin, and York,
And Cateret where the Swale runs shallowing by.
To Redwald and his sons he bore the faith,
And sent Paulinus to the neighboring kings.
Near his own city, where the temple stood,
He raised to Christ a simple church of stone,
And ruled his people faithfully, until
Long-haired and hoary, as a crag that looks
Seaward, with matted lichens bleached by time,
He sat in hall beholding, with dim eyes
And memory full of graves, the world's third bloom;
Grandchildren of the men he knew in youth;
And dying, pillow-propped within his chair,
The watchers saw a gleam upon his face
As from an opened heaven. And so they laid
Within the church of stone, with many a tear,
The body of the earliest Christian king
That England knew; there 'neath the floor he sleeps,
With lord and priest around, till through the air
The angel of the resurrection flies."

Such is Mr. Smith's new poem. We have quoted from it at length, because we are anxious that our readers should share with us the pleasure of again listening to a fine piece of old history—one of the storied tales belonging to "the milky youth of this great English land"—and because, having spoken so highly of its many beauties, we are bound in a manner, as the lawyers say, "to instruct our averments."

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN IRELAND.—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will honor Belfast and the north of Ireland with a visit during an early period of the month of August. We have reason to believe that the Prince, during his stay in the north, will, with Lord Carlisle, be the guest of Lord Lurgan, at whose beautiful residence extensive preparations are being made for the reception of the distinguished visitors. We understand that his Royal Highness will also visit the shore of Lough Neagh, and that the ancient halls of Massereene Castle and the beau-

tiful seat of the Pakenham family at Longford Lodge will be graced by the presence of the Prince and that of her Majesty's chief representative in Ireland. —*Northern Whig*.

MISS FREDRIKA BREMER, whom we announced lately as the editor of a novel written by one of her friends, is now in Greece writing a book on the Modern Greeks. It will be translated, when complete, by Mary Howitt, who seems to have the monopoly of Miss Bremer's works.

From the Westminster Review.

EQUATORIAL AFRICA, AND ITS INHABITANTS.*

OF the numerous and vast territories of Africa which, still untrodden by the white man, invite his exploration, none surpass, either in extent or interest, that broad central region stretching through thirty degrees of longitude, from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, and several degrees of latitude on either side of the equator. Starting from Zanzibar, on the east coast, in latitude 6° south, Captain Speke and Major Burton have been rewarded by the discovery of the great lake or inland sea, Tanganyika which is believed to be at least two hundred and fifty miles long, and from thirty to thirty-five miles broad. This lake is nearly six hundred miles in a direct line from the coast. Proceeding from it in a north-easterly direction, Captain Speke, after a sixteen days' journey, had the happiness of being the first white man whose eyes rested on a second great fresh-water sea—Lake Nyanza, or, as the loyal Captain has named it, the Victoria Nyanza. Its area is not yet known: one of the sable sultanas dwelling near its southern shore declared that she had never heard of there being any end to it, and did not dream of the possibility that any one could go round it. In fact, its northern extremity is supposed by the natives to reach to the end of the world. Meanwhile Mr. Petherick, who, as a merchant, has passed fifteen years in the territories of the Upper Nile, advanced in a south-western direction along the Nile, and reaching a vast lake-like expansion of the river—the Bahr-el-Gazal, or

Sea of the Gazelles—landed himself and men, and proceeded due south in quest of ivory. During the last of several expeditions, he reached the most southern point of his explorations—a village called Mundo, inhabited by a cannibal tribe named Neam Nam. Mr. Petherick had no instruments by which he could determine the latitude of Mundo, but he believes it to be quite close to the equator. There can be no doubt that Captain Speke and Mr. Petherick, starting from opposite points, have each approached very nearly the same spot; indeed, Captain Speke is disposed to believe that Lake Nyanza and the Bahr-el-Gazal are connected with each other. To settle this interesting question, to explore Lake Nyanza from south to north, and then to proceed northward as far as Gondokoro, situate on one of the branches of the White Nile, and said to be in lat. $4^{\circ} 30' N.$, and long. $31^{\circ} 50' E.$, where Mr. Petherick is to meet him in November next, is the adventurous and exceedingly interesting task which Captain Speke has now undertaken. Mr. Petherick proposes to form a dépôt of grain at Gondokoro, under the charge of his own men, in order to insure to the Captain means of subsistence and security from violence whenever he may reach that place; to assist him in passing through the hostile tribes between Lake Nyanza and the Nile; and also to extend his own explorations. The Royal Geographical Society is deserving the utmost praise for the spirited manner in which, depending on private subscriptions, it has determined to send out Mr. Petherick at a cost of two thousand pounds. Certainly, as they justly observe, "he is beyond any other Englishman peculiarly fitted for carrying out the expedition he proposes;" and we sincerely hope that in 1863 or 1864 we may learn of its more than expected success.

Toward the southernmost part of Mr. Petherick's last journey, the country became undulatory, and even mountainous: he speaks of being among granitic moun-

* *Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa; with Accounts of the Manners and Customs of the People, and of the Chase of the Gorilla, Crocodile, Leopard, Elephant, Hippopotamus, and other Animals.* By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU. With Map and Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1861.

• *Egypt, the Soudan, and Central Africa, with Explorations from Khartoum on the White Nile to the Regions of the Equator, being Sketches from Sixteen Years' Travel.* By JOHN PETHERICK, F.R.G.S., her Britannic Majesty's Consul for the Soudan. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1861.

tains and of going through mountain-passes. Possibly these form the eastern extremity of a vast range of mountains which, in the opinion of M. du Chaillu, extends "nearly across the continent without ever leaving the line of the equator more than two degrees." This gentleman tells us, that proceeding from the west coast in an easterly direction, and crossing the mountainous ranges of the Sierra del Crystal, which runs parallel with the coast, he reached the equatorial range just mentioned, and advanced along its southern slopes until between the fourteenth and fifteenth degree of east longitude, or to a point about 330 miles from the coast in a straight line. In confirmation of his opinion as to the extent and direction of this central range, he says:

"Some of the slaves of the Apingi (an inland tribe) are brought from a distance to the eastward, which they counted as twenty days' journey; and they invariably protested that the mountains in sight from their present home continue in an uninterrupted chain far beyond their own country—in fact, as far as they knew."

M. du Chaillu thinks it probable, he says, that "in the northern slope of this great range originate many of the feeders of the Niger, Lake Tchad, and the Nile;" and that its impenetrable forests and its savage inhabitants together put a stop to the southward course of the Mohammedan conquest; which, as he observes, never advanced south of the equator. In a geographical point of view, the discovery of the western part of this mountain range, and the reasonable hypothesis of its relation to the Nile and other African rivers, as well as of its agency in arresting the southward course of Mohammedanism, are in our opinion, if M. du Chaillu's statements may be relied on, the most important and interesting results of his explorations. Certainly, this vast and mysterious *terra incognita*, equatorial Africa, now gives promise of appearing wholly unveiled at no distant date; and we wait with eager curiosity to learn whether the knowledge about to be acquired by Captain Speke and Mr. Petherick in their new expeditions will corroborate M. du Chaillu's assertions and conjectures.

We confess that the evidence adduced in justification of the doubts which have been expressed concerning the accuracy of M. du Chaillu's narrative are painfully perplexing.

Notwithstanding the facts which preclude us from feeling that implicit trust in M. du Chaillu's narrative which otherwise we should place in it, we can not help believing it to be substantially true. It is pervaded by an air of verisimilitude, reality, and good faith, which generate confidence. Moreover, it presents such abundant evidence of the general good sense and enlightened intelligence of the writer, that we feel assured he would be too wise, if he were not too honest, to attempt to deceive the English and American public by a monstrous fabrication, the falsehood of which must speedily be demonstrated and cover him with infamy. Indeed we do not believe the numerous narratives in the volume could have been invented: if they were, all we can say is, they rival in ability and interest the great fiction of De Foe. To us their general truthfulness is a far more credible hypothesis. To this, therefore—in common with Sir Roderick Murchison, Professor Owen, and Professor Huxley—we hold; and proceeding upon it, we shall, without further adverse criticism, make our readers acquainted with the more important results of M. du Chaillu's explorations in the western part of equatorial Africa.

His very interesting narrative of his travels and adventures abounds in original information respecting the rivers, animals, (including the man-like gorilla,) and human inhabitants of the regions which he visited. Interested in, and evidently attaching great value to, the labors of Christian missionaries in Africa, he is wholly free from religious superstition, and impresses us as peculiarly qualified to investigate wisely and impartially the ideas and usages of a savage people, and especially to acquire and communicate a correct knowledge of the rude notions and beliefs of the natives respecting the "spirit-world," and the supposed invisible agencies which preside over and control their lives. An American gentleman of French descent, he was, he says, associated in business with his father during four years, on the African coast, and thus had the immense advantage of obtaining an acquaintance with the languages and customs of the natives around him, and of inuring his constitution to brave the dangers of the climate before he began his explorations, the object of which was not only to acquaint himself with the region lying between latitude

two degrees north and latitude two degrees south, and extending eastward as far as he could penetrate, in the interests of geography and natural history; but also to ascertain if in the interior there might not be found a region fertile and populous, and at the same time healthy, where missionaries, who, on the low coasts, too often fall victims to their pious zeal, could labor with safety and advantage, and where trading stations beneficial alike to whites and natives might be established.

The three large streams which pour themselves into the Atlantic, on the African coast, between the equator and latitude two degrees south, and which are respectively designated on the maps as the rivers Nazareth, Mexias, and Fernand Vas, have been hitherto supposed to be distinct rivers; but the explorations of M. du Chaillu prove them to be only separate mouths in the vast delta of one great river—the Ogobai; the three chief tributaries of which are the N'gouyai, the Okanda, and that part of what has hitherto been called the Fernand Vas which for the last forty miles of its course runs in a north-westerly direction, parallel with and very near to the coast. This branch, which at twenty miles from its mouth is three miles wide, and which in its upper part is called the Ovenga, he appears to have traced to its source in the Ashaukolo Mountains—part of the range nearest to the sea. Ascending one of the chief outlets of the Ogobai—the N'poulounay; and then, after passing some distance up the Ogobai itself, exploring one of its small tributaries—the Anengue—Mr. du Chaillu entered a splendid lake, “at least ten miles wide, and dotted with various beautiful wooded islands.” On one side it is bounded by hills which come close down to the shore. Many of these hills are crowned with native villages. The whole country around is filled with the India-rubber vine. In the month of May the lake was every where deep enough for steamers of moderate draught; in August “it was still a beautiful sheet of water, and good enough for navigation;” but all over it the dry season had brought out, as also in the “noble stream” of the Ogobai, an eruption of black mud islands, on which reposed hosts of crocodiles. “Wherever the eye was turned, these disgusting beasts, with their dull leer, and huge, savage jaws, appeared in pro-

digious numbers. Though in this season the Ogobai had sunk fifteen feet lower than it was in May, it was still deep, and navigable by vessels of good size; and the shallower N'poulounay was “yet quite practicable for a steamer of light draught.” The river N'gouyai, a chief tributary of the Ogobai, runs westward, and is fed by the mountain range already mentioned as traversing the continent in the line of the equator. The scenery along its course M. du Chaillu describes as growing “grander and bolder” as he advanced. “Every mile of downward progress,” he says, “seemed to bring us to a more magnificent country.” Before its junction with the Okanda, its course is broken by splendid falls, called by the natives *Samba Nagoshi*, and named by M. du Chaillu, in honor of the French Empress, the *Eugenie Falls*. But though he thus baptized them he never saw them. Having descended the river to a point about five miles above them, where he halted, and where their “mighty roar” sounded in his ears all night, he was prevented from reaching them by the resolute refusal of his men to accompany him: they alleged that a hostile tribe living in the forest on the way would kill them. “That the fall of Samba Nagoshi is a majestic sight,” says M. du Chaillu, “all the descriptions of the Negroes go to prove. It is the great marvel of which all the tribes have heard, even those who live at a distance, and of which all speak with awe and wonder.” The upper part of this river is called by the natives the *Apingi*; it runs in a northerly direction, and at the highest point of it reached by M. du Chaillu, he found it “three hundred yards wide, and from three to four fathoms deep in the channel.” The Okanda, said to be the largest by far of the tributaries of the Ogobai, and which runs in a south-westerly direction, M. du Chaillu did not explore.

The river next in importance to the Ogobai, which was examined by M. du Chaillu, is the Muni, already known, and whose chief tributaries are the N'tongo, the N'dina, the Noya, and the N'tambounay, which is the principal stream, and into which a smaller river—the Moondah—empties itself. Most of these tributaries of the Muni have their source in the coast range of mountains—the Sierra del Crystal—and are of no great length, the longest being not more than about eighty

miles long. The Muni enters the sea in $1^{\circ} 2'$ north lat., and is, like most of the rivers of the coast, bounded by mangrove swamps; but near the mouth the highlands are visible in the background, and make up a picturesque scene. Ascending the N'tambounay, the river continues wide, being for the first twenty miles at least two hundred yards across all the way. The course of the stream is dotted and interrupted by many small islands, whose shores are bordered with graceful palms, and its banks form a most charming landscape. "The Moondah, which enters the sea about half a degree north of the equator, is," says M. du Chaillu, "a most disagreeable and unhealthy river, one vast swamp, which seems little likely ever to be useful to man. I was forced," he adds, "to take quinine twice a day while going up; and the few natives who live near its banks are a poor set, sickly, and with little energy."

The country traversed by M. du Chaillu presents great variety of aspect: extensive swamps, rich prairies, woods almost impenetrable, hills of considerable height, and the mountain ranges of the Sierra del Crystal, reaching five thousand feet above the sea, as well as the great range running eastward, and called by the natives the *Nkoomoonabouli*; these several features, intersected by the numerous rivers before mentioned, constitute a landscape combining tropical exuberance and Alpine beauty.

The mineral riches of the country remain wholly unexplored: iron is seen, however, to be every where plentiful. Among the more important vegetable products we may mention the ebony tree, the India-rubber vine, and the oil-yielding palm. The ebony tree is found in abundance, and its wood is an article of regular native traffic. In almost every direction M. du Chaillu encountered the India-rubber vine, the juice from which might become an unfailing source of wealth, were it carefully collected for exportation. Not less abundant is the oil-yielding palm. Referring to the country of the Apingi tribe, M. du Chaillu says:

"I never saw such vast quantities of palms, all hanging full of ripe nuts. Thousands of tons of oil might easily be made here, and transported on rafts by water to the seaboard, if only the trade could once be opened. The Apingi eat the nuts, and seem to thrive upon them."

In the same region grows also another exceedingly valuable palm. The fibrous parts of its leaves are woven by the natives into a beautiful texture known as grass-cloth, which is generally preferred by the natives to our common cottons. Even the Apingi, who manufacture it, evinced unwillingness to exchange it for the cloths which M. du Chaillu offered.

Among the animals encountered by M. du Chaillu, the most remarkable, always excepting the gorilla and his near relations, is the Bashikouay ant.

"It is the dread of all living animals, from the leopard to the smallest insect. I do not think that they build a nest or home of any kind. At any rate they carry nothing away, but eat all their prey on the spot. It is their habit to march through the forests in a long regular line—a line about two inches broad and often several miles in length. All along this line are larger ants, who act as officers, stand outside the ranks, and keep this singular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, whose heat they can not bear, they immediately build underground tunnels, through which the whole army passes in columns to the forest beyond. These tunnels are four or five feet underground, and are used only in the heat of the day or during a storm.

"When they grow hungry the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line, and attacks and devours all it overtakes with a fury which is quite irresistible. The elephant and gorilla fly before this attack. The black men run for their lives. Every animal that lives in their line of march is chased. They seem to understand and act upon the tactics of Napoleon, and concentrate with great speed, their heaviest forces on the point of attack. In an incredibly short space of time, the mouse, or dog, or leopard, or deer, is overwhelmed, killed, eaten, and the bare skeleton only remains.

"They seem to travel night and day. Many a time have I been awakened out of a sleep, and obliged to rush from the hut and into the water to save my life, and after all suffered intolerable agony from the bites of the advance-guard, who had got into my clothes. When they enter a house they clear it of all living things. Cockroaches are devoured in an instant. Rats and mice spring around the room in vain. An overwhelming force of ants kills a strong rat in less than a minute, in spite of the most frantic struggles, and in less than another minute its bones are stripped. Every living thing in the house is devoured. They will not touch vegetable matter. Thus they are in reality very useful (as well as dangerous) to the negroes, who have their huts cleared of all the abounding vermin, such as immense cockroaches and centipedes, at least several times a year.

"When on their march, the insect world flies before them, and I have often had the approach of a bashikouay army heralded to me by this means. Wherever they go they make a clean sweep, even ascending to the tops of the highest trees in pursuit of their prey. Their manner of attack is an impetuous *leap*. Instantly the strong pincers are fastened, and they only let go when the piece gives way. At such times this little animal seems animated by a kind of fury, which causes it to disregard entirely its own safety, and to seek only the conquest of its prey. The bite is very painful.

"The Negroes relate that criminals were in former times exposed in the path of the bashikouay ants, as the most cruel manner of putting them to death. Two very remarkable practices of theirs remain to be related. When on their line of march they require to cross a narrow stream, they throw themselves across and form a tunnel—a living tunnel—connecting two trees or high bushes on opposite sides of the little stream, whenever they can find such to facilitate the operation. This is done with great speed, and is effected by a great number of ants, each of which clings with its fore-claws to its next neighbor's body or hind-claws. Thus they form a high, safe, tubular bridge, *through* which the whole vast regiment marches in regular order. If disturbed, or if the arch is broken by the violence of some animal, they instantly attack the offender with the greatest animosity. . . . Their numbers are so great that one does not like to enter into calculations; but I have seen one continuous line passing at good speed a particular place for *twelve hours*."

The lake Anengue, and the several rivers visited by M. du Chaillu, abound, he says, in fish which attract vast numbers of water-fowl to prey upon them. When at the lake, he sent out his net, and in a few minutes his men caught fish enough for supper and breakfast. Sharks are held sacred by the natives inhabiting at least one part of the coast near the equator, and, of course, swarm there in frightful plenitude. The mouth of a stream, appropriately named Shark River, is described as "actually alive with huge sharks."

"The Negroes boast that they can swim the river without danger if only they have nothing red about them;" and in fact, says M. du Chaillu, "all my men swam across without accident, first carefully concealing those parts of their scanty dress which might have the obnoxious color. . . . The natives believe that if they should kill one [of these fish] there would be no safety from their attacks thereafter. It is certainly very singular that they should not attack men in the water, for on any other of the numerous points on the coast where they abound, a man would be instantly killed did he venture among them."

Cape Lopez and the adjoining coasts are famous for turtle, many of which, on some occasions, may be overturned and secured in a few minutes. Unlike the shark, the crocodile is not protected by a halo of sanctity, but is devoured with eagerness by the natives, who have a special fondness for his flesh. But though constantly hunted as a choice article of food, "they do not decrease in numbers, nor, strange enough, do they seem to grow more wary."

Hippopotami are constantly met with in the principal rivers which M. du Chaillu explored. They were abundant in the Fernand Vaz, but still more so in the Ogobai and other of the interior streams.

"They are very combative among themselves and bear marks on their bodies of desperate conflicts. . . . The young males suffer particularly in the encounters, as they are much imposed upon by these grown males, who are jealous of them. . . . It was my good fortune once to be witness to a combat between two hippopotami. It occurred in broad daylight. I was concealed on the bank of the stream, and had been for some time watching the sports of a herd, when suddenly two huge beasts rose to the surface of the water and rushed together. Their vast and hideous mouths were opened to their widest possible extent, their eyes were flaming with rage, and every power was put forth by each to annihilate the other. They seized each other with their jaws; they stabbed and punched with their strong tusks; they advanced and retreated; were now at the top of the water and again sank down to the bottom. Their blood discolored the river, and their groans of rage were hideous to listen to. They showed little powers of strategy, but rather a piggyish obstinacy in maintaining their ground, and a frightful savageness of demeanor. The combat lasted an hour. It was evident that their tusks could not give very dangerous wounds to such thickly-protected bodies as theirs. At last one turned about and made off, leaving the other victorious and master of the field.

"My observations lead me to believe that in general the hippopotamus will not wantonly attack a canoe passing on the river. They either do not seem to notice it at all, or else avoid it by diving under water. They are troublesome beasts, however, to the traveler paddling along in a frail canoe, for they are very apt to rise suddenly under a boat and throw it over to their own alarm, as well as to the inconvenience and danger of the passengers. In some instances, the huge beast becomes desperate from fright, thinks himself attacked, and with great rage demolishes the canoe. But even in such cases I have not heard of their ever touching the swimming passengers, who have only to keep away from the canoe to make sure their

escape. . . . The negroes who hunt the hippopotamus are sometimes killed. The animal, if only wounded, turns most savagely upon its assailant."

M. du Chaillu may be right in believing that, as a general rule, the hippopotamus never attacks man unless in self-defense. But Mr. Petherick records a terrible instance to the contrary. As he and his party were passing down the Upper Nile, one of these animals suddenly rose close to the boat, and seizing in its frightful mouth the cook of the expedition, who was sitting on the gunwale, instantly carried him under water. Of course it is possible that in this case the animal had been enraged by the sudden contact of the boat; but Mr. Petherick does not seem to be aware that the boat touched it, and there is no evidence that it did.

The meat of the hippopotamus is said to be not unlike beef, though of a coarser grain, and not fat. It makes a really wholesome and welcome dish, and is very much liked by the natives. It is evidently far superior to the meat of the elephant, which M. du Chaillu, who could never acquire a taste for it, declares to be the toughest and most disagreeable meat he ever tasted. He says we have no flesh that tastes like it, that its flavor is not unpleasant, but that when it has been boiled for two days, twelve hours each day, it is still tough. Nevertheless, the Fan tribe of natives are very fond of it, and hunt the elephant as much for the sake of its flesh as for its tusks, which are mostly sent to the coast for sale to the white man. Indeed, according to Mr. Petherick, the Neam Nam tribe, who dwell in about the same latitude as the Fans, hunt the elephant for the sake of its flesh only, which they devour apparently with almost as much enjoyment as they can be supposed to have when they feast on human victims. On his arrival among them, they were wholly ignorant of the value of ivory, and left the precious tusks lying in the forests where their owners had been captured and slain. We can not help wishing that the negroes generally could have remained as ignorant of the commercial value of ivory as were these poor Neam Nams before they were visited by Mr. Petherick: the vast and continuous destruction of the most magnificent denizen of the forest—the animal which is capable of becoming at

once the most docile and the most powerful of man's servants—bids fair to effect, at no very distant date, its total extinction. As soon as this tribe found that with elephants' tusks they could buy the much-coveted beads which Mr. Petherick exhibited, their eagerness for wholesale slaughter of the noble beast was suddenly and immensely intensified. The first result of the white man's revelation is seen in the following revolting narrative by Mr. Petherick, who, after a fortnight's sojourn at the village of Mundo, was informed that a herd of eighteen elephants was in the vicinity.

"Old men, hags, warriors, women, and children collected with the most sanguine expectations; and anxious to witness the scene, I accompanied the hunters: a finer body of well-grown and active men I never beheld. The slaves, many of them from the Baer, but most of them appertaining to unknown tribes from the west, were all but black, and followed their more noble-looking and olive-colored masters. Two hours' march—the first part through cultivated ground, and the latter through magnificent bush—brought us to the open plain, covered hip-deep with dry grass; and there were the elephants marching leisurely toward us. The negroes, about five hundred, swift as antelopes, formed a vast circle round them, and by their yells brought their huge game to a standstill. As if by magic, the plain was on fire, and the elephants in the midst of the roar and crackling of the flames, were obscured from our view by the smoke. Where I stood, and along the line as far as I could see, the grass was beaten down to prevent the outside of the circle from being seized in the conflagration; and in a short time—not more than half an hour—the fire having exhausted itself, the cloud of smoke gradually rising again displayed the group of elephants to our view, standing as if petrified. As soon as the burning embers had become sufficiently extinct, the negroes, with a whoop, closed from all sides upon their prey. The fire and smoke had blinded them; and, unable to defend themselves, they successively fell by the lances of their assailants. The sight was grand, and although their tusks proved a rich prize, I was touched at the massacre."

Without further reference to other animals discovered or described by M. du Chaillu, we must pass on to his account of the remarkable anthropoid apes, and especially to that of the lion of the season, the troglodytes gorilla. For several centuries that remarkable ape, the chimpanzee, has been vaguely known as an inhabitant of Western Africa. It was named by Tyson, in 1699, the *Homo silvestris*; Linnæus called it the *Homo trog-*

lodytes, and Blumenbach the *Simia troglodytes*. By this last name it has been generally known to the scientific world. Subsequently an allied species, the orang-outang, the *Simia satyrus*, was discovered in Borneo.

In 1780, the skeleton of what was believed to be another large ape was forwarded to Europe from Batavia, by the Baron Wurmb, the resident governor. He called it the Pongo. This animal Professor Owen has demonstrated to be the adult orang. From the beginning of the seventeenth century to near the middle of the nineteenth, many travelers' stories have obtained currency respecting anthropoid apes, or wild men of the woods in Africa, which obviously could not refer to the already known chimpanzee. Indeed, they do not strictly apply to any single species of ape hitherto known. It is probable that the characteristics of different species, first distinctly described by M. du Chaillu, have been confounded in the vague descriptions which reached Europe, and which were supposed to refer only to one as yet scientifically unknown species. The first positive knowledge of an anthropoid ape inhabiting Africa, and having characters distinct from those of the chimpanzee, was obtained in 1847. By the labors of numerous observers, last but not least important of whom is M. du Chaillu, we are now acquainted with ten different kinds or varieties of tailless apes, namely, the chimpanzee (*Troglodytes niger*), the kooloo-kamba (*Troglodytes kooloo-kamba*), the nshiego-mbouvé (*Troglodytes calvus*), the gorilla, (*Troglodytes gorilla*), two species of the orang-outang, (*Simia satyrus*), and four species of the gibbon, (*Hylobates*), including the Siamang. The four first are found in equatorial Africa. The orangs are natives of Borneo and Sumatra; the gibbons are distributed through Java, Borneo, Sumatra, Malacca, and Siam.

Of the African apes, the chimpanzee, the kooloo-kamba, and the nshiego-mbouvé live almost exclusively in trees. They are so nearly allied in general character, that the two latter are regarded as mere varieties of the chimpanzee. The skin of each is black; each is clothed nearly all over the body with hair black, or nearly black; but the face of the young chimpanzee is yellow, while that of the young nshiego-mbouvé is astonishingly white.

The young kooloo-kamba has not yet been observed. They are all alike strict vegetarians, feeding chiefly on nuts and fruits. It is stated in books that the chimpanzee builds a kind of nest for itself amongst the branches of trees, and lives in small societies. M. du Chaillu, however, declares that though the young consort in companies, the adults are not gregarious, but go in pairs or singly, and that there is no evidence that it builds any kind of nest or shelter for itself. When young it is very tractable, and although when grown up untamable, still not ferocious. It has never been known to attack man. The females of the chimpanzee are said to watch their offspring during two complete years, and, as recorded by M. du Chaillu, the young apes are so strongly attached to their mothers, that if the latter are killed they cling to them, tenaciously evincing pathetic affection exceedingly painful to witness. The young, as of all apes, have a much more human expression of countenance than is presented by the adult, owing to the much greater development of the jaws in the latter. It can walk erect, but its structure implies its peculiar fitness for an arboreal life. The stature of a full developed adult is said to be about four feet. The young which have been brought to this country, (and only the young have been seen here, for they die generally of consumption at no distant date after their arrival) have not usually exceeded two feet.

The first and only specimen of the kooloo-kamba which has been seen by a white man, is the one shot and described by M. du Chaillu. Its name, he says, is derived from the native word "kamba," to speak, and the peculiar note which it utters and repeats—*koola-kooloo, koola-kooloo*. This specimen was four feet three inches high. According to M. du Chaillu's account, its head and face are remarkably round, its forehead broad and higher than that of the chimpanzee, the eyes wide apart, the ears large, and very similar to those of man; its cheek-bones are prominent, the cheeks sunken, nose flat, and the jaws are less prominent than in the other apes. It is remarkable also for its whiskers of straight hair, which extend quite round the face and below the chin. Its face is bare and black; its upper extremities reach below the knee; they are partially covered with long hair, and are partly bare. The animal was

sitting in a tree at the time it was shot. M. du Chaillu was particularly impressed with its human appearance, and was at once convinced that of all known apes it approaches nearest to man. Speaking of its head, he says: "This struck me at once as having an expression curiously like to an Esquimaux or Chinaman."

Of the third variety of the chimpanzee, the *nshiego-mbouvé*,* M. du Chaillu captured several specimens: one measured four feet four inches, another three feet eleven inches, and a third—a female—three feet nine inches. The *nshiego-mbouvé* is remarkable for its bald head, and is consequently distinguished as the *troglydites calvus*. It has eyebrows of thin black hair. The ears and mouth are remarkably large, the chin round, and, as well as the sides of the face, is thinly covered with hair. It usually progresses on all-fours, is not gregarious, and solitary old bachelors or widowers are occasionally encountered. Its cry is "Hew! hew! hew!" It is distinguished from all the other African apes by building for itself an umbrella-like shelter around the stem of the tree which it has chosen to inhabit. This shelter consists of a dome of leafy branches, about ten feet in diameter, so constructed as to throw off the rain. The branches are bound together, and to the tree around the stem of which they are placed, by wild vines and creepers, which abound in the African forests. The dome is carefully adjusted to such a distance above the branch which the ape has chosen for his seat, as will enable him when seated, to place his head close to the central and inner portion of the roof; his legs are so drawn up that his feet rest on the branch on which he sits, and he puts one arm round the trunk of the tree for security. The male and female occupy different trees near each other, having each a separate dome. They both labor in collecting the material for their shelters: when it is brought together, the male builds them, the female carrying the branches up to him. They very frequently build new shelters, often, it is said, at an interval of about ten days. The reason assigned for this is, that the leaves becoming dry and withered, cease to be capable of affording protection from the rain, and hence the shelters need to be renewed.

* The word *nshiego* is the native name for the chimpanzee, and *mbouvé* is the native word signifying another tribe.

Probably another reason is that the animal is forced to migrate from place to place in search of its favorite food, the quantity of which needful for its sustenance being speedily exhausted in any limited area. M. du Chaillu gives a very interesting account of a young *nshiego* which he captured. Hearing the baby-like cry of the young animal, he and his men crawled through the bush as silently as possible in the hope of taking it, and at last saw something running along the ground where they were concealed. "It was a female *nshiego-mbouvé* running on all-fours with a young one clinging to her breasts; she was eagerly eating some berries, and with one arm supported her little one." Fired upon, she dropped without a struggle. The poor little one cried, "Hew! hew! hew!" and clung to the dead body, sucking the breasts, burying its head there in its alarm at the report of the gun. Its baby face "was pure white—very white indeed—pallid, but as white as a white child's," although the face of its mother was as black as soot. The little one was about a foot in height. Until the return of the hunters to their camp it had been kept separate from its dead mother, but afterward,

"when it was put near her body, a most touching scene ensued: the little fellow ran instantly to her, but touching her on the face and breast, saw evidently that some great change had happened. For a few minutes he caressed her, as though trying to coax her back to life. Then he seemed to lose all hope. His little eyes became very sad, and he broke out in a long plaintive wail—'Ooee! ooee! ooee!' which made my heart ache for him. He looked quite forlorn, and as though he really felt his forsaken lot. The whole camp was touched at his sorrows, and the women especially were moved."

In three days after his capture he became almost tame. In a fortnight he was perfectly so. He no longer required to be tied up, but ran about the camp and found "his way about the adjoining village and into the huts just as though he had been raised there." His education progressed so rapidly that at the end of the third day he would eat biscuits out of M. du Chaillu's hand, appreciated boiled rice and roasted plantain, and drank of the milk of a goat. He evinced great affection, and was very fond of being petted. He became an accomplished thief, and carried on his depredations with surprising skill and cunning. As his initia-

tion into the mysteries of civilized life progressed, he grew quite an epicurean: he learnt to eat flesh with unmistakable relish, to regard fish as an especial delicacy, to appreciate good coffee—refusing it unless properly sugared, and even rivalled his human companions in the delight which he derived from “the bottle!”

“He showed an extraordinary fondness for strong drink. Whenever a Negro had palm-wine, Tommy was sure to know of it. He had a decided taste for Scotch ale, . . . and even begged for brandy. Indeed, his last exploit was with a brandy-bottle, which, on going out,” says M. du Chaillu, “I had carelessly left on my chest. When I returned, I found my precious bottle broken in pieces, and Master Tommy coiled up on the floor by the side of the fragments in a state of maudlin drunkenness. . . . He looked disgustingly, and yet comically human. . . . I gave him a severe thrashing, but nothing could cure him of his love of liquor.”

He dined regularly with M. du Chaillu, seated by his side. If he received what he did not want, he threw it down on the ground with a little shriek of anger and a stamp of his foot. If he were pleased quickly, he thanked his host by a kind of gentle murmur, like “Hoohoo,” and would hold out his hand for a kindly shake. Poor little fellow! he soon died, having survived his capture only five months.

In 1846, an American missionary residing near the Gaboon discovered, first a skull, and afterward another skull and part of a skeleton, which he presented to Dr. Savage, of Boston; these, together with a third skull subsequently received, en-

abled Dr. Savage and Professor Jeffries Wyman to demonstrate the existence of a man-like animal before unknown to the scientific world.

Hanno, the Carthaginian, who is supposed to have made his voyage along the African coast in the sixth century before Christ, was sent out by the government of Carthage to circumnavigate the African continent. In the account of his voyage the following passage occurs:

“On third day, having sailed from thence, passing the streams of fire, we came to the bay called the Horn of the South. In the recess was an island like the first, having a lake, and in this there was another island full of wild men. But much the greater part of them were women with hairy bodies, whom the interpreters called gorillas. . . . But, pursuing them, we were not able to take the men; they all escaped from us by their great agility, being *cremno-bates*, (that is to say, climbing precipitous rocks and trees,) and defending themselves by throwing stones at us. We took three women, who bit and tore those who caught them, and were unwilling to follow. We were obliged, therefore, to kill them, and took their skins off, which skins were brought to Carthage, for we did not navigate further, provisions becoming scarce.”

We give this very interesting passage because, though it is not a true description of any known animal, it suggested to Drs. Savage and Wyman the name which they gave to the animal first scientifically described by them in 1847. M. du Chaillu claims the honor of being the first white man who has hunted the gorilla, and who can speak of its character and habits from personal knowledge.

TRANSPORTATION.—Transportation on any considerable scale has so long ceased that it may surprise many persons to learn that since 1788 we have sent to Australia no less than 131,430 convicts; and even that is not the entire number, for the returns that have been made do not include convicts sent from Ireland before 1840. It might also not be generally supposed that to Western Australia—to which alone we now transport—we have dispatched 5169 convicts since 1850. The result of that is, that at the end of 1859 there were 3846 men in Western Australia, who either then were convicts or who had arrived as convicts, and only 3266 free male adults, civil and military. But there were 10,991 free people in all; and the labor-market of the colony absorbs the prisoners as they are discharged from the public works.

CHINESE VERSION OF THE LATE WAR.—The Imperial Almanac of China for 1861 appeared as usual at Peking in the beginning of the present month. It consists of twelve thick volumes, and, in addition to the names of all the officials of the Chinese Government, gives a summary of the events which have taken place during the past year. For the first time, foreigners are spoken of in respectful terms, and the text of different treaties concluded with them given. Military events are not passed over in silence, but are explained in a very whimsical manner. It is stated that the foreign ambassadors, being accompanied by a numerous guard of honor, misunderstandings had arisen between the soldiers of that escort and those of the Chinese army, but that all difficulties had been arranged by the devotedness of the chiefs of the Government.—*Hong-kong paper.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MAD DOGS AND THEIR PHENOMENA.

EVERY one knows that dogs are liable to a terrible disease, which can be communicated to other animals and to man: a disease frightful in its symptoms, and fatal in its effects. But very few persons know what are the signs and symptoms of this disease; and since cure is impossible, prevention becomes tenfold more important. We propose, therefore, to treat this subject with the minuteness which its importance warrants.

I.—VULGAR ERRORS.

Under this head it will be necessary to include almost every single notion which is popularly held about mad dogs; for it is surprising that on a subject of this fatal interest the current ideas are not simply inaccurate: they are utterly and dangerously wrong. To begin with the one expressed in the name *Hydrophobia*, which means horror at water. This is not simply a misnomer, otherwise we should scarcely mention it, but a misdescription of a very serious kind. The name hydrophobia having been fixed in people's minds, and the idea that rabid dogs dread water having become part and parcel of the general belief, the sight of a dog eagerly lapping water, or willingly plunging into it, would naturally lead ninety-nine out of a hundred to exclaim: "He drinks, therefore there can't be danger." The fact is, that *a burning thirst is one of the characteristic symptoms of rabies*, in its early stages. True it is, and very curious it is, that *in man* an indefinable dread of water, or any other liquid, does characterize the later stages of the disease; and for the disease in man the name of hydrophobia is not inappropriate. Of this we shall see examples presently. But in dogs, so far from a dread of water being a reliable symptom, it is a symptom which does not show itself more than once in fifty cases. "Il est désormais acquis à la science," says the latest authority on this subject, "que c'est précisément un signe de la rage, lorsque

la soif est trop ardente; et que jamais appellation plus fausse, plus absurde, et en même temps plus dangeureuse, ne fut appliquée à aucune maladie que celle de hydrophobie à la rage du chien."*

Another popular error attributes the madness of dogs to the heat of the "dog-days." In July and August all kinds of precautions are taken which no one thinks of for a moment in November and December. On the Continent, a paternal police is minutely solicitous in summer about the enforcement of its regulations. But the simple fact is, that the "dog-days" have no more to do with the rabies than the moon has to do with lunacy. Dogs are liable to attacks in every month of the year; but it so happens that July and August are precisely the months in which the *fewest* cases occur. Against the loose estimate of popular opinion, we can place the exact records of the veterinary schools of Alfort, Toulouse, and Lyons, and these show that it is not in the *hottest* months, but in the *wettest* months, that the great majority of cases are seen. In April, November, and December, the recorded cases are double and triple those in June, July, and August.

That "heat of the weather" is not the cause of rabies, is strikingly proved by the fact that in hot countries the disease is rare, and in some even unknown. M. Du Chaillu notices that although "most of the West-African villages are crowded with dogs, the natives do not know, even by report, of such a disease as hydrophobia." Dr. Watson remarks that rabies is unknown in the Isle of Cyprus and in Egypt. "I fancy that South-America is, or was, a stranger to it. It appears to have been imported into Jamaica, after that island had enjoyed an immunity for at least fifty years; and Dr. Heineker states that curs of the most wretched description abound in the island of Madeira;

* Sanson: *Le Meilleur Préservatif contre la Rage: Etude de la Physiognomie des Chiens et des Chats Enragés*. 1860.

that they are afflicted with almost every disease, tormented by flies, and heat, and thirst, and famine, yet no rabid dog was ever seen there. On the contrary, sixteen hundred and sixty-six deaths from hydrophobia in the human subject are stated to have occurred in Prussia in the space of ten years.*

Having attributed the disease to the "heat of the dog-days," men easily came to the conclusion that it was owing to intense thirst that the disease occurred. Inasmuch as this error has forced them to be more careful in attending to the wants of dogs, and secured access to water, it has been a beneficial error. But, viewing the matter scientifically, we are forced to say that thirst, however intense, is incapable of producing rabies. Dogs have been subjected to the cruel experiment of complete abstinence from water, when chained to a wall under a burning sun. They died from thirst, but showed no symptoms of rabies. Thirst will produce delirium in man; but delirium is not rabies, nor in any way related to it.

Another popular error is to suppose that mad dogs foam at the mouth, and run about snapping wildly at man and beast, or at any rate manifest their madness by furious ferocity. But while healthy dogs often "foam at the mouth," it is only at one stage of the disease that the rabid dog shows any foam. And as to ferocity, most mad dogs are gentle and caressing to their masters and favorites, though they snap at other dogs. It is only the ferocious dog that shows great ferocity when rabid.

It is very generally believed that if a healthy dog should bite a man and at any subsequent period become rabid, the man will also become rabid—no matter how many months or years may have elapsed. The consequence of this absurd prejudice is, that healthy dogs are frequently killed in order to prevent their becoming rabid. There was an example of this only a few weeks ago in London; and unhappily the bitten man died a victim to the terrors of hydrophobia. It was quite clear, from the symptoms, that he was not affected by hydrophobia; and the magistrate very properly expressed disapprobation at the folly of destroying the dog before it was evident whether or not it was rabid. The rule in such a case is perfectly simple. If

the dog is *suspected* of being rabid, it should be kept chained up, out of the way of injury, until the disease declares itself. By this plan it may very soon be shown whether the suspicion was ill founded, and whether the dog was or was not rabid. Such a proof would often greatly relieve the minds of the bitten man and his family, and remove that terrible anxiety which, in spite of every surgical aid, must for some weeks assail them.

Finally, we may remark that it is by no means true, as popularly supposed, that a man or animal bitten by a mad dog will certainly take the disease. The chances are very great against such an event even if no precautions be taken. Of course, no sane man would run the risk. But it is comforting to know, after surgical aid has been employed, that even without such aid the chances are against the disease being communicated.

The errors we have just noticed are pernicious in varying degrees, but mainly because they mask the real symptoms, which might otherwise call attention to the danger. And how great that danger is may be expressed in a single sentence—*there is no remedy*. The physician that cures is Death—*ἄρτος λῆται θάνατος*. Man or beast, once infected by the poison, is doomed to a certain and horrible end. This infection may be prevented, even after the bite has been given, either by surgical aid, or by a natural indisposition of the organism to be affected by the poison; but the infection once established, no remedy avails. The records of medical experience contain numerous cases of harmless bites from rabid animals, but no single case of declared rabies having ever been arrested.

II.—HYDROPHOBIA IN MAN.

We have already intimated that in man the disease is characterized by a singular dread of water; and that this is an invariable symptom. Happily the cases are rare; and as even experienced physicians seldom have the opportunity of witnessing one, we shall briefly state what are the observed symptoms. Dr. Watson, in his *Principles of Physic*, and Romberg, in his *Diseases of the Nervous System*, will furnish examples:

A coachman was brought to St. Bartholomew's Hospital on Tuesday. It was stated that, some ten weeks before, the

* Watson: *Principles and Practice of Physic*, vol. ii. p. 619.

back of his right hand had been struck by the teeth of a terrier, but no wound had been made, no blood drawn, nor was the skin broken—there was merely a mark of the animal's teeth. On the Thursday preceding his appearance at the hospital, his hand had become painful, and swelled a little. On Friday the pain extended into the arm, and became more severe. His wife stated that he had been in the habit of sponging his head and body every morning with cold water, but on this morning he refrained from doing so on account of some feeling of spasm about the throat. His own remark on this was, that he "couldn't think how he could be so silly." On Saturday, the extent and severity of the pain had increased. He got no sleep. He felt ill and drowsy on Sunday, but drove the carriage to Kensington Gardens: he was obliged, however, to hold both whip and reins in his left hand. The pain extended to his shoulder. He was then bled. This relieved the pain. But the next day he complained of feeling very ill all over; and he told his medical attendant that he could not take his draughts because of the spasm in his throat. That gentleman, suspecting the true nature of the disease, pretended that it was the nasty taste of the physic which gave the spasm, and told him to drink some water. But there was the same difficulty with the water. The next day he came to the hospital. When there, water was placed before him in a basin, for the alleged purpose of allowing him to wash his hands. It did not seem to disturb him, nor to excite any particular attention. Water was then offered to him to drink, which he took and carried to his mouth, but drew his head from it with a convulsive shudder. After this, on the same morning, he was much questioned by several persons about the supposed cause of his illness; and water was again brought to him, which agitated him, and he became exceedingly distressed and unquiet, complaining of the air which blew upon him. Dr. Watson saw him soon after this, and describes him as "to all outward appearance well, lying on his back without spasm, without anxiety—his face somewhat flushed. He said he had a little headache, but no pain in the arm. His pulse was one hundred and thirty-two, full and strong; his tongue moist and slightly furred. He appeared to be a very quiet, good-temper-

ed man; and smiled generally when he was spoken to."

In the evening Dr. Watson found him tranquil. Gruel was mentioned, and then he sighed deeply two or three times, but sat up, and after a moment's look of serious terror, took half a spoonful of the gruel in a hurried gasping manner, and said he would not take more at a time, lest the *sensation* should come on. He was desired to take the last portion of the gruel from the basin. He accordingly seized it with hurry, carried it to his mouth with an air of determination, and then a violent choking spasm of the muscles about the throat ensued. Most of the gruel was spilled over his chin; and he observed that he should have managed it had he not been in too great a hurry. He was quiet, rational, and calm, except when endeavoring to take liquids. On Wednesday, at noon, he was much in the same state, but said he was better. Some morsels of ice had been given him during the night: he swallowed two or three with considerable effort; the third or fourth caused so great a spasm that he was forced to throw it out of his mouth: by a strong resolution, however, he seized it again, and finally succeeded in swallowing it. He now complained that his mouth was clammy, and he champed much. He requested that a straitwaistcoat might be put on, that he might injure no one. He assisted in putting it on, and was perfectly calm.

Whenever he attempted to swallow liquid in the smallest quantities, it was always with sobbings and hurried inspirations, precisely resembling those we make when first wading in cold water. While taking the basin of gruel in his hand, he drew back his head to a distance apparently involuntarily. The next day he was composed, yet more easily irritated, and had lost the power of moving his left arm. His pulse was one hundred and forty, and much weaker than before. His mental powers were failing. During the last hours of his life, he moaned and tossed from side to side. He sank gradually, and died in the evening.

Dr. Watson, in the course of his very extensive practice, both in private and in the hospitals, has only seen four cases of hydrophobia, which proves that the disease must be rare. One of these was owing to the bite of a cat, on the first of

January, 1855, (*not* by any means one of the "dog-days.") A lady, aged thirty-two, hearing from her brother that a white cat belonging to the stables had been quarreling with a terrier the day before, and afterward fighting with another cat, supposed it might be ill, and desired it to be brought to her. She placed it on her lap. It there bit her finger. Had the lady been aware of the suspicious nature of such an act, she would at once have sent for the surgeon. But few people remember that cats are as liable to madness as dogs; otherwise we should not have the many absurd police regulations respecting dogs in the summer months, and complete disregard of cats all the year round. Still fewer are impressed with the necessity of ascertaining what has been the behavior of an animal that has bitten them. The cat now in question was destroyed, but not before it had scratched the gardener's child, flown furiously at a man, and bitten a whip with which it had been attacked. From the first of January to the fourteenth of March no alarming symptoms disclosed themselves, but on the fourteenth the lady began to feel generally unwell. On the sixteenth, pain ran from the bitten finger along the arm and across the chest. This pain did not last long, nor did it recur. On the seventeenth she found a difficulty in swallowing. Dr. Todd visited her in the evening with Dr. Garrett; and on the eighteenth Dr. Watson met those physicians in consultation. He found the lady in bed, "with a wildish expression about her eyes." Her tongue was dry and furred; her pulse eighty, soft, with occasional accelerations for a few beats only. She was extremely weak. A morsel of ice was given her. She hastily put it into her mouth, then drew back her head, and stretched out her arm with a repelling gesture, and sighed many times; but she failed to swallow the ice. Afterward she succeeded better with some tea, which she took in spoonfuls, yet with a strange hurry, and with sighing gasps, and a rolling upward of the eyes. It seemed to Dr. Watson that she suspected what was the matter with her, for she said that to drink some tea would be a *test*. She then, without much difficulty, ate a boiled egg; and under encouragement, and our expressions of hopefulness, she swallowed with seeming ease, a glass of wine in suc-

cessive tea-spoonfuls, until the last spoonful, from which she recoiled with a look of terror, exclaiming despondently: "It is no better." She died the next morning, her mind having continued perfectly clear to the end.

It is worthy of remark, that not only are hydrophobic patients uniformly terrified at water, (unlike rabid dogs,) and this terror increases with the attempt to swallow water, but also the mere *sound* of liquid falling in a vessel, sometimes the mere *sight* of it, and in a few cases even the *mention* of it, causes terrified gasps. A draught of cold air will also produce similar effects; and even the sight of a mirror. Dr. Beddoes relates a case of a patient who sobbed convulsively when a mirror was presented to him. "I gave him money to induce him to look at it a second time, and endeavored to gain his attention by desiring him to point out in the mirror the sores which had given him most uneasiness; but before he had looked a minute, the same effect was produced as before." In the case quoted from Dr. Watson just now, there was nothing of this observed; indeed, the sounds of liquids had no appreciable influence on the patient; nor was she disturbed by sudden access of light, nor by currents of air: she could even bear to be fanned.

There is a not unwarrantable supposition that many of the effects of hydrophobia in human beings are due to imagination, and are suggested by what the patient has heard of the disease. Nor would it be possible very accurately to draw the line between the effects directly produced by the disease, and those indirectly produced by the patient's imagination. Yet that the very remarkable phenomena of terror at water, or at the sight and sound of water, are direct consequences of the disease, and are not due to any opinions the patient may hold, is satisfactorily proved by the fact that quite young children exhibit them no less manifestly than adults. We will give in illustration the case observed by Romberg, (the only case which ever came under his eye.) A boy, aged six, was bitten by a dog on the finger. In accordance with a popular superstition, ("a hair of the dog that bit you,") a few of the dog's hairs were cut off and placed upon the wound, which was completely healed in a week. The boy continued perfectly

well and in good spirits till the thirtieth of August—that is, twenty-eight days after the accident—when he complained of pain in the bitten finger. The day after, the pain extended to the whole hand. The boy's father observed that his breathing was labored. He passed a restless night. In the morning, instead of his usual coffee, he asked for water, but on seeing it, shuddered, and pushed it forcibly away. He was unable to swallow any liquid or solid food; the mere sight of it was repulsive to him. During the following night he was extremely restless, complained constantly of thirst, and yet was unable to swallow any liquid. On the second of September the pains extended to the arm and ear; a current of air produced by the mere elevation of the bed-clothes, or the sprinkling of a few drops of liquid on his skin, excited the same paroxysms as the attempts at drinking. His consciousness was unimpaired; his eyes were brilliant, his face red, and his features expressed distressing anxiety. "I offered him," says Romberg, "a cup full of beer, and challenged him to drink; the mere aspect of the cup startled him, and as soon as I approached it to his lips, sobbing respiration and a convulsive movement of the entire body ensued; he turned his head in the opposite direction, and rolled his eyes wildly. Three times the experiment was repeated, and each time the same phenomena occurred. When he caught sight of a glass of water, the restlessness was greater, and the shudder more violent." It is quite clear that this child of six had never read any books about hydrophobia, nor is it likely that he had ever heard of the behavior of patients; yet his manifestations were precisely similar to those observed in other cases. When urged to drink, and told that unless he drank he would die, he seized the cup with a trembling hand, and carried it to his mouth, shuddered, and wanted to return the cup; but, on being threatened, he once more took courage, and, in spite of the hiccup which intervened, swallowed about half a tea-spoonful hastily and with extreme difficulty. "I then dipped the handle of a tea-spoon in water, and for several minutes dropped the water off it upon his tongue. This trifling quantity he swallowed without much trouble or shuddering." He could see water in a basin, and even wash his hands in it, without terror. The sight of a mirror,

or of the polished surface of a watch, produced no effect.

This is in many respects an instructive case. We have cited it mainly to show that the symptoms of hydrophobia are not due to the imagination of the patient; and before quitting this part of our subject, we may observe that the popular notions of hydrophobic patients barking, and trying to go on all-fours like a dog, are simply the wrong interpretations of phenomena which admit of rational explanation. The "barking" is nothing more than the violent efforts of the patient to rid his throat of the sticky mucus which irritates him; and the trying to go on "all-fours" is the inability to stand upright which is sometimes seen when the spinal cord is affected.

III.—ORIGIN OF THE DISEASE.

It is as yet undecided whether rabies *now* occurs spontaneously, or only as the result of direct inoculation. Inasmuch as the disease must have occurred spontaneously at first, there is a natural tendency to suppose it must continue to manifest itself spontaneously. Against this supposition some argue that there are diseases which in our day never occur except through contagion, or transmission of some kind. The small-pox is cited as an instance. Proof of this must necessarily be difficult, if not impossible. When small-pox breaks out in a nursery, it is always attributed to the child having been taken past a certain alley or street; or else, some beggar-woman, with her baby, stopped the nurse to beg. An external cause is always sought, and as the seekers are not critical, they do not verify the truth of their supposition. Be this as it may, Mr. Youatt—certainly the greatest authority on rabies—thinks that rabies does not now occur spontaneously, and might be thoroughly extirpated if a well-enforced quarantine could be established, and every dog (let us also add, every cat) could be confined separately for eight months.

Those who believe the disease occurs spontaneously, limit its origin to the animals included in the two genera *canis* and *felis*. Of these the dog and cat are the only two sources from which we have much to fear, because they are constantly with us. The fox, indeed, is not rare in England, and may bite dogs and cats;

but the danger from that source is not great. The wolf has long ceased to prowl about our forests. As for lions, tigers, and panthers, it is our fault if we place ourselves in their reach; and although a mad lion would doubtless be a formidable beast, yet, perhaps, the lion in perfect health will be quite as eagerly avoided.

Inasmuch as the disease may be communicated to all animals, there is no practical interest in the question of its origin. No sooner, therefore, is any one bitten by a dog or cat, than immediate recourse should be had to the following simple precautions: First, he should ascertain, if possible, whether the animal manifests, or has manifested, the signs of rabies; and secondly, having satisfied himself of the madness of the animal, he should place himself at once in the hands of a surgeon. If he have no means of ascertaining the condition of the dog, he had better assume the existence of rabies, and have the bitten part cut out, for safety. But when, as mostly happens, there can be an inquiry made respecting the dog's condition, it would be exposing himself to needless suffering to rush at once to the surgeon. To save men from this needless suffering, and from the still greater pain of terrible anxiety, which in itself will sometimes produce insanity, the widest publicity should be given to a knowledge of the *invariable and characteristic signs of rabies*. People must clear their minds of all the common errors which the ignorance of ages has accumulated on this subject. They must learn steadily to discredit those opinions which have hitherto formed their superstitions, and engrave deeply on their memories the certainties of scientific observation and experiment.

It is indeed of great importance that the public at large should know that the characteristic signs of rabies are as certainly recognizable as are the signs of measles or small-pox. There are absolute and invariable tests by which we may prove the existence of the disease; and there are several *premonitory symptoms*, which, once observed, may warn us in time to escape all danger. These we shall now proceed to describe.

IV.—SIGNS OF MADNESS.

One of the earliest signs, and one which should always arouse attention on the part

of those in charge of a dog, is a *sullenness combined with fidgetiness*. It may, of course, be due to some other malady than rabies; but it is a symptom to be watched. When it means rabies, the dog retires to his bed or basket for several hours, and may be seen there curled up, his face buried between his paws and breast. He shows no disposition to bite, and will answer to the call, but he answers slowly and *sullenly*. After a while he becomes restless, seeking out new resting-places, and never satisfied long with one. He then returns to his bed, but *continually* shifts his posture. He rises up and lies down again, settles his body in a variety of positions, disposes his bed with his paws, shaking it in his mouth, bringing it to a heap, on which he carefully lays his chest, and then rises up and bundles it all out of his kennel or basket. If at liberty, he will seem to imagine that something is lost, and he will eagerly search round the room with strange violence and indecision. That dog should be watched. If he begins to gaze strangely about him as he lies in bed, and if his countenance is clouded and suspicious, we may be certain that madness is coming on. Sometimes he comes to those whom he loves, and fixes on them a steadfast gaze, as if, according to Mr. Youatt, he would say: "I feel strangely ill; have you nothing to do with it?"*

The observation of all veterinary surgeons proves that not only is there no great disposition to bite manifested in the early stages of the disease, except by dogs naturally ferocious, but that, on the contrary, there is an increase of affectionateness often shown. Mr. Youatt specially notices this. "In the early stages of rabies," he says, "the attachment of the dog toward his owner seems to be rapidly increased. He is employed almost without ceasing licking the hands, or face, or any part he can get at." Nay, even in the last and most violent stages of the disease, some dogs show no disposition to bite. Mr. Youatt says that the finest Newfoundland dog he ever saw became rabid from the bite of a cur. He became dull, disinclined to play, and refused all food. He was continually watching imaginary objects, but did not snap at them. He offered himself to be caressed, and was not satisfied unless he was shaken by

* Youatt: *The Dog*, pp. 131-33.

the paw. He watched every passing object with peculiar anxiety, and followed with deep attention the motions of his old friend, the horse. "I went to him," adds Mr. Youatt, "and patted and coaxed him, and he told me as plainly as looks and actions and a somewhat deepened whine could express it, how much he was gratified. I saw him on the third day. He was evidently dying. He could not even crawl to the door of his temporary kennel; but he pushed forward his paw a little way, and as I shook it, I felt the tetanic muscular action which accompanies the departure of life." M. Sanson narrates a similar case, and expresses his conviction that if the rabid animal were kept sequestered from all exciting provocations, it would gradually die without once manifesting any of the *fury* of madness.

On the other hand, it should be remembered that there are rabid dogs whose ferocity knows no bounds. If they are threatened with a stick, they fly at it, seize and furiously shake it. They are incessantly employed in darting to the end of their chain, and attempting to crush it with their teeth. They tear their kennel to pieces. The sight of another dog especially excites their fury. But although the ferocious animal early manifests this fury, we must guard against the common error of waiting for such a manifestation. The early symptoms of fidgetiness, sullenness, anxiety, or affectionate *importunity*, are equally to be attended to. No animal goes mad suddenly; there are always several *stages* of premonitory symptoms. Among these there is one not always shown, but generally, and quite conclusive: it is *hallucination*.

Many readers who have no hesitation in speaking of the madness of animals, will be startled at hearing that animals are subject to hallucinations, like human beings. Every veterinary surgeon, however, knows this to be the case. Mr. Youatt narrates that he was once consulted by a medical man about a dubious case: a dog had bitten a gentleman, who thought it could not be mad, because it had no fear of water. But from the obvious signs of hallucination exhibited by the dog, Mr. Youatt had no doubt whatever that there was rabies—and so it proved. The same writer says: "I have again and again seen the rabid dog start up after a momentary quietude, with un-

mingled ferocity depicted on his countenance, and plunge with a savage howl to the end of his chain. At other times he would stop and watch the nails in the partition of the stable in which he was confined, and, fancying them to move, he would dart at them, and occasionally sadly bruise and injure himself."

Not only are the animals subject to hallucinations, but these hallucinations appear to be very similar to those which assail hydrophobic patients. Men not unfrequently imagine that a cloud of flies assaults them. "The patient," says Mr. Laurence, "is pursued by a thousand phantoms, that intrude themselves upon his mind; he holds conversation with imaginary persons; he fancies himself surrounded with difficulties, and in the greatest distress. These thoughts seem to pass through his mind with the greatest rapidity, and to keep him in the greatest distress, unless he is quickly spoken to or addressed by his name, and *then in a moment the charm is broken*; every phantom disappears, and at once he begins to talk as calmly and connectedly as if in perfect health." This seems to be exactly the case of the rabid dog. He may be watching imaginary objects, snapping at them, or cowering in terror from imaginary foes, yet in this state a word from his master recalls him in a moment. "Dispersed by the magic of his master's voice," says Mr. Youatt, "every object of terror disappears, and he crawls toward him with the same peculiar expression of attachment that used to characterize him. Then comes a moment's pause—a moment of actual vacuity; the eye slowly closes, the head droops, and he seems as if his fore-feet were giving way, and he would fall: but he springs up again; every object of terror once more surrounds him—he gazes wildly round—he snaps—he barks, and rushes to the extent of his chain, prepared to meet his imaginary foe." Sometimes the hallucination is of a pleasing kind, as may be seen in the brightening countenance and wagging tail; but oftener there is a gloomy or terrified expression, showing that the vision is distressing.

Some authorities deny this tendency to hallucination, nor can it be called a constant symptom, either in man or dog. But it has been too often and too accurately observed for us to doubt it. M. Sanson entirely concurs with Mr. Youatt

on this point; and M. Duluc, the veterinary surgeon of Bordeaux, cites the following case in his own practice: In 1845 he was summoned to see a little dog which was thought to be mad, having bitten an old woman the day before, and that morning attacked several dogs. It had previously shown a very gentle and caressing disposition, which made these attacks suspicious. "When I entered the room," says M. Duluc, "it was lying on a chair; it turned on me a strange indefinable gaze, expressive at once of sadness and fury, and this gaze was fixed on me for at least ten minutes; it then turned away its head, the eyelids closed, and it seemed asleep. Soon afterward the weight of the head seemed to topple it over, and the dog fell on the floor, where it rolled itself up into a ball. The next moment its eyes were open, and it dashed several times against the wall. It was again placed on the chair, and again fell on the floor. In the space of about half an hour it sprang up eight times, and rushed violently at the wall, as if to seize some enemy."

Another early symptom, easily recognizable, is a violent scratching of the ear. But it is necessary to observe two or three details which distinguish this as a symptom of rabies. A dog frequently scratches its ear; and there is one disease called *canker*, which gives it great annoyance. The dog is incessantly scratching, and while doing so cries piteously. How then are we to discriminate this from the same symptom in rabies? Mr. Youatt will tell us. "Is this dreadful itching a thing of yesterday, or has the dog been subject to canker, increasing for a considerable period? Canker, both external and internal, is a disease of slow growth, and must have been long neglected before it will torment the patient in the manner I have described. The question as to the length of time that an animal has thus suffered will usually be a sufficient guide. The mode in which he expresses his torture will serve as another direction. He will often scratch violently enough when he has canker, but he will not *roll over and over like a football except he is rabid*." This is a very simple and very marked symptom. Another indication equally precise, but not perhaps so easily appreciated, except by an experienced eye, is the condition of the ear itself. If there is a very considerable in-

flammation of the lining membrane of the ear—especially engorgement or ulceration—this is a sign of canker; but if there is only a slight redness of the membrane, or no redness at all, and yet the dog is incessantly and violently scratching himself, there is but too great a probability that rabies is at hand.

Another symptom is depraved appetite. The dog refuses his usual food, frequently with an expression of disgust; or he will seize it with eagerness and then drop it again, sometimes from disgust, sometimes because unable to complete the mastication. This last is an unequivocal sign. It implies a palsy of the organs of mastication, similar to that affection of the throat which prevents hydrophobic patients from being able to swallow. Some dogs vomit once or twice in the early period of the disease. "When this is done, they never return to the natural food of the dog, but are eager for every thing that is filthy and horrible. The natural appetite generally fails entirely, and to it succeeds a strangely depraved one. The dog usually occupies himself with gathering every little bit of thread, and it is curious to observe with what eagerness and method he set to work, and how completely he effects his object."

Here also is a symptom worthy of remembrance. If the well-trained, well-behaved dog misconducts himself in the rooms where, hitherto, he has been perfectly clean, and if he is seen *perseveringly* examining and licking those places, he may at once be pronounced mad. "I never knew a single mistake about this," says Mr. Youatt.

The foaming at the mouth, of which we hear so much, is a symptom only recognizable by the experienced eye, and is always less than is observed in epilepsy or nausea. There is undoubtedly in rabies an inflammation of the salivary glands, but the foam at the corners of the mouth is not abundant, and never lasts many hours. "The stories that are told of mad dogs covered with froth are altogether fabulous. The dog recovering from or attacked by a fit may be seen in this state, but not the rabid dog." Fits, though often mistaken for rabies, have nothing whatever to do with it. The increased secretion of saliva in rabies soon passes away. It lessens in quantity; the saliva becomes thick and glutinous. It clings to the corners of the mouth, and is

probably annoying to the lining membrane of the throat. Hence the animal is seen uneasily pawing at the corners of its mouth.

This pawing at the corners of the mouth is another symptom, and a dangerous one, because it is so often mistaken as a sign that there is a bone sticking in the throat. "The first care of those who are not sufficiently on their guard," says M. Sanson, "is to attempt to extract the imaginary bone, or to call in the aid of a surgeon. One of our unhappy confrères, M. Nicolin, unaware of this fact, perished a victim of his ignorance. He opened the mouth of a little dog to remove the bone, and was bitten." M. Sanson himself, enlightened as to the danger, was called in by the owner of a magnificent Danish dog, who was said to have a bone stuck in his throat. "The poor beast was sad, refused to eat, and tried every moment to rub his throat with his paws. On my guard against such an insidious symptom, I began by requesting the master to muzzle him—which was done without any resistance. I then explored the throat without detecting the slightest indication of a bone. As it was possible that this dog might be mad, or merely suffering from inflammation of the throat, I ordered the dog to be kept chained up and sequestered. In a few days he was perfectly well." Now, here the observer finds himself in a difficulty. The pawing at the mouth may arise, first, from the inflammation with rabies; second, from inflammation without rabies; third, from a bone in the throat. How is he to ascertain the truth? By a very simple observation. If there is a bone in the throat, the mouth will be permanently open. If there is no bone, the mouth will be open, and closed when the efforts to get rid of the irritation cease. Our first care, therefore, should be to ascertain whether the mouth is permanently open or sometimes open and sometimes closed. If the latter, we may be certain that the irritation does not proceed from a bone; and we need run no risk in attempting to extract it. And if to this indication be added the significant fact of the animal's tumbling over, losing his balance in his efforts, we may be certain there is rabies.

It is noticeable that the rabid dog is almost entirely destitute of the ordinary sensibility to *pain*. Other forms of sensi-

bility remain, but that specific form of it which is known as *pain* seems completely deadened. Mr. Youatt says he has known the rabid dog set to work and gnaw and tear the flesh completely away from his legs and feet; and M. Sanson relates a story of Prince Demidoff's favorite spaniel, which gnawed its tail off close to the base. These are, however, no proofs of insensibility. Better than these is the observation that the mad dog never cries, no matter how severely he may be beaten; and Ellis, in his *Shepherd's Sure Guide*, says that at Godden some of the grooms heated a poker red-hot and held it near the mouth of a rabid hound, who eagerly seized it, and kept hold till his mouth was dreadfully burned. M. Bouley repeated the experiment at Alfort. The dog rushed upon the red-hot iron and seized it with his teeth; but let go at once, and retired into his kennel with an evident expression of pain, although no cry escaped him. This was repeated several times. Now, although there seemed to be some pain felt by this dog, it could scarcely have been appreciable, since he did not cry out, and returned to the charge several times after having been burned. M. Sanson relates another case, in which the dog seized the red-hot iron, and would not let it go.

We shall conclude this enumeration of symptoms with a reference to the change of voice which M. Sanson and Mr. Youatt consider as a decisive indication. M. Sanson has given a musical notation of the rabid howl; but, as may be imagined, there is not much value in such indications to those who have never heard the peculiar sounds. Mr. Youatt attempts a description of the sounds, although he confesses that there are no other sounds resembling them. "The animal is generally standing, or occasionally sitting, when the singular sound is heard. The muzzle is always elevated. The commencement is that of a perfect bark, ending abruptly, and very singularly, in a howl, a fifth, sixth, or eighth higher." As dogs often howl, the inexperienced ear may easily be mistaken. But there is one memorable detail. The healthy dog gives a perfect bark, and a perfect growl rapidly succeeding it. But in the rabid dog every sound is more or less *changed*. The huntsman, who knows the voice of

every dog in the pack, is at once on the alert when he hears a *strange* voice; and he puts the dog under confinement.

All who are in charge of a dog may by a little attention discover the early symptoms of rabies, and prevent any mischief by sequestering the animal in time. Is he fidgety and sullen? Does he, when ill, manifest importunate affection? Is he affected with hallucination? Does he exhibit ardent thirst? Does he scratch his ear violently? Does he paw the corners of the mouth, and *not* keep the mouth permanently open while doing so? Does he misconduct himself in the room, and pertinaciously lick at the corners where he has done so? Does he refuse his natural food, and exhibit a depraved appetite? Is he insensible to pain? Is his voice strangely altered? Any one of these symptoms should awaken suspicion, and a close observation will then quickly discover the true state of the case. We advise all our readers to commit all these symptoms to memory—to learn them as a lesson is learnt which in after-life may be of paramount importance; and to help them to fix these in the memory, we will add a few illustrative cases.

V.—STORIES OF RABID DOGS AND CATS.

On the twenty-first of October, 1813, a dog was brought to Mr. Youatt for examination. He had vomited a quantity of coagulated blood—which is no symptom of rabies; and as the surgeon was extremely busy just then, he simply ordered an astringent sedative medicine, and said he would see him again in the afternoon. On the second examination, it appeared that the vomiting had ceased; but the mouth was swollen, and some of the incisor teeth of both upper and lower jaw had been torn out. This somewhat alarmed Mr. Youatt, who was told that it was thought thieves had been attempting to break into the house in the night, for the dog had *torn away the side of his kennel in attempting to get at them*. This looked suspicious, and the suspicion became alarming when Mr. Youatt saw, or thought he saw, “but in a very slight degree, that the animal was tracing the fancied path of some imaginary object. I was then truly alarmed, and more especially since I had discovered that, in giving the physic in the morning, the man’s hand had been scratched; a youth had suffered the dog

to lick his sore finger, and the animal had also been observed to lick the sore ear of an infant. He was a remarkably affectionate dog, and was accustomed to this abominable and inexcusable nonsense.”

We interrupt the narrative here to explain what was in the celebrated surgeon’s mind when he wrote the strong expressions of the concluding sentence. To him, with his knowledge, the common practice of allowing a dog to lick a sore, might well seem “inexcusable nonsense”—and thinking of its terrible danger, he might call it even “abominable.” But to the world in general, ignorant of the danger with which he is but too familiar, the practice seems very excusable, and even sensible. A dog licks its own sores, and thereby hastens their healing. What can be more natural than the supposition that this would also heal any other sore? But no sooner is it known that the poison of rabies is contained in the saliva of the animal, and nowhere else, as we shall presently see, and that this saliva only produces its effects when entering the blood either through an opening in the skin, or through the mucous membrane of the lips, than the extreme danger of suffering a dog to lick the face or hands becomes obvious at once. Let the reader, therefore, bear this fact in mind.

To return to the narrative. Mr. Youatt insisted on detaining the dog. The servant, the youth and the child submitted to proper surgical precautions against infection. “I watched this dog day after day. He would not eat, *but he drank a great deal more water than I liked*. The surgeon (who had operated on the servant and children) was evidently beginning to doubt whether I was not wrong, but he could not dispute the occasional wandering of the eye and the frequent spume upon the water. On the twenty-sixth of October, however, the sixth day after his arrival, we both of us heard the rabid howl burst from him. He did not die until the thirtieth.” The disease was thus ten days running its course, and how many days previous to the twenty-first of October he may have exhibited symptoms which would have been premonitory to an intelligent eye, can not be guessed. It will be observed here that the indications which fixed suspicions were the gnawing of the kennel, the wandering of the eye, and the ardent thirst.

M. Pierquin, in his work, *La Folie des*

Animaux, relates the case of a lady who had a grayhound nine years old, which was accustomed to lie upon her bed at night, and cover himself with the bed-clothes. She remarked one morning that he had *torn the covering* of the bed, and although he ate but little, *drank oftener and in larger quantity than usual*. She led him to a veterinary surgeon, and the ignorant fellow assured her that there was nothing serious the matter. On the following day, while she fed him, he bit her forefinger near the nail. Again she led him to this veterinary surgeon, and again this dangerously ignorant man assured her she need not be under the least alarm, and as for the little wound on her finger, it was of no consequence. On the following day the dog died. He had not ceased to drink abundantly to the very last. This was on the twenty-seventh of December. On the fourth of February, as the lady was at dinner, she found some difficulty in swallowing. She tried to take some wine, but was quite unable to swallow it. On the fifth she consulted a surgeon. He wished her to swallow a little soup in his presence. She attempted, but could not accomplish it after many efforts. She then fell into a violent agitation, with constriction of the throat and the discharge of a viscid fluid from the mouth. On the seventh she died. To an instructed eye this dog would certainly have exhibited many other symptoms; but here, at any rate, were three which were unmistakable—the tearing of the bed-covering, the ardent thirst, and the biting of its mistress.

M. Sanson has borrowed the following from the veterinary surgeon of Bordeaux, M. Duluc. A bitch, fortunately muzzled, came home covered with mud, tired out and submissive, after having been running about all day, during which she had attacked all the dogs she met with. *She obeyed her master with perfect docility*. No sooner did she hear his voice than she fixed her eyes upon him, but her tail remained motionless between her legs—never once wagging, like that of the healthy dog, when addressed by its master. She had a pup of two months, and M. Duluc presented it to her, which she permitted at first, but no sooner had it got the teat in its mouth than she pushed it away with her paws—not, however, attempting to bite; she only gave a sort of growl. Several times the pup returned, and was

repulsed, but without being bitten. For several days previously she had eaten little, but drank as usual. On the morning she came up to her master, who removed her muzzle, and gave her water. *She drank a long time, and with eagerness*. Reassured by this sign, her master loosened her chain, and let her run into the garden. She darted in, uttering a bark and howl, *quite different in tone and modulation from her ordinary voice*. Her master, uneasy at this, recalled her; she obeyed, but with a certain hesitation. He chained her up, but at this moment a duck happening to pass by within reach, she threw herself on it, and bit it on the leg. She also bit a mare which the servant incautiously brought close to her during the day. M. Duluc then ordered her execution. The mare, in spite of her wound having been cauterized, went mad on the twenty-fifth day.

In these examples we see plainly enough that dogs are generally by no means hydrophobic, but that, on the contrary, ardent thirst is a most alarming symptom. Nevertheless it is true that in an extremely small proportion of cases—less than one in fifty, according to Mr. Youatt—dogs have a reluctance or difficulty in swallowing liquids similar to what is noticeable in men. "In May, 1820," says Mr. Youatt, "I attended on a bitch at Pimlico. She had snapped at the owner, bitten the manservant and several dogs, was eagerly watching imaginary objects, and had the peculiar rabid howl. I offered her water. She started back with a strange expression of horror, and fell into violent convulsions, which lasted about a minute. This was repeated a little while afterward, and with the same result."

Sullenness is always suspicious. No matter how ill a dog may be, and how he may slink away into his bed for quiet, he always seems to respond to the attentions of his master. One morning a docile affectionate dog was missing, and returned in the evening almost covered with dirt. *He slunk to his basket, and would pay no attention to any one*. His owners thought it rather strange, and next morning sent for Mr. Youatt, who found him lying on the lap of his mistress, but *frequently shifting his posture*, and every now and then he *started as if he heard some strange sound*. There could be no doubt what was the matter, and he was placed in a room by himself. On learning that the dog had

been licking the hands of both master and mistress, Mr. Youatt was compelled to say what the real case was, and advise them to send at once for a surgeon. "They were perfectly angry at my nonsense, as they called it, and I took my leave, but went immediately to their medical man, and told him what was the real state of the case. The surgeon did his duty, and they escaped."

M. Sanson relates that, when he was a student at Alfort, a lady called one morning for a consultation, holding in her arms a little pet dog. She stated that she had remarked something extraordinary in his ways, without, however, attaching much importance to them—as was proved by the incautious manner in which she had brought him to Alfort. Among the unusual things she had noted was that, while playing with "a person" in her house that morning, he had bitten that person's foot. Professor Bouley, after a rapid examination of the animal's physiognomy, assured the lady that she held in her arms a rabid dog; and his sagacity was strikingly proved in this case, for three days afterward the dog expired with all the signs of madness. On hearing the Professor's opinion, the lady begged to know what should be done to prevent the evil consequences of the bite she had mentioned. She was told that immediate cauterization was the only remedy. "Witness of this scene," says M. Sanson, "I well remember the painful feeling with which we all saw this lady take off her boot and stocking with great *sang froid*, and declare that *she* was the person alluded to. She submitted with great firmness to the cauterization by red-hot iron of the little spot where the tooth of the dog had penetrated."

It is worthy of remark that dogs undeniably rabid have perfectly "lucid intervals;" and these may mislead the unwary into a disregard of observed symptoms. A spaniel, seemingly at play, snapped at the feet of several persons one morning. In the evening he bit his master, his master's friend, and another dog. The old habits of obedience and affection then returned. His master did not suspect the truth, but, fearing something was the matter, took him to Mr. Youatt, who found the animal perfectly docile, and *eager to be caressed*. On the following morning the disease declared itself. Here is another and a better example. A ter-

rier, ten years old, had been ill, and *refused all food* for three days. On the fourth he bit a cat, of which he had been unusually fond; he likewise bit three other dogs. Mr. Youatt was sent for, and found the dog loose in the kitchen, which made him hesitate about going in; but after observing for a minute or two, he thought he might venture. The animal had a peculiarly *wild and eager look*, and turned sharply round at the least noise; after watching the flight of some imaginary object, he *pursued with the utmost fury every fly he saw*. "He *searchingly sniffed* about the room, and examined my legs with an eagerness that made me absolutely tremble. His quarrel with the cat had been made up, and when he was not otherwise employed, he was eagerly licking her and her kittens. In the excess of derangement of his fondness, he fairly rolled them from one end of the kitchen to the other. With difficulty I induced his master to destroy him."

There is a caution it would be well to impress on thoughtless and brutal men, who seem incapable of passing a sleeping dog without throwing a stone at it, or in some way disturbing its slumbers. This wanton exercise of the love of power is not unfrequently punished by the dog's violently attacking the offender; and should the sleeping dog be rabid, the consequences may be fatal. Often after a course of some hours, the exhausted mad dog retires into a corner or a ditch, and will sleep for many hours. How can the passer-by tell that the sleeping animal is not rabid?

Little is known respecting the behavior of the rabid cat. "Fortunately for us," says Mr. Youatt, "the disease does not often occur; for a mad cat is a truly ferocious animal. I have seen two cases, one of them to my cost." We can not, therefore, give the many minute indications of the disease, which have been given of the dog. The first stage seems to be one of sullenness, and this would probably last till death, unless the animal were provoked. "It would not, except in the paroxysm of rage, attack any one; but during that paroxysm it knows no fear, nor has its ferocity any bounds." When a cat is sullen and retires into a corner, from which it can not be coaxed by words or food, it should be destroyed. Mr. Youatt once went to see a cat in this condition. "It was nearly dark when I

went. I saw the horrible glare of her eyes, but I could not see as much of her as I wished, and I said I would call again in the morning. I found the patient on the following day precisely in the same situation, and the same attitude, crouched up in a corner, and ready to spring. I was very much interested in the case; and as I wanted to study the countenance of this demon—for she looked like one—I was foolishly and inexcusably imprudent. I went on my hands and knees, and brought my face nearly on a level with hers, and gazed on those glaring eyes, and that horrible countenance, until I seemed to feel the deathly influence of a spell stealing over me. I was not afraid, but every mental and bodily power was in a manner suspended. My countenance, perhaps, alarmed her, for she sprang on me, fastening herself on my face, and bit through both my lips. She then darted down stairs, and was never seen again. I have always nitrate of silver (caustic) in my pocket. I washed myself and applied the caustic with some severity to the wound. My object was attained, although at somewhat too much cost, for the expression of that brute's countenance will never be forgotten."

VI.—THE POISON AND ITS HISTORY.

It is quite unnecessary to detail here the mass of evidence which supports the conclusion that the *saliva* of the rabid animal occasions the poison of rabies, and this only. Unlike the poison of small-pox, rabies is not communicable by contagion, but only by inoculation. Unless it enter the system it is powerless; once there, it works its deadly way. Remember, therefore, that it is the saliva, not the bite, which is dangerous, and you will understand that it is as bad to be licked by a rabid animal as to be bitten, if the part licked be a wound, or an open surface, or even a mucous membrane. A woman once died from hydrophobia after having suffered a dog to lick a pimple on her chin. Horses are said to have died mad after eating hay upon which rabid pigs had died. Mr. Gilman, in his pamphlet on Hydrophobia, quotes the case of a man whose face was licked, while asleep, by a rabid dog; and he died, although the strictest search failed to discover the smallest scratch upon the skin. On the other hand, Mr. Youatt declares, and the expe-

rience of every veterinary surgeon will confirm it, that no amount of saliva on the *unbroken skin* has the slightest effect. His own hands have been repeatedly covered with the foam of rabid dogs. It is true that in the first of the cases we have quoted from Dr. Watson, the skin of the hand is said not to have been broken, yet unequivocal hydrophobia ensued. There is, however, great doubt permissible here. It is also possible that, when the teeth of the terrier had struck the coachman's hand, the pain may have caused him, by a common and almost automatic action, to raise his hand to his mouth. This much is certain, that while nothing is easier than to inoculate an animal by introducing the saliva of a rabid dog into the wound, no one has been able to effect this by merely placing the saliva on the bare skin.

It is not, therefore, the mere bite we have to regard. Many a man, and many an animal, has been bitten by a rabid dog without harm. The woolen clothes, or the thick coat of the animal, had wiped the tooth clean before it penetrated the flesh. The same is true of the serpent's bite; fatal on the naked flesh, it is generally harmless through the boot or clothes. We must remember, however, that not only may the bite be rendered innocuous because the tooth may be wiped clean, but also because the organism of the bitten man or animal may be such as to resist the poison. We know that there are human beings quite insusceptible of certain diseases, who pass unscathed through the severest trials. They take no contagion. They resist inoculation. And this seems to be true of the poison of rabies. John Hunter says that he knew an instance in which, of twenty-one bitten persons, only one had hydrophobia. Nay, even the dog, which seems so peculiarly liable to this disease, is not always susceptible; many escape after having been bitten. At Charenton there was a dog which seemed to have this immunity; it was contrived that he should be bitten by thirty different rabid dogs, yet he showed no symptom of having been affected. It is this frequent immunity which tends to keep up the reputation of charlatans who pretend to have a remedy for the disease. They can always cite examples where the remedy has been taken, and the patient escaped. If the patient dies, it is because the remedy was

not taken in time, or not properly managed. Now we can not too loudly protest against this notion of specific remedies, because, unhappily, the *only* possible preventive being one which is very painful, and still more alarming to the ignorant—namely, cutting or burning out the bitten part—there is a natural tendency to shrink from this, and to take refuge in the pleasanter specific. But now that chloroform beneficently shields us from the pain of operations, it would be madness to trust to any thing short of the surgeon's aid.

The poison, then, being thus clearly ascertained, we must now follow its course. It is deposited on or near the surface, and there it remains for an indeterminate period. The wound heals, just as the wound from a perfectly healthy dog would heal. Days, weeks, and sometimes months, pass on without any indication of danger. The first sign is an itching about the scar. This is called the commencement of the recrudescence. It is generally followed by inflammation round the scar, with pain, swelling, or numbness, spreading toward the trunk. Soon after this the paroxysms begin. It is held by some eminent surgeons, that supposing the bitten part had not originally been cut out, life might be saved if the excision were performed immediately the period of recrudescence began. No precaution of the kind should be avoided, and yet it is right to add that the symptoms of recrudescence may easily be mistaken; for Mr. Youatt says: "I have been bitten much oftener than I liked by rabid dogs, but proper means being taken, I have escaped; and yet often, when I have been over-fatigued or a little out of temper, some of the old sores have itched and throbbled, and actually become red and swollen."

The period that may elapse between the bite and the outbreak of disease is, as we have said, indeterminate: the age, condition, and nature of the animal accelerate or retard it. The usual time is from three weeks to seven months. In the dog, Mr. Youatt has never seen a case of plain and palpable rabies which occurred in less than fourteen days after the bite. In three months he would consider the animal tolerably safe. In his own experience, he only knew two cases when the period exceeded three months: in one it was five, and in the other seven

months. How greatly the period may vary, is evident from the following: On the night of the eighth of June, 1791, the man in charge of Lord Fitzwilliam's kennel was much disturbed by fighting among the hounds, and got up several times to quiet them. On each occasion he found the same dog quarreling; at last, therefore, he shut that dog up by himself, and there was no further disturbance. On the third day afterward the quarrelsome hound was unequivocally mad; and he died on the fifth. Hereupon the whole pack was separated, and watched. Six of the dogs became rabid; but at the following different intervals from the eighth of June—twenty-three days, fifty-six, sixty-seven, eighty-eight, one hundred and fifty-five, and one hundred and eighty-three days. The *Comité Consultatif d'Hygiène Publique*, in its report on this subject, thus divides one hundred and forty-seven cases: In twenty-six cases one month elapsed; in ninety-three the period ranged between one and three months; in nineteen between three and six months, and in nine cases between six and twelve. Romberg says that of sixty cases, the shortest period was fifteen days, and the longest from seven to nine months; the average being from four to seven weeks.

What becomes of the poison all this time? Is it slowly propagating itself in the blood, or is it imprisoned in the wound or scar, remaining there till the period of recrudescence, when it is absorbed into the system? This is a question of high scientific interest, and one also having a practical interest of great importance. For it is obvious that if the poison lies imprisoned and inoperative in the wound, it may be removed by excision any time between the bite and the period of recrudescence; if not, every hour that elapses after the bite renders the remedy of excision less secure. The scientific question is one which we venture to think could be solved at any veterinary college by a competent experimenter, who might rigorously determine first, whether the poison were contained in the saliva, as it is in the venomous liquid of the viper—a poison therefore solely dependent on the chemical composition of the saliva itself; or, second, whether—as we are strongly disposed to believe—the poison is *developed* in the tissue itself by some chemical combina-

tion with the saliva. Let the saliva of a rabid dog be injected into a venous trunk. If *in itself* it is a poison, it will act like every other poison: that is to say, it will lodge itself in some particular organ, and forthwith begin to trouble the functions of that organ; or it will be rapidly cast out of the system altogether. No poison remains in the blood. Those poisons which remain in the *system* have specific and constant results after definite periods. Here then we have a means of ascertaining whether the saliva *itself* is the poison. If this be proved not to be the case, we shall be driven to the conclusion, that the saliva of rabid animals, when imprisoned in the living tissues, undergoes some chemical change—probably from assimilating certain elements of the tissues—which develops the poisonous qualities.

And this, indeed, is the opinion which best accords with the phenomena, and which, until decisive experiment be brought to bear on the point, we must hold to be the only physiological explanation. In those organisms which resist the influence of rabies, we must suppose the chemical conditions necessary for the development of the poison are absent. In those cases where the period of *incubation* has been unusually short or unusually long, we must suppose some acceleration or retardation of these chemical conditions, dependent on the general state of the organism.

In the absence of direct experiment, however, it is of little avail to speculate as to the origin of the poisonous qualities. Let us, therefore, pass on to a question of some interest, inasmuch as it relates to the anxiety inevitably hovering over every dubious case. We mean, what chance has the bitten man, or animal, of escaping the disease, quite independent of surgical aid? This is worth knowing, because minds of an apprehensive disposition may find some relief from their vague fears that perhaps the surgical precautions have been insufficient, if they remember that, even without such precautions, the chance of infection is but slight. There are two sources of immunity: first, the organism may be insusceptible; second, the saliva may have been wiped off the tooth of the dog before the flesh was pierced. From one or the other of these causes Dr. Hamilton estimates the chance of infection at one in twenty-five; John Hunter specifies his, one case in twenty-one; Mr. Youatt af-

firms that in dogs *three* out of *four*, but in human beings not more than *one* in *four*, would be affected. But the researches of M. Renault at Alfort are the most extensive. He says that between the years 1827–37, no less than two hundred and forty-four dogs entered the hospital, having been bitten by dogs, either rabid or reputed so; all these dogs were kept over two months without any treatment whatever, and closely watched. Of this number only about a third (seventy-four) became mad; the rest showed no symptoms. Of course we must deduct from this a large number of cases where the rabies was purely hypothetical to begin with; the popular notions of what constitutes “mad-dog” being far from accurate. The same must be said of Hertwig’s tables, drawn from the Berlin veterinary school. He makes the proportion one in eight of dogs which have become rabid after having been brought to him under suspicion. In France, out of ninety-nine persons bitten by rabid animals, only forty-one were subsequently affected; but, as M. Renault observes, these figures are of little value. How many human beings have been bitten, and have escaped without surgical aid? There is no reliable evidence to guide us to an answer. All we can say is, that M. Renault’s conclusion, from an immense induction is, that only *one third* of the bitten animals ever manifest rabies; and we are warranted in drawing some such conclusion with respect to man. But because, on a calculation of chances, it is two to one that a man will suffer nothing from the bite of a rabid animal, this knowledge should only be employed to allay anxiety, never to warrant the risk. *The surgeon at once*—that is the plain command in every suspicious case. We have only mentioned what is the calculation of chances, because it is desirable in every way to calm the natural terrors of the patient: these terrors are sometimes as dangerous as the actual infection. To show how they may affect even the mind most familiar with all the symptoms of the disease, and the certainty of surgical cure, we may mention that the late M. Vatel, Professor at the Veterinary College of Alfort, having once been bitten by a dog, and having had the wound carefully cauterized, although no symptom of rabies declared itself in the dog, and although M. Vatel himself remained perfectly well, so horrible had been the shock

of his first terror, that he never fairly overcame it. From that moment it was impossible for him to see a dog unchained within his reach, without a painful uneasiness, which no effort of his mind could subdue. Another veterinary surgeon, "solidement trempé au physique et au moral," M. Barthélemy, was one day bitten by a mad dog under his care. In spite of immediate cautery, he could never afterward endure the sight of a rabid dog—nay, more, he suffered inexpressible uneasiness if the very name of the disease were mentioned in his hearing. One day, in 1847, relates M. Renault, he was passing along the Boulevard Saint

Martin, when he perceived a crowd; on inquiry, he learned that a child had just been bitten by a mad dog. Forgetting—or conquering his terrors, he jumped from his carriage, pushed aside the crowd, took up the child in his arms, (which the crowd had left sobbing on the ground, without venturing to its assistance,) and carrying it to the nearest chemist's shop, he there thoroughly cauterized the many wounds. After this, he conducted the child to its parents, prescribed what was to be done, and disappeared without giving his name. "All this time," said his servant, "master was as pale as death."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE. BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

VII.

OF THE ROYAL BANQUET IN WESTMINSTER HALL. HOW THE KING'S CHAMPION MADE HIS CHALLENGE THEREAT; AND HOW KIT FOUGHT WITH A WILD MAN.

WITHIN the mighty hall built by William Rufus, and renovated and enlarged by Richard II., by whom the marvelous and unequalled Gothic roof was added, preparations had been made on the grandest scale for a banquet to be given by the King to his nobles immediately after the coronation.

This vast chamber—supposed to be the largest in the world unsupported by pillars, and the size of which may be estimated from the fact that six thousand persons have been entertained within at one time—was magnificently decorated for the occasion. The walls were hung with arras to about half their height. Banners depended from the huge chestnut beams of the roof, and the sculptured angels supporting the rafters were furnished with escutcheons of the King's arms.

Three long tables, each capable of ac-

commodating three hundred guests, were laid within the body of the hall. Upon the dais, at the upper end, was set a table intended for the King and the chief nobles, covered with the fairest napery, and literally blazing with vessels of gold and silver of the rarest workmanship and device. Over the royal chair was a canopy of cloth of gold, embroidered with the King's arms, and at either end of the table stood an open cupboard, nine stages high, filled with glittering salvers, costly ornaments of gold and silver, goblets, and other drinking-vessels.

About half-way down the hall, on the left, a platform was erected for the minstrels, and on the opposite side was a similar stage for the carvers.

No sooner was the solemnity within the abbey at an end, than all who had invitations to the banquet—and they were upward of a thousand persons—proceeded to Westminster Hall, and were promptly conducted by the marshals and ushers to their places. Not a seat at either of the three long tables was soon left vacant;

and what with gentlemen waiters, and yeomen waiters, marshals, ushers, grooms, and serving-men, the body of the hall was quite full.

Loud flourishes of trumpets from the upper end of the spacious chamber then proclaimed the King's approach. First of all the nobles entered, and were ushered to their places by the vice-chamberlain, Sir Anthony Wingfield; then the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Lord Protector, and lastly the King. Cranmer sat on the right of the royal chair, and the Lord Protector on the left.

Grace having been solemnly said, the trumpets were again sounded, and as the first course was brought in by a vast train of attendants, the Earl of Warwick, lord great chamberlain, and the Earl of Arundel, lord chamberlain of the household, magnificently arrayed, and mounted on horses trapped in cloth of gold and velvet, entered the hall by the great door, and rode between the long tables to the dais to superintend the service.

It would be superfluous to describe the dishes either at the King's table or at those assigned to the less important guests. It will be enough to say that the banquet was ordered in right regal fashion, with many subtleties and strange devices; that the meats were of the daintiest, and the wines of the best and rarest. "What should I speak or write of the sumptuous, fine, and delicate meats prepared for this high and honorable coronation," quoth an old chronicler, "or of the honorable order of the services, the clean-handling and breaking of meats, the ordering of the dishes, with the plentiful abundance, so that no worshipful person went away unfeasted?"

When the second course was served, which was yet more sumptuous than the first, the great door of the hall was again thrown wide open to admit the King's champion, Sir John Dymoke. Armed, cap-à-pied, in burnished steel, having a plume of white ostrich feathers in his helm, and mounted on a charger, trapped in gold tissue, embroidered with the arms of England and France, the champion rode slowly up the center of the hall, preceded by a herald. The champion might well be splendidly equipped and proudly mounted, since, by his office, he was allowed the King's best suit of armor, "save one," and the best charger from

the royal stables, "save one," with trappings to boot.

As Sir John Dymoke approached the dais, he was encountered by Garter King at Arms, who called out to him in a loud voice: "Whence come you, Sir Knight, and what is your pretense?"

"That you shall hear anon," replied the champion courteously. And addressing his own herald, he commanded him to make proclamation, who, after thrice exclaiming "Oyes!" thus proceeded: "If there be any person here, of whatsoever state or degree, who shall declare that King Edward the Sixth is not the rightful inheritor of this realm, I, Sir John Dymoke, the King's champion, offer him my glove, and will do battle with him to the utterance."

As the herald concluded, Sir John took off his gauntlet and hurled it on the ground. This challenge was afterward repeated in different parts of the hall. As the defiance, however, was not accepted, the champion rode toward the dais, and demanded a cup of wine. A large parcel gilt goblet, filled with malmsey, was then handed him by the chief cup-bearer, and having drunk from it, he claimed the cover, which being given him, he retired.

The banquet then proceeded. The trumpets sounded for the third course, and when it had been brought in, a side-door on the right of the wall was opened, and gave admittance to a device of a very unusual character. Three colossal figures, clad in Anglo-Saxon armor of the period of the Conquest, such as may be seen in ancient tapestry, and consisting of mingled leather and steel, and wearing conical helmets, with fantastic nasal projections, shaped like the beak of a bird, entered, carrying over their heads an enormous shield, the circumference of which was almost as large as King Arthur's famous Round Table, as it had need to be, since it formed a stage for the display of a fully-equipped knight mounted on a charger, barded and trapped. These huge Anglo-Saxon warriors, it is scarcely necessary to say, were the gigantic warders of the Tower, while the knight they bore upon the shield, it is equally needless to add, was the King's dwarf. Mounted on his pony, which, as we have said, was trapped like a war-horse, Xit carried a tilting-lance in his hand, and a battle-ax at his saddle-bow. As he was borne along the

hall in his exalted position, he looked round with a smile of triumph. After the giants came another fantastic personage, partially clad in the skins of wild animals, with a grotesque mask on his face, sandals on his feet, and a massive-looking club on his shoulder. This wild-looking man was Pacolet.

As the knightly dwarf was brought within a short distance of the royal table, which, from his eminent position, he quite overlooked, he was met by Garter, who demanded his title and pretense.

"I am called Sir Pumilio," replied Xit, in a shrill voice, "and the occasion of my coming hither is to do battle with a wild man in the King's presence, if I be so permitted."

"His majesty greets thee well, Sir Pumilio," rejoined Garter, with difficulty preserving his countenance. "Do thy devoir as becomes a valiant knight."

"I will essay to do so," cried Xit. "Where lurks the fierce savage?" he added.

"Behold him!" cried Pacolet.

While Xit was talking to Garter, the agile mountebank had climbed the shoulders of a tall yeoman of the guard, who was standing near, and he now sprang upon the shield. Xit immediately charged him, and strove to drive him off the stage, but Pacolet adroitly avoided the thrust, and the dwarf had well-nigh gone over himself. The combatants had not a very large arena for the display of their prowess, but they made the best of it, and Pacolet's tricks were so diverting, that they excited general merriment. After the combat had endured a few minutes, Pacolet, apparently sore pressed, struck the shield with his club, and instantly afterward leapt to the ground. Scarcely was he gone than the rim of the shield rose as if by magic, developing a series of thin iron bars, which inclosed the dwarf like a rat in a trap. Great was Xit's surprise and rage at this occurrence, for which he was wholly unprepared. He struck the bars of his cage with his lance, but they were strong enough to resist his efforts; he commanded the giants to liberate him, but in vain. At last he was set free by Pacolet, and carried off amid inextinguishable laughter.

Preceded by trumpeters, making a loud bruit with their clarions, and attended by Norroy and Clarincieux, Garter next made proclamation of the King's titles in differ-

ent parts of the hall. At each proclamation the heralds called out, "Largesse! largesse!" whereupon, many costly ornaments were bestowed upon them by the nobles, knights, and esquires.

Toward the close of the feast, the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Henry Hubbithorne, who, it will be remembered, was the first knight dubbed by the King on his arrival at the Tower, arose from his seat at the upper table, and kneeling before the young monarch, offered him a silver cup, incrustated with gems, and filled with hippocrass. Edward received him very graciously, and having drunk to the prosperity of the good city of London, returned him the cup, bidding him keep it in remembrance of the occasion.

So ended this grand and memorable banquet.

The King then repaired to the palace, where the jousts and tilting-matches were held in the courts, at which Lord Seymour, to his royal nephew's great contentment, bore away the chief prize.

VIII.

HOW THE LORD CHANCELLOR WAS DISGRACED.

THOUGH the crown had been placed on the youthful Edward's brows, supreme authority rested with the Lord Protector. His only formidable opponent was Southampton, and the removal of the latter, as already intimated, had been resolved upon. A plan for effectually getting rid of him was hit upon by Paget, and, unfortunately for the Lord Chancellor, his own imprudence furnished a pretext for his overthrow and disgrace.

Wholly unconscious, however, of the critical position in which he stood, and unaware of the projects of his enemies, Southampton attended the first council held within the palace, and commenced by fiercely attacking Somerset for his usurpation of power, and disregard of the King's will. He had not proceeded far when he was interrupted by Paget, who called: "Hold, my lord; before accusing his highness the Lord Protector, you must answer certain grave charges which I have to prefer against yourself."

"What charges be they?" demanded the Lord Chancellor haughtily.

"My lord, I accuse you of gross neglect of duty," rejoined Paget, "in putting the seal in commission, and deputing

to certain masters in chancery the power to hear causes and pronounce decisions; duties which ought by right to be discharged by yourself alone. This you have done without license or authority from the King's majesty, the Lord Protector, or the lords of the council."

"No warrant was needed for what I have done," replied Southampton, in a proud and defiant tone. "My attention can not be given at one and the same time to affairs of state and to the business of the Court of Chancery, and I have therefore chosen to devote myself chiefly to the former. But all decisions of the masters will be ratified by myself before enrollment."

"You have outstripped your authority, my lord, in what you have done," observed Somerset sternly. "The judges have been consulted upon the matter, and their well-considered answer is, that you, my Lord Chancellor, ought not, without warrant from the council, to have set the seal to such a commission. They regard it as a precedent of very high and ill consequence, and as an indication that a change in the laws of England is intended by you."

"Tut! tut! their fears are groundless," remarked Southampton contemptuously.

"Hear me out, I pray you, my lord," pursued Somerset. "The judges unanimously declare that by the unwarrantable and illegal act committed by you, you have forfeited your place to the King, and rendered yourself liable to fine and imprisonment at his majesty's pleasure."

"What say you to this, my lord?" cried Paget, in a taunting tone.

"I say the judges are in error, or have been basely tampered with, to deliver such an opinion," rejoined Southampton furiously. "But the scheme is too transparent not to be seen through at a glance. 'Tis a weak device of the Lord Protector to get rid of me. But I tell him to his face that I hold my office by a better authority than he holds his own."

"How by a better authority, my lord?" cried Somerset.

"Because it was conferred upon me by my late royal master," returned Southampton, "who not only made me what I am, Lord Chancellor, but one of the governors of the realm during his son's minority, of which office your highness seeks to deprive me. But you can not do it, for the King's will must be observ-

ed, and by that will, as you well know, none of you have power over the others, or can cause their dismissal. Declare the commission void, if you will. I am content. But think not to deprive me of my office for no fault, or to remove me from the government, for you can not do it."

"The arguments you have used, my lord are of little weight," observed Lord Rich. "Each executor under the late King's will is subject to his colleagues, and can not do any act on his own responsibility. Thus, if one of our number should be guilty of high treason or rebellion, he would be clearly punishable, and could not shelter himself under the plea that he was a member of the council, and therefore absolved from his act. If you can show that you have any warrant for what you have done, you will be held excused, but not otherwise."

"Ay, produce your warrant, my lord, if you have it?" demanded Paget sarcastically.

The Lord Chancellor made no reply. He saw that he was caught in the toils of his enemies.

"Can you advance aught in your justification, my lord?" said the King, who had not hitherto spoken. "If so, we are willing to hear you."

"I should speak to little purpose, sire," replied Southampton, with dignity, "for my enemies are too strong for me. But I take Heaven to witness that I acted for the best."

"You had best make your submission, my lord," observed Lord Seymour. "This haughty tone will only make matters worse."

"Is it you who counsel submission, my Lord Admiral?" cried Southampton, almost fiercely. "I have declared that I had no ill design in what I did. I believed, and still believe, that I had power to act as I have acted; but you all declare otherwise. I therefore submit myself humbly to the King's mercy. If I am to be deprived of mine office, I pray that, in consideration of past services, I may be dealt with leniently."

"Strict justice shall be done you, doubt it not, my lord," said Edward. "Withdraw, we pray you, while we deliberate upon the matter."

Upon this intimation, the Lord Chancellor quitted the council-chamber.

After the council had deliberated for some time, Lord Rich thus addressed the

King: "Considering the prejudice that might ensue if the seals were allowed in the hands of so arrogant a person as Lord Southampton, we are of opinion that he should be deprived of his office, and fined, and remain a prisoner in his own house at your majesty's pleasure."

"Is that the opinion of the whole council?" demanded Edward.

"It is, my liege," replied Somerset. "You can not pardon him," he added, in a low tone.

"On whom shall the seals be bestowed?" inquired the King.

"None were more fitting for the office than the Lord St. John," replied Somerset.

"Be it as you suggest," rejoined the King. "Let Lord Southampton be recalled."

As the Lord Chancellor reëntered the council-chamber, he saw from the looks of all around him that the decision was against him. He therefore attempted no defense, but, with his arms folded upon his breast, listened calmly while his sentence was pronounced. A deep flush, however, suffused his swarthy features when he heard that the great seal was to be delivered to Lord St. John.

"His majesty will not gain much by the exchange," he muttered; "but the Lord Protector will. He will find the new Lord Chancellor sufficiently subservient. I pray your majesty to let me be removed at once."

His request was acceded to; and he was conducted by a guard to his own residence, Ely House, where he was detained a close prisoner.

IX.

IN WHAT MANNER THE LORD HIGH ADMIRAL DISCHARGED THE DUTIES OF HIS OFFICE.

FREED from his most dangerous foe, Somerset felt perfectly secure. So slavishly subservient to his will were the council, that he did not always deem it necessary to consult them. In many important matters he acted without other authority than his own. Both civil and military appointments were made by him. He signed warrants for arrest and imprisonment, and issued mandates under his own seal. He held private conferences with foreign ambassadors, and did not always disclose the nature of the negotiations concluded with them. Maintaining a perfectly regal

state, he assumed a haughtiness of deportment, and an arrogance of tone, especially disagreeable to the old nobility,* whose hatred of him was increased by his undisguised efforts to ingratiate himself with the Commons.

Called upon to fulfill his lavish promises to his adherents, Somerset found it no easy matter to satisfy their importunities. But he had a resource which in these days could readily be made available. The Church had been largely stripped of its possessions by the late King, but a good deal yet remained of which it might be deprived. A bill was hastily passed, by which nearly three thousand charities, colleges, free-chapels, and other religious establishments, were suppressed, and their rents and revenues confiscated, and transferred to the Crown. Out of the funds thus obtained, the Lord Protector enriched himself and rewarded his associates.

Calculating upon a long lease of power, Somerset determined to build himself a palace which should surpass that of Whitehall. Accordingly, he selected a site on the banks of the Thames, and recking little that it was occupied by the ancient church of St. Mary-le-Straud and other time-honored monastic structures, he sacrilegiously ordered their demolition. With as little scruple as had actuated him in the choice of a situation for his proposed palace, he set to work to procure building materials. There were plenty of churches to supply him with masonry. Without hesitation he pulled down the large church of Saint John of Jerusalem, with its noble tower, the cloisters on the north side of Saint Paul's, with the charnel-house and chapel, and appropriated the wreck to his own use. These sacrilegious proceedings were generally condemned, and the superstitious believed they would bring him ill-luck. In spite, however, of this disapprobation, Somerset House was commenced, and eventually completed.

While the Lord Protector was thus exercising the power he had so unscrupulously obtained, holding a court, lording it over the council, controlling their decrees, and occasionally sharply reproving them, conferring with foreign ambassadors, signing decrees and warrants, disposing of offices and treasures, making presentations and promotions, ordering arbitrary arrests and imprisonments, after the fashion of the imperious Harry, and in all other respects comporting himself

like a king, his younger and no less ambitious brother had begun to discharge the functions of the important office conferred upon him.

Discontinued of late years, the office of Lord High Admiral was one of great trust, honor, and profit, and was usually conferred upon princes of the blood, or upon the most important of the nobility. Supreme judge of all done upon the main or upon the coasts, the Lord High Admiral had power to commission all naval officers, to impress seamen, to collect penalties and amercements of all transgressions at sea, to seize upon the effects of pirates, to receive all wrecks, a certain share of prizes, with many other privileges. That Lord Seymour entered upon this honorable and very lucrative office with the sole design of using it as a stepping-stone to yet higher honors, we know; but, in the mean time, he was determined that it should yield him all the influence, power, and profit possible. From a variety of sources, the Admiral had suddenly become exceedingly wealthy. Large revenues had been bestowed upon him by his royal nephew, together with a grant of the rich manor of Sudley, in Gloucestershire. Moreover, Queen Catherine's dowry was at his disposal. Thus abundantly furnished with means of display, he affected a degree of magnificence only second to that of the Lord Protector. At Seymour House, for so was his residence styled, he maintained a princely retinue of servants, grooms, pages, ushers, henchmen, and others, all sumptuously appareled, and surrounded himself by a body of young gentlemen who served him as esquires. His ostentatious mode of living was highly displeasing to the Lord Protector, who remonstrated with him upon it, but ineffectually.

About a month after his installment, the Lord High Admiral was seated one day in a large chamber looking upon the Thames, in which he usually transacted his affairs. This chamber did not belong to his private residence, but appertained to a suite of apartments assigned him at Whitehall for the conduct of his office. The walls were covered with large maps and plans of the principal English, Irish, Scottish, and French seaports, while the tapestry represented ancient and modern naval engagements. Spacious as was the chamber, it was so encumbered by models of ships, implements of naval warfare, and great chests, that it was no easy matter

to move about it. At the moment of our visit to him, the Admiral was alone, and occupied in writing letters, but shortly afterward another person entered the room, and respectfully approached him. This was Ugo Harrington, who now officiated as his chief secretary. As Ugo drew near, the Admiral looked up and inquired what he wanted.

"Is it your highness's pleasure to see those merchantmen, who are about to sail for the Mediterranean?" inquired Ugo, bowing.

"Hast thou given them to understand that they may not trade with any port in the Mediterranean without my permission?" rejoined the Admiral.

"I have, your highness, and I have also intimated to them that they must pay—pay well—for such license."

"And what reply do they make?"

"They one and all protest against the claim, and declare such a demand was never before made."

"That is no reason why it should not be made now," rejoined the Admiral, laughing. "I will have the tribute, or they shall not sail. Tell them so."

Ugo bowed, and withdrew. Seymour resumed his correspondence, but had not been long so occupied, when his esquire returned.

"Well, are the merchantmen gone?" inquired the Admiral, looking at him.

"Ay, your highness," replied Ugo. "They have each paid fifty marks, which I have deposited in your coffers. They grumbled a good deal at the extortion, as they termed it, but I would not let them have the licenses till they complied."

"Henceforth no vessel shall carry merchandise out of these dominions without payment of an impost proportionate to the value of the cargo. Be it thy duty to see this regulation strictly enforced."

"Your highness's commands shall be obeyed to the letter. What is to be done with all those goods and rich stuffs taken from the pirates who plundered the Portuguese merchant at the mouth of the channel? Application has been made for them by the owner. Are they to be restored to him?"

"I marvel that a man of thy shrewdness and discernment should ask so simple a question, Ugo. Restore the goods! No, by Saint Paul! not any part of them. Help thyself to what thou wilt, and distribute the rest among thy fellows.

The taste of spoil will quicken their faculties, and make them eager for more. Send away this Portuguese merchant, and recommend him to be content with his loss. If he complains, threaten him with the Fleet. These pirates are most serviceable to us, and though we may ease them of their booty, we must not put a stop to their trade."

"That reminds me that one of the most daring pirates that ever infested these northern seas, Captain Nicholas Hornbeak, has lately been captured. What will your highness have done with him?"

"Hum! I must consider," replied the Admiral, musing. "Hornbeak is a bold fellow. 'Twould be a pity to hang him. I must talk with him. Is he in safe custody?"

"He is lodged in the Gatehouse-prison, your highness.

"Let him be brought before me to-morrow."

"I see that Captain Hornbeak has a good chance of commanding another crew of desperadoes," observed Ugo.

"All will depend upon himself," rejoined the Admiral. "I have work to do, which men of Hornbeak's stamp can accomplish better than any other. Ere long, I shall be lord of the Sicily Islands, Ugo. They are strong enough by nature, but I mean to make them impregnable. To those islands I design to convey stores and treasure, so that, if driven to extremities, I can retire thither with safety. These pirate vessels will then defend me from attack, and if a rebellion should break out in the land they would materially aid it—if properly directed."

"I begin to comprehend your highness's design," observed Ugo. "'Tis a terrible conspiracy you are hatching."

"Thou wilt say so, when thou art made acquainted with all its ramifications. I have a strong castle in Denbighshire, Holt, which I design to fortify, and make it another depository of arms and stores. In two months I shall have a dozen counties in my favor. Am I wrong in making provision by the readiest means in my power for the outbreak?"

"Assuredly not, my lord; you are quite right to use any implements that will serve your purpose."

At this juncture an usher entered, and with a respectful obeisance, stated that the Marquis of Dorset was without, and

craved a moment's private audience of the Lord Admiral.

"Admit his lordship instantly," said Seymour to the usher. "Retire, Ugo," he added to his esquire, "but wait within the ante-chamber. I may have need of thee. I can partly guess what brings Dorset hither."

And as his esquire withdrew, the Admiral arose.

"Welcome back to court, my lord," he cried to Dorset; "you have been too long absent from us."

"Not more than a month, my good lord," replied the Marquis; "but I am flattered to find that I have been missed. Has his majesty deigned to speak of me during my absence?"

"Very often, my lord; and he has never failed to inquire whether you intended to bring your daughter, the Lady Jane Grey, with you on your return. I trust you have done so."

"My daughter and the Marchioness return from Bradgate to-morrow. You delight me by what you tell me respecting his majesty's continued interest in my daughter. I feared he had ceased to think of her."

"As yet, the impression she has made upon his youthful mind is strong as ever," rejoined Seymour; "but if she had remained away much longer, it might have been effaced. I am rejoiced, therefore, to hear of her speedy return. But pray be seated, Marquis. We can talk more at our ease, and I have much to say to you. The time has come for carrying out our arrangement in reference to the guardianship of your daughter. You have not changed your mind upon that score, I presume, but are still willing to resign her to my custody?"

"I am quite willing to fulfill my agreement with you, my Lord Admiral, but are you in a condition to receive her? Your secret marriage with her highness the Queen-dowager is not yet acknowledged. Unforeseen difficulties may arise with the council, with the Lord Protector, or even with the King, and till that matter is settled you must excuse some hesitation on my part."

"My marriage with the Queen will be formally announced to my royal nephew and the Lord Protector to-morrow, and you shall have an opportunity, if you desire it, of seeing how the announcement

is received. You will then be able to decide as to the policy of committing the Lady Jane to my care."

"Your highness has no fears, then, of the King's displeasure, or of the Lord Protector's anger?"

"I have no fear whatever, Marquis. That Somerset will be in a furious passion when he learns the truth, I do not in the least doubt. But what matters that? I am accustomed to his explosions of rage, and treat them with contempt. The matter is past prevention, and must, therefore, be endured."

"You have not yet disclosed the secret to the King, I suppose?" inquired Dorset.

"I have not acquainted him with the marriage, but I have obtained his consent to it, and that amounts to the same thing. His majesty has even been gracious enough to write to the Queen-dowager, praying her to listen to my proposals."

"Then there is no fear of displeasure on his part," observed Dorset, laughing. "But are you equally certain of the council?"

"What can the council do?" rejoined Seymour, shrugging his shoulders. "The matter is past repair, as I have just said. They must reconcile themselves to it, as they can. However, I have reason to think that the majority of them are favorable to me. I have sounded Warwick and Russell, and one or two others, and find them well enough disposed."

"What says her majesty's brother, the Earl of Northampton? Have you hinted the matter to him?"

"I have not judged it prudent to do so. But for his sister's sake he will be friendly. Her highness has great influence with him, and will not fail to exercise it at the right moment. Thus you see, Marquis, I am perfectly secure."

"I rejoice to find you so confident, Admiral, and trust nothing untoward may occur. But in regard to my daughter, methinks the aspect of affairs is not quite so promising. The Lord Protector, as I hear, is determined upon enforcing the treaty of marriage proposed by his late majesty between our youthful sovereign and the young Queen of Scotland, and since compliance with his demands has been refused, is about to declare war upon that country."

"Your lordship has been rightly inform-

ed. The Duke of Somerset is now actively preparing for an expedition into Scotland, and only awaits the return of Sir Francis Brian, who has been sent to France to secure, if possible, the neutrality of that country. Most assuredly, the expedition will be undertaken, and it is almost equally certain that the Scots will be worsted, and yet the treaty will come to naught."

"How so?" demanded Dorset. "It seems to me, if the treaty be once executed, that it has a good chance of being fulfilled."

"It will not be fulfilled, because the party principally concerned is averse to it. He will choose a consort for himself, and not be bound by any treaty. Now do you understand, Marquis?"

"But he may be overruled, or yield to considerations of state policy."

"Granted; but if I have any influence with him, he will do neither one nor the other."

"Well, my Lord Admiral, you have removed my misgivings. I am with you. Let but your marriage be acknowledged in the King's presence, and my daughter shall be committed to Queen Catherine's care, and her hand left to your disposal."

"The acknowledgment will take place at Seymour House to-morrow, Marquis, and you yourself shall witness it, if you list. The King honors me with his presence at a banquet, and the Lord Protector, with the council and many of the nobles, are invited to meet him. I shall make it the occasion of introducing my royal consort to them."

"Tis a plan worthy of you," replied Dorset. "I can imagine the scene—the Lord Protector's surprise and indignation, and the embarrassment of the council; but since you have the King with you, all must end satisfactorily. I am much beholden to your lordship for allowing me to be present on so interesting an occasion, and will not fail to attend upon you."

Upon this he arose as if about to take his leave, but, after a little hesitation, added: "I was about to put your friendship to a further test, but will delay doing so to a more convenient opportunity."

"No time can be more convenient than the present, Marquis," said the Admiral, who guessed what was coming. "How can I serve you? Only point out the way."

"You have already lent me five hundred pounds. I like not to trespass further on your good nature."

"Nay, you confer a favor on me by enabling me to prove the sincerity of my regard for you, Marquis. How much do you need?"

"If I might venture to ask for other five hundred pounds?"

"How, venture? Have I not said that I shall be the person obliged? Are you quite sure that five hundred pounds will suffice?"

"Quite sure. They will amply suffice—for the present," he added to himself.

"Ugo Harrington shall cause the sum to be conveyed to Dorset House," said the Admiral. "I count upon your support to-morrow."

"Not merely to-morrow, but at all other times, my dear lord," rejoined Dorset, bowing and departing.

When he was left alone, Seymour thus gave utterance to his sentiments: "He estimates the disposal of his daughter's hand at a thousand pounds. He knows not its value. 'Tis worth all Somerset's titles and revenues, and shall make me ruler in his stead."

X.

HOW QUEEN CATHERINE PARR PASSED HER TIME AT CHELSEA MANOR-HOUSE.

ABSENTING herself entirely from court so long as her marriage with the Lord Admiral continued unavowed, the Queen-dowager dwelt in perfect retirement at her manor-house at Chelsea—a delightful residence, forming part of the rich jointure settled upon her by her late royal husband.

Built by Henry VIII. on the site of an ancient edifice bestowed upon him by Lord Sandys, Chelsea Manor-House was originally designed by the monarch as a nursery for his younger children, and to that end he provided the place with extensive and beautiful gardens abounding with smooth green lawns, trim gravel walks and terraces, knots, parterres, alleys, fountains, mounts, labyrinths, and summer-houses. These fair gardens were surrounded by high walls except on the side facing the river, where a broad terrace protected by a marble balustrade, offered a delightful promenade, and commanded a wide reach of the Thames, with a distant view of Westminster Abbey,

Whitehall, the Gothic cathedral of Saint Paul's, with its lofty spire, Baynard's Castle, old London Bridge, and the Tower. The grounds were well-timbered, and park-like in appearance, and the house was large and commodious, and possessed many noble apartments. Quadrangular in shape, it possessed a spacious court, and, with the outbuildings, covered a vast area. Such was Chelsea Manor-House when inhabited by Queen Catherine Parr.

A few years later this delightful mansion fell into the hands of the all-grasping Duke of Northumberland, who had coveted it even while it was in Catherine's possession, but he did not enjoy it long. His widow, however, died here. Its next important occupant was the famous Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral in Elizabeth's time, by whom the redoubtable Spanish Armada was dispersed and destroyed. Here Nottingham was often visited by his royal mistress, who loved the place from old, and perhaps tender recollections, for in its bowers and shady walks she had listened to much amorous converse (as we shall learn presently) from the impassioned and irresistible Seymour.

After the lapse of nearly a century and a half, during which the old manor-house underwent many changes, it came into the occupation of Sir Hans Sloane, who formed within it that noble library and large collection of objects connected with natural history which led to the foundation of the British Museum. On Sir Hans Sloane's death, in 1753, and the removal of his library and museum to Montague House, the ancient structure with pulled down, and a row of houses, now forming part of Cheyne Walk, erected in its stead.

The neighborhood is still pleasant, and seems to wear a bright sunshiny aspect, but it had a brighter and sunnier look in days long gone by, when the picturesque old edifice, with its pointed roofs, carved gables, large bay-windows, and great porch, could be seen from some gilded barge, propelled by oarsmen in rich liveries through the then pellucid waters of the Thames; when august personages and high-born dames could be seen pacing its terraces, or issuing from its quaintly-clipped alleys, while royal children disported upon its lawns. It may be mentioned, that in the vicinity of Chelsea

Manor-House stood the residence of one of Henry's noblest victims—the wise and good Sir Thomas More.

To Catherine, the quietude she enjoyed in this charming retreat was inconceivably delightful. Never from the hour when she had become the suspicious and inexorable Henry's bride until death released her from his tyranny, had she been free from dread. Now she could once more call her life her own, and could pursue her own inclinations without trembling for the consequences.

The sole drawback to her complete felicity was that she was necessarily deprived of so much of her husband's society. The utmost caution had to be observed in their intercourse during this period. Only two faithful servants were intrusted with the important secret. Seymour's visits were paid at night, long after the household had retired to rest. The river offered a secure approach to the garden. Screened by an overhanging willow, his light, swift bark, manned by trusty boatmen, awaited his return. A postern, of which he alone possessed the key, and a secret staircase, admitted him to the Queen's apartments.

With what rapture was he welcomed by Catherine! How anxiously she expected his coming! how she counted the moments if he was late! How she sprang to meet him when his footstep was heard! How she strained him to her bosom when he appeared! With what pride, with what admiration, did she regard him! His noble lineaments seemed to grow in beauty, his stately figure to acquire fresh grace, the oftener she gazed upon him!

Deeply, devotedly did Catherine love her husband. And was her tenderness returned? Let us not ask the question. Perhaps Seymour deemed he loved her then. At all events, Catherine was deluded into that belief. Alas! poor Queen! It was well she could not see into the future.

A month had flown by, when Catherine was seated alone one night in her chamber, anxiously expecting her husband. It was long past the hour at which he usually came. What could have detained him? She arose, and went to the large bay-window looking upon the garden, but the night was dark, and she could make out nothing but the somber masses of the trees, and the darkling river beyond.

Returning, she took up a volume that was lying on the table, and applied herself to its perusal. But her thoughts wandered away from the subject, and finding it vain to attempt to fix them upon the book, she resolved to essay the soothing effect of music, and sat down to the virginals.

The apartment in which we have thus found her was situated in the west wing of the house, and its windows, as we have intimated, looked upon the terrace and on the expansive reach of the river. It was spacious, with a beautifully molded ceiling, and wainscots of black polished oak. Several paintings adorned the walls, noticeable among which were portraits of Henry VIII.'s three children—Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth—as well as of the Duke of Richmond.

Catherine was still seated at the instrument, playing a half-melancholy tune, which harmonized with her feelings, when the hangings that covered the doorway were suddenly drawn aside, and her husband stood before her. While he divested himself of the long dark cloak in which he was enveloped, and threw it, with his crimson velvet cap, on a chair, she flew toward him with an exclamation of delight, and flung her arms about his neck.

"So you are come at last, Seymour," she cried. "I feared some mischance had befallen you."

"I have had much to do to-night, sweetheart," he replied. "But I bring you good news. Come and sit by me," he added, flinging himself into a couch, "and you shall hear it."

Catherine delightedly complied. "Has his majesty bestowed some new honor upon you?" she inquired.

"I am to have the Garter in a few days, with Dorset and the Earl of Derby," he said; "but it is not to that I refer."

"What is it, then?" cried Catherine. "Nay, let me guess. I have it! You are to be made governor of the King's person! The Protector will retire in your favor!"

"Alas! no," rejoined the Admiral. "That is a piece of good fortune not likely to occur to me. But the matter in question concerns you quite as much as myself, Kate."

"All that concerns you must needs concern me," she answered. "But since

what you have to tell relates partly to myself, I suppose you must allude to the acknowledgment of our marriage."

"Now you have hit it, sweetheart. If it meets your approval, the avowal shall be made to-morrow."

"You are the best judge, my lord, whether the step be prudent, and whether you are in a position to brave your brother's anger, for I suppose nothing has occurred to cause a change in his sentiments. To me it must naturally be agreeable to have an end put to mystery and concealment foreign to my character and feelings; but I am content to continue as I am for some time longer, rather than you should incur the slightest risk from the Lord Protector and the council. Satisfied that I am bound to you by sacred ties, which can never be sundered save by death, I am in no hurry for the disclosure."

"Delay will not improve matters—peradventure, it may make them worse," he rejoined. "The present juncture seems favorable for the avowal."

"Be it as you will—you have but to command. Yet I again beg you to put me entirely out of the question, and adopt only such a course as will be most beneficial to yourself."

"It is due to your fair fame, Kate, which may suffer, it is due to myself, and it is due also to the King, that our marriage should no longer be concealed. My plan is this, sweetheart. To-morrow, as you know, I give a *fête* at Seymour House, and I propose to make it the occasion of introducing you as my consort to the King."

"But will Edward like to be thus taken by surprise? Would it not be better to prepare him?"

"I do not think so. By making a confidant of my royal nephew I should still further incense my brother. Besides, nothing would be gained, for it is certain Edward will not disapprove of the marriage."

"Well, perhaps you are right. I will do as you direct, though, were I to consult my own feelings, I would continue this life of retirement, and shun court gayeties and revels, which have become distasteful to me."

"Hereafter you may withdraw into privacy, if you list, Kate, but for the present you must aid me in the important part I have to play."

"Would you were less ambitious, Seymour! My chance of happiness, I feel, would be greater."

"Pshaw! if I succeed, and raise myself to the point at which I aim, you will have every thing to make you happy, Kate. If I am all but king, you will be prouder, happier than you were as the spouse of Henry VIII."

"'Tis to be hoped so, Seymour," she sighed; "for I was any thing but happy then. In good truth, I almost dread to enter the great world again. But your will is law with me."

"You are a good and dutiful wife, Kate," he cried, pressing his lips to her brow. "As I have said, you can do much for me at this moment. Dorset has been with me to-day. He has just returned from Bradgate. I had some talk with him about his daughter, and he has agreed to consign her to your care as soon as our marriage is avowed."

"Nothing could please me better," replied Catharine. "The Lady Jane Grey, as you know, is an especial favorite of mine."

"And with good reason, sweetheart, for she is a paragon of perfection—marvelously beautiful, and marvelously wise. In due time, we must provide a suitable husband for her."

"Have you not one already in your eye, Seymour?"

"I will not deny it," he replied. "Jane's merits are so transcendent that I only know one person worthy of her—my royal nephew; and though there are many obstacles in the way, yet I am certain the match may be brought about. Edward has conceived a kind of boyish passion for her; and were he to search the world, he could find no better wife than Jane Grey would make him."

"That I firmly believe," replied Catharine. "Jane is wiser than women usually are—virtuous and pious—and would be the brightest jewel in Edward's crown. It will delight me to promote this scheme, because I am sure that by so doing I shall further Edward's happiness."

"You can do him no greater service than to aid in procuring him such a wife—nor better serve your country than in giving it such a queen," rejoined Seymour. "But I must be gone, sweetheart. A cup of wine, and then adieu!"

"So soon!" she exclaimed reproachfully.

"It is late, and I must perforce tear myself away. But it is a consolation to think that it is the last time we shall need to separate thus. To-morrow you will come to Seymour House as a guest, but you will remain as its mistress. Adieu, sweetheart!"

Tenderly embracing her, he then resumed his cap and cloak, and departed.

Descending the secret staircase, he shortly afterward issued from the postern, and set off toward the spot where his boat awaited him. The night was profoundly dark, but notwithstanding the obscurity, Seymour fancied he perceived a figure standing directly in his path. On this he halted, but after a moment's hesitation went on.

Meanwhile, the dark figure remained stationary. As the Admiral advanced, he saw that the personage, whoever he might be, was not alone, but that behind him were two other persons, who, as far as could be discerned in the obscurity, were armed. Though he would willingly have shunned an encounter at such a moment, Seymour was not the man to turn back. He therefore called out to them, and drew his sword.

"Tis he!—tis the Admiral!" exclaimed the foremost personage. "I am satisfied. We may retire."

"Not till you have explained your business," cried Seymour, springing upon him and seizing him by the throat.

"Take your hands from me, my lord," cried the person he had seized, in a stern voice, which was quite familiar to Seymour.

"How is this?—my Lord of Warwick here!" he exclaimed. "Has your lordship condescended to play the spy?"

"I came here to satisfy myself concerning a report that has reached me," rejoined Warwick. "I have seen enough to satisfy me that what I heard was correct."

"Think not to depart thus, my lord," cried Seymour. "You have chosen to pry into my affairs, and must pay the penalty of a detected meddler. Either pledge your word to silence, or I will put it out of your power to prate of what concerns you not. Look to yourself, I say."

"I will not balk you, my lord," rejoined Warwick, drawing his sword; "so come on! Stand off, gentlemen," he addressed to the others, who advanced toward

him; "I can give the Admiral his *quietus* without your aid."

In another instant his blade was crossed with that of Seymour. Both were expert swordsmen, and if there had been light enough the conflict might have been of some duration, but the Admiral pressed his antagonist with so much vigor, that the latter stumbled while retreating, and the next moment the point of his opponent's weapon was at his throat. The Admiral, however, forebore to strike.

"Take your life, my lord," said Seymour, stepping back. "Your sense of honor will now keep your lips closed, and I trust to you to impose silence upon your followers."

"Fear nothing either from them or me, my Lord Admiral," replied Warwick. "I own I did wrong in coming here at all; and having said so, you will not refuse me your hand."

"Enough, my lord," rejoined the Admiral, grasping the hand extended to him. "I shall hope to see you at Seymour House to-morrow night, when all this mystery shall be satisfactorily cleared. Till then, I count upon your discretion."

"Doubt me not, my lord," replied Warwick. "I will not attempt to read your riddle, though I think I could guess it. Good night. My horses are at the garden-gate."

"And my boat is yonder—beneath the trees. Good night, my lord."

With this they separated, the Admiral speeding toward the river, and Warwick, with his attendants, shaping his course in the opposite direction.

As he went on, Seymour muttered to himself: "I had enough to do to stay my hand just now, when Warwick lay at my mercy, for I suspect him of treachery. Yet I did right to spare him. To have slain him here would have led to ill consequences. If he crosses me again, I will find other and safer means of dealing with him."

Warwick's reflections were not widely different.

"But for the cursed chance that caused my foot to slip, I should have slain him," he thought. "And now I owe my life to him. But I would not have him count too much upon my gratitude. My hatred of him is not a whit diminished by his fancied generosity—rather increased. After all, it is well the encounter ended as

match it. What think you of the assembly, Elizabeth?"

"'Tis very splendid," she replied. "You have princely notions, my Lord Admiral."

"I once had," he rejoined, in a low tone, "but they are gone."

While Edward was gracefully acknowledging the obeisances of those who respectfully drew back to allow him passage, his eye suddenly alighted on the Marchioness of Dorset and her daughter, and the color mounted to his cheeks.

"That should be the Lady Jane Grey!" he exclaimed. "I did not expect to meet her."

"I will not pretend that I meditated a surprise for your majesty," replied the Admiral, smiling; "but I am right glad that my lord of Dorset's return from Bradgate has enabled me to include his daughter among my guests."

"By our lady! I am right glad, too," rejoined the King.

At a sign from the Admiral, the Marquis of Dorset here advanced, and, with a profound obeisance, presented the Marchioness and his youthful daughter to the King. As the latter made a lowly reverence to him, Edward raised her, and detaining her hand as he spoke, said:

"We looked to pass a pleasant evening with our uncle, but it will be pleasanter far than we expected, since it is graced by your presence, fair cousin."

"Your majesty is too good," she replied, blushing deeply.

"Nay, you must stay with us," cried Edward, detaining her. "We can not part with you so soon. But it may be you desire to dance?"

"I never dance, my liege," replied Jane. "It is a pastime in which I care not to indulge."

"Perchance you object to it?" said Edward, looking inquiringly at her.

"Not exactly," she rejoined; "but I hold it to be somewhat vain and frivolous."

"I do not think I will dance again," said Edward.

"A very praiseworthy resolution, sire!" cried the Admiral; "but I hope you will not interdict such of your less seriously inclined subjects as may see no harm in it from indulging in the recreation. May I venture to claim your highness's hand for the couranto which is just about to commence?" he added to Elizabeth.

"I will dance the couranto with you with pleasure, my lord," replied the princess. "I have a passion for it."

And she accorded her hand to the Admiral, who led her toward the middle of the room, while the hautboys struck up, and they were soon engaged in the animated dance. Elizabeth danced with remarkable grace, as did the Admiral, and their performances excited universal admiration. At its close, Seymour, unable to resist the witchery still exercised over him by the princess, led her toward a side-chamber, where they could converse without interruption.

"Have you quite forgiven me, Princess?" he said.

"Oh! yes," she replied, with a forced laugh. "I have forgotten what passed between us."

"Would I could forget it!" cried Seymour. "But I have been properly punished. I did not deserve the happiness which might have been mine."

"Do not renew the subject, my lord," said Elizabeth. "You never loved me!"

"Never loved you!" he exclaimed, passionately. And then suddenly checking himself, he added: "You do me an injustice, Princess. I loved you only too well."

"If I could believe this, I might forgive you," she said. "But your subsequent conduct has been inexplicable. You have attempted no explanation—have sent me no letter."

"I thought explanation would be unavailing—that you had cast me off forever," rejoined Seymour in a troubled tone.

"But at least the attempt might have been made," she said, in a tone of pique. "You could not tell what might happen till you tried."

"Do you, then, give me a hope?" he cried, rapturously. "But I forget myself," he added moodily.

"You think me still angry with you," said the Princess. "But you are mistaken. I have reasoned myself out of my jealousy. How is it that the Queen-dowager is not here to-night?"

"She will be here anon," replied Seymour gloomily.

"Oh! she is expected then?" cried Elizabeth. "Do you still nourish the ambitious projects you once entertained, my Lord Admiral?"

"I am as ambitious as ever, Princess,"

he rejoined vehemently, and almost sternly; "but I have lost that which would have been the chief reward of my struggle."

"How know you that?" she rejoined. "If you make no effort to regain what you have lost, the fault rests with yourself."

"Princess!" exclaimed Seymour, in a voice trembling with emotion, "you drive me to despair. You revive all my passion. Yet it must be crushed."

"But I do not bid you despair," said Elizabeth. "I am half-nclined to forgive your perfidy, provided you swear never to deceive me in future."

"No more, I pray you, Princess," cried Seymour. "You tear my very heart asunder. I love you better than life. For you I would give up all my ambitious projects, for you I would sacrifice every earthly object. And yet —"

"What remains?" exclaimed Elizabeth. "But I will trifle with you no longer. your manner convinces me that you really

love me, and I will therefore own that you still remain master of my heart."

Seymour could not control the impulse that prompted him to seize Elizabeth's hand, and press it fervently to his lips; but he repented as soon as he had done so, and let it drop.

"This torture is beyond endurance," he exclaimed. "I can bear it no longer."

"What is the matter?" she exclaimed.

"I can not speak," he replied. "You will know all anon. Pity me! pity me!"

"In Heaven's name calm yourself, my lord, or you will attract attention to us," said Elizabeth. "What means this extraordinary agitation? What has happened?"

"Question me not, Princess. I can not answer you," replied Seymour. "Think the best you can of me—think that I ever have loved you—that I ever shall love you."

With this, he respectfully took her hand, and led her into the crowded chamber.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

LITERATURE AND PHILOSOPHY OF THE EARLY CHRISTIAN ASCETICS.*

EVERY fact or circumstance connected with the early history of the Christian dispensation is of interest to all who profess their belief in its divine origin. Some incidents in its first struggles with the world command more of our regard than others; but there is nothing that stands prominently outward in its early development but what is worthy of our curiosity, and fitted in some measure to impart both interest and instruction.

All ecclesiastical historians have asserted, what is now universally believed to be a fact, that at a certain period closely verging on apostolic times there were certain men so deeply affected with the

truths of revelation as to give themselves entirely up to their exclusive contemplation, and to betake themselves to the wild and sequestered places of the earth, that they might the more uninterruptedly indulge in that mode of life which they considered, whether right or wrong, to be in unison with the spirit and doctrines of the Bible. These men have been called Christian hermits, anchorites, solitaries of the desert, and such like; but that they existed as a distinct class altogether from the purely monkish orders of the early Church, is a fact that can not be controverted. What kind of persons they probably were, what are the historical sources from which we have any accounts of them, how the Catholic Church has dealt with their characters, and what literary testimonies we have of their gen-

* *The Literature and Philosophy of the Early Christian Ascetics, or Hermits of the Desert.*

Les Vies des S.S. Pères des Déserts. Two Volumes. Bruxelles. 1851.

eral and religious knowledge, are the topics on which we purpose throwing together a few scattered observations. We beg to premise, that of the ancient solitaries here noticed, none comes further down the stream of history than the eighth or ninth century; with what goes under the denomination of ascetics of later date, we purpose not to meddle.

The current notions among ecclesiastical writers as to the kind of persons who betook themselves to an ascetic mode of life have been, that they were a very low and fanatic class, that they were ignorant and selfish, and were led astray by erroneous ideas of the general scope of the Gospel, with whose precepts and doctrines they mixed up a goodly portion of speculative dross from Eastern systems of philosophy relative to the virtue of bodily mortifications. These, or something like these, have been the common opinions on the subject, especially since the days of Luther and Calvin. We are not disposed to question the validity of these assertions, taken in their general import; but we think, at the same time, they will not bear an absolute interpretation. We have no doubt but there were many able and intelligent men who adopted this solitary mode of life, not exclusively from religious motives, but from the then position of the world at large. It is often asserted in the early records of the ascetics—and the same thing is frequently affirmed in graver histories—that many of them fled to the deserts from persecution, as well as to be in some degree removed from the vile contamination which manifested itself in every phase and grade of society. Salvian, who wrote his *Government of God* at the beginning of the fifth century, gives us a frightful picture of society in his own day, and affirms that it had been much the same from apostolic times, and that this general corruption had compelled many of the most pious Christians to seek shelter in the caves and rocks of the wilderness from its horrid pollution. In fact, there has been in modern times a good deal of loose thinking and talking on this subject. We have confounded things which ought not to have been mixed up together, and shown in our judgments no small lack of discrimination. The solitary have been classed with the monkish orders, and have come in for a considerable share of the opprobrium which has justly enough been attached

to conventual establishments of all kinds. But a hermit's life is comparatively innocent; a monk's can hardly be so. Whenever men are congregated into masses, no matter under what pretence, and especially if they enjoy any corporate privileges, there corruption springs up with tropical rankness. The mere withdrawing from the world, and leading a life of contemplative solitude, partakes more of eccentricity than moral defilement. Besides, it must be borne in mind that retiring to a cave or hut in Egypt, Nubia, or Mesopotamia, is a very different sort of thing from dwelling in a cave or hut on the hills of Westmoreland, or in the gorges of the Highlands. A cave in hot countries is a most delicious retreat—a place coveted and sought after—

"From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade."

And when we hear of the anchorites living on the simple herbs of the wilderness, we must remember that these consist of the delicious grape, the orange, the pomegranate, the fig, and other equally pleasant and nourishing productions, not the wild haws and blackberries which, even in nature's most prodigal humor, would be all that would fall to the lot of any poor fellow who should take a fancy in European regions for a life of seclusion from society. Then, again, the physical man does not need in these warm regions the diet of a London alderman; nay, it becomes revolting to the stomach, and destructive of life itself. It is often mentioned in the lives of the Eastern hermits that they had little gardens about their habitations; and we have no doubt but if we could lift up the vail of past times, and could arrive at the real facts of the case, we should find that the majority of these devotees to asceticism really lived very comfortable and cozy lives in these dry and delicious climates. The bodily mortification we associate with their names is little more than ideal, being founded on things having little or no positive relation to each other.

As to the question, how far a solitary life, for the avowed purpose of religious contemplation, is allowable, according to the spirit and letter of Christian doctrine, much might be said; and the question naturally gives rise to many nice points, which can not be satisfactorily disposed of in a short paper like this. We shall there-

fore leave them, and merely make an observation or two on the general bearings of the main questions connected with Christian asceticism.

It must be conceded on all hands that religion must be either one of the most important things in this life, or it must be nothing at all. There is no middle course to steer. To those, therefore, who are fully convinced of the first part of the position, it will not appear so extravagant should their feelings be so roused, and their hopes and fears excited, as to induce them to give undivided attention to such a vital question, to devote the entire intellectual man to its sublime truths, and to consider no earthly sacrifice too great to endeavor to raise human nature up to its elevated scale of morality and devotion. This course of proceeding would seem to be countenanced by many obvious analogies in nature. When important ends in the constituted order of things are to be effected, we always recognize a sufficiently powerful and well-arranged apparatus for their accomplishment. And it certainly would appear a thing out of all character were the serious and awful considerations of a future life of endless happiness or misery to fall upon the human ear with all the transitory coldness and indifference attached to temporal affairs. There seems, then, to be some degree of fitness in religion engrossing the individual attention of a part of mankind at least, in order that they may prove instruments in preserving its vital principles, and in imparting a share of their enthusiasm, by personal devotion, to the greater and colder masses of human kind.

Christianity is a comprehensive system, in reference to the feelings of mankind. It always did and always must affect men in different modes, and with different degrees of intensity. All the facts connected with its promulgation display this inherent characteristic. One lawgiver and prophet, one apostle and disciple, one ancient father and martyr, differed from another; and various degrees of ardor, devotedness, zeal, judgment, and spiritual devotion animated and directed them in every movement and path of life.

The question as to the historical evidence for the literary fragments ascribed to the early solitaries of the desert will necessarily be viewed in various lights. It must be admitted that there can not be the same degree of external evidence for

the authenticity of these productions, as there is for the biographical narratives and remains of all or any of those voluminous writers of the early ages of the Church who took a conspicuous part in the stirring events to which the introduction of Christianity gave rise. Solitary individuals afford little inducement to notoriety and distinction. Whatever flowers of intellect or piety blossom here are certainly doomed "to waste their sweetness on the desert air." But still this natural state of things would not altogether exclude collections of scattered records of these martyrs to seclusion. This would to a certain extent take place; and there is this circumstance connected with statements about them, that they gave little occasion to fabrications as to their conduct, talents, or opinions. They were placed beyond the pale of sectarian animosity and party feeling; therefore, if the narratives respecting them be probable in themselves, they may fairly enough lay claim to a reasonable share of credibility and belief.

And it may be observed in passing, that every one knows, who has paid any attention to the history of Christianity, that the question as to the historical authenticity of many of the most important and esteemed works connected with our religion, is even to this hour, in some measure an open one, and will remain such, in all probability, till the end of the world. This arises from the very nature of things. It is a very easy matter to call in question the genuineness of any literary work of antiquity; but a difficult undertaking to trace step by step those several links of evidence which lead the mind to a rational conviction. There is no writer, even on profane subjects, of five centuries' standing, who could go through such a searching ordeal as that to which theological writings are subjected, even when they can justly date their origin from more remote times. Here authority and tradition become powerful and necessary auxiliaries to truth. Without their assistance the treasures of wisdom, whether religious or secular, could never be accumulated; and our experience of to-day would prove completely inoperative for our guidance and direction to-morrow.

But let us pass on to historical evidences. Ruffinus, who flourished in the middle of the third century, collected mo-

moirs of the solitaries of the desert. He went from Rome to visit those who dwelt in Egypt. He then proceeded to the city of Jerusalem, where he spent twenty years, chiefly in visiting and in obtaining accounts of these pious men. These memoirs were originally published without his name, and the religious world would have remained entirely ignorant of their real authorship, had it not been preserved by means of the Christian father of the Church, Jerome. The number of biographical sketches by Rufinus amounts to thirty-three. They have always maintained a high repute among theological writers, and are alluded to by Saints Benoit, Cassiodorus, Gregory of Tours, Fulbert Bishop of Chartres, and others. Palladius of Galatia was another writer on the ascetics. He was himself one of the hermits who lived on Mount Nitre, and flourished in the year 388, and was subsequently made bishop of a diocese in Bythinia. He visited all the solitaries of the desert of whom he could learn any account; and heard from their own lips matters concerning their mode of life, the country they respectively belonged to, and the progress they had made in Christian knowledge, humility, and self-denial. In the eightieth year of his age, he was requested by the Governor of Cappadocia to write the lives of the most distinguished of the anchorites of Egypt, Lybia, Mesopotamia, Palestine, Syria, and Italy. This compilation was made and dedicated to his patron, the governor. Socrates, the ecclesiastical historian, and St. John of Damascus, speak highly of it.

Sulpicius Severus gives an account of a journey that his patron, St. Martin, had made three years before his death, to see and converse with the solitaries of Egypt; and Theodoret, Bishop of Cyr, furnishes a statement of the recluses of the desert in Syria and the neighboring countries. Theodoret lived in the middle of the fifth century: he declares that his information is correct, and that he describes nothing but what he saw himself or obtained from eye-witnesses of undoubted credit and purity of character.

Pelagius, a deacon of the Roman Church, translated into Latin, in conjunction with John, a sub-deacon, a work on the *Life and Doctrines of the Fathers of the Desert*. The original treatise was in Greek. Paschal, who is supposed to have been a monk in the Abbey of Dume, in Gallacia,

translated from the Greek a work containing questions put to many anchorets in the East, and the answers they made to them. And John Mose, an abbot, gives an account of the most remarkable actions and sayings of these ancient solitaries, in a work entitled *The Spiritual Flower Garden*.*

Now a word or two upon the manner in which the Catholic Church has treated the writings and characters of a portion of these ascetic devotees. It has uniformly, within the last three centuries especially, been anxious to throw a moiety of them into the background; to pass a slight on those whose writings either in letter or spirit seemed to oppose the childish and puerile superstitions with which it feeds the credulity of its followers in every portion of the globe. Books on the Ancient Fathers of the Desert, the Church has in abundance; they swarm in every direction, of all sizes, from that huge monument of folly, the *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists, in fifty-four double-columned folios, to the penny tract. But we never meet a solitary sentence of common sense, nor rational inquiry in any one of them. All is one uniform mass of such groveling and fanatical twaddle, that we really wonder how any human being who has barely sense sufficient to count his own fingers should ever pay the slightest attention to it. But so it is. The Catholic priesthood find in these ancient hermits of the East a capital field for propagating their delusions, and cultivate it most assiduously; carefully from time to time weeding out of their stock of biographies the most remote allusion to men who have spoken of the Christian system in "the

* We beg to mention the following works and mss. as containing considerable information on the Fathers of the Desert: *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists, in 54 volumes, folio; *Traité de la Lecture des Pères des Déserts*, par Bonaventure d'Argonne, Paris, 1697; *La Solitude Chrétienne*, C. Sarréux, Paris, 1667, 3 vols.; *Les Pensées de la Solitude Chrétienne et le Mépris du Monde*, par P. Tous-saint de Saint Luc, Paris, 1682. In addition to these several works, which constitute but a small portion of what really exists on the subject of the ancient Christian ascetics, we beg to mention the numbers of some mss. in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, at Paris: Nos. 7023, 7024, 382, and 6845. In the public library of St. Omer there are several mss. of the same kind; those we have looked at are Nos. 715, 716, 724, and 762. A distinguished librarian in one of the chief libraries of Paris, told us that there were in Italy, Spain, and France more than three thousand mss. on this subject.

words of soberness and truth." It is true this mode of garbling the ancient records of these persons has not gone on, even in that jealous and slavish hierarchy, without every now and then a grumble from some of the more honest of Catholic writers, as witness the contention there was about three centuries ago about the treatise of Jacques de Varagine. This writer inserted several accounts he had furbished up out of the Vatican library, of several solitaries whose religious sentiments and opinions the Church did not then approve of. A controversy was the consequence, but Papal power ultimately gained the day, and the work was entirely suppressed, or denuded of its obnoxious passages. And this has been the uniform practice of the Catholic body for the last five or six hundred years. It has kept a most vigilant eye over this department of its regular and popular literature for the laity, and hashed and dished it up to suit the palates of the poor deluded people destined to feed upon it. But we must now proceed forward.

One of the earliest of the Christian hermits we shall notice is St. Ephraim. He fixed his abode in a singularly retired and picturesque spot on the banks of a small river in Asia Minor. He flourished about the year 350. Several works are ascribed to his pen, among which there is a small manual of botany. The accounts of him state that, though deeply imbued with a religious spirit, he cultivated an acquaintance with many of the branches of secular knowledge known in his day. He gives a list of the plants in the country he inhabited, which contains upward of one hundred and fifty distinct varieties. He traveled over a considerable district of the East, and gives the following account of the solitaries who inhabited Mount Nitre.

"After having remained (says he) three years in the monasteries about Alexandria, where I had enjoyed religious instruction and edifying conversation on learning generally from the lips of men of high virtue, I went to the mountain of Nitre. We here saw a lake which is at least seventy miles in circumference. I traversed its shores in three days, and arrived at that part of the mountain which faces the south. Here a vast and desolate desert presented itself, which extends to the remotest parts of Ethiopia. In the neighborhood of the hill there were nearly five thousand persons who had withdrawn themselves from the world, and who served God day and night. They generally live single, but

there are instances where two or three persons live in one cell or dwelling. There are seven mills on the mountain, which grind the corn for the whole community."

There is a romantic and interesting account of a brother and sister, called Martha and Christien, connected with the history of Eastern asceticism. It is too long for insertion, but we shall endeavor to give the chief outlines of the case. They were the only children of a rich merchant in Aleppo. The father was smitten with an ardent desire to become the founder of a noble family; and full of this idea, he took the harsh and unjustifiable means of placing his only daughter Martha under the care of some female solitaries, where she was to pass the remainder of her life. He urged his son Christien to enter the army under Constantine the Great, with a view of obtaining honor and renown. By this domestic arrangement all his vast treasures, both in money and landed possessions, were to devolve upon Christien, to sustain with becoming splendor the anticipated glory of the family.

Martha obeyed her father's commands without a murmur; but Christien reasoned the case with him, and among many other things said: "My sister is as one dead, and if I fall in battle, as I am willing to do, your name is extinct forever." The father, however, would not yield his point. The sister and brother had a long interview before he had to set out to join the army. They swore fidelity to each other. Ten long years rolled away, but no intelligence had ever been received from Christien. His father became inconsolable and died, leaving his immense treasures to his daughter, in trust, for Christien, should he ever make his appearance. The cupidity of the religious order to which Martha belonged was now excited to a high pitch; and to induce her to relinquish her command over it, her religious sisters instituted all kinds of petty, persecuting regulations to annoy her, in order that they might gain their selfish ends. The bishop of the diocese likewise joined in this crusade against poor Martha; but she flinched not. She always declared she would again see her beloved brother, and place him in possession of his rightful inheritance. Another long ten years passed away, and yet no news of Christien. A report was industriously circulated that he had been slain in battle,

but Martha paid no attention to it. At length her health gave way, and she was laid upon a bed of sickness and death. All means were now put into requisition to induce her to resign her legal claim to her wealth, but she resolutely held out against all the cruel threats launched against her. One day, when her end appeared at hand, a pilgrim made his appearance at the door of the convent. His beard reached down to his leathern girdle, his dark eyes were sunken in their orbits, and he was supported by an ebony staff, on the head of which, inlaid with silver, were the words "Forget me not," a tender memorial of the affectionate Martha. He demanded to see her: he was refused. "I am Martha's brother," said he, in a stern and commanding tone, "and I must and will see her." He was at length admitted and led to the bed of his dying sister. Tears flowed down her pale cheeks and a short agony seemed to convulse her frame. She wrung her hands in transports of joy, and placing them on her brother's head, bowed down over it, muttering a fervent blessing and a wish that their mortal remains should lie side by side. This done, she gently laid back her head and expired.

We are told that Christien took the body of his beloved sister, and had it interred in a secluded but romantic spot on the banks of a small rivulet which meandered through a part of his own grounds. Here he likewise hewed himself out a cave, and retired from the world, determined to spend the remainder of his days in pious and religious contemplation. Every year, in commemoration of his sister Martha's death, he divided a portion of his wealth among the poor and distressed. He lived to the advanced age of ninety-three.

This narrative is rendered interesting from the circumstance that it has been more than once a subject of controversy in the Catholic Church, the majority of the priesthood being anxious for its entire suppression: and likewise as a striking manifestation at how early a period the avaricious and grasping spirit of the religious communities began to display itself. In the fever of the first French Revolution, this story of Martha and Christien was often alluded to by the orators and journals of the day when the Catholic clergy

were the objects of popular fury and persecution.*

St. Simeon was a native of Aleppo, and of rich and distinguished parents. He studied nine years at Alexandria, and was well skilled in all the learning of his times. There are several poetical fragments ascribed to his pen. The one called *The Persian* is the longest we have seen. It attempts to describe the current religious thoughts of a worshiper of the Sun, and of one, though deeply imbued with piety, devoid of a knowledge of the Christian revelation. We shall transcribe a few lines to give the meaning of the writer and point out the object he has in view.

"It is of God, the Persian thinks, he sees him
all around;
He smiles in every sunny beam that gilds the
sandy ground;
He whispers through the spicy leaves that
wave above the dome,
Where meekly near the Persian kneels, a pil-
grim far from home.
Heaven's breath each honeyed blossom yields,
borne on the southern gale;
Heaven's bounty scatters dew-made pearls
over the glittering vale.
How oft the Persian looks around, and seems
to lend an ear,
And sends an abstract spirit forth to friendly
spirits near.
In sorrowful devotion wrapt, he wonders and
adores;
Vailed are his hopes, unknowing he of rich
redemption's stores."

Simeon goes on at considerable length to describe the systems of heathen worship, and their entire inability to give to the human heart and understanding any degree of rational happiness or assurance. There is a poetical effusion *On the Break of Day*, which commences thus:

"At the first dawn of morn I arose,
My heart was opprest;
Where the Eastern sky ruddily glows,
There turned I my breast.
All nature was silent and still,
And without was not a breeze;
The spring buds beginning to fill
Seemed carved on the trees."

After this follow two other pieces, the one *On the Sabbath Morning*, and the other on *The Cave on the Banks of the Jordan*, both of which contain elevated

* See *Les Vies des S.S. Pères des Déserts*, folio, Paris, 1602; and the *Journal du Peuple*, Paris, 1792, vol. i. 362.

and refined sentiments. *The Cave in the Rock*, and the *Hermit's Tomb*, close his list of poetical remains, as far as we know. The latter piece contains thirteen verses, two or three of which we shall attempt to give the sense of:

"Here rests the mystery of heart and brain,
So sensitive, so active, and so wise;
Here the most subtle framework shall remain
Till the loud trumpet call it to arise.

"From every blade of grass methinks I hear
A holy whisper and a pensive sigh;
As if the spirit-hermits hovered near
The silent valley where he cared to die

"The date and fig bend o'er his lowly bed,
No longer cultured by his patient hand;
The simple food on which he daily fed,
While dwelling in this wild but beautiful land.

"No bitter herb, no sullen thorn shall flourish
From the new soil where such a relic lies;
His flesh the purest, brightest plants shall
nourish,
And yield to fairest noon their loveliest
dyes."*

There was another St. Simeon, called *the learned*, a native of Antioch, and who flourished in the early part of the seventh century. He received his education at an academical institution at the city of Bagdad, and for many years traveled through Asia Minor, and gave lectures at the chief cities on rhetoric, logic, and the elements of theology. He was considered a very learned man in his day. When about thirty-five years of age, he suddenly quit-
ted this profession, went into the army, where he spent ten years of his life in the boisterous revelry and dissipations of the camp. Another sudden turn came over him. He became enamoured of solitude. He sailed five hundred miles up the Nile in search of a suitable spot for a recluse dwelling. At length he fixed upon a place on a high and bluff rock, at some little distance from the banks of the river. Here he hewed out a cell, clothed himself in the most humble attire, and living upon a little corn and wild herbs, and prac-

ticing all the severe bodily austerities then in vogue.

He lived in this solitary place for nearly forty-five years, with the exception of three or four visits he made at different intervals to see his aged father, and to attend some important meetings of divines at Constantinople. He died at the age of eighty-four, and preserved his mental vigor till within a few hours of his death. There is a work attributed to him, called *Sketches of the Fathers of the Church*. He mentions St. Cyprian, Origen, St. Babylas, Tertullian, St. Appolinaris, St. Gregory of Nazianzen, St. Cyril of Jerusalem, Arius, Elementus, and Princillus, office-bearers of the Church; Arnobius, Julius of Rome, Ephraim the Syrian, Eutachius the Impostor, St. Damascius, and Thomas the Sorcerer. These pencillings of character are very curious, and display a considerable knowledge of mankind. It is very probable, we think, that they formed a part of his public lectures, when he followed the profession of a traveling rhetorician. We shall give extracts from two or three by way of sample:

"SAINT CYPRIAN.—Genius consists of three elements—quickness of perception, great industry, and a power to generalize facts and observations. It is said that Aristotle remarked that he had gained his extensive acquirements more from having a command over his mind, to keep it steadily to a given object and end, than from possessing any natural superiority of intellect. And certain it is, that steady and concentrated application is essential to the accomplishment of all great undertakings. No man ever produced an immortal work by hasty and vacillating attention. And this remark may be applied to minds of the highest order, and with still more force to feeble and dull apprehensions. Here industry and attention are every thing. We see men of mean parts gradually gain upon the fleetest understandings, solely by a steady, sagging, and indomitable purpose. These observations apply to St. Cyprian. He was late in life in his adoption of the Christian faith, and it required he should apply his time to the best use. He was indefatigable in his studies, and his friends often remarked that he conquered every difficulty by sternness and inflexibility of purpose. Though passionately fond of oratorical display, his speaking was often interrupted by unseemly and uncalled-for praises. His friend Cæcilius often lamented this imperfection. When advantages were attempted to be taken of St. Cyprian, in public discussions, on account of these defects in his oratory, he never noticed them, but kept the object he had in view steadily before him.

"ORIGEN.—Origen was one of the most won-

* We beg to say that we owe this account of St. Simeon to the kindness of the late Count Chateaubriand, who was well read in the literature of the ancient ascetics, and who had made translations of these poetical effusions from the early Spanish language into the French. We have been told, but can not vouch for the fact, that this fascinating French author left some interesting MSS. at his decease on topics connected with the Christian solitaries in Egypt and Nubia.

derful men of his day, but he had one fault which greatly marred his worth—an unsteadiness of mind, or a too great versatility of purpose. And we often find that a single speck will considerably tarnish and deform the most valuable and brilliant objects. The lustre of the diamond is diminished by a minute spot, and the transcendent beauty of the female form neutralized by the hidden cancerous issue; and the same thing holds good in the Christian life and character. The ardor and impetuosity of great genius need the balancing power of humble qualities to render them useful, and preserve them from committing injury where good only is intended. He was warmly and conscientiously attached to the Gospel, but his unconquerable desire of knowing all things often led him into troubles and speculative errors. He wanted the sedative of steady contemplation to render his talents and efforts fruitful to their full extent. Yet in spite of all these drawbacks, he must always be considered one of the greatest teachers of Christian truth, and one of the noblest ornaments of its heart-stirring doctrines and promises.

"TERTULLIAN.—There is no quality among men, and especially men moving publicly in religious matters, so important as truth and earnestness of purpose. Let all your movements be the genuine offspring of sincerity, and you obtain an easy access to every heart. The same principle holds good in all the works of nature and art; there must be life thrown into every thing, otherwise our affections are not moved. The want of it paralyzes every faculty, deadens the feelings, and destroys every energetic movement. Tertullian was a striking example of this. He threw into every thing his whole heart and soul. Sincerity and truth were portrayed in every movement, and hence all his public displays made a deep impression upon his audience. There was not the most distant appearance of vanity, calculation, or ostentation, every thing seemed the natural result of the most perfect simplicity and singleness of purpose. But this admirable quality had its accompanying evils. It gave currency to his errors of judgment. This it was that made the learned, brilliant, bold, quick, and eloquent Tertullian so powerful over the speculative minds of his day. In him delusion appeared without its badge, and error without its deformity.

"ARIUS.—The Church has within its pale the vain and conceited, as well as the humble and diffident; those who are fond of standing at the corners of the streets, seeking the praise of men rather than of God. The love of notoriety has produced incalculable evils among Christian communities. A vain man, when possessed of a portion of talent, is sure to fall a prey to those who soon find it their interest to flatter him. He becomes variable and fickle. He can not labor in harmony with others in any great object, unless he be always the most prominent actor, and considered the mainspring of the movement. He must be coaxed and humored like a child,

or he diverges from his course in a moment. Passion is his guide, not principle. Self is ever uppermost in his imagination, and it is only here he can see real perfection. Now Arius was precisely a man of this sort. He had an average share of learning, a showy eloquence, and no small portion of tact; but then he was forever fishing in the troubled waters of notoriety. It seemed to be the food on which his soul lived. There was an outside display of candor and disinterestedness, but it was only skin deep. When you touched his pride, you saw the crimson flush of offended dignity rush into his cheeks. During the discussions of the Council of Nice, he gave numerous indications of his groveling propensity for popular distinction."

These short quotations (and they might have been greatly extended had space permitted) are sufficient to show that St. Simeon was not altogether unacquainted with literature, nor with the affairs of the world around him. His pen-and-ink sketches of characters would pass current even at the present day, both for the genuine fidelity of the portraits, and the smart and pointed style of his diction.

St. Peter the Anchorite, as he is termed, was born on the shores of the Black Sea, about the year 500. He shut himself up in a cave, and read the Scriptures from morning till night. He came out occasionally from his hiding-place and attended some meetings of the religious men of the day, by whom it would appear he was greatly beloved. There are four letters ascribed to his pen, namely: "On Decorations of Churches;" "On the Fathers of the Church;" "On Religious Authority;" and "On Human Wisdom." A few sentences on the decorations of churches may be interesting to readers of the present day:

"What is a church? Turn the matter in every possible way, it simply comes to this, that it is an assembly or congregation of pious persons, professing a certain creed, for the purpose of worshipping God. This is what I call a church, and what all sensible and plain-thinking men have called it in every age. From the want of well understanding this, Eusebius and many others have fallen into the grossest errors. All their care about a church is centered in her external decorations and embellishments; whereas this custom, whenever it has prevailed to an undue length, has always driven zealous, serious, and really pious men from the church. This is a lamentable fact. Active members of the church have taken great pains to decorate her in variegated marble, never for a moment considering that the building is one thing, and the church another; that the latter is composed

of holy and harmless spirits, while wood and stone are the materials of the other."

The several topics treated of by St. Peter in his three other letters are handled in the same plain and common-sense spirit.*

St. Alonzo de Vega was a Spanish recluse who is well known in the theological annals of his own country. He flourished about the end of the seventh century. He was the son and only child of a military officer of rank. At a very early age St. Alonzo became inspired with a burning zeal for the propagation of the Christian system throughout all the most unenlightened portions of Spain; founding churches, and interesting himself in every possible undertaking for the good of the people. He traversed Navarre, Guipuscoa, Biscaya, Alva, Burgos, Old Castile, the Asturias, and Leon. He then set sail for Africa, but a storm overtook them when near the land, and he was shipwrecked, and only himself and a seaman were saved. This disaster produced a great change in his mind; he betook himself to solitude, and died in the eighty-ninth year of his age.

There is a work called *Meditations*, which has been often noticed by Spanish writers. One of the *Meditations* is "On the Nature of Unbelief." The author attempts to show what are its ordinary foundations, and the common characters or attributes it assumes among men of the world. His reflections on the "The Immortality of the Soul," and on "Eternal Punishments," show that he was deeply skilled in the ancient philosophy of Greece and Rome. In the *Meditations* we have several other essays, under the following heads: "De la Prudencia, gran ornato, y madre de las virtudes;" "De la Felicidad que puede aver en este mundo;" "De la Sapiencia, que es el mayor ornato del Anima."

Some years after this we meet with St. Isidorus, but the accounts of him in the Spanish chronicles are conflicting and obscure. We are at a loss to determine whether he is the same person as St. Isidorus Pacencis, who wrote in the year 735. However, this is not a matter of any great moment. It would appear that the Isidorus of whom we are about to speak was born about the end of the

seventh or the commencement of the eighth century. He studied all the branches of learning and philosophy of his age; filled some distinguished public situations with ability and credit; and about his fortieth year was smitten with a love of solitude. He took with him, we are told, into retirement, the Sacred Scriptures, the works of St. Athanasius, St. Augustine, Origen, Tertullian, and the ancient philosophers of Greece and Rome. It is mentioned that his memory was so retentive that he could recite the whole of the books of Scripture without making a single mistake.

After having been a few years a recluse in one of the most wild and sequestered localities of Spain, he determined to travel to the East and visit the Holy Land. This journey occupied him two years. He says: "I have had, during my whole life, an ardent desire to see Judea—the place of our Saviour's birth, life, sufferings, and death. This desire, as I increased in years, became every day more vehement and uncontrollable, until at length I felt it my duty to yield compliance with it." He went by way of Egypt; ascended the Nile for a considerable distance, and visited many of the religious solitaries in that part of the country. His conversations with them, and his descriptions of their state and condition, are given in a journal; but we regret that our space will not allow us to transcribe any part of them.

In another small work, called *On the Improvements of the Soul*, he gives us an account of the Holy Land; and this is extremely interesting in a historical point of view, as furnishing a striking proof of that deep-seated and long-cherished feeling entertained by religious men, on the necessity of obtaining, if not possession, at least an easy access to the sacred portion of the world. Here we see that feeling in a lively state of effervescence full three centuries before the crusades commenced. Isidorus says:

"I shall never forget my first sensations on obtaining a glimpse of the Holy Land. I fell down upon my face; I felt an inward thrill of sublimity run through every part of my body; and conceived I was now certainly in the presence of Jehovah himself. I remained in this torpid state for several minutes, so that my guides were apprehensive I was dead. When I recovered from the tumult of my feelings, I felt a sweet and tranquil joy, that, through the mercies of God, I had been able to see with my own

* *La Lettre di San-Pietro l'Eremita. Milan. 1542.*

eyes that which my mind had dwelt upon from the earliest days of my childhood. Yes! I had now seen the Holy Land; that blessed spot of God's creation so fruitful of wonders and happiness to the human race. I was now treading upon the very ground where, perhaps, my Saviour, or some of his own chosen disciples, had trodden before, when effecting the sublime work of man's salvation. How engrossing the thought! How interesting the retrospect of such mighty events! As I trod over the ground, every stone, every twig, every tree, in fact every thing which presented itself to my senses, possessed an unusual charm and interest, which I had never before experienced. Even the barren rocks and frightful deserts had their charms, and recalled to my mind many of the leading events in the history of the Jewish people, the chosen of the Almighty. I thought of the garden of Eden, of man's creation, his fall and expulsion from it; of the deluge, of the giving of the Ten Commandments on Mount Sinai; and all the marvelous things which are contained in the Old Testament. My soul was filled with holy awe, and pious resolutions to devote the whole of my life to the contemplation of these mysterious but interesting themes."

After our author has described Jerusalem and its vicinity with considerable minuteness, he makes use of the following remarkable words:

"I speak of my joy in visiting the Holy City; but I speak with a mournful reserve, when I consider who are now the rulers of this country—the enemies of our faith, and our persecutors. But such is the fact. My heart bleeds when I think of those conquests, and the subsequent severities which the savage invaders have inflicted in this scene of the most wonderful events the world ever witnessed. But repining is useless; and I feel assured that future ages will revenge themselves upon these cruel intruders into holy and sanctified ground."

Saint Benoit was a solitary of Phrygia, and in early life pursued his studies at Alexandria, and at several other seats of learning. We have a *Fragment on Predestination and Grace* from his pen. He treats of this great question in a very general and summary way, but is sufficiently explicit to show that he perfectly comprehended where the real difficulties of the subject really lay. After Benoit, we have Saint Clement, born of noble parents, and of large landed possessions, which he sold on going into solitude, and gave the produce to the poor. He has a small work on the *Mysteries of Religion*, which embraces the following heads: The Incarnation, the Birth of our Saviour, His Circumcision, the Adoration of the Magi, the Presentation of our Lord in the Temple, His

Transfiguration, His Entry into Jerusalem, His Passion, His Resurrection, His Ascension, the Feast of Pentecost, the Sacrament, and the Mysteries of the Trinity.

Saint Pelagius was a native of Syria. His parents were rich and influential, and they gave him a learned education. He was employed in the early part of his life in the service of Prince Abderaman, who, in 750, at the revolution of the Califate, at Damascus, having fled from the massacre of his family, came into Spain, and fixed his residence at Cordova. Here he founded an independent kingdom, where the arts and sciences were introduced and cultivated with assiduity, during a period when most of the other kingdoms of Europe were involved in darkness and barbarism.

Pelagius, for several years after the establishment of the Prince Abderaman in Spain, labored with uncommon zeal and effect in promoting a knowledge of all kinds of science and a love of general literature. At the age of fifty-three he became, however, tired of public life, and was determined to withdraw into solitude, and devote himself to the perusal of the Holy Scriptures, to the nature of which, his biographers say, he had not till then paid much attention. The pious man sought out one of the most barren and desolate places in the country, where he fixed his dwelling, which was simply a cave hewn out of a solid rock. Here he lived and studied for many years, and prolonged his life to the age of eighty-two.

The works ascribed to him are under the general head of *Fragments*, embracing topics of a speculative and philosophical cast. We have his thoughts on *Knowledge in General*, on *Reasoning*, and on the *Thinking Principles of Animals*. Pelagius says there are only two faculties of the mind—judgment and memory; that what we call knowledge is not a thing of the senses, but of the reason; and that the errors of man proceed chiefly from the innate weakness of the mental powers of certain classes of persons. On the thinking faculties of brutes, he says but little, contenting himself with giving a short outline of the opinions of some Arabian philosophers on the subject. He adds, however: "It must be allowed on all hands that there is something preëminent about man over all the other classes of the living creation."

Saint Ammon is the last of the solitaries we shall notice. We are told that at the age of forty-eight he retired into a desert spot in Arabia Felix, where he built himself a rude hut, and observed the most austere rules of bodily mortification. He was often visited by groups of Christian pilgrims, who were delighted with the courteousness of his demeanor and learned conversation. His biographers give us a great number of these gossiping literary entertainments, but we must pass them over in order to notice a poem attributed to St. Ammon on the *Burning of the Alexandrian Library*. This work has,

we have been informed, been translated within the last century into both French and Italian; but we have never been so fortunate as to obtain either of those translations. The extracts we give here are from the Spanish copy, which was itself a translation from the Latin about three hundred years ago. We have followed the general sense of the Spanish as closely as we could. After describing the progress of the fire, its fierce ragings from one section of the building to another, the consternation felt at the direful effects, the author says:

"Alas! what mental treasures perished there,
And shone their last in that destroying glare!
Which human wisdom to their grasp must yield.
Here did the martyr Justin yearn in youth,
To drink deep draughts from streams of holiest truth.
Here did the bright-souled Origen assay
His mental weapons for a sterner day.
The bold Tertullian, he of soul sublime,
Fierce as his race, and fiery as his clime,
Here steeped his boyish heart in musings sweet,
And felt the influence of the Paraclete;
Began his bold career of fame and pride,
And bound his spirit to the Crucified.
Here, too, the Faith unfurled its standards high,
Against the banded ranks of heresy.
Here Athanasius did the Church reform,
And stem the torrent wide of Arian storm.

At length 'tis done. The dying embers red
On many a rood of smoking ruin spread;
But choked and dimmed beneath these ruins lie
Old Egypt's learning, wisdom, mystery.
There lie the fragments of her noblest fame—
Beneath yon ashes Philo's laurels lie,
And works immortal deemed forever die.
The surging waves of that remorseless fire
Pile o'er man's noblest toils their funeral pyre.
From hall to hall the insatiate fury flies;
Now climbs the roof, and now the wall defies;
Runs up the battlements of yon tall tower,
And flouts the trophies of Egyptian power;
Darts in fierce triumph on each temple's pride,
And showers with mad delight perdition wide;
Flares in grim rapture o'er the sacred dome,
Where mild-eyed science built her favorite home;
And on those groves its direst vengeance flung,
Where sages mused and long-lost poets sung.

O sacred pile! O philosophic porch!
Where ancient learning burnt her steadiest torch;
Here did the Christian Church her children rear,
And train their spirits for their work of fear;
And wisely taught her sons the sword to wield.
There lie the ashes of her ancient name;
Quenched in that fell volcano's smothering shower,
There lies her wealth—there lies her pride—her power!

O dire fanatic! If thy impious hand
 Hurl'd, amid those fanes, the accursed brand!
 If from thy lips the reckless mandate came
 That wrapt these temples in a sea of flame;
 If from some wild desire the faith to drown
 Of HIM, whose hand must strike the crescent down,
 Thou wroughtst this hideous deed, thou art well repaid
 The sacrilegious scheme thy malice laid.
 Behold the Moslem, sunk and trampled now,
 The wealth of conquest torn from off his brow;
 His fame, his wealth, his influence waning fast,
 And all but baffled pride forever past.
 Whilst his high Sultan, famed Byzantium's lord,
 Quails 'neath the frown of some barbarian horde!
 And thou too, Omar, mark thy destiny!
 Yon stern avenger will not let thee die;
 But stamps on ~~me~~ me's broad page thy blighted name,
 And bids thee live embalmed in lasting shame."

From the London Review.

H I S T O R Y O F E N G L A N D :

FROM THE FALL OF WOLSEY TO THE DEATH OF ELIZABETH.

ALL history must be false: such, at least, is the conclusion to which a superficial acquaintance with modern investigations would readily lead us. The startling results of the most recent discoveries in physical science find an exact parallel in the fruits which are being daily gathered in the field of history. All our old calculations are being upset; all the old theories are exploded. The helpless confusion wrought in the mind of an ignorant person by the marvels of science is hardly greater than the mingled complication of perplexity and uncertainty with which the well-read student now rises from his researches into the past. "Whoever has attended but a little to the phenomena of human nature has discovered how inadequate is the clearest insight which he can hope to attain into character and disposition." We are separated by impalpable and mysterious barriers from the men

of our own generation, born and educated under the same influences as ourselves. How, then, can we expect to surmount the difficulties that intervene to prevent our understanding those who played their part under other outward circumstances, "with other habits, other beliefs, other modes of thought, and other principles of judgment"? "As the old man forgets his childhood; as the grown man and the youth rarely comprehend each other; as the Englishman and the Frenchman, with the same reasoning faculties, do not reason to the same conclusions; so is the past a perplexity to the present. It lies behind us as an enigma, easy only to the vain and unthinking, and only half-solved after the most earnest efforts of intellectual sympathy alike in those who read and those who write."

The truth here stated in general terms has been abundantly illustrated by particular instances. Our age is especially fruitful in historians of a high order, and their talents have been largely devoted to reversing the decisions which were cur-

* *History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A. Vols. I-IV. London: J. W. Parker. 1856-1858.

rent amongst ourselves. We have lately been presented with such narratives of both ancient and modern story as no former age could have produced; and the tendency of each has been to contravene the judgment hitherto accepted upon the subjects of which they treat. How many are the characters which have been reproduced under new aspects in the last few years! Carlyle has stepped forward as the advocate of Cromwell; Hepworth Dixon endeavors to prove Bacon incorruptible; Helps vindicates Spain in her government of her American colonies; Grote would rescue Cleon from the imputation of being a demagogue; Froude stands forward to maintain the good name of bluff King Hal. Each of these writers has given us a contribution which the world would not willingly let die; yet how many of them can be said to have determined the questions which they have handled with so much ability and with such minute inquiry? Froude's favorable estimate of Queen Elizabeth is challenged by anticipation in Motley's *History of the Netherlands*. All the voluminous learning and extraordinary talent of Macaulay have not saved him from the criticism of a "New Examen," which seriously compromises the accuracy of his conclusions. The judicial impartiality of Hallam does not satisfy us that he understood Luther as well as his opponent the late Archdeacon Hare understood him. History may be philosophy teaching by example; philosophy positive it can not yet be termed. After so much thought and sympathy and study, how little can be regarded as settled in this branch of human knowledge!

Yet the value of historical investigations is not to be estimated by the positive conclusions to which they may have led us; nay, paradoxical as the statement may appear, the reverse is probably nearer the truth. Who can be ignorant of the varying motives by which men are swayed in action, of the mingled streams of good and evil which combine to form the broad current of any epoch in a nation's history, of the many inconsistencies and contradictions that make up the life of individual men, and which must constantly interfere to modify the sweeping decisions which it is so easy to reach and so tempting to record? And how much is the difficulty increased when this tangled skein is still further raveled by the

exigencies necessarily involved in a political career, and when the special emergencies of a great kingdom may seem—we say not how correctly, but still may really seem—to demand a line of action which no private interest could warrant, and no judgment, apart from the peculiar issues at stake, could approve! We do not say for a single moment that there are not broad distinctions between right and wrong; but we are sure that a slight knowledge of human nature will enable us to sympathize with the difficulty of right conduct when the welfare of a whole people depends upon the course which a statesman may adopt. This thought should render us charitable in our estimate of character, and should tend to soften the severity of the condemnation which is ready to rise to our lips; but it will be sure to hamper us in the eyes of the unthinking, who can appreciate only strongly-defined judgments, without having the power to enter into the minuter shades of distinction which the thoughtful historian feels called upon to portray.

The task of writing history is still further complicated by the twofold life of its most prominent subjects—their private and individual existence, and their public acts. A tendency was exhibited not long since to narrow all historical questions to a mere inquiry into the personal character of the chief actors in the scene. The personal qualities of one sovereign or his ministers were extolled, whilst the vices of another were prominently set forth and loudly condemned. Mary and Elizabeth, Charles I. and Cromwell, have especially been subjected to this method of treatment; and an endeavor has been made, in behalf of each, to avoid an unfavorable verdict, by calling in witnesses to character. But it was soon felt that this mode of writing history was raising a false issue; and that if we would estimate rightly the influence of any bygone period, it must be upon the acts that emanated from men in their public capacity that our judgment must be based. The tide is now turned, and there is the usual danger of its running into the opposite extreme.

"Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt."

The general tendency of the public acts is being allowed to overrule the distinctions of right and wrong to an extent

against which we feel called upon to protest. A most signal instance of this tendency is to be found in Mr. Hepworth Dixon's *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, in which, neglecting all the experience of the past, and unmindful of the evidence which daily testifies to the strange contrarieties bound up in a single heart, he begins by boldly asserting that the strongest contrasts can not exist in the same individual, and would prove, *a priori*, that Bacon could not have been at once "the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind." Here, too, in the history under consideration, although taking his stand upon a different position, the judge too frequently descends to be an advocate. It is only by the combination of all the different elements to which we have adverted, and to the right use of each in that combination, that the historian fully performs his undertaking.

With these general considerations in mind, we approach the study of Froude's *History of England*. The principles by which he has been guided in its composition were set forth by himself in an able article that appeared in the *Oxford Essays* for 1855. We make no apology for inserting the following extract, as it enables us to understand the author's point of view, and permits him to express in his own words the advantages he anticipated from the method he employed. After glancing at existing works as means of teaching English history, he writes: Instead of these, "we recommend that there be substituted the study of the old Statute Book, in which, notwithstanding all that is thought and believed of the dependent position of Parliament, the true history of the English nation substantially lies buried—a history, different, indeed, from any thing which has been hitherto offered us as such. Every thing of greatest consequence is to be found there. All great movements, political and religious, are treated of there; and all those questionable personal transactions which have appeared so perplexing are there, though viewed no longer from their personal side, or as connected with personal intrigue, caprice, or feeling, but as rising out of the national will and expressing the national judgment; viewed from their inner side by men apparently of large, calm, massive minds, not as we see them now, but as those saw them then, who bore a part in doing them. Under any

ordinary circumstances, it would be quite certain that accounts of matters to be got at in this way would be both credible and valuable; it is worth while, at all events, to listen to what they have to say, and to hesitate before deciding that, in the times of which we are speaking, the English gentlemen were of such unusual worthlessness, that their thoughts do not deserve to be considered. But this is far from all which the Statute Book will furnish us; not only shall we find an account there of the ordinary subjects of our books, but, after careful study, a whole picture rises out of it of the old English nation—its life, its habits, its character, its occupations, amusements, hopes, and fears. The political economy, the education, the relations between man and man, between landlord and tenant, between employer and employed, all are laid out before us there in unconscious simplicity, with the duties which in all such relations were supposed to be involved, and the degree in which such duties were fulfilled. We do not say that every idle person who amuses away an hour or two with turning over the pages of the folios, and smiling at the uncouth phraseology, will find all this at a glance. Little truth of any kind is to be gained in that way; and the Statutes, viewed as we are viewing them, are, like the book which Bishop Butler desired to see written, consisting only of premises. But the conclusions are there, and one day they will be seen and known to be there. One thing, however, we shall certainly find, of which it is as well at once to warn all persons who are unwilling to face such a conclusion, that the character of the English people, as illustrated in their lives and laws, was to the full as noble and generous as we experience it now to be; that there was the same true blood and the same true heart as are in ourselves; and that, therefore, it is at once impossible to believe them capable of actions of which we could not believe ourselves capable; and that, in all matters concerning human life and action, they possessed minds as fully competent as ours to understand evidence, and hearts as certain to spurn any conscious sanctioning of iniquity."

This passage is a key to the principle on which Mr. Froude's history is composed, and reveals to us at once the source of its strength and of its weakness. Mr. Froude brings to his subject that first essential

quality of an historian, a complete sympathy with the period of which he treats. Possessing a full acquaintance not only with the Statute Book, but with all the other accessible sources of information, it is clear that he has so mastered their contents that they have become entwined in the fiber of his mind, and he is able to enter into the spirit of the epoch, instead of merely considering it from without. Without being so palpably an advocate as Lord Macaulay, there is a similar power of turning to advantage those by-paths of literature which give us glimpses into the home-life of England under the Tudors, and enable us to discern the throbbing of the minuter pulses of the system, as well as to hear the beatings of the great heart of the whole. There is no evidence of such a knowledge as Lord Macaulay possessed of masses of lighter historical matter—indeed, we question whether there be materials on which such an acquaintance could be founded; yet no student will peruse this work without feeling that it is the result of labor honestly, toilfully, and lovingly performed. There is evidently in the writer a deep power of sympathy, which is readily drawn forth by manly conduct, and enables him to appreciate even when he can not approve; and the whole is written in admirable language drawn from a well of English, pure and undefiled, expressed in a style at once so vigorous and idiomatic as to be a constant source of pleasure to the reader.

The time at which Mr. Froude's narrative begins was a period of transition to a new stage of existence. The flower of the English nobility had been destroyed in the wars of the Roses, and with them the power of their order and the feudal system were passing rapidly away. The clergy still retained considerable authority, which they exercised with no lenient hand; oppressive exactions in ecclesiastical courts, coupled with the great profligacy of the priesthood, had rendered their name odious to the people; and although the imputation of heresy was still hateful to the masses, the position of the Church was being slowly and surely undermined. New fields of thought were being opened, and new ideas were rapidly spreading amongst the community. As is usual upon the advent of a new era, the public mind was roused to an intensity of expectation; and, in its eagerness to un-

ravel the strange future, of whose approach it was conscious, it listened greedily to portents and prophecies which professed to lift up the veil behind which that future lay concealed. At such junctures the heart of a nation exhibits strange oscillations, as it inclines to what is novel, or, in its terror, flies for refuge once more to its old and worn-out formulas. This condition of England, at the period of Wolsey's fall, ought to be remembered, if one would rightly estimate their conduct who guided the vessel of the state through its stormy billows; they were passing through the dangerous and narrow straits in which met and contended for the mastery the opposing waters of two mighty seas.

It is always far from easy to trace the minute beginnings from which great revolutions spring. The name of Wycliffe was no longer popular, and the doctrines of the Lollards were held in detestation. There was but little sympathy with speculative questions, and had the lives of the clergy been moderately in accordance with the avowed tenets of Christianity, their tenure of power might have been indefinitely prolonged. There was the same indisposition to any sudden and violent changes that has ever been a characteristic of the English nation; and the theological training in which Henry had been nurtured had prepossessed his mind on the side of Roman Catholic orthodoxy. In the destruction of the nobility and the exhaustion of the Commons, the Church seemed to tower aloft in undiminished prosperity; whilst Morton, Wolsey, and Warham wielded as absolute a power as even Becket could have desired. From the Tweed to the English Channel there was no place of rest for suspected heretics, and, even if they escaped into foreign lands, they were not safe, as such offenders "were outlawed by common consent of the European governments."

Mr. Froude gives us some interesting glimpses at the means by which the knowledge of a purer creed was gradually disseminated. "In 1525, a society was enrolled in London, calling itself, The Association of Christian Brothers. It was composed of poor men, chiefly tradesmen, artisans, a few, a very few of the clergy; but it was carefully organized, it was provided with moderate funds, which were regularly audited; and its paid agents went up and down the

country, carrying Testaments and tracts with them, and enrolling in the order all persons who dared to risk their lives in such a cause." (Vol. ii. p. 28.) The Testaments which they bore were supplied from Tyndale's press, at Antwerp; and as Tyndale himself, and several of his associates, had been educated at the English universities, it was natural that they should turn to them, in hopes of finding amongst the students some able coadjutors.

The story of Anthony Dalaber, one of the Christian Brothers, is a most interesting episode in the history of the time; and, although too long to be transferred to our pages, a brief *résumé* of it may indicate in what spirit the pioneers of the Reformation plied their dangerous task. Dalaber, when an undergraduate at Gloucester (now Worcester) College, became implicated in aiding in the escape of Thomas Garrett, another Christian Brother, who had fallen under suspicion of heresy; and we take up the story at the point where Garrett unexpectedly reappeared in Oxford, and came to Dalaber's rooms.

"As soon as the door was opened, he said he was undone, for he was taken. Thus he spake unadvisedly in the presence of the young man, who at once slipped down the stairs, it was to be feared, on no good errand. Then I said to him, (Dalaber goes on,) 'Alas! Master Garrett, by this your uncircumspect coming here and speaking so before the young man, you have disclosed yourself and utterly undone me.' I asked him why he was not in Dorsetshire. He said he had gone a day's journey and a half; but he was so fearful, his heart would none other but that he must needs return again unto Oxford. With deep sighs and plenty of tears, he prayed me to help to convey him away; and so he cast off his hood and gown wherein he came to me, and desired me to give him a coat with sleeves, if I had any; and he told me that he would go into Wales, and thence convey himself, if he might, into Germany. Then I put on him a sleeved coat of mine. He would also have had another manner of cap of me, but I had none but priest-like, such as his own was.

"Then kneeled we both down together upon our knees, and, lifting up our hearts and hands to God our heavenly Father, desired him, with plenty of tears, so to conduct and prosper him on his journey, that he might well escape the danger of all his enemies, to the glory of his holy name, if his good pleasure and will so were. And then we embraced and kissed the one the other, the tears so abundantly flowing out from both our eyes, that we all bewet both

our faces, and scarcely for sorrow could we speak one to another. And so he departed from me, appareled in my coat, being committed unto the tuition of our almighty and merciful Father.

"When he was gone down the stairs from my chamber, I straightway did shut my chamber door and went into my study; and taking the New Testament in my hands, kneeled down on my knees, and with many a deep sigh and salt tear, I did with much deliberation read over the tenth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, praying that God would endue his tender and lately-born little flock in Oxford with heavenly strength by his holy Spirit; that quietly to their own salvation, with all godly patience, they might bear Christ's heavy cross, which I now saw was presently to be laid upon their young and weak backs, unable to bear so huge a burden without the great help of his Holy Spirit."—Vol. ii. pp. 51–53.

We must refer our readers to Mr. Froude's narrative for the sequel of Dalaber's tale, where they will read it in all the beautiful and quaint simplicity of the above quotation. He proceeds to tell how the ill news of Garrett's visit spread apace, so that, at even-song, in the cathedral, dean and canons, and heads of houses, "in their gray amices," all looked at the poor scholar with inauspicious glances: how he left the choir about the middle of compline, and told the story to one of his associates, and then went to Corpus Christi College, where he lay that night with Master Fitz James, "but small rest and little sleep took they both there;" how next morn he hastened off to Gloucester College, his shoes and stockings covered with mud, and found the gates closed, and then, "much disquieted, his head full of forecasting cares," he resolved, come what would, he would declare nothing but what he saw was already known. The enemy was already upon his track, his rooms had been entered and searched in his absence, and he was soon after seized and brought before the commissary, threatened with the rack, and fastened in the stocks. We are fain to find place for inserting what follows:

"They put my legs into the stocks, and so locked me fast in them, in which I sat, my feet being almost as high as my head; and so they departed, locking fast the door and leaving me alone. When they were all gone, then came into my remembrance the worthy forewarning and godly declaration of that most constant martyr of God, Master John Clark, who well-nigh two years before that, when I did earnestly desire him to grant me to be his scholar, said

unto me after this sort: 'Dalaber, you desire you wot not what, and that which you are, I fear, unable to take upon you; for though now my preaching be sweet and pleasant to you, because there is no persecution laid on you for it, yet the time will come, and that peradventure shortly, if ye continue to live godly therein, that God will lay on you the cross of persecution, to try you whether you can as pure gold abide the fire. You shall be called and judged a heretic; you shall be abhorred of the world; your own friends and kinsfolk will forsake you and also hate you; you shall be cast into prison, and none shall dare to help you; you shall be accused before bishops to your reproach and shame, to the great sorrow of your friends and kinsfolk. Then will ye wish that ye had never known this doctrine; then will ye curse Clark, and wish that ye had never known him, because he hath brought you to all these troubles.'

"At which words I was so grieved that I fell down on my knees at his feet, and with tears and sighs besought him that for the tender mercy of God he would not refuse me; saying that I trusted verily that He which had begun this in me would not forsake me, but would give me grace to continue therein to the end. When he heard me say so, he came to me, took me in his arms, and kissed me, the tears trickling from his eyes, and said unto me: 'The Lord God Almighty grant you so to do; and from henceforth forever take me for your father, and I will take you for my son in Christ.'"—Vol. ii. pp. 59, 60.

Dalaber's narrative breaks off suddenly; but this fragment gives us a vivid picture of the men who were devoting their lives to the task of circulating the Scriptures. True men were they, cast in heroic mold, with a clear conception of the object they had in view, and of the dangers they incurred in attempting it. Nothing could be more faithful than the warning thus given by Master Clark, and his anxiety that the young disciple should not be exposed to peril unwittingly, or in consequence of a fit of temporary enthusiasm. It would need bold, manly spirits, to whom their creed was a matter of hearty conviction, to resist an opposition wielded by such an agency. Although the political element of the Reformation was as yet unheard of, yet the leaven was already working, and its influence could not fail to be presently felt.

It has been well observed by Mr. Froude, that the importance of the Protestant party at this period is not to be estimated "by counting heads," yet the number and frequency of the instances in which they played a prominent part was well calculated to make a deep impression

on the country. The clergy seem to have been fully alive to the importance of the crisis, and endeavored to crush out the growing spirit of heresy by unrelenting persecution. They found a most willing coadjutor in Sir Thomas More, to whose conduct in this matter we shall presently advert; and instead of bearing tincts in procession, as in the days of Wolsey, the Protestants had now to feed the flames with their own bodies. But the energy of an Almighty Power was working within their hearts; and many whose courage failed them on their first apprehension, so that they were led to recant, were unable to bear the torture of a disquieted conscience, and boldly stepped forward to voluntary martyrdom. The best known of these was little Bilney, whose mental agony was touchingly described by Latimer in one of his sermons: "I knew that blessed martyr of God, what time he had borne his fagot, and was come again to Cambridge, had such conflicts within himself, beholding this image of death," (that is, his own sinfulness,) "that his friends were afraid to let him be alone; they were fain to be with him day and night, and comforted him as they could, but no comfort would serve. As for the comfortable places of Scripture, to bring them unto him, it was as though a man would run him through the heart with a sword." Poor Bilney significantly told his friends that "he would go up to Jerusalem;" and he did so in the smoke that rose from the fire that consumed him, although his own words had reference to the place of suffering rather than of glory. Stripes, bonds, and executions were plentifully administered, but all proved vain to arrest the progress of the disease.

It may be well now to turn to the other party in this quarrel, that we may see how their practice commended their faith. It is not too much to say that the nation, although as yet firmly adhering to the creed, had long been weary of the exactions and iniquitous lives of their spiritual pastors. The licentiousness, luxury, and idleness of the monasteries were notorious. The consistory courts had become intolerably oppressive, and some flagrant instances of wrong committed in them had aroused a vehement spirit of hostility. Accusations of heresy were brought against any persons who were obnoxious to the clergy; and summonses

to distant courts, and long bills of costs, were ruinous even to those who secured an acquittal. Non-residence at their benefices was almost universal among the beneficed clergy: indeed, the multiplication of pluralities made residence impossible; and "Wolsey himself, the Church reformer, (so little did he really know what a reformation meant,) was at once Archbishop of York, Bishop of Winchester, of Bath, and of Durham, and Abbot of St. Albans. What could be the public estimate of the clergy and their ecclesiastical fathers, when Latimer could venture to ask in a sermon at St. Paul's Cross: "Who is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know who it is; I know him well. I will tell you. It is the devil. Among all the pack of them that have cure, the devil shall go for my money, for he applieth his business. Therefore, ye unpreaching prelates, learn of the devil to be diligent in your office. If ye will not learn of God, for shame learn of the devil."

A more complete view of the light in which the clergy were generally regarded at the eve of the Reformation is to be obtained from the "Petition of the Commons," containing a summary of the wrongs of which the people complained. This act of accusation is given entire by Mr. Froude, and comprises a long list of grievances, which include exorbitant fees, extortionate probate duty, first-fruits and other charges on induction to benefices, illegal imprisonment, and complaints about the mode of examination for heresy. There was a significant allusion to the conduct of certain ordinaries, "who do, daily confer and give sundry benefices unto certain young folks, calling them *their nephews or kinsfolk*, being in their minority and within age;" and the whole concluded with a prayer that the King would devise some remedy. The Petition was composed of certain specific allegations that had reference to notorious facts; but in reply to it, the bishops could only urge the theory of their position, and insist upon their right to exercise the powers they were wielding without prejudice from the acts of individual members, which should be arraigned and decided on the individual merits of each separate case. Mr. Froude justly remarks, that this reply "is no defense at all when the faults have become the rule, and when

there is no security in the system itself, for the selection of worth, and capacity to exercise its functions."

These facts of the condition of the opposing Romish and Protestant parties ought to be borne in mind, if we would rightly estimate the causes which gave birth to the Reformation. We have endeavored to indicate the relative position of each side, and abundant illustration might be afforded from individual cases to strengthen the sketch which we have thus rapidly drawn. Of course the general statement of any great national movement is always largely qualified in the separate instances which go to make up its sum. There were cases, no doubt, in which the zeal of the Reformers was kindled by unworthy motives; there were cases in which the Romish clergy worthily filled the duties to which they were called; there were cases in which the monks in subsequent years showed equal firmness with the bravest of the Protestants, and endured the fires of martyrdom with a constancy that was worthy of a better cause. There can be no doubt that some of the Carthusians suffered as manfully as did Bilney or Barnham. There can be little wonder that the deaths of More and Fisher are still regarded as religious executions, although they were arraigned under a charge of treason. But when every allowance is made for such exceptions, the broad facts still stand out in strong relief, and no amount of special pleading can avoid the conclusion to which they inevitably lead us. This country did not shake off the yoke of Rome, merely because Henry VIII. wished to divorce Catherine of Aragon. No doubt the King's wishes in that matter were an element in the force by which the Reformation was effected; but a truer statement of the facts might be presented as follows. On the one side were *prestige*, wealth, power, the influence of precedent and custom, the vast and organized machinery of the most complete system that had ever been devised; but coupled with superstition, extortion, prodigality, and licentiousness, that had eaten out the heart of all true Christianity. On the other side were much confusion of words and thoughts, every imaginable disadvantage of worldly position or influence; but combined with "a thirst for some fresh and noble enunciation of the everlasting truth, the one

essential thing for all men to know and believe." These were the opposing parties; and aloof from them stood the great mass of the people hating the Romish clergy, but cherishing the Romish creed, until the efforts of the Christian Brothers in circulating the Scriptures, and the public exhibition of a Bible in every parish church, convinced the people that the ecclesiastical faith was little better than its practice, and then both fell together in one common ruin.

We can not pass from this branch of our subject, without entering our protest against Mr. Froude's assertion, "that the early Protestants did not bring forward any new scheme of doctrine;" or, if we could admit its truth in a qualified sense, we should still reject the conclusion which he endeavors to deduce:

"When I look through the writings of Latimer, the apostle of the English Reformation," says Mr. Froude; "when I read the depositions against the martyrs and the lists of their crimes against the established faith, I find no opposite schemes of doctrine, no 'plans of salvation,' no positive scheme of theology which it was held a duty to believe; these things were of later growth, when it became again necessary to clothe the living spirit in a perishable body. I find only an effort to express again the old exhortation of the Wise Man: 'Will ye hear the beginning and the end of the whole matter? Fear God, and keep his commandments; for that is the whole duty of man.'"—Vol. ii. p. 34.

Now if Mr. Froude intends merely to raise his voice against the substitution of an outward creed for a living, vital faith; if he only objects to "schemes of doctrine," when the acceptance of the symbol is deemed to suffice without a firm grasp of the truth signified therein; we should be content to subscribe to what he has written: but if he means more than this, we demur. It should be remembered that the faith of the early Reformers was naturally in a state of transition; that their minds were gradually awakened, point by point, to the falsity of doctrines which they once had firmly believed; and that in the case of many of them it was only after a long struggle that they were enabled to throw off the last remnants of the superstition in which they had been bound. Any complete "scheme of doctrine," therefore, was not to be looked for at so early a stage. But if we turn to the writings of Tyndale and Latimer, we shall not find them replete merely with exhortations to the practice of god-

liness. Mr. Froude mentions Latimer specifically, and we assert that Latimer's sermons abound in distinctive statements of dogmatic truth. Insisting as he does every where upon the necessity of evincing faith by practice, he yet insists no less firmly upon the plain declarations of Scripture; and the boldness with which he rebuked the vices of the age is not more marked than the uncompromising language in which he defines the tenets of the Gospel. We have been particularly struck by the clearness with which he unfolds the value and character of the atonement, a subject upon which his sermons might be studied with advantage by many theologians of our own day.

We deem the most successful part of Mr. Froude's History to be his vindication of Henry the Eighth's conduct to his wives. There are passages in that portion of his life which we are not prepared to defend, especially the divorce of Anne of Cleves; and it must be admitted that the King was exceedingly unfortunate in his matrimonial relations. But the main points of attack have generally been the divorce of Catherine of Aragon and the execution of Anne Boleyn; and it is in these two instances that the defense set up by Mr. Froude is most complete.

The question of Henry's divorce from Catharine of Aragon has usually been discussed of late years on the grounds of the King's private character. It has been assumed that the monarch was of a licentious disposition, that he had conceived an unlawful passion for Anne Boleyn, and that, in his determination to gratify that passion, he broke through every tie of policy and decency. It is not a little startling with such preconceptions to turn to the pages of cotemporary records, and to find that the sixteenth century was as unanimous in approving as the nineteenth has been in condemning the whole proceeding. "Not only did the Parliament profess to desire it, urge it, and further it, but all indifferent and discreet persons judged that it was right and necessary."

The story of the proceedings connected with the divorce is a long and painful one, and it would be difficult to bring out the various points involved in an article specially devoted to the subject; much less can we do it justice in the limited space now at our command. The interest of the whole nation in the question arose

from the uncertainty about the law of succession. The theory of the constitution, "not traceable to statute, but admitted by custom," had been that no stranger born out of the kingdom could inherit. "The descent in the female line, though not formally denied, had never in fact been admitted." If these dicta of Mr. Froude be correct, it will readily be seen that the succession to the throne was a matter of no small perplexity. The first principle would exclude the Scottish claimants; the second would shut out the King's daughter, the only surviving child of Catherine of Aragon. Modern notions on this subject, biased as they necessarily are by the fact that four female sovereigns have since worn the crown of England, are strangely at variance with the principles which prevailed in the sixteenth century. Up to the period when Henry VIII. was King, the country had demanded a capable ruler; and such weak sovereigns as Edward II., Richard II., and Henry VI., had been compelled to make way for more efficient men. With the miseries of civil war still fresh in their memories, with the knowledge that Henry's father had always refused to strengthen his title by advancing the claims of Elizabeth of York, with the consciousness that powerful factions still existed in the state, which might seek to advance their own private interests by supporting some rival claimant to the throne; and, besides all these elements of incertitude, "with the innumerable refinements of the Romish canon law, which affected the legitimacy of children, and furnished in connection with the further ambiguities of clerical dispensations perpetual pretexts for a breach of allegiance," it is no wonder if the nation eagerly desired that the King should have such issue as might lead to the secure establishment of a settled government, and avoid a recurrence of those calamities of which it had so recent and terrible experience.

These fears were not merely chimerical, nor are they pleas set forth by an ingenious advocate in support of a foregone conclusion. The party of the White Rose avowedly looked to the Countess of Salisbury as the rightful heir to the throne; and Gustiniani, the Venetian ambassador, was informed in 1516 that the Dukes of Buckingham, of Suffolk, and of Norfolk, each entertained hopes of the crown. Moreover, questions had been already

raised as to the Princess Mary's legitimacy, at the time when a negotiation was on foot for her marriage to a son of the French King. Were this difficulty removed, Mary's health had been delicate from childhood, and her mother was now too advanced in years to give hopes of any further offspring: one frail life alone then interposed between the country and a return to such perplexities as might involve it in ruin.

But the element of uncertainty in this most complicated matter had been introduced at a much earlier period. Political reasons had induced Henry VII. to desire that Prince Arthur's widow should be transferred to his younger son; but, from the very first, the step seemed hazardous. "The dispensation was reluctantly granted by the Pope, and reluctantly accepted by the English ministry." The objections seemed to gain strength subsequently, and the young prince was compelled formally to disown and renounce the betrothal. This denunciation was, indeed, withdrawn at his father's death; and Henry, yielding to the wishes of his council, renewed the engagement; but it is impossible to ignore these circumstances in any just estimate of the events that followed. And when, after a lapse of years, the disparity of age became more marked, and indifference had been succeeded by dislike, when all the male children of the marriage had perished by untimely deaths, and the anger of Heaven seemed thus to be visiting the error of their union, it is no wonder if the King lent a willing ear to the earnest representations of his ministers, and desired to adopt a course which would combine the national advantage and his own personal wishes.

That Henry was not merely influenced by passion was the opinion of the most unexceptionable witnesses. The legates wrote to the Pope that "it was mere madness to suppose that the King would act as he was doing merely out of dislike to the Queen, or out of inclination for another person; he was not a man whom harsh manners and an unpleasant disposition could so far provoke; nor can any sane man believe him to be so infirm of character that sensual allurements would have led to dissolve a connection in which he has passed the flower of youth without stain or blemish, and in which he has borne himself in his present trial so reverently and honorably." Whilst citing

this authority, we are not prepared to deny that the King's attachment to Anne Boleyn had also its effect upon his conduct. When so many and various motives combine to urge us to a certain line of action, who shall presume to assign to each its exact share of influence in regulating the whole? We question whether the King himself were conscious of the manner in which he was being guided, for nothing is more common than self-deceit when private inclination and public interest become identified. Enough has, however, been said to prove that no arbitrary off-hand judgment in so intricate a matter deserves to be received.

By whatever motives Henry was influenced, it is certain that he acted with much temper and moderation in his efforts to arrange the divorce. Sincerely attached to the Church of Rome, in whose defense he had broken a lance with Luther, there was nothing which he premeditated less than a breach with that Church or its temporal head. In the contest between the Pope and Charles V., he had been induced by Wolsey to support the former; yet both the prejudices of the nation and its commercial prosperity were on the side of the Emperor; and he would gladly have arrived at some compromise by which he might maintain his friendship with both. Such a scheme at one time seemed feasible. It was suggested that Catherine should retire into a convent, the question of the marriage being left untouched, and that the King should receive a special dispensation, enabling him to marry Anne Boleyn. Year after year he waited patiently whilst the ecclesiastical courts had exhausted every device of chicanery and subterfuge, of evasion and delay; and neither the entreaties of his subjects, nor the advice of the French monarch, could induce him to precipitate matters, whilst any hope, however remote, of a solution yet remained. It was only when the most charitable interpretation could no longer be blind to the fact, that the Pope, who professed to be an independent judge in the suit, had really been gained over by one of the parties to the cause, that Henry at length cut the knot, and followed the course urged on him by his subjects.

Mr. Froude has entered very fully into all the circumstances that attended the negotiation, and leads his readers as pleasantly as is possible through the winding

maze of diplomacy that lacked its course. The impression produced by it on our mind has been most unquestionably favorable to Henry, when his conduct is compared with that of two other of the principal actors in the scene. The relationship of Charles V. to Catherine naturally placed him in a very embarrassing position. He was most anxious to retain the friendship of England, as important alike to his designs against the French and to the prosperity of his Flemish subjects; but, much to his honor, he determined to stand by the Queen. If he desired Catherine to sacrifice herself for the welfare of two vast nations, or if, misled by the reports sent to him from her party in this country, he erred in his expectations of stirring up a rebellion in England, he yet seems to have shown more real feeling in this transaction than we might have looked for from one whose general behavior was guided by a cold, calculating policy. But what are we to say to the demeanor of the Pope, or of Henry's ally, the gallant Francis the First? Granted, that the position of Clement was exorbitantly perplexing. He was equally afraid to offend the Emperor, of whose power he had recently had so painful an experience, or the English King, whose support he desired to secure in case of future dangers. The old claim of infallibility still asserted for the Popedom was now brought at a most inconvenient season to be tested by the invincible logic of facts. "If the King's majesty," urged Gardiner, "and the nobility of England, being persuaded of your goodwill to answer, if you can do so, shall be brought to doubt of your ability, they will be forced to a harder conclusion respecting this see—namely, that God has taken from it the key of knowledge; and they will begin to give better ear to that opinion of some persons to which they have as yet refused to listen—that those Papal laws which neither the Pope himself nor his council can interpret, deserve only to be committed to the flames." To such reasoning there could be no satisfactory reply. Indeed, the Pope occupied a position from which it was disgraceful to retreat, and which it was impossible to defend; and so he took refuge in the common resort of weakness: he made promises and delayed their execution, trusting that some happy accident might release him from the difficulties by which he was

surrounded; or when pressed more closely, he would "twist his handkerchief, or weep, or flatter, or wildly wave his arms in angry impotence;" and so he passed through his destined period of occupation of the Papal throne, presenting the horrible spectacle of Christ's (so called) vice-regent upon earth in the guise of a "false, deceitful, and treacherous" ruler, to be succeeded by another infallible Pontiff, who should imitate him in his temporizing policy, denying in public the curses and excommunications which he had muttered in secret consistory, and which were pronounced (be it remembered) in the name of the God of truth, and only daring openly to hurl his anathemas when it was too late, and the bolts fell impotently short of their aim.

Yet even if our stern condemnation of Clement VII. and Paul III. must be qualified by the memory of the untenable post to which they had been called, no such extenuating circumstances can be pleaded in behalf of Francis the First. Smarting under the defeat of Pavia, and desiring at once to retrieve his honor and to wreak his vengeance on his rival, Francis spared no efforts to induce Henry to break with Charles, and promised him all the material and energetic support of a hearty alliance. In every step taken to promote the divorce, we may trace the agents of Francis working in furtherance of the designs of Henry; in every doubtful question his advice was prompt in recommending action, as though he would infuse something of his own audacity into his more prudent brother: and what was the issue when, in compliance with such counsel, the English monarch was irrevocably committed? Unable to resist the tempting promise of the Duchy of Milan for his second son—

"Francis, who had himself advised Henry VIII. to marry Anne Boleyn—Francis, who had declared that Henry's resistance to the Papacy was in the common interest of all Christian princes—Francis, who had promised to make Henry's cause his own, and three years previously had signed a treaty, offensive and defensive, for the protection of France and England against Imperial and Papal usurpations—sank before the temptation. He professed his willingness to join heart and hand with the Emperor in restoring unity to Christendom, and crushing the Reformation. Anticipating and exceeding the requests which had been proposed to him, he volunteered his services to urge in his own person on Henry the necessity of submit-

ting to the universal opinion of Christendom; and to excuse or soften the effrontery of the demand, he suggested that, in addition to the censures, a formal notice should be served on all Christian princes and potentates, summoning them to the assistance of the Papacy, to compel the King of England with the strong hand to obey the sentence of the Church."—Vol. iii. pp. 7, 8.

And such treachery was deliberately agreed upon by one who claimed to be the first gentleman in Europe, the knight, *par excellence*, of his time, without fear and without reproach.

The vindication of Henry's conduct in the divorce of Catherine, or at least the full statement of the reasons of state policy which conduced to it, have never been so fully and fairly stated as by Mr. Froude; but we owe him a still deeper debt of gratitude for the light which he has thrown upon the execution of Anne Boleyn. The received version of this transaction, Mr. Froude justly remarks, ought to serve as a warning against trusting any evidence which is not strictly cotemporary. For generations it has been habitual to regard Anne Boleyn's death as an iniquitous murder, wrought out by an unfounded charge of adultery, and sanctioned by a complaisant Parliament, in order to gratify the licentious caprice of her husband. In the violence of a great controversy that has raged around the discussion of her character, the opinions of partisans and foes have oscillated between the greatest extremes, and we need to pierce through the dust and din raised in the conflict before we can fairly scrutinize the narrative, or hope to arrive at a just decision.

There is no portion of Mr. Froude's narrative which exhibits more favorably his qualities as an historian than the last chapter of his second volume, which is devoted to Anne Boleyn's trial and death. As he calmly collects and arranges the testimony, to the Queen's guilt, he allows no expression to escape him which would rather befit the advocate than the judge; he only urges that we should not willingly suppose that the highest noblemen and the most honorable gentlemen of that day would be ready without scruple to give their countenance to an act of villainy from which we ourselves should recoil with horror. He points out how the whole proceeding advanced step by step, with all the observance of judicial forms;

so that if the Queen were really being ruined by a forged charge, Henry enacted his part with a horrible composure unexampled in the history of crime. What the evidence produced against Anne Boleyn was, we have no means of judging, for it has not come down to us; but we know she was condemned by the unanimous verdict of twenty-seven peers, over whom her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, presided; whilst her own father, the Earl of Wiltshire, although absent at the trial of his children, yet was joined in the commission that passed sentence upon the other persons involved in the charge. The whole proceeding was a mournful tragedy; and Mr. Froude's sympathy is excited for the accused, so recently exulting in the triumph of her conquest of so puissant a monarch; and now, after an interval of only eight months, doomed to follow to the grave by a disgraceful death the lady whose heart she had so sorely tried. Very touching is the narrative of her wild and incoherent lamentations, intermingled as they were with the most trifling remarks, indicating that her mind was almost distraught by the sudden reverse in her fortunes; and our commiseration rises still higher as we read her last words ere her head falls beneath the fatal stroke. For the particulars of the whole story we refer our readers to Mr. Froude's account; but we can not refrain from quoting the wise and manly language with which he allows the curtain to fall upon the scene.

"To this end she had come at last, and silence is the best comment which charity has to offer upon it. Better far would it have been if the dust had been allowed to settle down over the grave of Anne Boleyn, and her remembrance buried in forgetfulness. Strange it is that a spot which ought to have been sacred to pity, should have been made the arena for the blind wrestling of controversial duelists. Blind, I call it; for there has been little clearness of judgment, little even of common prudence, in the choice of sides. If the Catholics could have fastened the stain of murder on the King and statesmen of England, they would have struck the faith of the Establishment a harder blow than by a poor tale of scandal against a weak, erring, suffering woman: and the Protestants, in mistaken generosity, have courted an infamy for the names of those to whom they owe their being, which, staining the fountain, must stain forever the stream that flows from it. It has been no pleasure to me to rake among the evil memories of the past, to prove a human being sinful whom the world has ruled to have been innocent. Let the blame rest with those who have

forced upon our history the alternative of a re-assertion of the truth, or the shame of noble names which have not deserved it at our hands."—Vol. ii. p. 505.

There is no more interesting feature in our modern histories than the pictures which they present of the social condition of the country in past ages. The celebrated third chapter in Mr. Macaulay's first volume has been followed by others devoted to the same subject; and, rife in controversy as this branch of history must always be, it will ever be welcome to the readers. Perhaps it is that our human nature has broad sympathies with our forefathers, and we love to know how they thought and felt, and to trace the current of their daily lives. Perhaps it is that the public policy of a nation seems to affect us less nearly than the private every-day existence of those who have gone before us: we can draw a comparison between them and ourselves in this respect, and so seem to have a fuller comprehension of what they really were. Perhaps it is the consciousness that the lives of the monarch and his court had probably little direct influence upon the condition of the great mass of his subjects; and we would fain get an insight into the varied constituents which compose the great sum of a nation's existence. We would enter into the privacy of castle, and hall, and cottage: we would see the justice holding his session and the merchant at his business, and all the different craftsmen at their manual toil; and passing away from the city to the open field, we would visit the yeoman at his farm, and learn how husbandman and shepherd fared in the days when the light of the Reformation dawned. And Mr. Froude gives us some such glimpses. There is none of the vivid pictorial power with which Macaulay transferred to his canvas a representation of domestic life, that is equally astonishing for its general effect and for the elaboration of its minutest details. There is none of that sparkling rapidity of style which can dash in lightly a variety of incidents, and gathering them up with a masterly hand, produce the desired impression on the reader's mind so easily, that it is saved all the burden of thought, yet so successfully, that it retains a clear conception of the whole. Indeed, the plan marked out by Mr. Froude, of looking mainly to the statute-book for guidance, seems to have

cramped him more in this than in any other portion of his history.

In dwelling upon the social condition of England in the sixteenth century, it must be again remembered that it was an era of transition. "The paths trodden by the footsteps of past ages were broken up; old things were passing away, and the faith and the life of ten centuries were dissolving like a dream." It was natural, too, that at such a period men should exhibit the strongest conservatism in those minor matters which affected their own every-day domestic life, and, in the breaking of the fabric of habit which had been so laboriously constructed, should call upon the government to restore its breaches and to strengthen its walls. Let allowance be made for this tendency, and we shall perhaps be the less surprised that almost all the statutes relating to the social life of the time endeavored to force back the tide into the channel of medieval custom; in short, the whole bias of domestic legislation in Henry's reign was an attempt to restrain the inevitable change by legal enactments.

That it should then have been deemed possible to effect such a result by passing statutes, strange as it may appear to ourselves, was but natural to the sixteenth century. Every item of social life in the middle ages had been regulated by statute. The law interfered in every transaction, however minute, marked out the only course which was to be adopted, and threatened with severe fines and penalties any departure from its stern decisions. The relations between feudal lord and retainer, between the employer and the employed, between the buyer and the seller, between the landlord and the tenant, between the master and the apprentice, were all defined with strict precision. The law ordained what you might buy, the hour at which it might be purchased, and the price which was to be paid; it ordained what you might wear, the mode in which your dress should be shaped, and the trimmings with which it should be adorned; it ordained the conditions on which you might pursue a calling, the mode of your entrance upon it, and the remuneration which you should receive for its performance. Nothing escaped its supervision. Liberty, in the modern sense of the word, or the right to do as one likes with one's own, there was none.

It is very difficult to understand how such a state of things could ever have worked well; and the constant modification of the statutes, or their reenactment with more stringent penalties, would seem to indicate that from the earliest times they had failed to effect their purpose. The sumptuary laws, especially, and those which regulated the prices and the wages of labor, appear to have been habitually evaded; and in turning over the pages of the *Liber Albus* and similar works, we find a repetition of the same complaints, ever followed by the renewed application of the same remedy. Such a system was probably more tolerable during the Wars of the Roses, when the population was for a time stationary, and when commercial dealings were probably restricted within very narrow limits; but, in the altered circumstances of the country, it was no longer suitable, and a provident policy should surely have foreseen the coming change, and should have wisely and gradually guided the state into a new condition. Mr. Froude claims it as Henry's glory to have so piloted the kingdom in the reformation of religion; but he appears to consider it a like indication of wisdom that a resistance was offered to social change. We must, however, first state the case which Mr. Froude puts forward somewhat at length, and we will then urge the reasons which induce us to question, or at least largely to modify, his conclusions.

Mr. Froude sets forth in his own characteristic manner the advantages of the feudal system: "There is something truly noble in the coherence of society upon principles of fidelity. Men were then held together by oaths, by free acknowledgments, and mutual obligations, entered into by all ranks, high and low, binding servants to their masters, as well as nobles to their kings; and in the beautiful roll of the old language in which the oaths were sworn, we can not choose but see that we have lost something in exchanging these ties for the harsher connecting links of mutual self-interest. Again, in the distribution of the produce of the land, men dealt fairly and justly with each other; and in the material condition of the bulk of the people there is a fair evidence that the system worked efficiently and well." (Vol. i. pp. 18, 19.) We believe that the feudal system and

its much-boasted chivalry, with all its elaborate theory, derive very much the same kind of advantage from their remoteness from ourselves that distance is said to confer upon eastern cities; but, passing this by for the present, we proceed to Mr. Froude's account of wages and prices.

"The state of the working classes can be more certainly determined by a comparison of their wages with the prices of food. Both were fixed by Act of Parliament, and we have therefore data of the clearest kind by which to judge." These prices were as follows: Wheat averaged tenpence the bushel in the fourteenth century, but with excessive fluctuations; beef and pork were a half-penny a pound; mutton was three farthings; strong beer, such as we now buy for eighteen-pence a gallon, (we rather question this statement,) was then a penny a gallon. Rent was indeterminate; but Mr. Froude endeavors to approximate to it by quoting Latimer's well-known account of his father's farm. The whole case under this head is thus summed up:

"I am below the truth, therefore, with this scale of prices, in assuming the penny in terms of a laborer's necessities to have been equal in the reign of Henry VIII. to the present shilling. For a penny, at the time of which I write, the laborer could buy more bread, beef, beer, and wine—he could do more toward finding lodging for himself and his family—than the laborer of the nineteenth century can do for a shilling. I do not see that this admits of question. Turning, then, to the table of wages, it will be easy to ascertain his position. By the third of the sixth of Henry VIII. it was enacted that master carpenters, masons, bricklayers, tilers, plumbers, glaziers, joiners, and other employers of such skilled workmen, should give to each of their journeymen, if no meat or drink was allowed, sixpence a day for half the year, five-pence a day for the other half, or fivepence half-penny for the yearly average; the common laborers were to receive fourpence a day for half the year, for the remaining half threepence; in the harvest months they were allowed to work by the piece, and might earn considerably more; so that, in fact, (and this was the rate at which their wages were usually estimated,) the day-laborer received on an average fourpence a day for the whole year. Nor was he in danger, except by his own fault or by unusual accident, of being thrown out of employ; for he was engaged by contract for not less than a year, and could not be dismissed before his term had expired, unless some gross misconduct could be proved against him before two magistrates. Allowing a deduction of one day in the week

for a saint's day or a holiday, he received, therefore, steadily, and regularly, if well conducted, an equivalent of twenty shillings a week, and a holiday; and this is far from being a full account of his advantages. In most parishes, if not in all, there were large ranges of common and uninclosed forest land, which furnished his fuel to him gratis, where pigs might range, and ducks and geese; where, if he could afford a cow, he was in no danger of being unable to feed it; and so important was this privilege considered, that when the commons began to be largely inclosed, Parliament insisted that the working-man should not be without some piece of ground on which he could employ his own and his family's industry."—Vol. i. pp. 28–25.

We must find space for one more short quotation on the subject of legislative interference with trade, because Mr. Froude has exactly lighted upon the weak point of the system. He says: "The details of trade legislation, it is obvious, could only be determined by persons professionally conversant with those details; and the indispensable condition of success with such legislation is, *that it be conducted under the highest sense of the obligations of honesty*. But already in the twenty-fourth of Henry VIII. we meet with complaints of fraud. The old proverb, '*Quis custodiet custodes?*' had begun to verify itself, and the symptom was a fatal one." It should be added that Mr. Froude does not advocate the adoption of such legislative interference in our own day; but he regards it as a proof that a higher estimate was then taken of the dignity of labor, that workmen were treated as men, not as "hands;" and he considers unquestionably that their prosperity was greater than that of the same class at the present day.

Now it may, we think, at once be granted that ordinary farm-servants in those days were better off than are either Dorsetshire laborers or many others who are now employed upon the land. The condition of this particular class is a foul blot on our civilization; and the greater scarcity of labor, added to the fact that such servants commonly lived in their master's house, would raise their condition far above the poverty of the lowest class of our agricultural laborers. But, assuming Mr. Froude's estimate to be correct, we are sure that very few skilled workmen, *if well conducted*, would be ready to compound for twenty-eight shillings a week, steadily and regularly paid. There are, however, much stronger reasons for ques-

tioning the accuracy of Mr. Froude's estimate either of the general prosperity or of the contentment of the people under such a system of economic legislation.

For, first of all, it may be questioned whether it was successful at any period in our history. The whole narrative of these enactments abounds in reiterated complaints of their evasion or neglect. Human nature has been the same in all ages, and the temptation to act fraudulently in the days of the Plantagenets and the Tudors was as strong as it is under the sway of the House of Brunswick. The misconduct exposed in the twenty-fourth of Henry VIII. was no new thing; nor does the multiplication of difficulties in the reign of Elizabeth prove that the world had grown worse than under the regimen of her predecessors. The object of the Parliament in passing such measures may have been in many instances a laudable one; but even in so important a matter as the tenure of land, and one so fairly subject to regulation, we find that the most stringent statutes were evaded. And the law which forbade the conversion of arable into pasture-land, and the establishment of huge parks, had to be repeated in the reign of Elizabeth, at the special instance of Lord Bacon.

We gather a further hint from Mr. Froude's pages, that the statutes which regulated wages and the price of meat were hardly drawn up with strict impartiality. Both were unpopular. The former was disliked because it prevented laborers from obtaining better terms for themselves, yet it continued in force; the latter was repealed, but prices rose, and never fell again to what they had been. It is significant that of two regulations so nearly affecting their interests, one should have been retained, and the other removed, and both to the disadvantage of the working man. At the very time, too, when the demand for labor is said to have been "analogous to that of Australia or Canada at the present time," we hear complaints about the number of vagrant and sturdy beggars, and severe condemnation of the "abominable sin of idleness, the one hatefullest of offenses in all persons of whatever sex or age."

When all the relations between man and man had been thus strictly laid down in the statute-book, it was necessary, as Mr. Froude observes, that *things should be conducted under the highest sense of the*

obligation of honesty: but we much question whether a high standard of morality and honor was prevalent at this period. Indications are not wanting that the intercourse between superior and dependent was by no means arranged so justly as Mr. Froude would have us believe. It needed the strong arm of a powerful monarch to restrain his more wealthy subjects from oppressing their poorer neighbors; and the calamities which befell the nation under the rule of Henry's son, are a strong argument against "the highest sense of the obligation of honesty" having been widely extended in the days of the father. In one of his sermons, Latimer gives an instance of a perversion of justice which would be impossible in modern times.

"I myself," he says, "did once know where there was a man slain by another man in anger: it was done openly; the man-killer was taken and put in prison. Suit was made to the quest-mongers; for it was a rich man that had done the act. At the length, every man had a crown for his good will: and so this open man-killer was pronounced not guilty. So, they sold their souls unto the devil for five shillings, for which souls Christ suffered death: and I dare pronounce, except they amend and be sorry for their faults, they shall be damned in hell world without end."—*Sermons*, p. 380. Parker Society's Edition.

But not to rely too much upon an individual instance, there are other passages in Latimer's sermons that afford a stronger confirmation of our doubts as to the amicable relation between servant and lord. Does it not seem strange, in the case of a man whose bold denunciations of iniquity had shaken England from end to end, whose uncompromising exposure of Popish superstition had awakened so vehement anger, that it was only the personal protection afforded him by Henry, which saved his body from the flames; does it not seem strange that he should counsel his hearers to yield to the extortion of their masters, to endeavor to conciliate their good-will by timely presents and judicious offerings; to escape the bitterness of being openly despoiled of their goods, by the voluntary presentation of a colt or a calf to the lord, of a fat sucking-pig or a capon to the lady? There was no hesitation on his part to tell the rich and powerful plainly their duty in these matters. He could lay the lash as heartily upon the backs of unjust nobles as on those of unpreaching prelates. It surely must have

been from the sense that he was advising the commons to adopt the course which would most conduce to their advantage, that he employed such language: but it would be quite unintelligible in an age when so high a standard of public morality, as that current among ourselves, was commonly upheld.

But to our own minds a yet stronger proof remains. It is to be seen in the readiness of the people at any time to break out into open rebellion. The clergy were naturally disgusted at the treatment they had experienced, and would use all their influence to foment any rising spirit of insurrection. Monks and friars hurried about the country, stirring up the discontent, and fastening eagerly upon any pretext to excite a rising against the government. Many of the nobles, too, and of the country gentlemen, were on the same side; they inclined to a policy of conservatism, and regarded with undisguised aversion the revolution that was being effected in the Church, whilst in matters of secular policy they were opposed to the administration of Cromwell. Yet all these influences combined would have failed to stir up to open violence a people who were more prosperous than the working classes of the present day. Petitions might be quoted from Mr. Froude's pages, did our space allow, which enumerate the causes of the general disaffection, and set forth in earnest and pathetic language the misery under which the people groaned. When the great rebellion, called the Pilgrimage of Grace, was shaking the foundation of Henry's power, the vast mass of more respectable artisans seem to have sided with the rebels; whilst the Duke of Norfolk was ashamed of the vagabonds and cut-purses that thronged his ranks. We are quite persuaded that this readiness to join in open insurrection is a strong argument against that prosperity in which Mr. Froude so firmly believes.

It had been a grateful task to us to follow Mr. Froude's guidance through many after-scenes of Henry's eventful reign. We would gladly have said something on the suppression of the monasteries, of which we have a most interesting narrative, and one which goes far to disabuse the reader of the argument so often urged, that with all their faults the conventual establishments were regarded with general favor, and that the practical exercise of a liberal charity was held to cover a

multitude of individual faults. On the contrary, the complaints against them were loud and deep. The existence of so large a number of persons in a state of forced celibacy had resulted in grave evils, which had eaten into the heart of the society; and the flagrant scandals which prevailed would have necessitated the destruction of the smaller religious houses, even if the country had still remained in communion with the Papal see. No doubt cases of hardship occurred, where "religious men" who had faithfully fulfilled their calling were cast adrift, to the discomfiture of those to whose wants they had ministered, and whose sorrows they had soothed. No doubt, too, in the general disaffection that bore fruit in subsequent rebellions, the wrongs of the monasteries were put forward: when they had ceased to exist, the evils which they had generated were forgotten, whilst their advantages were missed, and retained in memory. The country gentleman, who had not obtained a grant of the abbey lands, loudly bewailed the fate of the abbot, who had been his personal friend, "the trustee of his children, and the executor of his will," and of the monks who would have taught his boys to read. But the Act which passed for their suppression was clearly the result of an impartial condemnation, "and the judicial sentence was pronounced at last in a spirit as rational as ever animated the English legislature."

From the period of Henry's final rupture with the Papacy, his kingdom was exposed to a series of dangers which it required no ordinary wisdom to overcome. Rent asunder as it was by treason and faction at home, almost always on terms of concealed hostility or open war with the neighboring kingdom of Scotland, and with Ireland in a state of chronic rebellion, which it seemed hopeless either to conciliate or subdue, it needed the highest caution so to manage the relations of England with the European powers, that no hostile army should give to any of the above-named opponents a weight which might have rendered it irresistible. Through what intricate shallows and over what sunken rocks the vessel was guided may be seen in Mr. Froude's narrative; and this branch of it involves an elaborate examination into the behavior of Cardinal Pole, which must irretrievably cut the ground from

under the apologies that have been advanced by Papal writers in his behalf. In open treason against the sovereign to whom he owed his education, who had nurtured him with a strong affection, and whose cause in the divorce of Catherine he had undertaken to promote, Pole endeavored to unite the sovereigns of Europe in a common crusade against Henry, and openly avowed that the Sultan himself was less culpable than the arch-heretic who now disgraced the English throne. To his calumnious pen may be traced most of those misstatements which Mr. Froude has detected and exposed: nor can we fancy that Romish authors will venture from henceforth to defend him on any other ground than that of being so devoted a servant to the Papacy, that he deemed any action justifiable which might promote its interest.

There are other telling episodes in Mr. Froude's narrative over which we would gladly have lingered. The trials and executions of More and Fisher, the strange conspiracy of the Men of Kent, the sufferings of the Catholic martyrs, the treason and rebellion of Kildare, the History of the Six Articles, of Essex's rebellion, the divorce of Anne of Cleves and the consequent fall of Cromwell, the adultery and condemnation of Catherine Howard, the French invasion of England, and the English wars in France and Scotland, each open up a separate vista abounding in matter of interest, and worthy of being discussed at greater length than we can possibly devote to their consideration. It would, indeed, be hard to find in the annals of English history a reign more replete with interesting topics than the period during which Henry VIII. occupied the throne; whilst the manner in which Mr. Froude handles each subject as it comes under his notice, gives it an additional zest, and carries the reader on with untiring satisfaction. Even when we differ from his conclusions, we can not fail to admire the manner in which they are set forth, the broad, manly style in which the sentences are cast, and the vigorous, healthy thought by which the volumes are pervaded.

Very amusing are the glimpses afforded us occasionally of the inner life of three centuries ago. Some of these are grouped together in the third volume under the head of *Illustrative Sketches*, whilst others are dispersed throughout

the narrative, and give it a vivid coloring. In one of these we are introduced to a Sunday at Windsor, where Latimer had been recently appointed one of the royal chaplains, and preached a sermon, much to the taste of the King, and greatly to the displeasure of swarms of doctors and friars. In another, we see four young fellows riding across country by night to burn the old wooden "rood of Dovercourt," and paying with their lives the penalty of an act which, a few years later, will be repeated amidst general applause. We are admitted to the private cell of the prior of the Carthusians; to scenes in the parish church at Woodstock, and the Lady Chapel at Worcester; and to the pew of two maiden ladies in the parish church of Langham, where the maidens were called by unmaidenly names for venturing "to read their matins together upon an *English primer*," and a commotion was excited against them for so harmless an act by a fellow fittingly named Master Vigorous. Perhaps the following incident may be thought of deeper interest, as illustrating the reception which the English Bible met with in country parishes:

"A circle of Protestants at Wincanton, in Somersetshire, wrote to Cromwell complaining of the curate, who would not teach them nor preach to them, 'but gave his time and attention to dicing, carding, bowling, and the cross-waster.' In their desire for spiritual food they applied to the rector of the next parish, who had come occasionally and given them a sermon, and had taught them to read the New Testament; when suddenly on Good Friday 'the unthrifty curate entered the pulpit where he had set no foot for years, and admonished his parishioners to give no credence to the new-fangled fellows which read the new books.' 'They be like knaves and Pharisees,' he said; 'they be like a dog that gnaweth a marrow-bone and never cometh to the pith, therefore avoid their company; and if any man will preach the New Testament, if I may hear him, I am ready to fight with him incontinent;' 'and indeed,' added the petitioners, 'he applyeth in such wise his school of fence so sore continually, that he feareth all his parishioners.'"—Vol. iii. pp. 237, 238.

In one respect Mr. Froude signally resembles the monarch whose reign he has so well described; and it is impossible to read his narrative without being struck with his admiration for bold and manly character. Wolsey, Cromwell, Aske, Latimer, and to a certain extent Reginald Pole, are allowed to share the respect

which Henry's uncompromising vigor has inspired in the writer's breast. And it is exactly the same principle of judgment which leads him to be somewhat less than just in his estimate of Cranmer and of Sir Thomas More. We are the more surprised at this low estimate of Cranmer, because there were many qualities in the man that are calculated to call forth regard. No doubt Cranmer thoroughly knew and feared his master, and his temporizing disposition enabled him to bend before the rising storms of passion; and he was thus permitted to fill a post to which he might have been thought to be hardly equal. But, in the long list of criminal trials which darkened Henry's reign, it was rarely that the Archbishop's voice was not raised on the side of mercy; and none but he ventured to intercede for Anne Boleyn or for Cromwell in the hour of their distress. That Henry appreciated Cranmer's worth, the well-known story of his deliverance from the plot which Gardiner had contrived for his ruin is a sufficient evidence. Few characters, we think, have received such scant justice as has that of Cranmer in modern times.

The vigor of Henry's administration reached to a terrible height as years rolled on, and stamped his whole reign with features which Mr. Froude has hardly, we think, sufficiently pondered. It was a reign of blood. From the fall of Wolsey to the King's death, the stream of human blood flowed down, gathering strength and velocity in its onward course. More, Fisher, Dacre, Aske, Cromwell, Exeter, Grey, Surrey, Anne Boleyn, Catherine Howard, the Countess of Salisbury, and a host of others, all perished before the same fell accusation of treason. We are not ignorant that each of these cases must be judged upon its individual merits; and Mr. Froude has labored, and in many instances successfully, to show that the sufferers deserved to die. We have already given some examples, in which we deem his vindication to be complete; but the great fact stands out in letters that can not be obliterated, that the same fatal destiny impended over friends and foes equally in this terrible epoch. To oppose the King or to serve him led to the same deadly issue, and one block awaited the insurgent whose open rebellion had been crushed, and the long-trusted servant whose policy had become distasteful.

So long as these facts stand out in bold

relief, without fuller shading to modify the effect than that which is supplied in these four volumes, we think it hopeless to anticipate a favorable verdict upon Henry's character. Of all the executions that marked this reign none seems to us less excusable than that of Cromwell. Let it be granted for the moment that he could be technically or fairly brought within the purport of the law against high treason: was no consideration due to the long-trying fidelity of an able minister, whose capacity had safely carried the kingdom through the most critical period in its history? Are past services, performed in a full sense of the responsibility which they involved, and the honest advocacy of measures whose advantage might be questioned by opponents, but whose peril to their promoter was undoubted, and whose issues had been signally successful, to have no weight against the errors that were laid to his charge? Granted that the law knows nothing of set-off, yet the King's prerogative to pardon was unquestioned, and often had Cromwell invoked its exercise on behalf of those who were far less deserving of mercy.

But Mr. Froude has unfolded the whole truth in a passing sentence. "With Henry," he says, "guilt was ever in proportion to rank: he was never known to pardon a convicted traitor of noble blood." Herein lies the essence of the stigma which will ever attach to Henry's name. In a period of transition, when the world was rocking to and fro, and men were floundering on dangerously to an unknown haven—when the minds of men were so unsettled that the difficulty of choosing a right course must have been greatly aggravated—when, in the indecision consequent upon such a state of affairs, the King himself was inconsistent, and swayed alternately to the progressive and retrograde parties in the nation—when the weakness of our poor human nature was more sorely tried than in any subsequent period of English story—one man sat aloof from all others, wielding an almost despotic power. It was not his fault that the crisis of opinion reached its height in his own time. It was not his fault that the condition of the nation demanded an intricate policy. We would not even assign it as his fault that he began by persecuting what he afterward accepted, or that he failed to understand the

principles of tolerance, which alone were consistent with his changed position. But it was and ever will be his crime, that, consistent in his inconsistency, as a man he had no pity, as a monarch he had no mercy; and the blood shed under all the forms of justice still cries out against him from the ground.

There is one grand lesson clearly written upon the transactions of this reign, a lesson which we wonder Mr. Froude has not set forth in the forcible language which he can employ with such striking felicity. In the strange events which finally led to the reformation of religion in this country—in the course forced most inevitably upon a reluctant monarch, who desired to break neither with

Rome nor Germany—alike in the grand tendency of events in their combination and in the minor incidents which marked their progress—in the foreign policy of Francis, which compelled Henry to conciliate the Lutheran princes, and in the so-called accident by which the courier was detained at the crisis of an arrangement between Henry and Paul III.—in all these we may clearly trace the guidance of an overruling Hand. In all the *puissance* of his power, Henry VIII. was but a creature in the hand of the Lord God of Hosts, who ruled the nations then as now according to the counsel of his own will, and to whose Providence we owe the inestimable blessing of an open Bible and a pure creed.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

DUELING IN MODERN TIMES.*

DUELING, so rife in France in the middle ages, was little less so in Great Britain. Edmund II. and Canute had set their subjects the example. The judicial combat is said to have been upheld in this country longer than any other. Nothing could exceed the ferocity exhibited at the encounter of William Count of Eu and of Godefroy Baynard, in 1096, in presence of William II. The Earl of Essex, defeated in a judicial combat by Robert of Montfort, in 1163, withdrew to the monastery at Reading. In a judicial combat, held at Dublin in 1583, one of the combatants, M'Gill Patrick, cut his opponent's (M'Cormack's) head off, and laid it at the feet of the judges. It was in vain that the Star Chamber fulminated its decrees against dueling in the seventeenth century; the fashion was rampant, and the practice of almost daily occurrence. The Puritans first set the example of disregard of the accepted laws of honor. Lord

Holles insulted Ireton to no purpose. He even pulled his nose, exposing to him that his conscience should know no wrong, if, having committed such, he should decline to give satisfaction for it. Cromwell's edicts did not prevent the Dukes of Buckingham and Beaufort fighting in a gravel-pit in Hyde Park.

The quarrels of Walpole, Pulteney, and Bolingbroke paved the way for those numerous and disastrous duels which had their foundation in political differences. There was a brief epoch connected with the stage—that of Quin, Garrick, and Macklin—peculiarly characterized by irascibility of temper and turbulence of disposition. Macklin caused the death of Hallam, it is said, by a poke, rather than a blow, with his stick. Pistols, canes, and fists were alternately had recourse to by these choleric Thespians.

The parliamentary debates of 1778 to 1780 were especially violent. Mr. Adam challenged Fox, and wounded him slightly. Pitt had to meet Tierney, and Lord Castlereagh wounded Canning.

A peculiarly melancholy event occurred

* *Histoire Anecdotique du Duel dans tous les Temps et dans tous les Pays.* Par EMILE COLOMBERT. Collection Hertz. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères.

at Armagh, on the twenty-third of June, 1808. The twenty-first had been reviewed by General Kerr, when, after dinner, a trifling discussion arose between Captains Boyd and Campbell regarding some incident of the day, which led to words. The two gentlemen left the mess-room, and shortly afterward the sound of pistols was heard in an adjacent apartment. Rushing in, Boyd was found in a chair, mortally wounded. They had fought without witnesses, and by the light of two candles, stuck at each end of the room. Campbell took refuge for some time at Chelsea, but he soon gave himself up, and was hung (after in vain begging to be shot) at Armagh, in 1809. So much for a foolish, hasty word after dinner, and the neglect of those present to ward off evil consequences.

O'Connell having shot D'Esterre, who had undertaken to avenge the Dublin municipality, designated as "beggary" by the great agitator, he took a vow to fight no more; but as he continued to indulge in personalities just as much, his sons had to appear for him, till, after the cases of Lord Alvanley and Mr. Disraeli, they were bound over in heavy penalties to keep the peace. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel may be both said, by their acts, to have lent their countenance to the practice of dueling as capable of avenging the insults of a political opponent. It is to be hoped that men will grow wiser in their time.

Lord Castlereagh's affair at Wormholt Scrubbs with M. Gérard de Melcy, originating in the young nobleman having written a foolish letter to Madame de Melcy, better known as Giulia Grisi, was altogether an absurd and stupid affair, which luckily terminated in a slight wound inflicted upon the enamoured viscount. The Cardigan, Reynolds, and Tuckey affair was scarcely more creditable to the parties concerned; but, so long as it is supposed that certain affronts can only be washed out by blood, Reynolds had no other alternative than to act as he did. Lord Cardigan had great good luck in the affair; he shot Harvey Tuckey, and did not even receive a reprimand, whilst Reynolds was deprived of his commission. It was, however, a complicated question, in which military discipline, personal pique, and irregularity of conduct were all concerned; but the spirit of justice would seem to demand that insult should

not be given where there is neither the will nor the power to give satisfaction, or the law should protect the person from such by making insults punishable, and that severely so. Some men would not then forget themselves so easily. Imagine Kelly, the father, loading his son's pistol when about to fight Lynch at Ballinasloe! Such an act was worthy of the worst times of the *Pré aux Clercs*.

This allusion reminds us of incidents of duel connected with those turbulent times when parish municipalities' processions, with their banners, and even the choristers of one church would fight against the choir of another. Richelieu had the misfortune to send the wrong notes, one addressed to the Marchioness of Nesle, the other to the Countess de Polignac. The *contretemps* opened the eyes of both ladies, and a meeting in the Bois de Boulogne was the result.

"You may fire the first," said the Countess, "and do not miss me, for I shall not miss you."

Madame de Nesle took aim, and cut a twig off a tree.

"Anger makes the hand shake," added Madame de Polignac, with the coolness of an accomplished duelist. And taking sight in her turn, she carried off the tip of Madame de Nesle's ear. The Marchioness fell as if killed on the spot.

Ney, as a young man, was about to fight a duel, when he felt himself pulled by his pigtail. It was his colonel, who had him removed to a dungeon. No sooner out of durance, however, than the future marshal had his fight out. His antagonist was a *maitre-d'armes*, and, like most of his class, a bully, who kept the whole garrison in hot water. Ney cut his right wrist, and disabled him for life. When he had risen to be a general officer, he was, however, considerate enough to grant the nuisance a pension.

An officer of the French Guard having received a slap on the face, stuck an immense piece of plaster, as large as the palm of his hand, on the spot, and then challenged the officer who had insulted him. A short walk of a few minutes' duration cost the officer a wound which laid him two months in bed. His antagonist took a pair of scissors from his pocket, and quietly cut a circle from off the black patch.

No sooner had the wounded man regained his health, than his servant an-

nounced a visitor with a black patch. He had to take another walk, and received a second wound. Another circumference was cut out of the black patch, and the proceeding was renewed till it was reduced to a mere speck.

"I have finished with my plaster," said the officer, on going out for the last time, "and now you shall be relieved from further persecution." And he killed him on the spot. The black speck was, we suppose, the concentrated point of honor.

The Duke of Brissac adopted a strange but successful device in putting down dueling in his regiment. He pretended to countenance the proceeding, but requested that his officers, before fighting, which they did almost every day, would report the circumstance to him. They agreed to this joyfully. Next day two made their appearance. The Duke inquired the cause of quarrel. As usual, it was a mere matter of foolish contradiction. "Certainly it is worth while fighting for such a matter," observed the Duke. And he gave them their congé. Next morning, at parade, the two officers were present. "What!" said the Duke; "the affair had no results, then?" "Excuse me, Colonel," said one, holding up his arm in a scarf, "I received a sword-wound." "Pooh! a scratch. And a question of etiquette, too! You must fight it out." So the officers had to fight again, and one of them received a wound that kept him confined three weeks to his bed. In the interval, several others applied for permission to fight, but the Duke would not grant it; they must wait, he said, till the first quarrel was settled. One day he met the wounded officer taking fresh air, and leaning on the arm of a friend. "What!" he said, "on foot again? Capital! Tomorrow you can fight again, and let this affair be finished with." The two officers met again, and both fell dead. The Duke then summoned before him those who had requested permission to fight, and he said he would grant them their wish, but it must be to only two at a time, and in each case he was determined to see the quarrel settled as in the instance that had just occurred. The lesson had its effect. The Duke received no more requests for permission to fight.

M. de Marcellus was a pious man. Being grossly insulted, he appealed to Richelieu, saying that some one had spat in his face.

"Go and wash yourself," simply observed the indignant minister. But the matter did not stop there. M. de Marcellus was elected one of the notables in 1768, and he found that no one would sit near him. He had not the courage to remain firm to his religious principles; he felt that he must wash off the affront in blood, and he challenged one of the deputies, only to be slain on the spot.

The Chevalier Saint-Georges, who was a half-caste, is said never to have met with any one who had a chance with him till he encountered that strange character, the Chevalier d'Eon, in London. The latter obtained an advantage over the Creole, having touched him seven times at a public "assaut d'armes."

Under the Assemblée Nationale a battalion of chasseurs took an oath to consider every attack made upon the patriotic members as a personal insult. Boyer, on his side, organized a kind of guard, who were designated as the "bataillon des spadassincides." The Revolution deified Reason and legalized spadassincide. But it soon found other cats to whip than duelists, and combats of man to man disappeared in the *melée* that followed, till the Empire arose, when all Frenchmen, being turned into soldiers, the entractes of war were filled up with duels. Officers fought merely to keep their hands in, and that in face of the fact that Napoleon held duelists in the greatest contempt. He punished General Destaing for having killed General Reynier in a duel. If duels were common under the Empire, there were few that presented any thing worthy of record. One of the most curious was one that had lasted nineteen years. It had its origin at Strasbourg. A captain of hussars, Fournier by name, and a "bretteur forcené," killed, under the most frivolous pretext, a youth of the name of Blumm, who was the only support of a family. The evening that Blumm was buried, General Moreau gave a ball, and he gave instructions to his aid-de-camp, Dupont, to refuse admission to Fournier. The latter, irritated, challenged the aid-de-camp for carrying out his general's orders, but luckily the latter came off best, and wounded the bully. But a month having elapsed, Fournier had so far recovered as to be able to call Dupont out again, and this time it was the latter's turn to be placed *hors de combat*. Being about to meet a third time, Fournier,

who used to amuse himself by knocking the pipes out of his brother officers' mouths when riding by, proposed pistols. But to this Dupont naturally declined to accede, and they fought once more with swords, both being slightly wounded. The two antagonists became generals without having ceased to fight whenever an occasion presented itself. One night Dupont arrived at a village in the Grisons, so poor that there was not an inn in the place. There was only a light in one lone hut. Dupont opened the door, and found himself face to face with Fournier.

"What you!" he said, gayly. "Well, then, we must have a bout with the sword."

And so saying, they set to work, conversing all the time. At length Dupont pierced Fournier's neck, and held him pinned against the wall at arm's length.

"Come, now," he remarked, "you must acknowledge that you did not anticipate that trick."

"Oh! I know one quite as good as that. When you are obliged to let go, I will give you one in the abdomen that will give your bowels fresh air."

"Thank you; but I shan't let go. I shall pass the night in this position."

"A pleasant perspective! Do you know that I am not at all at my ease?"

"Let go your sword, then, and I will let you go."

"No, not till I have disemboweled you."

Luckily the noise brought some officers in, who separated these inveterate enemies.

But after a lapse of time, Dupont wished to marry. This he could not very well do, so long as Fournier was alive. So he went to Paris to find him out.

"Aha! you here?" said Fournier. "We shall have another little bout, then."

"Yes," replied Dupont; "but listen to me for a moment first. I want to get married, but to do so I must get rid of you. So this time we will fight with pistols."

"What! are you mad?" said Fournier, astonished.

"No. I know your skill, but I propose to equalize the combat. There is a little wood near Neuilly. I propose that we go there, and that, after getting out of sight of one another, we shall track each other at our convenience."

"Agreed to. But don't think about

marriage, for I promise you you shall die a bachelor."

On the day appointed Fournier and Dupont entered the wood. Each advanced stealthily through the thicket, till their eyes met in the foliage. Each at the same moment rushed behind a tree. The position was a delicate one. Dupont passed the tail of his coat beyond the trunk. It was struck in a moment by a ball that whistled by.

"So much for one," said the General.

A few moments more elapsed, when, holding his pistol pointed with his left hand, as if about to fire, he pushed his hat out with the right. It was struck in a second.

"That is the last," said Dupont; and he walked, pistol in hand, right upon Fournier. "Your life belongs to me," he said, "but I will not take it."

"Just as you like," replied the hussar.

"Only remember this, I preserve the rights which I suspend to-day. And if ever you cross my path, I will shoot you like a dog."

And thus ended the long succession of duels, which altogether had been carried on for nineteen years.

Two generals of the Empire managed to fight six out of the hundred days of the Emperor's return. General d'Ornano was going to the Tuileries, when he met General Bouet, with whom he had had some slight misunderstanding. He, however, saluted him, but Bouet did not return it. Whereupon he turned back, and, addressing him, said:

"General, was it by mistake that you did not return my salute, or was it intentional?"

"It was not by mistake."

The next morning, without further explanation, the two generals exchanged balls. This was repeated for six days, till General Ornano received a ball, which perhaps prevented his being killed at Waterloo, and obliged him to use crutches for two years afterward. General Bouet was hit at the same time, but his life was saved by a five-franc piece that lay accidentally in his waistcoat-pocket. Money and watches have saved several lives in duels.

At the Restoration, scarcely a day passed without a meeting between Royalists and Imperialists. The insults chiefly took place beneath the wooden gallery (now the glass gallery) of the Palais

Royal, where a tread on the toes, or a push with the elbow, sufficed. An old Imperialist fire-eater, a certain Colonel Dufai, thus took in hand one day a youth of herculean frame, Raoul by name, who wore the uniform of the Royal Guard; but, barely eighteen years of age, he was but little practiced in the use of arms. The parties merely adjourned to a street close by, that led upon the Louvre, and the combat began, but so great was the inequality of the parties, Colonel Dufai having disarmed his antagonist several times, that, to bring an impossible combat to a conclusion, he made the extraordinary proposition that they should be tied to one another with the exception of the right hand, in which should be a dagger, and that they should be thus placed in a hackney-coach with orders to drive twice round the place of the Carrousel. Two of the witnesses drove the vehicle, two others got up behind. First one cry of agony was heard, then another, and all was silent.

The accomplices drove the hack-horses furiously round the square. Two turns accomplished, they rushed to the carriage-doors. All was perfectly quiet within, and the two bodies lay still tied together in a pool of blood. Dufai, however, recovered. His adversary had struck him four times in the breast, and torn his face and chin with his teeth!

But such a horrible encounter did not cure him of his ruffianly propensities. His next victim was Colonel de Saint-Morys, of the Gardes du Corps; and he also wounded General Viscount de Montélégier grievously. At length, the police got hold of him on account of a pamphlet he had published. Condemned to a month's imprisonment, he was so roughly treated that he became violent; he was then thrown down, put in a strait jacket, and tied by the neck and feet like a madman, or a wild animal, as he was.

There have been literary as well as military bullies. Martainville used to arrogate to himself the right of insulting people in his journal, and that of killing them if they ventured to complain. This gave, however, a chance to the complainant, and was therefore, perhaps, preferable to the system pursued by certain hebdomadals in our own times of doing an author an injury, and if he complains, reserving to themselves the right of adding insult to it. Benjamin Constant, who

like M. de Montlosier, used to discuss the right of the conquering and of the conquered with sword as well as pen in hand, was called out by a zealous Royalist, Forbin des Issarts, at a time when he was so unwell that it was agreed to fight with pistols seated in arm-chairs. The two deputies aimed so dexterously that they did not even hit the chairs.

It is not altogether a safe thing to tread upon the ground of duelists still living, or both Great Britain and America would furnish us with some curious types. We shall content ourselves with extracts from M. Emile Colombery's *Histoire Anecdote du Duel*, and that gentleman throws the responsibility for modern instances back (except when otherwise indicated) upon M. de Campigneulles, author of a *History of Ancient and Modern Duels*. This explanation will attest what a lively sense we have of the unpleasantness of being tied to a man armed with a dagger in a hackney-coach, or let loose in a thick covert or a dark room with a man boiling over with murderous intent, whether armed with a revolver or a bowie-knife. Mr. Robert Bell and Lord Tullamore, for example, are said to have had words at the Kildare-street Club, in March, 1845. A meeting being appointed for five o'clock the ensuing morning in Phenix Park, Mr. Bell and his second arrived there at the time agreed upon, and were followed by a close carriage, from which, instead of the opponent and his friend, issued two police-officers. Lord Tullamore and his friend Captain Lindsay had been arrested on issuing forth from the club on the same morning. Among the exceptions indicated as not derived from M. de Campigneulles are such indiscreet writers as M. Véron, who tells a tale of M. Thiers engaging himself, before coming up to Paris, to some village beauty, and having in consequence to fight a ridiculous duel with a justly indignant parent. The ball in fact, passed between the legs of the future minister and historian, and many were the jokes at his expense. General Gourgaud called out Count Philip of Ségur, for certain passages in the latter's well-known *History of the Campaign of Russia*, but nothing came of it. The ex-aid-de-camp and author were not animated with the same demoniacal fury that induced two officers, after wounding one another in single combat, to lie down and

finish the affair on a mattress! M. Beau-poil de Sainte-Aulaire had to fight two duels, for a squib entitled, "Oraison Funèbre du Duc de Feltré." He got safe through the first, which was with the son of the deceased, but was killed in the second by a cousin—M. de Pierrebourg. No sympathy was expressed at his fate by his literary cotemporaries, for he was sent out of the world with all the requisite formalities!

The Court of Appeal decided in four cases of homicide by duel—in one of which, that of Roqueplane and Durré, the first had fired in the air, and the second insisted he should fire at him, which he did, and missed him, whereupon Durré shot his antagonist died—that in all duels there is previous agreement, a common intention, reciprocity and simultaneity of attack and defense, and such a combat, when it takes place with equal chances on one side as the other, without disloyalty or perfidy, does not come within the cases provided for by the law. But in the case of Triens, who had killed his antagonist at six paces, he was condemned, as having been the provoker, and having fired the first, and that at a distance at which he was sure of hitting. In another instance, a verdict was given because one of the parties had aimed too long a time. As to Durré, he was also punished for having killed his antagonist at a time when he no longer ran any danger.

A distinguished and well-known notary of Paris, while breakfasting at the Café de Foy, indulged in some loud animadversions upon Marshal Marmont's conduct at Essonne.

"Sir, you shall give me satisfaction," said suddenly another consommateur present, and who hastily approached the table with his moustaches erect in anger.

"Are you Marshal Marmont?" quietly inquired the notary.

"I have not that honor; but I am his aid-de-camp."

"Give me your card then, sir; I will send you my head-clerk."

Jules Janin declares that nothing succeeded in life with M. Mira after he had slain—albeit "with all the formalities"—the young poet Dovalle in a duel. He lost his situation, lost his fortune, and dragged an amiable young woman with him down into the dregs of poverty and obscurity. Jules Janin also relates a story of a young man of the name of Sig-

nol, who began his literary career by a successful piece at the Porte St. Marin. Unfortunately he had a bad temper. Being at the Italian Opera, he took a seat vacated between acts, but which was shortly afterward claimed by a young man who happened to be the officer on duty that night, and who asked for his seat with perfect politeness. Signor, however, not only refused to give up the seat, but struck the officer, which done, he went away, leaving his card. The officer sent his report at night. "Nothing new, but the officer on duty received a slap in the face." The colonel wrote on the margin of the report: "I give the officer on duty congé for to-morrow." Next day a carriage appeared at M. Signol's door to convey him to Vincennes. M. Signol was a practiced swordsman; it was the first time that the young man who had been insulted had been engaged in single combat. Yet the struggle was not of long duration. In a few minutes Signol received his antagonist's sword right in the heart.

The revolution of 1830 was, at the time, generally discussed with a pistol or a sword in the hand. Eugène Briffault, of the *Corsaire*, opened the ball, on the occasion of the arrest of the Duchess of Berri, with a Royalist, but got a wound for his pains. This was followed by a general rising of the Legitimist party against the Republicans. Godefroi Cavaignac, Marrast, and Garderin took the lead in challenging the opposite party. Armand Carrel and Roux-Laborie were, however, the first to meet. Roux-Laborie received two sword-wounds in the arm, but Armand Carrel was struck in the abdomen when stretching out. The whole of the Liberal party expressed their sympathy, nor was the effervescence cooled down till their hero got better.

General Bugeaud and Dulong also fought on the question of the Duchess of Berri, when the latter received a ball just above the left eye, after which he never spoke a word. The Marquis of Dalmatia and M. de Briquerville, wearied with an ineffectual struggle with swords, were separated by their seconds when about to seize one another by the throat. M. Louis Veuillot, when taking his first flights in the art of apostrophizing people, had to fight two duels: one with an actor, the other with the editor of a republican paper, the *Journal de Rouen*.

Mery practiced a piece of consummate mysticism upon the Marseillais. A sarcophagus having been discovered near the city of the Phocéans, a letter appeared upon the subject in the *Messenger*, signed Marcredati. It was replied to in the *Mistral* by another archæologist, by name Biffi. The correspondence grew so animated that the police were put on the look-out; but notwithstanding their precautions, a funeral oration on Marcredati appeared in the *Messenger*, signed Neroni. The affair created a great sensation, and a monument was erected to the memory of the fallen archæologist. Mery laughed in his sleeve, for he was Marcredati, Biffi, and Neroni, all in one.

Imagine what were the delights of editorial responsibility when such a person was so certain of receiving a challenge for every manuscript returned, that at length he had to stereotype his answer:

"Sir, I have read your manuscript with the greatest attention, and I beg to decline it. I leave the choice of arms with you."

Marshal Soult being insulted by General Hulot, who had been placed on half-pay, the former said to him:

"General, you forget yourself. You forget also, that I only fight with cannon-balls."

M. Véron has had the misfortune all his life of being the target of one publication or another. He fought the responsible editor of one journal in the presence of eight witnesses, four on each side; and then the editor of the *Dandy*, with only one witness each. M. Raspail, who openly expressed the most supreme contempt for duelists, allowed himself to be exasperated into accepting a challenge. M. Gisquet, prefect of the police, challenged the editor of the *Courier* for having designated one of his official acts as imbecile. A public man would have enough to do in this country if he had to fight every man with a pen in his hands who designated his acts or sayings as stupid. Armand Carrel was one of the seconds, and the matter was quietly arranged. After the "Tour de Nesle" had been played for two years, M. Gaillardet claimed a demipaternity. M. Alexandre Dumas declared that he was the only father. A meeting was the result, which ended, we believe, in a déjeuner. The court however, decided that the bantling had two parents.

M. Mary-Lafon was bathing in the

Marno one day, a Mr. M. G. near him. The latter suddenly disappeared. M. Lafon dived after him and brought him up again. Restored to his senses, the delivered overwhelmed his deliverer with expressions of gratitude. M. Lafon, to get rid of such excessive demonstration, proposed an adjournment to a house of refreshment. But this only made matters worse. M. G. called him his father and his saviour, and persisted in publicly embracing him. Lafon, annoyed beyond bearing, threw a plate of strawberries at M. G., who retorted with a water decanter. A meeting was the consequence. After a first harmless discharge of pistols, M. Lafon inquired if the other would persist in his filial demonstrativeness.

"O mon père!" was the only reply.

"Load the pistols again, then," said Lafon. Another fire was exchanged with the same happy results.

"O mon père!" exclaimed the incurable M. G., as he rushed over the interval that separated the combatants, and threw himself into the arms of M. Lafon. There was no resisting such an energy of gratitude. The combat was obliged to be postponed *sine die*.

M. Louis Veuillot fought his third duel the same year. That was in 1834. Two shots were exchanged, but without any untoward results.

Villemot, in his *Vie à Paris*, relates an anecdote of a certain Legitimist bully, Choquart by name, who is said to have been subsidized by the Count de Chambord. He had gone to provoke a certain contractor to fight a duel at a time when the person in question was engaged in pumping water. He took the bully under his arm and pumped upon him.

"Can you imagine such a rascal?" Choquart would say. "I went as a gentleman to propose an affair of honor, and he pumped upon me!"

"But the wretch!" some one would venture to observe, "did he pump a long time?"

"For a quarter of an hour, sir, and I could not move. The rascal was as strong as an Auvergnat."

This man—it is to be hoped the last of his order—was always getting into ridiculous positions. "After you, sir, with the *Quotidienne*," he would say, going into a café. "I beg your pardon," the other would reply, "it is the *Constitutionnel* that I am reading." "I suppose you

mean to say I have told a lie?" the bully would retort, seeking a quarrel. Or he would say: "Sir, you are looking at me in an impertinent manner." "I, sir? I did not even notice you." "Then you mean to say I lie?"

Being at a masked ball one carnival, Choquart got into a quarrel with a Turk. Cards were exchanged. Next morning, our bretteur called, and found that his opponent was a linen-draper.

"Monsieur Ballu!" shouted out the duelist, walking into the shop.

A young and pretty wife presented herself: "At your service, sir!"

"My name is Choquart. I come to settle an affair."

"My husband is ill, sir. He has been attacked with spitting of blood. The doctors say he can not live six months."

"Well, madame," said Choquart, "I am a good fellow. I will call again in six months, and if he has deceived me, beware!"

The six months elapsed, Choquart presented himself, accompanied by Villemot, the narrator of the scene. M. Ballu was busy in his shop, in excellent health.

"Just so," said M. Choquart; "I expected as much. You have been laughing at me."

"Monsieur Choquart," exclaimed the draper, a little embarrassed, "I assure you I have been very ill. But I will never play the Turk again. You must really forget the past. It was carnival time."

"Not quite so quick, if you please," said Choquart. "You propose an apology. It must be in form."

"I really know nothing about forms, but I have a leg of mutton with haricots, and if you and your friend will do me the honor to dine with me, I shall be delighted, and so will my wife. Aglaë dear!" Aglaë not coming at the moment, the draper continued: "And I have some Madeira, M. Choquart; I should like to have your opinion about it."

"You have Madeira!" exclaimed Choquart, losing all command of himself. "You have no such thing. I only drank one glass of Madeira in my life, and that was at the Tuileries."

"Dame," said the merchant, terrified, "if I have no Madeira, I have a leg of mutton with haricots. Will you come and see it?"

Choquart allowed himself to be soften-

ed: "A leg of mutton, perhaps, but no jack!" he muttered.

"Yes, and an authentic jack," continued the draper. "Walk this way."

Choquart enjoyed his mutton, did not even pull faces at his sham Madeira, and made himself so far agreeable as to make the blood of his host and hostess run-cold at the narrative of his dueling exploits.

At a supper of well-known characters, among whom were Bouffé, Eugène Briffaut, Armand Marrast, Villemot, and others, one Mouton had the misfortune to speak of Charles X. as a "vieux cornichon." Choquart insisted upon immediate chastisement, but at this moment he remembered that he owed Mouton five francs. "What a pity," he exclaimed, "I can not thrash him till I have paid him his five francs! Who will lend me five francs?" Naturally, every one declined for such a purpose. Bouffé, to keep the joke up, persuaded Mouton that he would never be safe until he had lent Choquart a hundred francs, which the latter never would be able to pay. Choquart took the money, saying: "It is the same thing; when I get my allowance I shall pay you, and you shall have your beating." But Choquart never came up to this fabulous disbursement. Latterly his greatest passions could be assuaged by the offer of a "petit verre!"

Of all the duels of recent times in Paris, none created so great a sensation as that of Emile de Girardin and Armand Carrel. The affair had its origin simply in the fact that the former had started a paper at forty francs a year. The combatants were placed at forty paces, with liberty to approach within twenty. Armand Carrel fired after advancing ten. M. de Girardin had only advanced three or four, when he fired, and both pistols went off at the same time.

"I am hit in the thigh," exclaimed M. de Girardin.

"And I in the groin," said Carrel.

He had strength, however, to take a seat. As he was carried by his friends past the editor of the *Presse*, "Do you suffer much, Monsieur de Girardin," he inquired.

"I only hope you do not suffer more than I do," was the reply.

The death of Armand Carrel produced an intense sensation, and has done much to diminish the passion for dueling on the

Continent. M. Emile de Girardin was besieged with applications from persons anxious to revenge the publicist, but he placed the matter in the hands of his friends, who wisely declared that after so sad a catastrophe, he, M. de Girardin, was not bound to accept of further challenges on the same account.

In 1841, M. Granier de Cassagnac was fined a hundred francs and expenses for inflicting a pistol-wound, in a duel, upon M. Lacrosse, now a senator. The Marquis de Calvière and the Duke d'Uzès received each a sword-wound in a duel brought about by the one calling the other a Pritchardist, when that sad affair was at its height.

In the affair Dujarier and Beauvallon, in reality that of the *Globe* against the *Presse*, and in which the former lost his life, Beauvallon was tried and acquitted; but it having been proved that Beauvallon and M. d'Ecquevilly had declared that the pistols had not been tried, whereas M. Arthur Bertrand showed that Dujarier's pistol had been recently discharged before the duel took place, the one was condemned to ten, and the other to eight years' imprisonment. Strange inconsistency of the law upon dueling! It was upon the occasion of this trial, which

took place at Rouen, that Alexandre Dumas was cross-examined:

"Who are you?"

"Alexandre Dumas Davy, Marquis de la Pailleteirie."

"Your profession?"

"I would say dramatic author, if I was not in the country of Corneille."

Upon which the President cynically observed:

"There are degrees, according to the age we live in."

We might continue our illustrations *ad infinitum*. Germany, Austria, Prussia, Belgium, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and America, are all made to contribute their quota of incidents. But still, France surpasses all other nations in the propensity for dueling. The point of honor extends even to the Church.

M. Olivier, Bishop of Evreux, was conversing one day with Monseigneur Affre, Archbishop of Paris, upon the inconsistency and imperfection of the law in the matter of dueling:

"But," said the Bishop to Monseigneur Affre, "if any one was to slap your face, what would you do?"

"Monsieur," replied the Archbishop, "I know what I ought to do, but I do not know what I should do."

From Fraser's Magazine.

G O N E , G O N E , G O N E .

EDGAR ALLAN POE thought the most touching of all words, *Nevermore*; which, in American fashion, he made one word. American writers do the like with *Forever*, I think with bad effect. Ellesmere, in that most beautiful story of *Gretchen*, tells of a sermon he heard in Germany, in which "that pathetic word *verloren* (lost) occurred many times." Every one knows what Dr. Johnson wrote about *The Last*. It is, of course, a question of individual associations, and how it may strike different minds; but I stand up for the unrivaled reach and pathos of the short word GONE.

There is not very much difference, you see, between the three words. All are on the suburbs of the same idea. All convey the idea of a state of matters which existed for a time, and which is now over. All suggest that the inmost longing of most human hearts is less for a future, untried happiness, than for a return, a resurrection, beautified and unalloyed with care, of what has already been. Somehow, we are ready to feel as if we were safest and surest with *that*.

It is curious, that the saddest and most touching of human thoughts, when we run it up to its simplest form, is of so

homely a thing as a material object existing in a certain space, and then removing from that space to another. *That* is the essential idea of *Gone*.

Yet, in the commonest way, there is something touching in that—something touching in the sight of vacant space, once filled by almost any thing. You feel a blankness in the landscape, when a tree is gone that you have known all your life. You are conscious of a vague sense of something lacking when even a post is pulled up that you remember always in the center of a certain field. You feel this yet more when some familiar piece of furniture is taken away from a room which you know well. Here that clumsy easy-chair used to stand; and it is gone. You feel yourself an interloper, standing in the space where it stood so long. It touches you still more to look at the empty chair which you remember so often filled by one who will never fill it more. You stand in a large railway station: you have come to see a train depart. There is a great bustle on the platform, and there is a great quantity of human life, and of the interests and cares of human life, in those twelve or fourteen carriages, and filling that little space between the rails. You stand by and watch the warm interiors of the carriages, looking so large, and so full, and as if they had so much in them. There are people of every kind of aspect, children of old folk, multitudes of railway rugs, of carpet-bags, of portmanteaus, of parcels, of newspapers, of books, of magazines. At length you hear the last bell; then comes that silent, steady pull, which is always striking, though seen ever so often. The train glides away: it is gone. You stand, and look vacantly at the place where it was. How little the space looks; how blank the air! There are the two rails, just four feet eight and a half inches apart: how close together they look. You can hardly think that there was so much of life, and of the interests of life, in so little room. You feel the power upon the average human being of the simple, commonplace fact, that something has been here and is gone.

Then I go away, in thought, to a certain pier: a pier of wooden piles, running two hundred yards into the sea, at a quiet spot on a lovely coast, where various steam-vessels call on a summer day. You stand at the seaward end of the pier,

where it broadens into a considerable platform; and you look down on the deck of a steamer lying alongside. What a bustle: what a hive of human beings, and their children, and their baggage, their hopes, fears, and schemes, fills that space upon the water of a hundred and fifty feet long and twenty-five wide! And what a deafening noise, too, of escaping steam fills the air! Men with baggage dash up against you; women shrilly vociferate above the roar of the steam; it is a fragment of the vitality and hurry of the great city carried for a little to the quiet country place. But the last rope is thrown off; the paddles turn; the steamer moves—it is gone. There is the blank water, churned now into foam, but in a few minutes transparent green, showing the wooden piles, incrustated with shells, and with weeds that wave about below the surface. There you stand, and look vaguely, and think vaguely. It is a curious feeling. It is a feeling you do not understand except by experience. And to a thoughtful person a thing does not become commonplace because it is repeated hundreds of thousands of times. There is something strange and something touching about even a steamboat going away from a pier at which a dozen call every day.

But you sit upon the pier, you saunter upon the beach, you read the newspapers; you enjoy the sense of rest. The day wears away, and in the evening the steamboat comes back again. It has traveled scores of miles, and carried many persons through many scenes, while you were resting and idling through these hours; and the feeling you had when it was gone is effaced by its return. The going away is neutralized by the coming back. And to understand the full force of *Gone* in such a case, you must see a ship go, and see its vacant space when it is gone, when it goes away for a long time, and takes some with it who go forever. Perhaps you know by experience what a choking sensation there is in looking at an emigrant vessel clearing out, even though you have no personal interest in any one on board. I have seen such a ship depart on her long voyage. I remember the confusion and hurry that attended her departure: the crowded deck, thronged with old and young; gray-headed men bidding farewell to their native land; and little children who would carry but dim

remembrances of Britain to the distant Australian shore. And who that has witnessed such a scene can forget how, when the canvas was spread at length, and the last rope cast off, the outburst of sobs and weeping arose as the great ship solemnly passed away? You could see that many who parted there, had not understood what parting means till they were in the act of going. You could see that the old parents who were willing, they thought, to part from their boy, because they thought his chances in life were so much better in the new country, had not quite felt what parting from him was, till he was gone.

Have you ever been one of a large gay party who have made an excursion to some beautiful scene, and had a pic-nic festival? Not that such festivals are much to be approved; at least to spots of very noble scenery. The noble scenery is vulgarized by them. There is an inconsistency in seeking out a spot which ought to awe-strike, merely to make it a theater for eating and drinking, for stupid joking and laughter. No; let small-talk be manufactured somewhere else. And the influence of the lonely place is lost, its spirit is unfelt, unless you go alone, or go with very few, and these not boisterously merry. But let us accept the pic-nic as a fact. It has been, and the party has been very large and very lively. But go back to the place after the party is gone; go back a minute after for something forgotten; go back a month or a year after. What a little spot it is that you occupied, and how blank it looks! The place remains, but the people are gone; and we so lean to our kind, that the place alone occupies but a very little part in our recollection of any passage in our history in which there were both scenery and human life. Or go back after several years to the house where you and your brothers and sisters were children together, and you will wonder to find how small and how blank it will look. It will touch you, and perhaps deeply; but still you will discern that not places, but persons, are the true objects of human affection; and you will think what a small space of material ground may be the scene of what are to you great human events and interests. It is so with matters on a grander scale. How little a space was ancient Greece—how little a

space the Holy Land! Strip these of their history and their associations, and they are insignificant. And history and associations are invisible; and at the first glimpse of the place without them the place looks poor. Let the little child die that was the light and hope of a great dwelling, and you will understand the truth of the poet's reflection on the loss of his: "'Twas strange that such a little thing, Should leave a blank so large!"

There is no place perhaps where you have such a feeling of blankness when life has gone from it as in a church. It is less so, if the church be a very grand one, which compels you to attend to itself a good deal, even while the congregation is assembled. But if the church be a simple one, and the congregation a very large one, crowding the simple church, you hardly know it again when the congregation is gone. You could not believe that such a vast number of human beings could have been gathered in it. The place is unchanged, yet it is quite different. It is a curious feeling to look at the empty pulpit where a very great preacher once was accustomed to preach. It is especially so if it be thirty years since he used to preach there; more so, if it be many centuries. I have often looked at the pulpit whence Chalmers preached in the zenith of his fame; you can no more bring up again the excited throng that surrounded it, and the rush of the great orator's eloquence, than when standing under a great oak in December you can call up plainly what it looked in June. And far less, standing under the dome of St. Sophia, could one recall as a present reality, or as any thing but a dreamy fancy, the aspect and the eloquence of Chrysostom, ages since gone.

The feeling of *blankness*, which is the essential thing contained in the idea suggested by the word *Gone*, is one that touches us very nearly. It seems to get closer to us than even positive evil or suffering present with us. *That* fixes our attention: it arouses us; and unless we be very weak indeed, awakens something of resistance. But in the other case, the mind is not stimulated; it is receptive, not active; and we muse and feel, vacantly, in the thought of something gone. You are, let us suppose, a country parson: you take your wife and children over to your railway-station, and you see

them away to the seaside, whither you are not to follow for a fortnight: then you come back from the railway-station, and you reach home. The house is quite changed. How startlingly quiet it is! You go to the nursery, usually a noisy place: you feel the silence. There are the pictures on the walls; there the little chairs: there some flowers, still quite fresh, lying upon a table, laid down by little hands. Gone! There is something sad in it, even with the certainty of soon meeting again—that is, so far as there is certainty in this world. You can imagine distantly, what it would be if the little things were gone, not to return. *That* is the GONE consummate. All who have heard it know the unutterable sadness of the farewell of the Highland emigrant leaving his native hills. You would not laugh at the bagpipes, if you heard their wild, wailing tones, blending with broken voices joining in that *Macrimmon's Lament*, whose perpetual refrain is just the statement of that consummate Gone. I shall not write the Gaelic words, because you could not pronounce them; but the refrain is this: *We return, we return, we return no more!* Yes; Gone forever! And all to make room for deer! There was a man whose little boy died. The father bore up wonderfully. But on the funeral day, after the little child was laid down to his long rest, the father went out to walk in the garden. There, in a corner, was the small wheelbarrow with its wooden spade; and the footprints in the earth left by the little feet that were gone! You do not think the less of the strong man that at the sight he wept aloud: wept, as Some One Else had wept before him. You may remember that little poem of Longfellow's, in which he tells of a man, still young, who once had a wife and child: but wife and child were dead. There is no pathos like that of homely fact, which we may witness every day. They were gone; and after those years in their company, he was left alone. He walked about the world, with no one to care for him now, as they had cared. The life with them would seem like a dream, even if it had lasted for years. And all the sadder that so much of life might yet have to come. I do not mind about an old bachelor, in his solitary room. I think of the kind-hearted man, sitting in the evening in his chair by the fireside: once, when he sat down there,

little pattering feet were about him, and their little owners climbed upon his knee. Now, he may sit long enough, and no one will interrupt him. He may read his newspaper undisturbed. He may write his sermon, and no sly knock come to the door; no little dog walk in, with much barking quite unlike that of common dogs, and ask for a penny. Gone! I remember, long ago, reading a poem called the *Scottish Widow's Lament*, written by some nameless poet. The widow had a husband and two little children, but one bleak winter they all went together:

"I ttle whiles to spin,
But wee, wee patterin' feet,
Come runnin' out and in,
And then I just maun greet:
I ken it's fancy a'
And faster flows the tear,
That my a' dwined awa'
Sin' the fa' o' the year."

You have said good-by to a dear friend who has staid a few days with you, and whom you will not see again for long: and you have, for a while, felt the house very blank without him. Did you ever think how the house would seem, without yourself? Have you fancied yourself gone; and the place, blank of that figure you know? *When I am gone*; let us not say these words, unless seriously; they express what is, to each of us, the most serious of all facts. *The May Queen* has few lines which touch me more than these:

"For lying broad awake I thought of you and
Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here"

Lord Macaulay, a few years before he died, had something presented to him at a great public meeting in Scotland; something which pleased him much. "I shall treasure it," he said, "as long as I live; and *after I am gone*."—There the great man's voice faltered, and the sentence remained unfinished. Yet the thought at which Macaulay broke down, may touch many a lesser man more. For when we are gone, my friends, we may leave behind us those who can not well spare us. It is not for one's own sake, that the GONE, so linked with one's own name, touches so much. We have had enough of this world before very long; and (as Uncle Tom expressed it) "heaven

is better than Kentuck." But we can think of some, for whose sake we may wish to put off our going as long as may be. "Our minister," said a Scotch rustic, "aye preaches aboot goin' to heaven; but he'll never go to heaven as long as he can get stoppin' at Drumsleekie."

No doubt, that fit of toothache may be gone; or that unwelcome guest who staid with you three weeks whether you would or not; as well as the thing or the friend you most value. And there is the auctioneer's *Going, going*, as well as this July sun going down in glory. But I defy you to vulgarize the word. The water which makes the Atlantic will always be a sublime sight, though you may have a little of it in a dirty puddle. And though

the stupid bore who comes when you are busy, and wastes your time, may tell you when you happily get rid of him, that he will often come back again to see you, (ignorant that you instantly direct your servant never to admit him more,) even that can not detract from the beauty of Mr. Tennyson's lines, in which the dying girl, as she is going, tells her mother that after she is gone, she will (if it may be) often come back:

"If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place;
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face:
Though I can not speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,
And be often, often with you, when you think I'm far away."

A. K. H. B.

From Chambers's Journal.

VOLCANOES AND THEIR PHENOMENA.

SUBLIME and terrible as many of the operations of nature are, there is probably none of them which can at all compare, for grandeur and awful magnificence, with the phenomena presented by a burning mountain in full eruption. The tremendous roaring of the volcano—the lurid flame-like glare reflected on the vapor above the crater from the lava contained within its depths—the casting forth of huge rocks, often to a distance of many miles, by the explosive power of confined gases—the showers of ashes, and consequent darkness, with vivid flashes of lightning ever illuminating the gloom—and, finally, the outpouring of a vast river of molten rock, often several hundred feet broad and many miles in length: all combine to render such a spectacle the most sublime and terrible ever presented to the gaze of man, and which, once beheld, can never be erased from the memory of the spectator. Terrible as are the consequences sometimes resulting from these occurrences, we are yet not to regard them as being agencies established and brought

into operation with a view to destruction, but rather as one link in the chain of reparative and conservative agencies by which the ultimate stability of the system of our world is maintained; reparative, inasmuch as they partly compensate by the formation of land for that which is lost by the destructive action of running water; and conservative, inasmuch as they act to a certain degree as safety-valves for the escape of subterranean heat and gases generated beneath the earth's surface, which would otherwise produce results less awful and terrible, no doubt, to the view of the spectator, but far more disastrous to mankind. The relation between earthquakes and volcanoes is of a very intimate nature; and it is always observed in countries liable to these visitations, that the earthquakes are more severe and continuous before the eruption, and that when the subterranean forces find relief by a volcanic vent, the earthquake shocks decrease, or even cease altogether; hence the inhabitants of such districts, if earthquake shocks have been numerous for

some time, always hail with joy the outburst of an eruption, as the earthquake is by far the more destructive agent.

There are remarkable differences between volcanoes as regards the periods of their activity and repose, and also the nature of the matters ejected by them. Some are always in a state of activity, as in Europe, Stromboli, and in South-America, the volcano of Nicaragua; others, again, are only occasionally in a state of eruption, and during intermediate periods emit gases and vapors only. Some, again, as in the island of Java, pour out merely mud and water; while others have never, within the records of man, been known to emit any thing except gases, as the volcanoes of Quito. Etna has been in a state of activity, and occasionally of eruption, since the period of the earliest writings of antiquity, having been mentioned as a volcanic mountain in the *Odyssey*, and, indeed, Diodorus Siculus speaks of an eruption which occurred before the Trojan war, now more than three thousand years ago. Vesuvius, on the other hand, was active before the records of history, but seems to have been perfectly quiescent even from the earliest times of tradition down to the age of Pliny, the first recorded eruption being that of 79 A.D., in which that distinguished philosopher lost his life. During this period, however, the volcanoes of Ischia, an island forming one of the arms of the Bay of Naples, were in full activity; while, on the Vesuvian vent being again opened, these volcanoes remained inactive for a period of seventeen centuries. These, and the other volcanoes near Naples, belong to the volcanic district; so that, although no direct communication exists between them, yet the eruption of one acts as a safety-valve to the forces of the other.

It would seem also that, previous to a volcano becoming extinct, it ceases to pour out lava, and evolves gases only during the later periods of its existence. This appears to have been the case in the extinct volcanoes of the Eifel in Germany, for the sides of the vents bear no marks of having been subjected to the effects of heat, though evidently much torn by the gaseous explosions, which may have removed those portions of rock which bore the marks of the outpouring of lava. It is possible, also, that some of the South-American volcanoes, as those of Quito,

which do not now pour out lava, may be in process of extinction; and, indeed, large portions of this chain appear already to have become extinct, no signs of activity having been manifested by them, nor any earthquakes having occurred in their districts, since the discovery of the country. This, however, having taken place only about three centuries ago, would not afford us any very determinate data from which to infer the extinction of these volcanoes, judging merely from their quiescence during this lapse of time, since it appears that the Ischian volcanoes as mentioned above, resumed their activity after having slumbered for about seventeen centuries. However, there were other vents open during that period in the same district, and earthquakes also were of frequent occurrence, so that it was evident that the volcanic agency had not deserted the district; whereas, in the districts of the South-American chain, in which the craters seem to be in repose, the quiescence, as far as we know, appears to be complete. These districts of apparently extinct volcanoes in the Andes are, first, that comprised between latitude 30° and 21° south, on both sides of which is found an active district, one extending at least thirteen degrees southward to the island of Chiloe, and the other extending six degrees northward through Bolivia and Southern Peru. Next comes another quiescent district, comprising fourteen degrees of latitude, till we arrive at Quito, which is the commencement of a short chain of active volcanoes extending about three degrees northward, and crossed by the equator. Another quiescent district comprising six degrees succeeds, and we then arrive at the volcanoes of Central America and Mexico, in which some eruptions on a very grand scale have taken place since the discovery of the country.

To what changes in the interior of the earth may be owing the extinction of volcanoes of any particular region, is not known; but geology testifies that similar changes have occurred from remote periods of the earth's history; that volcanoes have broken out in regions where previously all had been in repose, and after having continued in a state of activity, or of alternate activity and rest, for a long course of ages, have again become extinct, and have shown no tendency during many successive epochs to a renewal of their

ancient fires. Many portions of our own islands were formerly the scene of volcanic action, which has now long ceased; and the basalt poured out by the eruptions may be found in many districts, the most remarkable developments of it being in the renowned island of Staffa, and at the no less renowned Giants' Causeway. Indeed, the basalt can be traced extending in a linear direction from Fair Head, in the county Antrim, along the whole coast, through the islands of Rathlin, (from whence it extends eastward to Ailsa,) Staffa, Skye, and others of the Hebrides, and also on the mainland at Morven, in Argyleshire. In Auvergne and Cantal, also in Central France, and in the district of the Eifel, on the banks of the Rhine near Coblenz, are most interesting regions of extinct volcanoes; the eruptions of those in Auvergne appearing to have commenced during the period termed by geologists the Upper Eocene—a period comparatively recent in the earth's history—and to have continued down as late as the Pliocene epoch, or that preceding the creation of man by but a single intervening period.

The tendency above alluded to of volcanic vents to arrange themselves in a linear direction, is very well marked, and often a perfect mountain-chain is thus formed, as in the Andes above mentioned. Another marked feature in connection with their position is, that in general they are found near the sea, or some large body of water; and indeed this fact is generally considered to have an intimate relation to the theory of volcanoes. We are struck with their remarkable development along all the borders of the Pacific Ocean—that vast tract of sea, which nearly every where shows signs of the subsidence of its bottom, and throughout nearly the entire extent of which there is now in process of deposit a chalk formation, compared with which that of the present geological series, vast as it is, will sink into insignificance.

There can be no doubt that the volcanoes of Tierra del Fuego belong to the same series as those of Peru and Chili, since the same chain of mountains is found to extend to the extremity of the continent through Patagonia. In a northerly direction, this chain appears to give off a branch at Quito, which is continued in a north-easterly direction through the volcano of Zamba, at the mouth of the river

Madalena, into the West-India Islands. In these islands we find two parallel series, the one lying westward, of considerable elevation, and volcanic. In this series are included the islands of Granada, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, Martinique, Guadeloupe, and some others. The other series flanks these islands closely on the east, but is low, non-volcanic, and calcareous. In this series we have the islands of Tobago, Barbadoes, Marie Galante, Antigua, Barbuda, St. Bartholomew, and some others.

Proceeding northward from the volcanoes of Central America and Mexico, or the main continuation of the South-American chain, we find a double mountain-range, the easternmost constituting the Rocky Mountains, which, as far as we know, are not volcanic, while the true continuation of the volcanic chain is to be found in the western range, which reappears in the peninsula of California, in which five volcanoes have been discovered; then succeeds a district in which the mountains, closely following the coast-line, are, as far as known, quiescent, till we reach latitude forty-five, where an active volcano exists near the mouth of the Columbia river. The range, still bordering on the Pacific, continues northward, bending round along with the coast of Russian America to a westerly, and subsequently a south-westerly direction, and terminating, as far as the continent is concerned, in the peninsula of Alaska, in which there are several active volcanoes, one being about fourteen thousand feet high. But although the continent ends in this peninsula, we still have the volcanic chain continued through the Aleutian archipelago—that remarkable series of islands which extends quite across the northern portion of the Pacific Ocean, like a succession of stepping-stones from Asia to America, and by means of which, in all probability, America received its earliest inhabitants. In these islands, eruptions are frequent, and new islands are occasionally formed by submarine eruptions, as was the case in 1796. Indeed, were it not that these islands have partaken of the subsidence which has long been going on in the bed of the Pacific Ocean, they would even now form a volcanic mountain-chain from America to Asia.

When we again arrive on the continent, we find the line of volcanic action still

continued through the southern extremity of the great peninsula of Kamschatka, where there are several active volcanoes, one reaching the height of fifteen thousand feet. In these frigid regions, the lava often, as in Iceland, has to burst through a barrier of ice and snow, which for a time, by its vast cooling power, retards its progress, while torrents of hot water pour down the mountain's sides, and volumes of steam ascend to the skies. However, the lava generally prevails, and then its accumulated torrent pours with redoubled force. After leaving this peninsula, the chain of volcanoes again becomes insular, being continued southward through the Kurile Islands to the Japanese empire, where it turns toward the south-west, following the direction of the Japanese Islands, active volcanoes being found in Jesso and Nippon. Through the islands of Loo Choo and Formosa, it is continued southward into the Philippine, and then into the Molucca Islands, where it divides into two branches, one of which passes eastward, through New-Guinea and some small islands lying eastward of the coast of Australia, till it reaches New-Zealand, and subsequently may be considered to end in the great antarctic continent, thus completing the circuit of the Pacific Ocean. The other, and much more important branch, turns first westward, and afterward to north-west, and passes through the islands of Java and Sumatra, and then through the Andaman and some other small islands in the Bay of Bengal, thus following the outline of the coast of the continent, or, perhaps more correctly speaking, following the outline of the Indian Ocean, as it had previously done that of the Pacific.

In Java, the linear arrangement of volcanoes is very well marked, the whole island being, in fact, but one continued range of vents from end to end, and containing no less than forty-six separate mountains all active. Yet it is remarkable that the Java volcanoes seldom emit lava, but vast quantities of boiling water, like the Geysers in Iceland, except that in Java a large amount of earth is mixed with the water, thus constituting rivers of mud, which pour down the mountain-sides instead of lava. They are also remarkable for emitting vast quantities of sulphur, or even sulphuric acid, which in one place strongly impregnates a whole lake, out of which a river of acid water flows, which

destroys every living creature within the range of its influence, even to a considerable distance from the spot where it falls into the sea. In the gaseous emanations proceeding from some of the hollow extinct craters of this island, we find a scientific solution of the wondrous tales of the upas or poison-tree of Java—tales formerly universally discredited by the scientific world, in consequence of the omission, by both the travelers who narrated what they had seen, and by the auditors who heard their accounts, of a distinct separation of the facts observed, and the theory by which those facts were accounted for. Bringing accounts of the deadly upas-tree as an observed fact, whereas it was in reality only the popular means of accounting for certain observed facts, the travelers brought their whole story into discredit; and, on the other hand, scientific men, rejecting the account of the Valley of Death, on account of the story of the upas-tree, fell into the opposite error of refusing assent to facts very satisfactorily attested. There are, indeed, valleys of death in Java, the said valleys being extinct craters, filled with gaseous volcanic emanations, in which, of course, no living creature can continue to exist; one of these craters is called Guevo Upas, or the Valley of Poison, and is about half a mile in circumference, and filled with the bones of tigers and other animals, including birds which have dropped dead in attempting to fly over the valley, and even men, who have penetrated too far, and have been overpowered by the deadly carbonic acid gas with which the crater is filled, before they could retrace their steps. The bones of these victims alone remain, the soft parts having decayed, and the valley presents the appearance of that mentioned in Ezekiel's vision. In another crater this is reversed; for, as sulphurous acid is the gas which fills it, the bones of all the animals falling dead in it are corroded and destroyed, while the soft parts, as the skin, hair, and muscles, are preserved, being unaffected by this gas, and by it preserved from the usual decomposing effect of the oxygen of the air.

One of the most remarkable instances on record of what is called the truncation of a volcanic cone, occurred in one of the volcanoes of Java, named Papandayang, in the year 1772. By the truncation of a volcanic cone, is meant the actual falling in of the summit of a mountain, owing to

its being undermined by the violence of an eruption tearing away too much of the bowels and side-walls of the mountain. During the eruption alluded to, this phenomenon took place; the ground giving way with such rapidity, that the inhabitants of the upper parts of the mountain had not even time to save themselves by flight. No less than forty villages were engulfed, and about three thousand of the inhabitants perished. The extent of the district which went down was as much as fifteen miles long by six broad, and the height of the cone was reduced from nine thousand to five thousand feet.

Vesuvius also appears to have suffered more than once from the same cause, though this is inferred from the appearance of the mountain, and not from any direct statement of authors regarding it, as the evidence gleaned from classic writers on the subject is purely circumstantial. The remains of an ancient crater, which must have been three miles in diameter, are very evident, the ridge formed by the crater wall, which on one side still exists, being known as Monte Somma. That this vast hollow must have been formed by the truncation of a very ancient and lofty peak, is almost certain, since so large a vent would otherwise be quite out of proportion with a volcano comparatively so small; but this truncation must have occurred in times quite beyond historic records, or even traditional accounts, for not a trace of mention of it is found in any author. This crater, however, was perfect within historic times, though a portion of its wall, or the seaward side, is now destroyed. This is known from the description of the figure of the mountain as given by Strabo the geographer, and also from the account given by historians of the insurrection of the gladiators under Spartacus, 72 B.C.; for we read that that chief encamped his forces in the hollow of the crater, which was accessible only by a single narrow entrance, and that the prætor Clodius—who afterward, through the eloquence of Cicero, attained such an unenviable posthumous reputation on account of his attack on Milo—letting down his soldiers by ladders over the steep precipices of the crater, while he kept the single outlet strongly guarded, cut off the gladiators to a man. From this account, it is evident that a second truncation must have occurred subsequent to this date, for a large part of the crater is

now gone, and only a low ridge, known as the Pedamentina, remains on the seaward side of the old crater, instead of the former wall. On the other three sides, the old crater is still perfect. It has been supposed that this second truncation occurred in the great eruption which took place 79 A.D., in which the elder Pliny lost his life.

This mountain, Vesuvius, along with the other Italian volcanoes, is considered to belong to a vast chain extending from China to the Azores, running through Tartary and Central Asia to the Caucasus, Syria, and Asia Minor, and thence through Greece and Italy to Southern Spain, Portugal, and so to the Azores. It will thus be seen that this chain, for such we may consider it, unconnected though some of its links may be, runs much more inland than that above mentioned as surrounding the Pacific Ocean, and is accordingly considered to bear strongly on the question, which we shall subsequently mention, of volcanoes owing their existence to chemical action, generated by sea-water; indeed, some of these volcanoes are distant from the sea no less than two hundred and sixty geographical miles, so that the validity of such an hypothesis may well be called in question. The district known as the Field of Fire, on the western shores of the Caspian, which continually emits inflammable gas, and the mud volcanoes of that district, also belong to the same grand volcanic system, whose forces are often mentioned in profane history as having manifested themselves in the form of earthquakes—as, for instance, in the earthquake by which the renowned Colossus of Rhodes was thrown down one hundred and twenty years after its erection.

There is a question connected with volcanoes which, simple as it may to some minds appear, has yet given rise to a good deal of discussion in the scientific world—namely, why volcanic vents should so universally assume the form of mountains. What we deem the most plausible hypothesis sets forth, that volcanoes are formed simply by the accumulation of erupted matter round a central orifice, which was originally either on a level with the surrounding country, or possibly even formed a hollow. That enough matter is poured out by an eruptive vent to form a mountain, is proved by the depth which the products of eruptions have attained in

Etna, as shown in the section presented to us in the Val del Bove, and which amounts to as much as four thousand feet, nor is there any appearance at the lowest part of the Val del Bove of our approaching the bottom of the erupted matter. There are many instances on record in which smaller mountains have been thus formed even in a single eruption, as, for instance, in the case of Monte Nuovo, formed on the shores of the Bay of Baiæ during the eruption of Vesuvius in 1538 A.D. Sir Charles Lyell considers that the mode of growth of a volcano—as, for instance, of Etna—is very similar to the growth of exogenous trees, which increase by layers deposited externally. The gradual flow of lava, many months after its emission, has been described by Mr. Scrope, who saw, in the Val del Bove in 1819, a stream still advancing which had been poured out nine months previously. The slope was very considerable, yet the thickness of the stream was considerable also, and it advanced at the rate of about a yard an hour. Its mode of advance he describes as being this: the lower stratum being arrested by the ground it was flowing over, the central portion of the stream bulged out, on account of the pressure from behind, and so being unsupported beneath, fell over, and was arrested by the ground in its turn; the upper crust of the stream having long before been solidified by exposure to the air, and being broken in pieces, with a continual crackling noise, by the failure of support beneath. Thus the whole stream resembled masses of rocks tumbling over each other in dire confusion; and the valley was filled, not with a smooth stream of lava, but with broken rocks and angular blocks. Within the fissures, the lava could still be seen to be of a dull red heat.

As a volcanic mountain gradually rises, the portion nearest the central vent is, of course, the highest, since the greater portion of the ejected materials fall near it, and only the lighter ashes and smaller stones or more fluid lava are conveyed to any distance. Lateral discharges also are, of course, more frequent within the same amount of space as we ascend, and indeed occur but seldom in the lower regions of a mountain in any case, since the hydrostatic pressure of a column of lava is less, and the resistance which has to be overcome, and which is offered to its exit by

the flanks of the mountain, is greater as we descend.

Though a volcanic mountain is, as it seems, thus piled up above the surrounding country merely by the accumulation of its own discharges, yet, of course, in many instances a considerable amount of its elevation above the level of the sea is caused by internal elevating force—a force acting, however, not specially on the mountain, but probably over a large district, the elevation of which is of course participated in by the mountain. Thus, in the case of Etna, the mountain has gained at least eight hundred feet by such elevation of the district, since marine shells have been found in the mountain flanks at that elevation; higher they have not been traced, as the marine strata at that height have become covered by sheets of lava; but in all probability, if we were able to examine the interior of the mountain, it would be found that they ascended to an elevation of three thousand feet, and that the volcano consequently owed so much of its height to these uplifting forces; this is inferred from the fact, that elsewhere in the district marine strata are found at that elevation, so that it is probable that the entire district was raised so much.

It may, of course, be supposed that if a volcano is piled up of materials torn from below by the agency of the subterranean fires, the internal hollows thus formed must occasionally be enlarged so much that their arches become unequal to the support of the mass of superimposed matter, and accordingly must occasionally yield. Of such yielding and consequent subsidence, we have several examples in historic records, as in the case of Papan-dayang in Java, when a tract of land fifteen miles long by six broad, and including an elevation of four thousand feet, sank down bodily at once; or, again, the truncation of the cone of Vesuvius, and sinking in of the Val del Bove—both of which, however, are inferred to have sunk rather than recorded to have done so.

Comparing the size of Etna, which is far the largest of European volcanoes, with others mentioned above, we see that the scale on which volcanoes are found in Europe is small compared with that on which they are developed in other parts of the world; as, for instance, Cotopaxi in the Andes, and others of that chain—Cotopaxi attaining an elevation of nineteen

thousand feet; or Mount Loa in the Sandwich Islands, which is about fourteen thousand feet high. The latter volcano is perhaps the most magnificent exhibition of volcanic agency to be found on the surface of the globe. The principal interest attached to it is owing not so much to the enormous crater at the summit, at an elevation of nearly three miles, though this, as it gradually fills up with liquid lava and overflows, is a magnificent spectacle; but even still more sublime is the appearance presented by a lateral crater on one side of the mountain, of even larger dimensions than the summit crater, and forming an enormous gulf between two and three miles across, and about seven and a half miles round, which is surrounded by vertical walls of solid rock about one thousand feet high. To this enormous crater the name Kilauea is given. It is sixteen miles from the highest crater, and about forty from the sea; and though comparatively at the foot of the vast cone, is yet as far above the sea as the summit of Vesuvius, or about four thousand feet high. It is formed by two chasms or hollows, one within the other. A precipice six hundred and fifty feet deep, composed of compact rock in layers varying from a few inches to thirty feet in thickness, flanks the larger of these hollows; this precipice is quite perpendicular, and at its foot lies a horizontal ledge of black rock of considerable breadth, which terminates in another precipice about three hundred and fifty feet deep, and immediately surrounding a vast lake of lava, ever seething and boiling, and varying in height according to the supply of molten matter from the subterranean focus. At times, it rises up in the crater, and overflows the black ledge above mentioned, and then presents the magnificent spectacle of a lake of surging fire between two and three miles in diameter, and between seven and eight round. The lava, however, does not overflow the upper rim of the crater, for when it raises to a certain height it is carried off by underground vents, which have no doubt been formed by the hydrostatic pressure. Thus, in 1840, an eruption took place in which the lava flowed underground for six miles, when it made its appearance in an old wooded crater called Arare, the vivid light from which was the first intimation of the lava in Kilauea having burst through the walls of the great crater. The lava con-

tinued to flow for some weeks, during which time the lake in Kilauea sank over four hundred feet; and since the bottom of the crater of Arare, where it first appeared, is itself over four hundred feet deep, it is supposed by Mr. Coan, an American Missionary, who describes the eruption, that it was at first at a depth of as much as one thousand feet below the surface of the ground. It then ran underground for a couple of miles from Arare, and again coming to the surface, spread over fifty acres of ground; it then again became subterranean for several miles, till it reappeared in a second crater of older date, which it partially filled up, and again flowed on beneath the surface of the earth. Its final emergence was at a distance of twenty-seven miles from Kilauea, at a point twelve hundred and fifty feet above the sea level. The remainder of its course to the sea, a distance of about twelve miles, it performed above ground, and then leaped over a cliff fifty feet, and fell into the sea with a tremendous crash during a period of three weeks. In its underground passage, it fissured the earth in many places, and upheaved some of the rocks as much as twenty or thirty feet.

It is a singular fact, that the lava in the crater of Kilauea by no means corresponds in its periods of eruption with that in the summit crater only sixteen miles off, the latter being often overflowing when Kilauea is at its lowest, and *vice versa*; thus plainly showing, that though unquestionably they belong to the same volcanic center, and are supplied by the same source, yet that there is no connection between the fluid in the two craters, since if there were, according to the laws of hydrostatic pressure, the lava in the summit crater could never rise higher than the opening at the top of the Gulf of Kilauea, whereas, in point of fact, the lava in the summit crater must rise ten thousand feet higher than this before it can overflow; yet the distance between the two craters is only sixteen miles.

The crater of Kilauea appears to have been formed by subsidence of the rocks owing to their having been undermined by lava, for at different distances round the crater are other precipices of perpendicular rock similar to those of which the crater is composed, and all bearing the appearance of having subsided at some former periods. They inclose alto-

gether a space double the size of Kilauea, though, owing to the escape of the lava by the subterranean passages above mentioned, it never surmounts the upper precipice of the crater, but on the black ledge intervening between the two precipices it deposits a fresh layer on every occasion that it surmounts it.

One of the most abundant lava currents ever poured forth from Etna, was that of the eruption of 1699, which was fifteen miles in length; and when it entered the sea near the city of Catania, was six hundred yards broad, and forty feet deep. The surface and sides being solidified by their exposure to the air, it presented the appearance of a moving mass of solid rock advancing by the fissuring of its walls, and the pouring out of the fluid lava from the fissures. Observing this fact, an attempt was made, by breaking open the wall of the stream on one side with crow-bars and picks, to save the city of Catania; a lava stream burst out from the opening; but as it seemed to threaten another town, Paterno, the inhabitants of the latter took up arms and obliged the Catanians to desist. The current, accordingly, having first in its course overflowed fourteen towns and villages, reached the wall of Catania, which had been raised to a height of sixty feet on purpose to protect the city from such occurrences; however, it overtopped the wall, and poured down like a cascade, destroying part of the city, without, however, throwing down the wall. Long afterward, excavations were made in the rock, and the wall rediscovered, so that at present the lava is seen curling over the top of the wall, as if in the act of falling.

Very much larger than this, however, have been some of the eruptions in Iceland—an island constituting a volcanic center of most intense energy, some of the eruptions of Hecla, one of its principal volcanoes, having lasted for six years without interruption, and twenty years seldom elapsing without either an earthquake or eruption; while its hot springs or geysers, another manifestation of volcanic action, are constantly in a state of activity. New islands are often thrown up in the sea, some of which again subside, or are washed away by the waves, others remaining persistent.

An eruption is a most calamitous event to the inhabitants, for their principal means of support are the fish which swarm

around their coasts, and their cattle; the former of which are driven from their shores by the lava pouring into the sea, and the latter suffer in a most extraordinary way from the ashes which cover their pastures. These ashes being pumiceous, wear the teeth of the cattle so effectually that they become absolutely useless; and the consequence is, that the animals literally die of starvation, though surrounded with plenty. A famine among the islanders is of course the result, and assistance generally has to be sent to them from Denmark.

One of the largest eruptive discharges ever known to occur, was that poured out by Skaptan Jokul, one of the volcanoes of Iceland, in 1783. It has been calculated by Professor Bischoff that the amount of matter brought up by this single eruption exceeded in magnitude the bulk of Mont Blanc. The eruption began on the eleventh June, having been preceded by violent earthquakes; the mountain then threw out a torrent of lava, which flowed down the channel of the river Skapta, and dried up the river, filling up a vast rocky gorge which it had occupied, and which was between four and six hundred feet deep, and two hundred wide; next it filled up a deep lake; and afterward entering some subterranean caverns in an old lava-current, in which water appears to have accumulated, it blew up the rocks, throwing some fragments to the height of one hundred and fifty feet. A fresh stream of lava was thrown out a week after the first, and flowed over its surface with great rapidity; the stream then fell in a fiery cataract over a vast precipice, usually occupied by a waterfall. In August, a fresh flood of lava was forced to take a new course, as the channel of the Skapta was quite filled up, and it ran down the channel of a river with a most unpronounceable name, which our readers may make the best they can of—namely, Hverfisfiot. These streams of lava in the plains formed vast lakes, sometimes from twelve to fifteen miles wide, and a hundred feet deep. This eruption lasted as long as two years, and destroyed twenty villages by fire alone, besides some overwhelmed with water, owing to the blocking up of the river-courses; and out of fifty thousand inhabitants, nine thousand perished, as well by starvation from the causes above mentioned, as by the actual destruction of the crops themselves, and

also from noxious vapors filling the air. The Skapta branch of the lava was fifty miles in length, and in some places from twelve to fifteen miles broad; the other branch was forty miles long, and about seven broad, both being about from one hundred to six hundred feet thick—an amount of matter probably as great as can be shown to have been poured out at any period, ancient or modern, by one volcano in a single eruption.

Considering the vast extent of our globe which under water, it may readily be supposed that volcanic eruptions will often occur under the sea, similar to those mentioned above as having formed new islands near Iceland. Owing, however, to the difficulty of observation, records of marine eruptions are not very common; and, indeed, when we consider the immense depth of the ocean in many parts—the Atlantic having been sounded to the depth of seven miles, and the Pacific being probably even deeper—it is evident that an eruption might be actually going on over the sea-bottom while a vessel sailing above would be quite unaffected, and no signs of the occurrence be apparent to those on board. Occasionally, however, when the sea-bottom is near the surface, an eruption is observed and recorded by some passing vessel; but the accounts often consist of nothing more than the mention of violent ebullition of the water, with discoloration from mud, or of jets of steam and water, or of gaseous vapors having been observed. Sometimes a more scientific account is obtained, or an eruption in a favorable locality may last long enough to allow of its being visited specially by scientific men. In 1831, an island was thus thrown up in the Mediterranean between Sicily and Carthage, in a spot where, a few years before, there had been over a hundred fathoms of water. Though its existence as an island was limited to a period of three months, yet within that short space of time no less than seven names were bestowed on this small but interesting little patch of ground. Graham Island was the name adopted by the Royal Society, having the merit of being that given by Captain Senhouse, R. N., who first succeeded in effecting a landing on it. Sir Pulteney Malcolm, a fortnight before the eruption, in sailing over the place, felt distinctly the shock of an earthquake, as if his ship had struck against a sand-bank; but a

Sicilian captain, named Corrao, was the first to observe the eruption itself, on July 10, 1831. He describes a column of water, eight hundred yards in circumference, as having been shot up to a height of sixty feet, and after this a column of steam as having ascended to a height of about eighteen hundred feet. About a week later, passing by the same place, he found that a small island had risen from the waves. It was, perhaps, the smallest volcano ever seen, being only at that time twelve feet high, yet it had a crater in its center, and poured out cinders, pumice, ashes, and vast columns of vapor. There was a small pool of boiling water occupying the central basin, and multitudes of dead fish covered the sea around. It increased considerably in size, so that by the beginning of August it was three miles in circumference, and about two hundred feet high, the central crater being about ninety yards across. After this, however, it began to be washed away by the action of the waves, and gradually to disappear. While it was diminishing in size, however, the phenomena first observed by Corrao of ebullition of the sea, and the ascent of a column of steam, were again seen in the sea very near the island, showing that there was a second crater of eruption at some little depth. Graham Island had quite disappeared by November; and that it was not by subsidence that this disappearance was caused, but by the action of the waves on the lighter volcanic products, is proved by the fact, that a reef composed of black lava rock still remained, its surface being about ten feet under water. There was also a second shoal of rock about one hundred and fifty yards from the principal reef, which no doubt occupied the site of the second eruption. Outside these reefs, the water rapidly deepened. Sir C. Lyell concludes that a hill about eight hundred feet in height was raised above the bottom of the sea, the upper two hundred feet forming the island, and being composed of loose tuffs, while the under part was probably composed of solid lava, poured out over the bottom of the sea.

It would seem, also, from various phenomena observed within the last hundred years, that an island, or group of islands, is slowly rising in the mid-Atlantic, along a line intersecting St. Helena and Ascension, and about thirty to forty miles south of the line. Both the islands mentioned

are volcanic; and the line, if prolonged, would nearly intersect the groups, likewise volcanic, of the Canary Islands and Azores; so that in the course of time it is highly probable that we might have a chain of volcanic mountains occupying this line, and forming the border of a new continent.

Sometimes when an island has been thus formed, it is not again washed away, but the rocky portion of the ejecta rise above the sea, so that the island withstands the action of the waves, and becomes permanent: an illustration of this is found in the island of St. Paul's in the Indian Ocean, a little southward of the track of vessels from the Cape of Good Hope bound for Melbourne. This is a small rock, in many respects resembling the atolls or coral reefs of the Pacific. It is between three and four miles long, and about two miles across, containing at one side a crater about a mile broad, and one hundred and eighty feet deep, surrounded by steep cliffs, the highest peak of which is eight hundred and twenty feet in height, while nearly opposite to this peak the edge of the crater sinks to the sea-level, so that the crater is full of sea-water, though the entrance is nearly dry at low water. It has been remarked that every crater will have one side much lower than all the others—that side, namely, toward which the prevailing winds never blow, and toward which, therefore, the ashes and scorix are rarely carried during an eruption. If, then, from any cause, the sea gain access to this side, as during a partial subsidence, the flow and ebb of the tide may keep this passage permanently open, even should the island again rise slowly above the sea, along with an elevation of the sea-bottom, at the rate, perhaps, of a few feet in a century.

Barren Island, in the Bay of Bengal, is similar to St. Paul's, except that, in the center of the crater, which is very much larger, there rises another volcanic cone, about five hundred feet high, and having its own crater; and it has been supposed, very naturally, that this island affords another instance of the truncation of cones, the original summit of the mountain having sunk in, and a new central cone having been subsequently formed, and at present rising to about the same height as the remaining cliff-walls of the old crater.

One can not fail to be struck with the

marked resemblance between the appearance presented by this island and that seen in the presumed volcanoes in the moon. The surface of our satellite, as is pretty generally known, shows through the telescope every appearance of wild and barren desolation, and it is well ascertained that there is no water on its surface, and at most but a faint trace of an atmosphere extending only about one thousand feet from the surface at furthest, and of extreme rarity. There are, however, mountains innumerable all over the surface of the moon; and since, on our own globe, mountains are produced only by two causes, namely, aqueous erosion removing the softer and looser soil during the upheaval of land from the sea, while the harder and more rocky districts, or those less exposed to water-currents, remain and form mountains; and, secondly, volcanic eruptions; and since the first of these causes is absent in the moon, it seems fair, judging from analogy, to infer that volcanic eruptions have been the cause of the production of mountains in that globe; and the whole appearance of most of the mountains in the moon favors this view, many of them being composed of rocks apparently piled together in the wildest disorder, while many more present exactly the appearance seen in Barren Island, and on a much larger scale at Santorin in the Grecian Archipelago; namely, an external range of mountains inclosing an elevated plain or valley, in the center of which rises a single steep cone, or occasionally more than one. The mountains in the moon are generally on a scale proportionately much larger than those of the earth, and this might perhaps be accounted for in two ways—for if there were no sea on the earth, the inequalities of its surface would be much more strongly marked, since a depth of seven miles would have to be added, which is now occupied by the sea; or, secondly, since the mass of the moon is so much smaller than that of the earth, its attractive force is of course proportionately less, and, accordingly, any explosive force would produce a much greater effect, such as throwing rocks higher, or to greater distances, than would be produced by the same amount of force on the earth's surface. In general, accordingly, the craters, if such we assume them to be, in the moon are larger than similar ones on the earth, and generally also differ from them in not

having one side lower than the rest—a circumstance which, as explained above, is owing to the action of the winds and waves, both which are absent in the moon. However, in the Santorin group of islands, if the sea were absent, we should have a crater of very considerable dimensions, the external circumference of the islands being about thirty miles, and the internal eighteen.

Space would scarcely permit us to enter on a discussion of the theories which have been proposed to account for volcanic action; we shall, therefore, merely mention the view that is most commonly received—namely, that heat is generated in the interior of the earth by the chemical action resulting from sea-water obtaining access to unoxidated metals, such as potassium and sodium; and that this heat is

sufficient to cause fusion of the surrounding rocks, while the volume of gases, and especially of hydrogen, evolved by the decomposition of the sea-water and the salts which it contains, forms an elastic vapor of sufficient expansive force to lift the molten materials to the orifice of eruption, or sometimes, if such a vent be not given to it, to lay a whole continent in ruins by the desolating shock of the earthquake. This is the view adopted by Lyell and most geologists; and though many objections might be made to it, it has at least sufficient arguments in its favor—such as the proximity of volcanoes to the sea, and the nature of some of the gaseous products of eruptions—to enable it to hold its ground until a better shall have been proposed.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

MADAME DE KRUDENER.

WOMAN OF THE WORLD, AUTHOR, PIETIST, AND ILLUMIST.

JULIA BARONESS OF VIETINGHOFF was born in 1766, at Riga. Her father, who at one period had enjoyed a high place at court, had withdrawn from thence, and lived like a feudal baron of old at his chateau in Courland. It requires to have seen these castles of the nobility on the Baltic to understand what a sense of grandeur and of solitude might be imbibed by a child brought up in such a place. Immense plains, only dotted here and there by some struggling colony of Germans, or by the miserable huts of the native peasants, stretch far away beyond the horizon around the seignorial residence, which is itself often of an imposing grandeur and extravagant proportions. Already, in the time of Catherine and of Elizabeth, the nobles began to build palaces in these arid steppes, or amid the dark pine forests.

The life of such a feudal lord was as cu-

rious within as its contrasts were great without. In the time of the Empress Anne—whose husband was himself Duke of Courland—such barons had all the pride and insolence of petty tyrants; and they avoided the court of St. Petersburg, where, however haughty they might be, they were forced to bend. It was in vain that Anne and Elizabeth summoned the young nobility to court. It was not till the Princess of Anhalt Zerbst took with her the love of the fine arts and of science, intellectual life and vigor, to the court of the North, that the representatives of the great families of Courland, of Esthonia, and of Livonia, also found their way to St. Petersburg. But nothing could be more monotonous than life at the castle. You might walk ten miles without meeting a person with whom to exchange a word. The major-domo might be a perfect example of German civilization, the governess from

Paris or Geneva might represent either city in miniature; still their resources were soon exhausted. Winter would bring, with sledge and skating, parties on the great frozen lakes; but a winter's evening in one of these feudal solitudes of Courland was a terrible affair. The châtelain would go to sleep over his chess or his backgammon, and the châtelaine would pretend to have instructions to give to her household, but in reality would tear herself away from the horrors of a weariness that set upon her like a nightmare.

It may be imagined from this what influence such conditions of existence had upon the youth of Mademoiselle de Vietinghoff, especially as from her earliest years she was of a highly imaginative, impressionable, and somewhat fantastic nature. Those born and bred in the tumult of great cities never have the same susceptibilities; they are blunted, or they perish in the bud. A single incident of early life will serve to portray its general tone and character. She had for great-grandmother an elderly and august personage who monopolized all the respect of the house, and who uttered nothing but oracles. With regard to family matters, she was an unquestioned authority; she had every event that had happened for the last hundred years at her fingers' ends. Nor was she much less intimately versed in the history of her country, especially in so far as her family was concerned in it. The best point about the old lady was, that with all her pride she doted upon her children, her grandchildren, and her grandchildren's children.

Nevertheless, the day came when this grand old lady was to go, like her predecessors. She had already disposed of her worldly goods. Peter had this domain, Jean Casimir the other; the capital went to Burchard, and the plate and jewels to Lebrecht-Antony; but she had not decided to which of her four sons she should confide her mortal remains. Jean Casimir had just erected a new family mausoleum, and he claimed the honor of possessing his mother's body; but Peter had also his family-vault, and if Burchard and Lebrecht-Antony had no mausolea, they offered their own castles for a last home to their mother's relics. Tradition in these gloomy and superstitious regions will have it that the mother takes happiness with her, and where her bones lay would be the head and the support of the family.

The struggle for the possession of the body, ere the soul had departed from it, became so oppressive, that in order that it might not be said that she died at Jean Casimir's because he had had a new mausoleum erected, she had herself removed in a dying state, and in mid-winter, in a sledge, to the house of Peter, who received her in triumph; but she had scarcely got into her bed than Lebrecht-Antony, his wife, and daughter, managed so effectually as to get her carried away by another sledge. But if Lebrecht had proved himself sharp, Burchard was no less so, and he succeeded in ravishing the moribund old lady from his possession. Thus it was that in the depth of a Baltic winter, amid snow, ice, and wind, the fantastic sledge that bore this half-animate body was dragged about dark forests and over boundless plains, by day and by night, unable to find a resting-place.

It can be easily imagined what an effect so strange an event had upon a young and susceptible a person as Julia. Alluding to it in after-life, she said: "What a pity that I can not, as this noble lady did for her race, also give my heart to humanity, especially to that portion of humanity that suffers! Would to Heaven that the poor should thus dispute the possession of my remains among themselves, that each were to wish, as being his own, to bury me near his hut! What a happy rest it would be!"

The father of our heroine—Baron de Vietinghoff—was, of all the feudal lords of his epoch and of his country, the one who least appreciated the pleasures of that system of life. Given to study, and to literary and scientific pursuits, he might have felt the isolation less than others, were it not that his instincts as a man of the world predominated, and led him to seek for gratification in the metropolis of Russian predilection—Paris. On the occasion of his first visit to that brilliant capital, his daughter was a mere child; but on the occasion of the second, she was a grown-up girl. Among those who frequented his house were D'Alembert, Buffon, Grimm, D'Holbach, and Marmontel. Julia, young as she was, was distinguished by these notabilities, and her father was justly proud of her. Soon, however, her peculiar and strange instincts began to reveal themselves, and gave much anxiety to her parent. She became discontented and melancholy, wished to return to the

solitudes of the North, had dreams and visions, at first at intervals, and then so frequently that her father tried what change of scene would do, and took her to Germany, to Switzerland, and to the south of France. But the peculiar idiosyncrasy of her character remained unchanged; she would set upon a rock, or wander alone at undue hours in some romantic solitude, weeping or prophesying; and to her father, who was deeply imbued with the "philosophical" doctrines of the day, the manifestations of such pious mysticism were as disagreeable as they were unintelligible. When he would have engaged her in a discussion upon an article in the *Encyclopædia*, she would seek the solitudes of a cloister, and meditate there upon the imaginary charms of monastic seclusion.

But every thing has its time, and Baron de Vietinghoff had the satisfaction of seeing his daughter become one of the most frivolous women of the world, and with so peculiar a nature, she at once went to such extremes as to terrify the more sedate as to her future. She was the mere child of grace and fantasy, and yet so seductive in her waywardness, that she seemed to have the gift of bewitching all whom she approached. Her marriage with Baron de Krudener was, however, less a matter of feeling than a concession made to her parent's wishes. Her husband could not understand her, and she did not love him; hence the tie led only to weariness and indifference. All she seemed to care for was movement. She went first to Venice, where her husband filled the position of Russian ambassador, thence she returned as quickly to Paris. But she seemed to be devoured by an unconquerable restlessness. Her father scolded in vain. She even declared her lover, the singer Garat, to be without soul or intelligence. Nothing seemed to satisfy her; she seemed to seek for gratification only in contradiction and trouble. She could not live, love, sin, and repent like the rest of the world; she would have sold herself to Satan, but only on the condition that the archangel would have made it worth her while. Paris abounded at that epoch in women anxious to obtain notoriety, no matter at what expense, but few went to such extremes as did Madame de Krudener. Her greatest annoyance was, that joy and grief, love and hatred, glory and humiliation, should

be allotted to her only in common with others. One evening she was told that Madame de Genlis was the first person who had attained perfection on the harp in Paris, and that it had given her much celebrity. "It appears to me," she observed, "that it is sufficient to make one's self ridiculous in France to become celebrated. As to that, I also will learn the harp." She did not learn the harp, but she wrote a romance, and then she said: "Of the two kinds of folly by which Madame de Genlis has attained celebrity, I have chosen the easiest. I have written a book; it remains to be seen if I have attained the same end."

Valérie appeared at Paris in 1804, after a short *séjour* made by Madame de Krudener, subsequent to her separation from her husband in 1792, in Riga, and Leipzig. The work created a sensation. It portrayed the heart as the active interpreter of the dark mysteries of conscience. Gustavus, the hero of the book, is a kind of sentimental Werther, who falls in love with the wife of the father who has adopted him, the young and beautiful *Valérie*, in whom we have the ardent and romantic character of Madame de Krudener; the spoilt and undisciplined child grown up to be the thoughtless and unprincipled woman, only still tormented by those religious scruples which she could never entirely divest herself of, and which she now sought relief for by transporting them into the domain of poetry. Gustavus is also a sketch from life, and the struggle of these two hearts, that meet only to suffer, are depicted with a skill peculiar to woman. *Valérie*, in reality, belongs neither to the school of Goethe in his *Werther*, nor to that of Rousseau in his *Nouvelle Héloïse*, but to what another woman, Madame de Staël, also succeeded in depicting in her usual masterly manner in *Corinne* and *Delphine*. *Valérie* introduced the fashion of promenading the hero and heroine about the world—a fashion to which the epistolary style lent itself with peculiar facilities, and the shoal upon which most imitators have wrecked themselves—that of fastidious developments and tedious digressions—has been as skillfully avoided by Madame de Krudener as by Madame de Staël. The letters of Gustavus are replete with tenderness and subdued passion, those of *Valérie* are less real; they are at times cold and affected, as if the author feared to re-

real the secrets of her own heart. It has been said that the philosopher Saint-Martin had a hand in this work; but although she had relations with that strange personage, it does not appear that he ever had any influence with her, still less any participation in her literary labors.

Valérie especially abounds in descriptions of scenery and of events connected with the author's travels, and we find in it a notice of a visit made with her father to the Grande Chartreuse at Grenoble, disguised as a man, access to the monastery being interdicted to women. She was at that time twenty years of age, and had been married five, and her account of the emotions which she experienced not only portray the strange, undisciplined and skeptical sentiments on religion by which she was all her life tormented, but also contain a prophecy of the future to which such skepticism must inevitably lead.

Two individuals were issuing on a cold and gloomy night in the autumn of 1786, enveloped in their mantles, from the Grande Chartreuse at Grenoble. The smallest of the two personages was distinguished by the grace and elegance of her shape, no less than by the inexpressible expression of mild beauty that expanded in every feature; and it was with the liveliest marks of affection and solicitude that her companion helped her to descend the steps of the portal. The latter was a man of a certain age, but robust and well built, with a patrician air, calm and strong. Both took their way to a carriage that was awaiting them, and which took them to an inn at some distance in the town. No sooner arrived, than the youngest, overcome with fatigue, let herself fall on a sofa, at the same time unloosening her hair, which escaped in brown and silken tresses. As to the oldest of the two travelers, he remained for a moment upright before his companion, contemplating her with quiet pleasure, till, taking her hand, he said, in a voice in which reproach was mingled with admiration: "Well, Julia! are you happy in having done what no woman dared attempt before you? What did you see? What did you feel? Speak? Must we congratulate ourselves upon our adventure? Alas! I fear not, and that our friends in Paris will laugh at us, seeing us return disappointed. For you know, my

dear, they all endeavored to dissuade us from this expedition."

Instead of replying, the graceful figure rose up, and throwing herself into the arms of him who had spoken, exclaimed, with profound emotion: "In the name of Heaven, father, do not say a word of this expedition in Paris! Give me your promise to hold your tongue to all the idle questionings to which we shall be subjected."

"And why so, my dear child?"

"Do not ask me. Give me your word!"

"How excited you are?"

"Truly so. I no longer breathe—I no longer live! It seems to me as if the gloom we have left behind us will forever darken my existence. Frightful voices murmur in my soul which is troubled, wandering, humiliated, and would like to hide itself in the deepest abyss, not to see and not to hear. O father, father! what is our life? What frightful precipices, what gulfs open themselves under our feet, while we move on in joy and indifference! What a horrible enigma is that of an existence for which we shall probably pay for every minute by inexpressible and unending punishments! Who is he who will inflict these punishments? I will dispense with the good things that his gracious hand bestows, if he will only also take back the arbitrary and tyrannical bonds by which he overwhelms me! Nothing, nothing! I want nothing of him who deems it wise to veil himself eternally from my contemplation, and to harass me with his secrets."

The father drew the child to his bosom, while she, more and more terrified, pressed herself on his breast with convulsive sobs.

"You are my father—you! I know you. I have seen you suffer for my griefs, sympathize with my tears. I read the expression of that love which sustains and raises my being upon your face, whose every feature paints to me the history of my weak heart. You do not hide yourself; you do not make of your solicitude for me a dark and gloomy mystery, in which you oblige me to believe even when my reason refuses to understand. No, father, your look bears testimony to your love; a loyal, open, irresistible testimony. I have no need to appeal to a third party to interpret your physiognomy; it is thus that a father

should be with his children. So, also, do I love you; and I am faithful to you; faithful to that noble heart upon which mine reposes, and beyond which I know nothing. For of eternity, neither you nor I wish for it. Is it not true that you reject a present the granter of which persistently refuses to show himself to you, and does not even permit you to know if the good things that he dispenses to you emanate from his kindness or his irony?"

"For Heaven's sake, Julia, be calm; your excitement leads you astray, and you do not see that you are talking blasphemy! Come to yourself, my daughter—to that calm reason which constitutes the charm of your mind, and which is only troubled by a moment's excitement."

"You think, perhaps," continued the young girl more sedately, "that it is the sight of this monastery that we have just visited that has suggested these ideas. Well, then, learn that it is not the case: that my heart has been troubled and my head confused for a long time now—a very long time, alas!"

This will quite suffice to show how closely the subject of the romance attaches itself to the intimate existence of the author, and we find the same incident alluded to, in a more agreeable manner, in a letter of Gustavus's: "I have just been reading the life of a saint, which I found in one of the drawers of my room. This saint had been a man, and he had remained a man; he had suffered, he had cast away the desires of this world far away from him, after having courageously struggled with them; he had banished all the images of his youth from his thoughts, and raised up repentance between them and his years of solitude. He worked daily in preparing his grave, thinking with gladness that he would leave his dust to the earth, and he tremblingly hoped that his soul would go to heaven. He dwelt in the Chartreuse; in 1715 he died, or rather he disappeared, his death was so soft. Men live there who are said to be fanatic, but who every day do good to other men. What a sublime and touching idea is that of three hundred Chartreux living the most holy life, filling these vast cloisters, only raising their melancholy looks to bless those whom they meet, exhibiting in every movement the most profound

calm, telling with their features, with their voices—which are never moved by excitement—that they only live for that great God who is forgotten in the world but is adored in the desert."

"Qui dit poète, dit toujours un peu prophète," is a proverb with the French, although of far greater antiquity, for prophet and poet were almost synonymous in the times of the Hebrews; but it is impossible not to see Madame de Krudener, as she was in the nineteenth century, in these thoughts and fancies. The woman of fashion belonged to the eighteenth century; courted and flattered, vain and affected, frivolous and inconsequent, beautiful and susceptible, a thousand triumphs awaited her—triumphs of grace, triumphs of talent, and triumphs of gallantry; to the nineteenth century belonged the pious lady, the charitable mother of the poor and the afflicted, the pale, thin ascetic who seeks for mercy at the foot of the cross, pilgrim, martyr, the lady with the gray dress and plain white cap covering her closely-cropped hair, once so much admired!

At the period when Madame de Krudener was a woman of the world, the Encyclopedists had reached the last hours of their orgies, the hours when the tables were turned, and the lights were put out, and two enormous and bloody hands—the hands of the Revolution—were feeling about at hap-hazard among the powdered heads that crowded the salons of the Baron of Holbach. Society, mined to its very base, threatened at every moment to topple over. Paris at such an epoch was filled with adventurers, visionaries, and necromancers. Mesmer reigned with magnetic wand and galvanic chains and circuits, while Saint Germain and Cagliostro resuscitated the dead, who, on their part, terrified the world by the most astounding prophecies.

It was about 1804 that Madame de Krudener first met Madame de Staël in her exile at Coppet. Both of these women—at that epoch at the very pinnacle of their worldly and literary fame—were about to follow their own line, and to take the part that was destined for them in the great events that were taking place. The one became a political, the other a religious, martyr. Equally made to exercise a powerful influence upon their cotemporaries, there have not been wanting those who have made vanity the

basis of their actions. There may be some truth in this, but it is very far from being the whole truth.

The first public signs of conversion on the part of Madame de Krudener manifested themselves in 1806, during her residence at Königsberg, where she had gone to visit Queen Louisa of Prussia. The fair and frail form that only a few years previously had been the idol of Madame Récamier's salons, dressed in Greek attire, with naked arms and bust, was no longer to be seen save in a high dress, and her hair combed back and deprived of all ornaments. She had then attained her fortieth year. Her husband, from whom she had been long separated, had died at Berlin, in 1804. For some time she wore a small crucifix of gold over her dress, but even that disappeared. She took off all her rings, reminiscences of former frivolities, but that did not prevent people admiring her hands, which were the prettiest in the world. Her step, previously quick and hurried, became now slow and measured. In company she remained standing, talking at the corner of a chimney, and out of doors she dispensed alike with equipages and lackeys, going about like a sister of charity, and she was admitted every where without ceremony.

The first time that Madame de Krudener obtained a sense of her power over the multitude is said to have been at Venice. A beggar-woman had been arrested, and the mob interceded for her. Madame de Krudener, passing in her gondola, also interfered, and she addressed the parties with such effect as to bring about the desired object, whereupon the mob carried her in triumph, shouting: "See the beautiful young lady, who has pity on the sufferings of the poor, and will not allow them to be maltreated." This event produced a great impression upon her. From that day she cultivated the favor of the people; the gondoliers disputed the honor of conveying her to church, and within the portals of the sacred edifice people recommended themselves to her prayers. The progress of events also materially influenced her resolves. After the battle of Jena, she wrote: "Great destinies are being accomplished: keep your eyes open. He who tries the hearts of the humble as well as of the strong, is about to manifest himself to kings as well as to people."

As the prosperity of Napoleon increas-

ed, Madame de Krudener withdrew to Geneva, where she made the acquaintance of Empeytas, a minister of the Reformed Church, who, like herself, was imbued with the spirit of mystic ardor as well as of piety. She had at this epoch two children, one of whom, a boy, she sent into Livonia, the other, a girl, she kept near herself.

The days of her predications and missions had now arrived. At Heidelberg she visited the prison for criminals, and dwelt for some weeks among thieves and assassins. War had massed these personages in a few strong places, and they had, in consequence, become so dangerous that their jailers were frightened to venture among them. Yet a frail woman was not terrified—it is true that her very fragility was a kind of protection to her. But she had to bear with their railleury against herself and against the Creator of all things. There was, in her own words, a perfect luxury of vice and perdition among them. Strange to say, she met in this jail a man with whom she had danced in Paris. "Good lady," he said, "do not try to convert me. A society that humbles and prostrates itself before him who steals a crown attests that there is only one thing in this world below, and that is success. To succeed is virtue, to fail is crime." Another took her book out of her hand, and struck her on the head with it. "Get away, old fool," he said; "if you were young and pretty, you would not be thinking of God, but of his creature, and now all the nonsense that you talk is for the consolation of your old age and of your worn-out carcass."

These sentimental promenades of Madame de Krudener among jails and fortresses, her preachings and predications among the poor and the subversive, and the fame of her proceedings, that spread far and wide in town and country, did not fail to attract the attention of the authorities. The tumult of war saved her for a time. She attempted, on the retreat from Moscow, to reach Berlin, but was obliged to return into Switzerland, the eternal home of the free and of the persecuted, and sometimes of the ungrateful. When news arrived of the battle of Leipzig, "Thank Heaven, thank Heaven, princes and people," she exclaimed, "for having saved you; you have nothing else now to do, *porro unum est necessarium*, thank

Heaven!" She spoke of Alexander as a young hero who joined the energy of a Cæsar to the celestial candor of an apostle, as the elect of Heaven, and her words had an effect that can scarcely be imagined in less impressionable and excitable times. This was, indeed, the moment of Madame de Krudener's greatest triumphs, and better to have died at that time, with the halo of a prophetess round her pale brow, than to have lived to dishonor her gray hairs with all the vanities of illuminism and witchcraft.

Madame de Krudener first made acquaintance with the thaumaturgist Jung Stilling at Carlsruhe, in 1814, and her excitable temperament allowed itself at once to be won over by all sorts of strange systems and fantastic theories. Jung Stilling was the son of a peasant, and had himself been brought up as a tailor. Goethe was the first to detect a precocious intelligence in this youth of humble origin, and it was to his having noticed him that he was indebted for the sympathy of the world. But these manifestations of interest awakened new ambitions: the tailoring was given up for doctoring, and Jung Stilling became a physician without the trouble of studying the science or passing an examination in order to obtain a degree. He improvised the latter as a more easy process. His business consisted in effecting cures by mystical means and by supernatural incantations, of which he alone possessed the secret. Such is the natural love for quackery and humbug, that crowds hastened to the empiric. He more particularly addicted himself to the cure of the eyes, and here he performed miracles. All those upon which he operated were to recover their sight, and if they did not do so it was because they were destined to remain blind! What is still more strange is, that this man who practiced medicine without a diploma, this dreamer, quack, and cheat, who had always lived without the bounds of reality, was appointed professor of political economy! Needless to say, that he was most profoundly ignorant of the merest elements of the science that he was appointed to teach; but Europe was at that epoch so upset by the horrors of war, that a small German university did not look too close to its appointments.

Jung Stilling not only managed, however, to get through his course of politi-

cal economy with credit to himself, but he found time, while he was disseminating his absurd theories of the development of wealth and the increase of human happiness, to indite a whole host of frightful romances. Finding, however, that this failed to procure the needful, he changed his tactics—he had already experienced how much could be done by pretensions to the mystical—and he assumed to have given himself up to a profound study of the occult sciences, the elements of which he at the same time developed in his *Theory of Spirits and Scenes of the Invisible World*.

Such is the man whom, unfortunately, an educated, refined, and latterly a pious person like Madame de Krudener allowed herself to be influenced by. The apparitions of a supernatural world were the inexhaustible theme of their conversations, and the too credulous neophyte listened to all the extravagancies of this arch-impostor as if they had been words of the Gospel: they prayed together, and they summoned spirits to appear before them. All the false prophets and cheats that at that epoch abounded in Alsatia, in Franconia, in Switzerland, and in Bavaria, congregated around this madman, who pretended to be in immediate communication with the Deity. Madame de Krudener found herself irretrievably mixed up with these mock propagandists. This was all that was wanting to deliver her over to her enemies, who were not few in number, and who were jealous of her labors and success among the poor, the imprisoned, and the afflicted, but who, so long as she had persevered, backed by a steady piety and sound faith, had found it impossible to annoy her. Now nothing was easier: she had given up true religion for imposture; she had associated herself with a parcel of notorious cheats; she was denounced as being herself a deceiver, as subversive, infidel, and unpius. She who had been the friend of Alexander and the beloved of the people, was ridiculed and laughed at, and the last epoch of her life—the era of her disgrace—was fairly entered upon. Her travels were now prosecuted with a commissary of police in the carriage and a gendarme at each door—sad and painful peregrinations, yet still more or less triumphal, for the people hurried wherever she was, and pressed around the carriage of the poor persecuted lady. Thus it was that she was hur-

ried from one frontier to another. No German state would allow her to remain upon its territory: no where could she find an asylum. On the threshold of every hostelry she was met by a police officer, who at once bade her pass on; and the miserable woman, worn out with fatigue and often ill, had no alternative but to get up again into her carriage, and to pursue the course of her anxious migrations. Sometimes she was in want of money, and then when she could get a remittance she would divide it with the poor and the needy. Her tribulations and anxieties were truly excessive. She was getting old, and at open war with all the police of Europe; the nomade had to raise her tent as soon as it was pitched wherever she went. At length she found refuge at the house of her son-in-law, Baron de Berckheim, who lived in the environs of Riga.

But it was not without a pang that she thus resigned herself to a retired life. She said that if the Creator thus humiliated her, it was because he could no longer be glorified by her. It was thus that she wrote to Empeytas, in 1820: "God permits lassitude to creep over its elect, so that they may know of how little import is their strength and renown to him. He has shown to me also within these few days that he has no longer any need of my poor services. My head bends down upon my chest, my arms fall by my side, and my step, which formerly was as a spring toward an object to be attained, is now slow and painful. O my friend! when the terrible hour shall sound, with what fright shall I answer the appeal! It is in vain that I attempt to compare my good and bad days disseminated over the earth, in vain that I attempt to draw conclusions: there is no fruit—alas! no fruit. I began life as a frivolous and coquettish woman, and after a brief but sharp martyrdom, I finish as a woman without courage and complaining."

M. de Sternberg relates having seen this remarkable woman in her retirement. "It was," he relates, a fine summer's evening, when I was walking along the banks of the river, that I saw an open carriage pass by, in which an old lady, in a dress of gray silk, was seated by the side of a young man. Without knowing that it was Madame de Krudener, I experienced a singular impression at the sight of this person. A moment afterward the car-

riage stopped, and the old lady got down, leaning upon the arm of her cavalier. Although at a short distance, I soon understood why she had thus got down. There was a group of girls close by on the banks of the river, busy washing clothes, and Madame de Krudener, perceiving them, could not resist the temptation of getting down and preaching something to them. She accordingly made her way to the laughing country girls, who opened their great eyes with wonder, and getting up upon a bench, she thus obtained a commanding position, from whence she addressed a homily to those present, of which I perfectly remember the principal points.

"What are you doing there?" she cried out in the dialect of the country people, and with a loud voice.

"The girls looked at one another laughingly, and replied that they were washing linen.

"Very good," replied Madame de Krudener, 'you are washing your body linen; but do you think of the stains that lie on your consciences, of the spots on your celestial clothing, that will drive you one day into confusion and despair, if you appear before God without having washed them? You open your great eyes and you appear to ask me with surprise how I can know that there are any stains on your celestial vestments? Believe me that I know it most indubitably. The souls of all of us are similarly circumstanced, and the best and noblest have their stains; that is why we are ordered to incessantly keep watch over our purification, and to wash off the spots from our souls, as you do those from the linen. Neglect to do this, and God will punish you in heaven, as your master will punish you on earth if you neglect the other. But the punishments of God are as much more terrible than those of man as heaven is higher than the earth.'

"And thus the discourse was prolonged, in a style that was at once familiar and yet mystical, but always borrowing its metaphors from circumstances of daily life, and that were within reach of the simplest minds. The effect was prodigious. As Madame de Krudener spoke on, these poor girls passed from a state of stupid astonishment to gathering up fragments, and then following every sentence of the address, and as they did so, their former boisterousness changed into an as-

pect of modest decency. Gradually they left their work, went up to the old lady, and, falling on their knees, they wept, whilst she, elevated above, smiled with the smile of love, and stretched forth her hands to bless them.

"The calmness of the spot, a cloudless sky, the inspiration of her words, which were carried away by the embalmed breeze of the evening, all combined to produce an ineffaceable impression on my mind, and I can not to the present day hear Madame de Krudener's name mentioned without being reminded of that scene."

Madame de Krudener only excited public attention once more after this; it was when she went to St. Petersburg to plead the cause of the Greeks. This active Philhellenism met, however, with a very poor success with government, which politely invited her to quit the capital and take herself off to the Crimea—thereby indicating the course of her travels. Unfortunately, while at the old capital of the Tartar-Khans—Karasu Bazar—or "the market on the Blackwater," she caught a pestilential fever, of which she died on the thirteenth of December, 1824.

Madame Hommaire de Hell, who traveled with her husband in Southern Russia and the Crimea in 1838-1839, gives a somewhat different account of the fate of this remarkable woman:

"Every one is aware of the mystic influence which Madame de Krudener exercised for many years over the enthusiastic temperament of the Emperor Alexander. This lady, who has so charmingly portrayed her own character in *Valérie*, who was preëminently distinguished in the aristocratic salons of Paris by her beauty, her talents, and her position as an ambassadress, who was by turns a woman of the world, a heroine of romance, a remarkable writer, and a prophetess, will not soon be forgotten in France. The lovers of mystic poetry will read *Valérie* that charming work, the appearance of which made so much noise, notwithstanding the bulletins of the grand army, (for it appeared in the most brilliant period of the Empire;) those who delight in grace, combined with beauty and mental endowments, will recall to mind that young woman who won for herself so distinguished a place in French society; and those whose glowing imaginations love to dwell on exalted sentiments and religious fervor, united to the most lively faith, can not refuse their admiration to her who asked of the mighty of the earth only the means of freely exercising charity, that evangelical virtue, of which she was always one of the most ardent apostles.

"The *Lettres de Mademoiselle Cocholet* made known to us with what zeal Madame de Krudener applied herself to seeking out and comforting the afflicted. Her extreme goodness of heart was such that she was called, in St. Petersburg, the Mother of the Poor. All the sums she received from the Emperor were immediately distributed to the wretched, and her own fortune was applied in the same way, so that her house was besieged from morning till night by mujiks and mothers of families, to whom she gave food both for soul and body.

"With so much will and power to do good, Madame de Krudener by-and-by acquired so great an influence in St. Petersburg, that the government at last became alarmed. She was accused of entertaining tendencies of too liberal a cast, religious notions of no orthodox kind, extreme ambition cloaked under the guise of charity, and therewith too much compassion for those miserable mujiks of whom she was the un-failing friend. But the chief cause of the displeasure of the court was the baroness's connection with two other ladies, whose religious sentiments were by all means exceedingly questionable. They were the Princess Galitzin and the so-called Countess Guacher.

"The publicity which these ladies affected in all their acts could not but be injurious to the meek Christian enterprise of Madame de Krudener. The Princess was detested at court. Too superior to disguise her opinions, and renowned for her beauty, her caustic wit, and her philosophic notions, she had excited against her a host of enemies, who were sure to take the first opportunity of injuring her with the Emperor. As for the Countess Guacher, her rather equivocal position at the court furnished a weapon against her, when, suddenly issuing from the extreme retirement in which she had previously lived, she became one of Madame de Krudener's most enthusiastic adepts.

"When the Princess Galitzin returned to St. Petersburg after a journey to Italy, the Emperor who sincerely admired her, took upon himself to make two ladies acquainted whom he thought so fitted to appreciate each other. As he had foreseen, a close intimacy grew up between them, but to the great mortification of the court, this intimacy was, through Madame de Krudener's influence, the basis of an association which aimed at nothing less than the conversion of the whole earth to the holy law of Christ.

"At first the scheme was met with derision, then alarm was felt, and at last by dint of intrigues, the Emperor, whom these ladies had half made a proselyte, was forced to banish them from court, and confine them for the rest of their days to the territory of the Crimea. It is said that this decision, so contrary to the kind nature of Alexander, was occasioned by an article in an English newspaper, in which the female trio and his imperial majesty were made the subjects of most biting sarcasms. Enraged at being accused of being held in leading-strings by three half-crazed women, the Emperor signed

the warrant for their exile, to the great joy of the envious courtiers. The victims beheld in the event only the manifestation of the Divine will, that they should propagate the faith among the followers of Mohammed. In a spirit of Christian humility they declined receiving any other escort than that of a non-commissioned officer, whose duty should be only to see to their personal safety, and transmit their orders to the persons employed in the journey. Their departure produced a great sensation in St. Petersburg; and every one was eager to see the distinguished ladies in their monastic costume. The court laughed, but the populace, always sensitive where religion is concerned, and who, besides, were losing a most generous protectress in Madame de Krudener, accompanied the pilgrims with great demonstrations of respect and sorrow to the banks of the Neva, where they embarked on the sixth of September, 1822.

"The apparition of these ladies in the Crimea threw the whole peninsula into commotion. Eager to make proselytes, they were seen toiling in their béguine costume, with the cross and the Gospel in their hands, over mountains and valleys, exploring Tatar villages, and even carrying their enthusiasm to the strange length of preaching in the open air to the amazed and puzzled Mussulmans. But as the English consul had predicted, in spite of their mystic fervor, their persuasive voices, and the originality of their enterprise, our heroines effected few conversions. They only succeeded in making themselves thoroughly ridiculous, not only in the eyes of the Tatars, but in those also of the Russian nobles of the vicinity, who instead of seconding their efforts, or at least giving them credit for their good intentions, regarded them only as feather-witted *illuminata*, capable at most of catechising little children. The police, too, always prompt to take alarm, and having besides received special instructions respecting these ladies, soon threw impediments in the way of all their efforts, so that two months had scarcely elapsed before they were obliged to give up their roving ways, their preachings, and all the fine dreams they had indulged during their long and painful journey. It was a sore mortification to them to renounce the hope of planting a new Thebaid in the mountains of the Crimea. Madame de Krudener could not endure the loss of her illusions; her health, already impaired by many years of an ascetic life, declined rapidly, and within a year from the time of her arrival in the peninsula, there remained no hope of saving her life. She died in 1823, in the arms of her daughter, the Baroness Berckheim, who had been for some years resident on the southern coast, and became possessed of many documents on the latter part of a life so rich in romantic events; but unfortunately these documents are not destined to see the light.

"Princess Galitzin, whose religious sentiments were perhaps less sincere, thought no more of making conversions after she had in-

stalled herself in her delightful villa on the coast. Throwing off forever the coarse béguine robe, she adopted a no less eccentric costume, which she retained until her death. It was an Amazonian petticoat, with a cloth vest of a male cut. A Polish cap trimmed with fur completed her attire, that accorded well with the original character of the Princess. It is in this dress she is represented in several portraits still to be seen in her villa at Koreis.

"The caustic wit that led to her disgrace at the court of St. Petersburg, her stately manners, her name, her prodigious memory, and immense fortune, quickly attracted round her all the notable persons in Southern Russia. Distinguished foreigners eagerly coveted the honor of being introduced to her, and she was soon at the head of a little court, over which she presided like a real sovereign. But being by nature very capricious, the freak sometimes seized her to shut herself up for whole months in total solitude. Although she relapsed into philosophical and Voltairean notions, the remembrance of Madame de Krudener inspired her with occasional fits of devotion that oddly contrasted with her usual habits. It was during one of these visitations that she erected a colossal cross on one of the heights commanding Koreis. The cross being gilded, is visible to a great distance.

"Her death in 1829 left a void in Russian society which will not easily be filled. Reared in the school of the eighteenth century, well-versed in the literature and the arts of France, speaking the language with an entire command of all that light, playful raillery that made it so formidable of yore; having been a near observer of all the events and all the eminent men of the Empire; possessing, moreover, a power of apprehension and discernment that gave equal variety and point to her conversation; a man in mind and variety of knowledge, a woman in grace and frivolity; the Princess Galitzin belonged by her brilliant qualities and her charming faults to a class that is day by day becoming extinct.

"Now that conversation is quite dethroned in France, and exists only in some few salons of Europe, it is hard to conceive the influence formerly exercised by women of talent. Those of our day, more ambitious of obtaining celebrity through the press than of reigning over a social circle, guard the treasures of their imagination and intellect with an anxious reserve that can not but prove a real detriment to society. To write feuilletons, romances, and poetry, is all very well; but to preside over a drawing-room, like the women of the eighteenth century, has also its merit. But we must not blame the female sex alone for the loss of that supremacy which once belonged to French society. The men of the present day, more serious than their predecessors, more occupied with positive, palpable interests, seem to look with cold disdain on what but lately commanded their warmest admiration."

The so-called Countess Guacher, who

shared the exile of Princess Galitzin and of Madame de Krudener, and who died in obscurity in 1823, was the Countess de Lamothe, who had been whipped and

branded on the Place de Grève as an accomplice in the scandalous affair of the Diamond Necklace.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

MILITARY PANICS.

BY RUNNYMEDE.

IN one of the Sikh battles a British regiment, through contradictory orders, found itself unsupported in front of the enemy's fire, and, for the first time, turned right about face on the enemy. In ancient times the god Pan was supposed to be the inspirer of this sudden and useful diversion in the enemies' lines. The Goat-god, who had frightened his mother into fits by his ungainly and capricious movements as an infant, and who had been taken up to Olympus by his father, Mercury, to amuse the celestials by his dancing to the music of his own Pandean pipes, afterward set up as a hunter on his own account in the woods of Arcady. Here, by his quick sight and lusty halloo, he became the terror of the forest—a kind of god-gorilla, whose howl would scare away bears and tigers as unaccountably as Orpheus charmed them. The next we hear of Pan is in the train of Bacchus, when that mythical god opened the way to the conquest of India, in which Alexander, in historical times, followed in his steps. Pan was evidently the trumpeter of the expedition, and blew such blatant and horrible blasts of sound, that the Argunas and Krishnas of India stopped their ears, and ran from it as the beasts had done in Arcady. Whether the sound he produced was that of a steam-whistle or of a steam-drum, legend does not say. Jullien, the father of monster concerts and the inventor, we believe, of one of these ear-tormentors, was, no doubt, one of the progeny of Pan. Perillus, of the brazen bull celebrity, was another, and the Chi-

nese, who drive their prisoners mad by the gong reverberating in their ears louder than the loudest thunder, are also emissaries of the wicked Goat-god, who should be sent to join him in the Pandemonium, where "the noise of drums and timbrels loud" is mixed "with parents' tears and children's cries that pass through fire" to Moloch.

In grateful memory of Pan's assistance at the battle of Marathon, the Athenians erected a temple to his honor. The first of those panics with which Asiatic armies have so often been seized in presence of European, was that recorded by Herodotus, when the Persians and Greeks met on the plain of Marathon. Herodotus shall tell the story in his own picturesque words*: "While the generals were yet in the city, they dispatched a herald to Sparta, one Phidippides, an Athenian, who was a courier by profession, and who attended to this very business. This Phidippides, as he afterward told the story to the Athenians, was met by Pan near Mount Parthenion, above Tegea; and Pan, calling out the name of Phidippides, bade him ask the Athenians why they paid no attention to him, who was well inclined to the Athenians, and had often been useful to them, and would be so hereafter. The Athenians, therefore, as their affairs were then in a prosperous condition, believed that this was true, and erected a temple to Pan beneath the Acropolis, and in consequence of that message they propitiate Pan with yearly

* Herodotus, vi. ch. 106.

sacrifices and the torch race." To this intervention of Pan, among other causes (for Herodotus is at the half-way state of belief between supernatural and natural causation, and does not directly bring the gods into the field of battle as Homer, or altogether pass by their interposition, as Thucydides) the great success at Marathon is attributed. Pan, according to Herodotus, changed sides on that eventful day for Greece and Europe. The Athenians, he says, on that day charged the Medians at full speed, and that, too, unsupported by cavalry and archers. This the barbarians ascribed to madness, for until that time the very name of the Medes was a terror to the Greeks. It is evident from this hint, (and it is only a hint which Herodotus furnishes,) that the result of Marathon was mainly attributed to a *panic*. For the first time the Medians met their match, and as at school all bullies are cowards, so in battle.

Instead of inspiring terror in the Greeks, the headlong attack of the Greeks struck them with terror. It was the weaker animal brought to bay, and driving back the stronger, as a horse has before now staggered a tiger, and sent him reeling back to his den by a well-directed kick in the head.

A battle is after all only a pummeling-match on a large scale; the side which can best stand being beaten has the best chance of beating.

"Fears of the brave and follies of the wise;"

who has not read and commented on this sonorous couplet? It is an epitome of the art of war. We would not say that the general that is most brave will win the day, but he that fears least; nor is the distinction a mere trifling about words. The normal state of two armies marching to battle is the state of fear; the general is trembling for his reputation, the drummer-boy for the lass that he left behind, and the lips he kissed so fondly when drawn for a conscript a few days before. To all that mighty host there is the awful alternative, death or victory; it may not be a peerage or Westminster Abbey to all, but the prize is proportioned to the stake. The commander-in-chief stakes his all on the issue and so does the drummer boy. The one can not hazard more than life and honor, the other can not

hazard less. In such a lottery as this, the boldest may hold his breath, as the ball whizzes in the roulette of battle, and fortune hangs in suspense between the combatants. That men are not afraid while the battle is raging around them, and comrades falling fast on all sides, is very true; but that is not because they are too brave not to know what fear means, which is only an absurd way of saying that they are too irrational to know what their danger is; but because a passive emotion of fear is incompatible with the active exertion required of head, legs, and arms. The commander-in-chief has to *think*, and the full private to *act* during action, and both thinking and acting are states which put an end, for the time present, of the sympathetic emotions. The surgeon amputating a patient's limb is conscious of nothing but the operation itself. If he were to give way for an instant he would be unnerved and unmanned. During the trying quarter of an hour, he is a being of pure intellect devoid of feeling or emotion of any kind. And unless he were capable of that act of pure abstraction, unless he could put his understanding under an exhausted receiver, and work it for the time *in vacuo*, he might give up surgery and had better adopt the study of some of the fine arts instead. This is why many excellent and able men have been unable to qualify themselves for the profession of a surgeon. They were unable to master their passive emotions in the operating-room; their nerves were too fine-strung, and consequently their intellect never had fair play; they could never rise to the perception of the beauty of an operation, and forget the screams and suffering of the patient. A surgeon is not heartless, as some suppose, because he forgets the one class of emotions, and can even induce a new train of emotions. If the patient were a dear relative, he would not attempt the operation, because he could not trust his resolution. A look might unnerve him, and the more the feelings are compressed the greater their gush when once the self-command is lost, and like waters breaking through a dam they sweep all before them.

To apply these remarks to a field of battle. Men there screw their courage to the sticking place. They do not talk nonsense about not knowing what fear means, but like Macbeth, they can do all that does become a man, who dares do more

is none. Sir Alexander Ball, than whom a braver man never walked the quarter-deck, confessed, that when as a boy he was put into the ship's launch on a cutting-out expedition, he felt the tears rise in his eyes, and he would have given worlds to choke down his emotions. But a kind word from an old boatswain soon set him all right again, and once the first natural gush of fear was got under he felt no more return of it, and got on in action as well as the oldest seaman. This is the real state of armies going into action; at first the strong sense of danger is uppermost in their minds, but as soon as this is conquered by the sense of duty, there is then no return of these qualms, unless, as sometimes happens, the army finds itself in a trap, or a *cul-de-sac*, with cannon on all sides, and then the sensation of fear returns with overwhelming strength in proportion as it has been kept under so long.

Thus we have given first the theological explanation of panics to which the Father of History alludes, not in the hearty believing way that old Homer would have told of a divine interposition of Pan on the side of the Greeks at Marathon. Then we passed on to the metaphysical account of the same. Now we give the positive side of the same subject, and narrates some of the great panics of war.

It was a panic when Gideon's handful of men, with pitchers and lamps, fell on the host of Midian and smote them, as they lay along in the valley "like grasshoppers for multitude, and their camels were without number, as the sand by the sea-side, for multitude." A Midianite, we are told, dreamed a dream, and lo, a cake of barley-bread tumbled into the host of Midian, and came into a tent and smote it, that it fell and overturned it that the tent lay along. Mr. Thompson, the ingenious author of the *Land and the Book*, has thrown great light on the dream by referring us to a proverbial expression, still in use in Palestine. Barley-bread being eaten only by the very poor, it was very natural to dream of an attack from one of the oppressed Israelites under the figure of a cake of barley-bread. Bearing in mind, moreover, the almost precipitous heights which overhang the valley in which the Midianites were encamped, the sudden irruption of Gideon and his armed men was as like the tumbling of a cake of bread on the roof of a tent, and

the cause was not more inadequate to the effect in the one case than in the other. To what, then, are we to attribute the terror of the Midianites but to a night surprise from a small body of men rushing down on them from a height? Every measure of Gideon's was well calculated to strike a panic into the multitude which lay in the valley like grasshoppers. The flashing of lights, the crash of broken pitchers, the trumpet to the lips, the sword in the hand: here were four elements of terror, any one of which would have been sufficient by itself. The superstitious multitude, no doubt, at once supposed them to be so many avenging angels—the gods of the land come down to take up the cause of Israel. "Fear," says the wise man, "is a betrayal of the succors which reason offereth;" and so unreasoning is this instinct of fear that it strikes at friend and foe alike. There is something infectious in the presence of numbers for good or evil. Men back each other up shoulder to shoulder if they have only the resolution to stand. As on Flodden field—

"Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As gallantly and well."

And, on the other hand, a bad example works like leaven among troops, and a retreat often ends in a run because of an alarm raised by a few cowardly fellows in the rear.

The march of Bacchus from Greece to India is undoubtedly mythical; that of Alexander of Macedon is undoubtedly historical. Whatever we may say of the first irruption of Pan into Asia, it is quite certain that the god of terror raised his shaggy head from the midst of the Macedonian phalanx, and shook the Persians from their ranks and Darius from his throne. It is unaccountable how half a million of men could stand up to fight a pitched battle with fifteen or twenty thousand soldiers without running away at the first alarm. The Persians stood in their own way. It was like King Cambyses and his host overwhelmed in a sand-storm:

"Man mounts on man, on camels camels rush."

Two or three such victories as those of the Granicus and Arbela must have satisfied Alexander of this sheep-slaying. He must have doubted his own sanity at last, like Ajax *furens* among the flocks. The panics of the Persians recoiled on their

conqueror. Conquest came so easy to him that he went mad for blood, and at last turned his sword against his own generals and favorites for want of fresh Dariuses to pursue, and more Persias to overrun.

In the wars of the Romans panics were unknown, for every legion was an army complete in itself, which marched under its own commander, and encamped on its own ground. It expected no supports, and therefore never trusted itself in danger without knowing its own strength, and the strength of the enemy. Armies are broken either when the commander of ten thousand finds himself confronted by twenty thousand, and halts, wavers, and is thrown back in confusion; or, when through want of generalship, the men come up in dribbets, and regiments play at cross-purposes leading to very crooked issues under fire. At Meeanee, for instance, Sir Charles Napier found himself with two thousand men on the crest of a hill face to face with twenty thousand Beloochees. To waver was to be lost, and so putting a bold front on the matter, Sir Charles went in for it and won. On the other hand, for an example of what would strike a panic into any army but the British, take Balaklava, or the attack on the Redan in June. *C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas la guerre*, is a well-remembered comment on the ride of the Six Hundred down the valley of the shadow of death up to the Russian guns. There is no disguising the truth that this is not the way that victories are won. Lions were led on by asses, and if a wrong attack did not end in a rout and a panic, it was only because British soldiers are unlike any other, and do not know when they are beaten.

A panic was next to impossible in a Roman army, from the very composition of the force. It was an *exercitus*, a body so called from its constant habit of drill. Discipline was their *disciplina*, the study to which the Roman gave his mind and strength, as the Greek to rhetoric and philosophy; their camps were cities or the germs of them, and their colonies bodies of old pensioners who held the lands of the enemy on military tenure. To this day our Winchesters, Rochesters, Porchesteres, Dorchesteres, recall the name of the ancient *castra*, the strongholds of Roman power in Britain. A military spirit like this is the true preservative against

the panics which naturally spring up when bodies of men suddenly find themselves at death's door. How shall one chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight, except, in the language of Scripture, their Rock had sold them, and they had lost all faith in each other as well as in God? It is easy to see that the imagery is Asiatic, for in Asia only do these disgraceful effects of fear occur on so large a scale. It is only there that undisciplined multitudes are drawn into the field of battle, to be swept away, like the pawns on the chessboard, when the queen and castle are gone.

During the middle ages panics were common enough among the hasty levies which were summoned to go to the campaign with the lord of the soil. The knights and their retainers were of course disciplined men, but the bowmen and pikemen were drawn from the cart and the plow, and stood their ground bravely enough, as long as they were supported, but when once the men in armor gave way, then this ill-armed yeomanry became a rabble-rout, and saved themselves as they best could by flight.

The wars of knights in armor against knights in armor were over; the battlefield was no longer a tilting-ground, where a few noble warriors of the pure *sangre azul* decided the fate of the day by their individual prowess. The age of chivalry went out in a blaze of triumph on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and in a burst of shame after the Battle of the Spurs. We could not write on panics and pass over that strange escapade of chivalry, that galloping-match from death, that Tam O'Shanter ride of the French. In July, 1513, the English landed at Calais, and being joined by the Emperor, the united army, numbering thirty thousand men, laid siege to Terouenne, upon which the Duke of Longueville marched to its relief, and was totally defeated. This battle, fought on the 18th of August, near Enguinegate, was called the Battle of the Spurs, because the French used their *spurs* more than their swords. It was the battle of *veni, vici* only, for the French were only like the snow-fall on the river, a moment seen then gone forever. It was General Bem's laconic report of a victory over the Austrians in 1848. *Bem Bom Bam*—Bem came and conquered.

The fifteenth century still retained so

head against us in front. A panic is thus as much a part of our *materiel de guerre* in the East as a balloon is of the French, or a stink-pot of the Chinese. There must be fightings without, but also fears within, or else a handful of Europeans could never conquer or hold India to this day.

But the Asiatic panic is of one kind, the American of another; they differ as the tiger differs from the jaguar. The fear of undisciplined masses is always a terrible thing, whether in civilized or in semi-civilized societies; but as the causes of this panic differ, so it differs in its effects. In Asiatic armies a panic arises from indiscipline produced by want of confidence between man and man: in America, from indiscipline produced by undue confidence, together with want of military training. In Asia there is the defect, in America the excess of public spirit, and so opposite causes produce the same effect. The political spirit is nearly dead in an Asiatic community. The king has gathered up all the functions of government into his own person, and so, if he is an imbecile or a madman—to one of which extremes absolute power invariably leads men—the condition of things falls into a state resembling that of an engine-driver drunk or asleep by the stoke-hole, and the ship driving through the waters at the mercy of the winds and waves. In America an opposite kind of evil is at work, political life is there diffused through the mass, so that every one on board, from the captain to the cabin-boy, thinks himself fit to work the ship's engines; there is no division of labor, no such thing as professional statesmanship. The art of war and the art of government are thought to be born with all men as digging and delving. All men can dig, because they are the sons of Adam, the first gardener, and all women spin, because they are daughters of Eve, the first spinster. It is a point of honor with democracy, to prove all men equal on the tented field, for what comes easier than fighting? No man, says Archbishop Whately, thinks of deciding by common-sense in the craft or calling in which he is skilled. He only decides by common-sense in a professional matter of which he knows nothing. So physicians set a great store by common-sense in law, and the lawyers in physic. Engineers who would never build a bridge by common-sense, will give a constitution to a

colony, or pay the national debt by common-sense. So as generalship is the art of which Americans are generally ignorant, every second man you meet is a general, and is ready to lead an army to battle under the strategy of common-sense. A great deal of uncommon non-sense has been talked about the early wars of the French Revolution, as if Moreau, Dumouriez, and Jourdan gained their great victories by forgetting the art of war and throwing themselves on the enemy like a pack of wolves on a caravan of peaceful travelers. So far from this, their victories were the victories of masters in the art of war, against bunglers. Not to speak of Valmy, which after all was only a cannonade, and not an engagement at close quarters, Dumouriez out-generaled the Duke of Brunswick by his march on the Argonne Forest, which stopped the march of the allied army on Paris in 1792, and saved the Republic. Dumouriez put his finger on the map and exclaimed: "This is the Thermopylæ of France." On the fourth of September, by a rapid movement in the face of the enemy, the bold and adroit Frenchman had occupied the main passes of the forest, and had taken up a position of great strength at Grandpre. The weather was wet, the country was flooded, but Dumouriez' great difficulty was to bring his raw and inexperienced troops to face the Prussians, whom Frederick the Great had led to victory. Even five days before Valmy they fled screaming before the Prussians. But by exhortation and menace he inspired the timid with some ardor, and his recruits were rallied to the cry of *vive la patrie*. But Dumouriez was too skillful a general to hazard an engagement at close quarters with raw against disciplined troops. He maneuvered his men, marched and countermarched them, and finally, by a succession of feints, tired out the enemy, and held his ground till the arrival of Kellermann with fifteen thousand men, encouraged him to engage the enemy, which he did at Valmy.

The cannonade of Valmy was the first action fought by the Republican levies against the disciplined armies of Prussia and Austria. The relief of Lille, in October of the same year, was followed by the battle of Jemmapes, in which, though the French lost more than the Austrians, they succeeded in routing them for the first time. Of the composition of the army

sey, within a mile of the enemy. Surajah Dowlah, the Nabob of Bengal, had an army of fifty thousand infantry, armed with matchlocks, spears, rockets, and bows; eighteen thousand cavalry, well mounted and accoutred, and fifty pieces of cannon, for the most part twenty-four and thirty-two pounders, which were clumsily mounted on wooden carriages, and drawn by an elephant and forty or fifty horses. To oppose these Clive had no more than three thousand men of all arms, of whom not more than one thousand were Europeans, and the rest Madras Sepoys. The battle of Plassey is the history of one of Alexander's victories over Darius. Surajah Dowlah's artillery began the action, but did as little execution as the elephants and castles of Darius on the Macedonian phalanx, while the few field-pieces of the English produced great effect. Clive continued on the defensive until about two P. M. when the Nabob, intimidated by the fall of a favorite chief, ordered a retreat. This is the turning-point in an Asiatic army. At best it is a mob of fighting men, which bears down with its own weight against the enemy's lines, but when it has to repeat the Parthian maneuver, and retreat fighting, it invariably falls into disorder, and the rout becomes a run for dear life. So it was on this day. It was a regular stampede of wild and affrighted buffaloes. Not more than five hundred fell by the enemy's sword, but more than ten times that number were either wounded or missing. No muster-roll was ever called again of that army of sixty thousand men; like a fagot of sticks it fell to pieces at a stroke of the conqueror's sword. Next day Surajah Dowlah fled in disguise from Moorshedabad, and a creature of Clive's was set up on the Durbar in his stead, while the reality and even the symbols of sovereignty passed away to the English, with whom they have remained to this day.

The history of India is full of these narratives of battle, stoutly begun, but ending in a panic, a rout, a deposition, and the annexation of the province to our still increasing empire. Sir Henry Laurence said of the Sikhs, that they were not educated up to the point when the soldier in the ranks can trust that his right-hand man is not planning to run away. Never was this more exemplified than during the Indian Mutiny in 1857. The regiments

which wore the British uniform and were drilled by British officers—regiments which had won laurels, too, in campaigns from Pegu to Persia, turned round and ran before a few hundred Highlanders, as school-boys run at sight of a policeman. They had no confidence in each other, much less in their officers. It was a state of chronic panic, and to that we owe our mastery of India to this day. St. John Tucker well said, that it is not our might, nor our craft, much less our numbers, which holds India for us. Ours is an empire of opinion; an invincible persuasion possesses the Hindoo that one pale face is equal in the day of battle to ten of themselves. The Beloochees said of Sir Charles Napier, that the tramp of his war-horse was heard two miles off, and the men of Nicholson's regiment were found to adore him as a god, by name Nikul-Seyn.

Asiatic armies have shown us the art of turning a victory into a defeat. Given a horde of men with very little knowledge of fighting, and no interest whatever in the cause for which they are fighting, and we have at once the conditions requisite to produce a panic. We may expect a panic in such a situation as this, just as we may expect to find a toad-stool in the stump of an old tree, or bulrushes in a marshy hollow. Asia is as indigent of panics as it is of the cholera. Hindoos fight under this pall thrown over them by the king of terrors, as the Persians fought in the shade of their innumerable darts. The European general who marches out to fight Chinese and Hindoos, reckons upon a diversion in his favor caused by the god Pan, as much as Bacchus reckoned on the assistance of his ally in the celebrated expedition to India. It would almost cause a panic in the European lines if they found it otherwise. Whenever Hindoos or Chinese stand to their guns we begin to suspect that there are French or Russian officers among them. For a long time we could not believe that the Sikh artillery was not pointed by French gunners. It was asserted with equal confidence that the Russian uniform was to be seen in the Taku forts. Panic is our natural ally in our wars in the east; we think ourselves badly used if he does not overturn the baggage-wagons, cut the bullock's traces, and set an elephant or two mad with thirst and fear, and so turn things topsy-turvy in the rear that there is no making

spirit is a good thing, it is the raw material out of which soldiers and sailors are made. But the raw material is one thing, the manufactured article another, and woe to the nation which in its strait and agony calls on its levies to face armies bronzed in battle. So the Prussian *Land-sturm* went down at Jena before the army of the Pyramids, Italy, and Austerlitz. It was not till eight years' humiliation had called out in Prussia a spirit as heroic as that of the French Republicans in 1792, supported by a discipline as stern and exact, that Prussia took revenge for Jena at Leipzig and Waterloo, and settled old scores which we hope may not soon be opened again on either side. At this moment we should tremble for Prussia if she had to meet France single-handed on the Rhine. In discipline and even

in numbers we do not fear that Prussia could make head against any army which France could launch against her across the Rhine. But when it comes to real fighting, the difference between old soldiers who have fought in real battles, and those who have only fought in sham battles, is tremendous. Amid the hail of bullets, and the sights and sounds of real fighting, even old soldiers sicken, and young soldiers drop, and are benumbed with fear. If there are not veterans then mixed up with the young soldiers, they may fall into a panic at any moment, which will sweep away generals, baggage and all, in one pell-mell of ruin. But if added to this, the officers are as inexperienced as the men, nothing can save such an army from a ruin which is worse than defeat.

From Chambers's Journal.

G I A N T T R E E S .

It is a strange and impressive consideration, that many trees now standing began to flourish before the commencement of the oldest empires on record; witnessed the rise and decay of the Assyrian and Babylonian powers; beheld the Egyptian dynasties in their cradle; and saw pass by them, like meteors, the warlike monarchies of Macedon and Rome. Such are the great chestnut-trees on the slopes of Etna, and those enormous representatives of ancient forests observed by our older travelers in China, which being preserved by a harmless superstition from the ax, are doubtless still where they were two centuries ago, though recent visitors to the Flowery Land have either not penetrated into the provinces where they are found, or else have omitted to describe them. In some parts of the East, as in the larger islands, for example, of the Indian Archipelago, trees are more remarkable for their immense loftiness, and the distance from the ground free of boughs, than for mere girth. On the north-western prom-

ontory of Borneo, as well as in parts of Australia, trees have been seen which though not more than eighteen or twenty feet in circumference, display a clear straight shaft of ninety feet below the spread of the branches, which at that elevation throw themselves forth on all sides, and constitute a close pyramid of unfailing verdure to the summit.

Africa, the abode of startling contrasts, where deserts of absolute barrenness run in vast belts parallel with the rankest vegetation in the world, presents us with nothing in the form of a tree more marvelous than the baobab, which rises from the plain like a regular mound of foliage, one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and from seventy-five to eighty feet high, thickly sprinkled in the hottest month of summer with white flowers, six inches across. It would be difficult to imagine any thing more beautiful than this huge pile of green leaves, contrasting with the snowy blossoms, which, as they open their dewy chalice in the morning, diffuse far

and wide a rich perfume through the air. There is something extremely peculiar in the characteristics of the baobab. Its trunk is not lofty, since at about the height of twelve or fourteen feet, it divides itself into massive boughs, the lowest and largest of which stretch out almost horizontally till their own weight bends them down toward the earth, which at their extremities they touch on all sides, so as to form a spacious circular tent, affording the natives a pleasing shade. In girth, the trunk amply makes up for its want of height, frequently measuring upward of seventy feet, and sometimes exceeding eighty-five, which gives a diameter of nearly twenty-nine feet. Strange to say, the wood of the baobab, though extremely slow of growth, is soft and light, owing, probably, to the moist and sandy soil in which the tree delights. It seldom acquires any great height where its roots encounter stones, since the slightest abrasion of their rind leads inevitably to the destruction of the whole tree.

The Chinese have a quaint way of expressing most things; and when they desire to convey an idea of the magnitude of the two great trees of their empire, they say that two hundred sheep might be concealed beneath a single branch of the one, while the other is so vast, that eighty men with outstretched arms could scarcely embrace it. The merchants who distribute timber through the country, bore holes in the ends of the trees, and bind them together into floats or rafts, sometimes a quarter of a league in length, on which they build houses for themselves, their families, and attendants, and proceeding along the rivers and great canals, perform voyages of many thousand miles, the raft gradually diminishing as they dispose of their property in one city after another. Traveling westward through Central Asia, we meet with few trees of great bulk till we pass the Volga, where giant oaks present themselves, some thirty feet in circumference, and of proportionate height, occasionally hollowed out by age for the dwelling of man or beast. In the Crimea, oaks are met with of equal dimensions, together with prodigious walnut-trees, from which in favorable seasons a hundred thousand nuts are sometimes gathered. The tree from whose trunk was made the celebrated table of Lorraine, twenty-five feet in breadth, and of suitable length and thickness, probably

surpassed its rival of the Crimea in its annual yield of nuts. No furniture is more beautiful than that which is made of walnut-wood, delicately flecked and watered, and susceptible of a polish equal to that of the finest mahogany from the Spanish Main.

Few countries, however, have surpassed England in the number of immense trees which may be regarded as historical. The linden of Zurich, supposed to have been the largest on the continent, was exceeded in dimensions by a female linden growing at Depeham, in Norfolk, which rose to the height of ninety feet, and was nearly fifty feet in circumference at the root, but rapidly diminished in girth, first to thirty-six feet, and a little higher to twenty-five feet. Its leaves were immense, some of them being full three inches broad. The elms of England are probably the finest in the world. In Italy, these trees have been planted from time immemorial, in order, as the Roman poets express it, to be married to the vine, which, climbing up their trunks, and creeping along their boughs and branches, suspends its rich clusters of purple and gold among the leaves, which barely suffice to shelter them from the too ardent rays of the sun. A vineyard in Burgundy is as little picturesque as a plantation of gooseberry-bushes; but south of the Ticino, is an object of rare interest and beauty, the vine flinging its tendrils from tree to tree, forming arches, berceaus, and canopying whole avenues with its lovely leaves and poetical fruit.

Spain, it is said, had no elms, till they were carried thither from England, in the sixteenth century, by Philip II., to shade the walks of his palaces at Aranjuez, the Escorial, and Madrid. The grounds at Aranjuez, encircled artificially by the Tagus, are laid out in beautiful walks along the banks of the river; and one of the alleys, it is said, is three miles in length, shaded all the way by double rows of English elms. Our ambassadors, therefore, when attending upon the court here, half imagined themselves at home while sitting or walking beneath a tree so intimately associated with their own country. As the elm is associated with the grape, so is the linden with the bee, which sucks from its flowers the most delicious honey, tinged slightly with green, and often more odoriferous than that of Attica or Sicily. Some have confounded the linden with

the unknown tree on which the ancients bestowed the name of smilax, which shaded the democratic walks of the Athenian people, and flung over them in spring a perfume little less delicious than that of their favorite violets.

Among the oldest trees now known to exist, is that great Egyptian sycamore which rears its venerable trunk near the Fountain of the Sun at Heliopolis, which was already old when, as is represented in general belief, Christ sat as an infant on his mother's lap beneath its shade. Here Mohammedan, Jew, and Christian, have stood and gazed at the mighty river and the pyramids, symbols of a religion more ancient than any now known. High up the valley, we meet with other sycamores, some of them a hundred and seventy feet in circumference, which probably rival in antiquity the chestnut-trees of Etna, for the wood is imperishable, and small blocks of it cut into idols or playthings for children, probably before the Exodus, are still as hard and as polished as the day they escaped from the plane of the carpenter. In our own country, where moisture is more abundant and destructive, we have perhaps none of that antediluvian brood, though we possess forest giants which have always excited admiration in natives and strangers. The yew tree of Runnymede, under which John signed Magna Charta, was only blown down a few years ago; and there have been chestnut-trees in Essex and Gloucestershire not altogether unworthy to claim kindred with those of Sicily. At Fraiting, in Essex, there was a very old tree of this species, which, when it had been reduced by time to a mere stump, still yielded thirty loads of logs. Another chestnut-tree in Gloucestershire, which had probably sheltered the Druids, was at length so completely hollowed out by time, that the owner of it constructed for himself in its bowels a neat wainscoted room fitted up with seats and windows. By way of contrast, we may allude to the famous hollow oak at Kidlington Green, in Oxfordshire, which, as the jail was at some distance, the judge on circuit used to convert into a prison, where he confined rogues and malefactors till they could be conveyed to the county-town. History celebrates a famous hollow plane-tree in Lycia, whose dimensions were far greater than those of the oak or chestnut mentioned above, containing an apartment eighty-one feet

in circumference, adorned with marble tables, seats, and fountains, and otherwise fitted up for the entertainment of a large company. Here the Roman governor of the province, deserting his gilded saloons, habitually entertained his friends.

A story is told of the Persian king who, in the best days of Greece, invaded Europe with an enormous army. Marching through Asia Minor, he interrupted, during several days, the course of the national policy, that he might indulge in a fit of tree-worship—a form of superstition common throughout the ancient world, particularly among our own ancestors. Discovering, as he moved along, a platane of remarkable size and beauty, he halted before it, and divesting himself of his gold and jewelled ornaments, and causing his friends and mistresses also to lay aside theirs, he encumbered the lovely tree with scarfs, bracelets, armlets, necklaces, and other ornaments of gold studded with gems—he called it his delight; he paid adoration to it as to a goddess; and before he departed, caused its image to be stamped on a medal of gold, which he thenceforward bore continually about his person.

Ancient writers speak of oaks in the Hercynian forest, which they suppose to have been coeval with the world, whose roots threw up great mounds in the earth around them, and when bared by accident, rose into arches like the gates of a great city. Some were converted into fortresses, over which our Teutonic ancestors imagined that Thor himself presided. In grandeur, these trees, notwithstanding their colossal magnitude, can by no means compete with such of their rivals as are found in oriental forests, clothed and almost smothered with brilliant lichens and gorgeous creepers, whose blossoms, assuming the form of stars or flames, kindle up the solitudes of the woods by their profuse and luxuriant display of colors, while in appearance they augment the huge bulk of the giants which support them. Nothing can be imagined more striking than the aspect of an immense ancient tree in an eastern forest by night, when the moon, which aggrandizes all objects, streaming down through rents in the leafy roof, gleams on parts of the trunk, while dense shadows envelop the remainder, and conceal the noisy world of life which chirps, and squeaks, and grunts, and whistles, and

screams in the labyrinths of foliage extending on all sides.

Here, with us, trees often derive much of the interest they possess from historical associations. Our cedars, for example, brought originally in a portmanteau from Lebanon, awaken in our minds the recollection of many names celebrated in our annals, though tradition, perhaps, in its ambitious graspings, has ante-dated events, and attributed the achievements of one person to another. Thus, the famous cedar, eight miles from London, which was blown down by the hurricane of 1778, was believed to have been planted by Queen Elizabeth, though there is no proof that this species of tree was known in England till half a century after her death. On Lebanon itself, as well as in Cyprus, cedars, we believe, have been known to attain the height of a hundred and thirty feet, with proportionate bulk; whereas the largest in this country seem never to have exceeded the height of seventy-five feet, a difference which some naturalists have attributed to the colder and more ungenial climate of England. But there are mysteries in vegetation as in other things. The cold of Lebanon is in winter more severe than that experienced in England, though on the other hand, the heat of summer is likewise much greater; and these variations of temperature may possibly be necessary to develop the cedar in its full beauty and dimensions. The cypress in nearly all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean grows to a great height, though it increases so slowly in bulk, that many ages are needed to bring it to perfection. The wood of this tree is of rare beauty, closeness, and durability, for which reason it was selected by the Egyptians for the manufacture of mummy coffins, many of which, after having lain in the earth several thousand years, are still to all appearance as tough and serviceable as ever.

There is a sort of mythology in natural history which constructs its fables and legends after quite as marvelous a fashion as that habitually followed by the founders of wild creeds. Thus, not content with appealing to genuine history, in proof of the lasting qualities of cypress-wood, the old naturalists go back to Semiramis, and refer gravely to the bridge, all of this timber, which she is supposed to have thrown across the Euphrates, and which lasted no one knows how long.

So, again, the philosopher Plato, when selecting the most durable material on which to write his laws, rejected brass, as of too fugitive a nature, and gave the preference to cypress-wood. The cause of durability in wood, is what no one has explained, nor is it perhaps susceptible of explanation. It is easy to say that the timber in question is pervaded by a bitter juice, which repels all kinds of worms, so that it never presents, like many other kinds of wood, the appearance of being moth-eaten. To account, however, for its lasting qualities, we can only assume that nature, by composing it of the finest particles piled slowly upon each other, pressed close and agglutinated by the laws of its organization, designed it to outlive temples and pyramids.

Even to give a list of trees celebrated for their size and age, would be to fill many pages. Ancient nations, for the most part excitable and imaginative, were greatly interested by whatever was out of the common order of things, and wrote and spoke much more of such matters, than we, who are of colder temperament, are apt to do; yet our travelers through the various states of America notice, with something approaching to wonder, the forest giants which are met with, though at wide intervals, both on the continent and islands of the New World. The *Wellingtonia gigantea*, the vast tree of which a mutilated example is shown in the Crystal Palace, (it is said to attain an altitude of two hundred feet,) is not without its equals in other parts of America; indeed, the tree cut down by the Jesuits in Paraguay, because they could not otherwise wean the people from the worship of it, seems to have been of still larger dimensions. We omit to dwell on the Indian fig-tree, forming a little forest in itself, which, in course of time, if its growth were unobstructed, would cover whole miles of country with its pillared shade. It may almost be looked upon as the symbol of Asiatic communities, astonishing by their multitudes, though rarely producing from among themselves individuals of colossal intellectuality. In the north, the trees, like the people, are separately great, at least more frequently than any where else. It may be that the growth and development of one enormous specimen, as in the pine-forests of the Highlands, occasions the dwarfing or destruction of numbers of smaller trees;

that the strong and hardy overtop, and at length extinguish, their neighbors, and having thus secured to themselves free space to grow in, acquire by degrees incredible magnitude. Thus, in Windsor Forest, Herne's Oak, celebrated by Shakespeare, had killed, ages before the poet's time, all the smaller oaks in his vicinity, and was consequently surrounded by a beautiful expanse of green-sward, a little uneven and broken, but only therefore the more fit to be the playground of the fairies and elves.

The trees found in the midst of village-greens are generally of great size and antiquity. Frequently they were surrounded by stone steps and seats, on which the conscript fathers of the hamlet, during summer evenings, met in conclave, while the juveniles sported and frolicked on the broad area before them. One generation of villagers after another disappeared; the young grew old, and in their turn sat upon the seats under the oak, till they also were gathered to their fathers, while those whom they had perhaps nursed there as babies, shook their white locks over a new brood. At length the fate of all earthly things fell upon the trees themselves, whose places were looked for in vain by the rural antiquary. One of these mighty oaks, which had probably witnessed Alfred's contests with the Danes, was blown down by the great hurricane of 1703, in a Hampshire village; the people and their vicar sought to restore it to the earth, and with much pains and no little expense brought it to the perpendicular; but its heart was broken, and after putting forth a few signs of life, it refused to take root again. Several parks in England have conferred historical celebrity on their owners by the vast stature of the trees they contain; as, for example, the oaks of Donnington Park, said to have been planted, through a love for all durable things, by the poet Chaucer, of which one was called the King's, the second the Queen's, and the third Chaucer's oak. Unfortunately, however, nature had bestowed on them the fatal gift of beauty, so that when they had grown up straight as an arrow, and completely free of boughs to the height of nearly fifty feet, they were cut down, and converted into wainscoting, to keep their owner warm. There is a wych elm still standing at Sheen, in Surrey, under the spreading branches of which a party

of two hundred persons once breakfasted. The Cowthorpe Oak, near Wetherby, measures close to the ground, seventy-eight feet in circumference, and at the height of a yard from the soil, forty-eight feet. An oak cut down in the reign of Charles I. yielded four vast cross-beams for a ship of war, forty-four feet long by four feet nine inches in diameter. The mast of the same ship, all of one solid piece, was ninety-nine feet in height. One of the largest trees on record is the Galy-nos-oak, which grew in Monmouthshire. The account left us of it is rather mechanical than poetical, though it can not fail to suggest the idea of majestic proportions and extraordinary grandeur of aspect. With a smooth straight trunk, nearly thirty-five in circumference, it towered to a great height, when suddenly dividing into immense boughs, it threw them forth around it on all sides, so as to afford to those beneath an almost unexampled area of shadow, amounting to four hundred and fifty-two square yards. When felled and sawed into planks, its produce appeared almost fabulous, exceeding two thousand four hundred and twenty feet; cutting it down and stripping it, employed five men during twenty days; two sawyers took one hundred and thirty-eight days to reduce it into planks at an expense of eighty-two pounds. The value of the whole tree may be estimated from the fact, that the bark alone sold for six hundred pounds.

Our readers will perceive that, instead of exhausting the subject, we have only touched cursorily on a few of its salient points. It is true we have followed it round the world—have glanced at the forests of the Asiatic Islands, at those of Africa and America, and at the rare fragments of primeval woods which stud at wide intervals the face of Europe—but the descriptions, the anecdotes, the historical associations connected with Giant Trees, would fill and vivify, with no ordinary interest, a considerable volume. Oaks alone, which from time immemorial have made England their favorite abode, so closely connect themselves with the beauty, strength, and glory of our country, that we may almost regard them as its botanical type. We are now, however, importing so many strange giants into our land, that even this favorite tree of Thor may in time be eclipsed. Her Majesty the other day planted in the gar-



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THE
HISTORY OF THE



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JOHN B. GORDON, JR.
FORMERLY DEPUTY ATTORNEY

dens of South-Kensington the first specimen of the *Wellingtonia gigantea*, which, in all likelihood, will soon be distributed over all suitable parts of the kingdom;

and history will hereafter refer to Queen Victoria's tree, as is now done to those of Queen Elizabeth, Shakspeare, Milton, Chaucer, and Bacon.

F R E D E R I C K T H E G R E A T .

THE name of this great warrior captain of his age, is renowned in history. We send to the patrons of the *Electric* a fine portrait of the original, as a matter of interest and embellishment for the present month. A brief biographical sketch will add value to the portrait.

FREDERICK the Great, King of Prussia, was the son of Frederick William I. and of Sophia Dorothea, princess of Hanover, and was born on the 24th January, 1712. He passed the first years of his youth under the restraints of a rigid education, the sole object of which was military exercises; but as he had received the rudiments of his education from a French lady, under whose care he acquired considerable knowledge of the language, and as she and his first tutor, M. Duhan, had great influence over him, he imbibed a taste for polite literature. These two persons, together with the Queen, formed in secret a kind of opposition to his father's system of education. The Prince was entirely attached to his mother, and there arose an estrangement between the father and the son, which suggested to the King the idea of leaving the throne to his younger son, Augustus William. Impatient of the tyrannical conduct of his father, Frederick resolved to seek refuge in England with his maternal uncle George II. Only his sister Frederica, and his friends Lieutenants Katt and Keith, were acquainted with the secret of his intended flight, which was to take place from Wesel, whither he had accompanied his father. But some indiscreet expressions which fell from Katt betrayed the Prince's intention. The Prince was overtaken, and sent to Custring, where he was kept in close confinement. Keith escaped, and lived in Holland, England, and Portugal, till after

Frederick's accession, when he returned to Berlin. Katt was taken and beheaded. It appears certain that the King had resolved to take away his son's life, and that he was only saved by the intercession of the Emperor of Austria, Charles VI., through his ambassador, Count Seckendorff. (Voltaire, *Mémoires*, etc.) The Prince, after he had been released from his strict confinement in the Castle of Custring, was employed by his father as youngest member of the Chamber of Domains, and not permitted to return to court till the marriage of the Princess Frederica to the hereditary Prince Frederick of Baireuth. In 1733 his father obliged him to marry the Princess Elizabeth Christina, daughter of Ferdinand Albrecht, Duke of Brunswick Bevern. Frederick William gave her the palace of Schönhausen, and to the Prince the county of Ruppín, and in 1734 the town of Rheinsberg, where he appears to have lived happily, chiefly devoting himself to literary pursuits and to music till his accession. The death of his father in 1740 placed him on the throne. Finding a full treasury and a powerful army, his thirst for military glory tempted him to embrace any opportunity that might offer; but there did not appear to be any occasion for great enterprise till the death of the Emperor Charles VI., on the 20th October, 1740, led the way to his extraordinary and brilliant career which changed the face of Europe. Frederick took this opportunity of asserting the claims of the House of Brandenburg to four principalities in Silesia, the investiture of which his predecessors had not been able to obtain; but he only required from the Queen Maria Theresa, the daughter and heiress of Charles VI., the duchies of Glogau and

Sagan, promising on his side to support her against all her enemies, to vote for her husband's elevation to the imperial dignity, and to pay her two million dollars. His proposals being rejected, he took possession of Lower Silesia in December, 1740, and defeated the Austrian army at Mollwitz, on the 27th April, 1741, which submitted to the conqueror, and his possession was confirmed by the treaty of Breslau in 1743.

The following year war was rekindled, and Frederick advanced with one hundred thousand men to the siege of Prague, which he took with sixteen thousand prisoners, and this advantage was soon followed by the decisive battle of Friedburg over Prince Charles of Lorraine. Another treaty, signed at Dresden, 1745, again restored peace to the continent, and Austria ceded to the Prussian conqueror all Silesia with the county of Glatz. In 1755 a new war, called the Seven Years' War, burst forth with increased violence, and while Prussia had for its auxiliary the English nation, Austria was supported by France and by the Elector of Saxony, and Frederick soon saw the number of his enemies augmented by the accession of Russia, Sweden, and Germany. Undismayed in the midst of his powerful enemies, Frederick laid the foundation for victory and success in the strict discipline of his army, and in the fortitude and resignation with which he supported the reverses of fortune, and shared the fatigues of his soldiers. Though France attacked his dominions from Guelders to Minden, and Russia penetrated into Prussia, and the Austrians into Silesia, Frederick on all sides rose superior to misfortunes. Though defeated by the Russians, he routed the Austrians, and again suffered a check in Bohemia, but on the 5th November, 1757, he avenged himself by the terrible defeat of the Austrians and French at Rosbach, and by an equally splendid victory the next month over the Austrian forces at Lissa, near Breslau. These important successes appalled his enemies, the Russians and Swedes retired in dismay from Prussia, and Frederick, supported by a liberal supply of money from the English government, and by an army of Hanoverians under the Duke of Brunswick, penetrated into Moravia, and laid siege to Olmutz. Though here checked by Marshal Daun, he rapidly advanced against the Russians at Custrin, and de-

feated them in the dreadful battle of Zorndoff. The battle of Hochkirchen, against Daun, was adverse to his fortunes, and he also suffered a severe check at the doubtful fight of Cunnersdorff against the Russians, and in consequence of these repeated disasters, Brandenburg and the capital fell into the hands of the victorious enemy 1761. The defeat of Daun at Torgau gave a new turn to the affairs of the undaunted monarch, his territories were evacuated by the enemy, and he in every situation displayed such activity, such vigilance, and such resources of mind, that in 1762 a treaty of peace was concluded with Russia and Sweden, and the next year with France and the Empire, by which Silesia was forever confirmed in his possession. While cultivating the arts of peace, Frederick was still intent on enlarging his dominions, and he joined with Austria and Russia, in 1772, in that unpardonable league which dismembered the defenseless territories of Poland, and added some of its most fertile provinces to his kingdom. In 1777, the death of the Duke of Bavaria without children kindled the flames of discord and of war between Austria and Prussia. Frederick placed himself at the head of his troops, but the differences of the rival princes were settled by the peace of Teschen, 13th May, 1779. The last years of Frederick's life were earnestly devoted to the encouragement of commerce and of the arts, justice was administered with impartiality, useful establishments were created, and the miseries of the indigent and unfortunate were liberally relieved by the benevolent cares of the monarch. Frederick died 17th August, 1786, aged seventy-five. His works are numerous and respectable. Four volumes in octavo were published in his life-time, and fifteen since his death. The chief of these are *Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg*—a *Poem on the Art of War*, a composition of great merit—the *History of his Own Time*—the *History of the Seven Years' War*. All these have been collected together in twenty-five volumes octavo, 1790, with an account of his life.

When reverses in battle occurred, or calamities befell him, Frederick never lost his firmness of purpose, even when hope seemed all gone. In a period of extreme danger, he wrote to Voltaire, who advised him to beg mercy from his enemies: "I

am a man, and therefore born to suffer. To the rigor of destiny I oppose my own constancy; menaced with shipwreck, I will bear the storm. I will be a king in spirit; and I will die, as I have lived, a king."

Frederick died August 17th, 1786. We (Editor of the *ECLECTIC*) visited, a few summers ago, the bed-room in which he breathed his last. The clock, which he always wound up with his own hand, stopped at the moment of his death, to which it still points — twenty minutes past two o'clock of August seventeenth.

Adjoining the bed-room is a small cabinet, with double-doors, provided with a table which ascends and descends through a trap-door in the floor, while plates and

dishes were removed through another trap-door. Here the monarch could dine *tête-à-tête* with a friend without being overheard or overlooked.

The coffin containing the remains of the great Frederick, lies in a dark room underneath the pulpit of the Church in Potsdam, inclosed in a plain metal sarcophagus, upon which his sword lay for many years, till it was carried off by Napoleon I., and all traces of it were lost when the allied armies occupied Paris. Into this mausoleum the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia went alone at midnight, and took a solemn oath over the coffin of Frederick, that they would not lay down their arms till Napoleon and his armies were driven out of Germany.

HISTORY OF THE POPE'S TIARA.

THE Court of Assize at Florence has been the scene of a state trial curiously illustrative of the present political and religious condition of Italy. It was occasioned by a caricature in the *Lampione*, representing Pope Pius IX. with the triple crown on his head, comfortably hobnobbing with the ex-King of Naples, and proposing the toast: "To the downfall of Italy." To the Procurator-General of Florence this representation of his Holiness wearing the well-known tiara, the symbol of his authority, appeared an attack on the religion of the state. The tiara, he affirmed, was identified both in popular opinion and canon law with the spiritual rather than the temporal authority of the Supreme Pontiff. Although the Pope might be quizzed and satirized in his character of temporal sovereign of the Roman States, yet, as Supreme Pontiff, he ought to be defended from all attacks. Pius, sipping his chocolate in dressing-gown and slippers, or even signing decrees and raising battalions, was the caricaturist's lawful prey; but Pius wearing the tiara must be fenced against popular derision by all the terrors of the law. On this point the learned gentleman

who defended M. Cesari, the responsible publisher of the *Lampione*, joined issue with the public prosecutor. One of his counsel, the Chevalier and Professor Gennarelli, delivered a defense of the accused, which is in reality one of the most remarkable attacks on the temporal power of the Pope to which these stirring discussions in Italy have given rise. The Papal tiara itself plays a very curious and amusing part in the defense, for from his vast antiquarian stores Gennarelli drew forth an infinite variety of anecdotes. In this history of the Papal regalia, we learn that so august a symbol of religion was certainly turned to very mundane uses; and that the Father of the Faithful, on more than one occasion, unceremoniously consigned it to the keeping of "My Uncle." How Pope Martin V. pawned his to the merchants of Florence, by means of Nicholas, Bishop of Salerno; how Paul II. made two of immense value; how Sixtus IV. sold them to pay his debts; how Leo X. had a couple made in a style befitting his magnificent taste; how Clement VII. had them broken up by Benvenuto Cellini, who sewed them in the Pope's dress when his Holiness took refuge in the Castle of

Saint Angelo; how, in earlier times, in the general inventory of the Papal treasures made in 1334, there were mentioned tiaras of the value of seven millions of gold florins, or considerably above three millions sterling; how, in later times, Pius VI. brought all his tiaras to the hammer; and how at this moment only two exist, one given by Napoleon I. to Pius VII., the other presented a few years ago to his Holiness now reigning by the most Catholic Sovereign Isabella of Spain—*pro redemptione peccatorum suorum*; all this is set forth for the great edification of the Catholic public and the infinite amusement of anti-Papal cavilers. In the midst of this wealth of erudition, the Chevalier Gennarelli did not forget the interest of his client. From a long series of works on the ceremonial and public rites of the Papal Court, he established that, from the time when it first came into use, the tiara was only worn by the Pontiff on occasions of royal pomp and display, and was scrupulously removed whenever the ceremonies in which he was engaged assumed a religious character. It was then invariably replaced by the miter. Having established the proposition that the tiara was strictly the symbol of the temporal authority, the Chevalier Gennarelli then demanded how far the exercise of his temporal authority by the reigning Pontiff entitled him to respect. Whilst

the Catholic Church commands its head to act as mediator between the oppressor and the oppressed, between the mighty and the feeble, Rome has presented one uninterrupted scene of proscriptions and imprisonments; whilst it is the peculiar office of the Christian ministry to pardon, throughout Italy and Europe may be found wandering thousands of Roman exiles. Whilst the Church professes to desire not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live, the Romish Church, in order to serve the interests of the Roman Court, excommunicated in the year 1849 two hundred and fifty-seven thousand citizens, two years ago almost the whole of Italy, and has now virtually included in that general excommunication the Italian sovereign himself. What trifling, the eloquent advocate exclaimed, to represent as an outrage to the sanctity of religion a mere print, in which the Pope was seen drinking to the downfall of Italy, when not a day passed without his sending forth from his States hordes of armed brigands into Southern Italy, whose forays had no other object than the very downfall of the Italian monarchy. The twelve jurors, after listening to the calm and impartial summing up of the President of the Court, brought in a verdict of not guilty. It is a verdict well worthy to be remembered in the future history of Italy.

From Chambers's Journal.

B L O W N T H R O U G H A T U B E .

So far as we are aware, no human being was ever *blown* through a tube until this present year, eighteen hundred and sixty-one. Men have worked their way through tubes in many other modes: the elder Brunel, for instance, through his big tube, the Thames Tunnel, under circumstances of great and varied difficulty; and his son, the Brunel of the Broad Gauge and the Great Eastern, through the tube which bears the name

of the Box Tunnel. Robert Stephenson was one of the first to walk through the mighty tube of the Britannia Bridge over the Menai; the Prince of Wales rode through the still mightier tube forming the Victoria Bridge at Montreal; water-work laborers and gas-work laborers are often required to crawl through iron pipes of sufficient diameter; Sir William Herschel's family walked through the tube of his majestic reflecting telescope at Slough.

These, and other examples, are more or less familiar to all of us; but the being *blown* through a tube is something different.

It is of the *Pneumatic Dispatch* tube we are speaking—a tube which may one day convey our letters and parcels from one end of the metropolis to the other, and, for aught we can tell, all other commodities except meat—which, as is well known, should not be “blown.”

Those who regard this subject as a matter of mechanical science are aware that *compressed* and *expanded* air have both been experimented on, many times in past years, as motive-powers. Papin, the French engineer, more than two hundred years ago, conceived the idea of producing motion by atmospheric pressure through a tube; but he did not pursue the subject practically. About half a century ago, Mr. Medhurst published a short account of a scheme, under the title, *A New Method of Conveying Letters and Goods by Air*. The public, as may be supposed, regarded him as a dreamer. Many years afterward, he published another pamphlet—*A New System of Inland Conveyance for Goods and Passengers*. From this it appears that he had formed a plan, of which the following is an outline. In the first place, an air-tight tunnel was to be constructed, of sufficient magnitude to admit the passage of carriages within it. The carriages, running upon rails, were to be so formed as exactly to fit the tunnel, or at least to have around them only so much space as to permit them to pass through it without friction. They were to be propelled by compressed air, which would push them on because it could not find a passage around them. The air was to be forced in by pumping machinery. Another arrangement planned by Medhurst was that of causing carriages to run through a tunnel, not by compressing air *behind* them, but by exhausting the air in *front* of them. This is worthy of being recorded, for it is just the principle now proposed to be adopted by the Pneumatic Dispatch Company. A third scheme suggested by this ingenious man was this: There was to be a small tunnel or large tube, containing a piston-carriage for the conveyance of goods, and a valve along the top of the tube, through which a rod would protrude vertically. The rod

would be connected at the lower end with the piston-carriage inside the tube, and at the upper end with a passenger-carriage in the open air: this passenger-carriage would run upon a railway either above or along-side of the tube. By this singular arrangement, compressed air would not only blow along a goods-carriage inside the tube, but also a passenger-carriage outside and above it. Even this did not exhaust Medhurst's inventions. He planned the construction of a railway, in the center of which would be laid a small tube, having a valve and upright bar as above described. This was a cheaper arrangement, as the tube was only to be large enough to contain a piston, not a goods-carriage. He contrived various ingenious modes of closing the valve at all times, except just at the instant when the carriage would pass. Medhurst appears to have relied more on a *plenum* behind the piston, than on a *vacuum* in front of it; and he certainly formed very magnificent ideas of the degree of propulsive power thus obtainable—much more so than would now be admitted. He believed that in a tunnel of thirty square feet sectional area, or between five and six feet in diameter, carriages might be propelled at the rate of *sixty miles an hour* without the condensation of air becoming uncomfortable to the passengers.

If ever the Pneumatic Dispatch scheme becomes really effective and profitable, society must say a good word for Mr. Medhurst: he certainly set the brains of other men to work, although he did not himself profit by his various tubular schemes. The same, in a smaller degree, may be said of Mr. Vallance, who, in 1823, invited the public to consider a new mode of traveling. His design was for conveying passengers along a railway laid within an air-tight tunnel, made either of cast-iron or of vitrified clay. Knowing that experiments had shown a very great loss of power to result from the attempt to impel air through a long pipe, he selected the vacuum instead of the plenum method—exhausting the air in front of the piston, and allowing the ordinary atmosphere to press on the piston from behind. The possibility of doing this was actually shown on a small scale at Brighton; and thus Vallance made a step in advance beyond Medhurst; but people laughed at him, and the improbability of

true-born Britons ever consenting to be shot through a tube like pellets through a pop-gun.

Years rolled on, and then came Mr. Pinkus from America, with his patent "Pneumatic Railway." This was an iron tube about three feet in diameter, with a longitudinal slit, an inch or two wide, on its upper side. Two raised edges on the sides of this slit formed a trough, which was filled up with a valvular cord of some spongy or yielding substance, strengthened by a backing of iron. A piston traveled within the tube, and a bar, passing upward from it through the slit, connected it with one of a train of carriages running on a railway. In fact, it was one of Medhurst's plans, greatly modified in relation to the mode of sealing up the opening except at the moment when the piston was passing a particular spot. A small bit of experimental railway was laid down, and Pinkus's apparatus tried on it; but somehow or other, the affair went out of public thought, and Mr. Pinkus made nothing by his ingenuity.

Again we pass over a few years, and come to the labors of Messrs. Clegg and Samuda, who, in 1840, announced to the world their "Atmospheric Railway." This really did "come to something," though the "something" was financially unfortunate to a good many people. Half a mile of the new apparatus was laid down upon the West London Railway; and it worked so successfully, that the attention of railway companies was attracted toward it. We need not enter into mechanical detail. We have simply to picture to ourselves a cast-iron tube about half a yard in diameter—a slit along the top of that tube—an elastic valve or flap closing the slit—an upright bar forcing for itself a passage by lifting up the valve a few inches at a time—a piston at the bottom of the bar, within the tube—a carriage at the top of the bar, outside the tube—a train connected with this carriage—and apparatus for pumping out the air in front of the piston in the tube. Such was the atmospheric railway, which was actually put in operation on the Croydon, the Dublin and Kingstown, and the South Devon Railways. It was really a wonderful thing, for a velocity of sixty miles an hour was occasionally obtained; and the train seemed to be driven along by invisible agency, no outward propulsive agent of any kind being present.

Nevertheless, it failed commercially; the expense of working was greater than that of the locomotive system, chiefly owing to the endless difficulty of maintaining the valve air-tight.

The reader must take all this as an exemplification of the well-worn truth, that "there is nothing new under the sun." The Pneumatic Dispatch plan of the present day is not new; it is only an improvement upon something which had long before taxed the speculative faculties of ingenious men.

In a district once forming part of Battersea Fields, but now a newly-laid out wharf and quay belonging to the Vauxhall Water-Works Company, is temporarily laid a serpentine pipe about a quarter of a mile in length. It is mostly on the face of a ground, but in some parts either supported above it or slightly buried beneath it; there are one or two sharp curves in it, and gradients almost as steep as that of Holborn Hill. At one end is a small train of iron carriages; at the other end, an engine-house with a steam-engine and an air-pump. The pipe is about thirty inches in internal diameter, and having in section a form something like that of a bee-hive. It is made in pieces, so luted together as to be air-tight from end to end. Such is the tube. The carriages bear some resemblance to cradles or cots, having a vertical section exactly like that of the tube, but slightly smaller, and being open at the top except at and near the two ends. Each carriage is about seven feet long, and is very strongly made of iron; four wheels allow it to run on a miniature railway within the tube. Here, then, we have a railway within a tube, and a train of two or more iron carriages to travel upon it. Next for the motive-power. At the other end of the tube is a small temporary engine-house with machinery. A steam-engine causes a very large vertical disk or wheel more than twenty feet in diameter, to rotate rapidly. The disk is formed of sheet-iron, shaped like two gigantic watch-glasses, placed with their concave faces inward, and meeting at their edges within an inch or so; the hollow axis of this disk is connected with one end of the tube. When the disk rotates rapidly, air is driven off forcibly from between the two surfaces by a sort of centrifugal action; and this gives rise to a species of suction by which a vast body of air is

withdrawn from the tube. If the remote end of the tube were quite closed, this suction would go on until almost a vacuum was produced; but if it were only closed by an iron carriage which leaves a little margin all round, the vacuum would be very partial. Partial as it is, however, the vacuum is sufficient to give rise to a very rapid movement of the carriage through the tube. There being rarefied air in front, and the ordinary atmospheric air behind, the carriage is driven forward by a force depending on the difference between the two, and this force is much more considerable than might be supposed. A train of two carriages, each weighing seven or eight hundred pounds, is driven through the quarter-mile of tube in thirty or forty seconds—equal to a speed varying from twenty to thirty miles an hour. A visitor to this experimental ground is shown how these carriages, laden with several hundredweights of bags of stones, to represent merchandise or parcels, are shot through the tube; over and over again is it shown that the formidable mass is driven along the quarter of a mile in a fraction of a minute. But if an adventurous individual chooses to make a more personal trial of this extraordinary mode of traveling, Mr. Latimer Clark and Mr. Rammill, the *genii loci*, offer no objection, but rather try to make him as comfortable as possible. One of the carriages is emptied of its bags of stones, and a clean mattress is substituted for them. The traveler lies down in his iron cot, and is covered with a rug, to shield his clothes from dust. Earnest warnings are administered to him that he must not raise his head, lest awful consequences should follow. He waits in quiet expectation, wondering what sort of a life it must be travel through an iron pipe, and whether he will come out at the other end like a shot from an Armstrong gun. The attendant pushes the carriage or cot into the mouth of the tube, and then all is darkness; all is very hot, too, on an August day. Presently, as if some invisible hand were pushing behind, the cot begins to move; and then ensues such a buzz, hum, whiz, rattle, and rumble, as he could not describe if ever so much a master of language. Off he goes, down the incline which is to imitate Holborn Hill, up the incline imitative of Skinner street, and round corners of various degrees of ra-

dius. Knowing that the tip of his nose is not very far distant from the roof of the tube, he remains quiet and cautious, hoping for the best, and trusting that his dark progress through infinite space will end somewhere or other in daylight, and terra firma. At last he hears a bang; he does not know it at the time, but this is the bursting open of a valve or door at the further end of the tube; and out he is shot into the light of day—safe and sound, though a little bewildered at his very strange journey. So nicely are the adjustments made, that the carriage comes to a stand within a very few feet from the mouth of the tube; indeed, if this were not the case, carriage, man, and all would plunge headlong into the Thames.

This great tube is a model of one which is proposed to be laid down beneath some of the streets of London. We have the postmen to deliver letters, the railway-carts and the parcel delivery-carts to deliver parcels, and the over-house telegraph to deliver messages; but we seem to want something more than all these. A quick transmission of mail-bags between St. Martin's le Grand and the several central district offices, is felt to be a great desideratum; as well as between the chief office and the several railway termini. But this is only one part of the service proposed to be rendered by the Pneumatic Dispatch Company. It is now several years since the Electric and International Telegraph Company caused a tube to be laid down from their stations in Cornhill and at the Stock Exchange to the station in the Lothbury. Instead of having the trouble of transcribing the messages, and sending them by hand, the slips of paper were themselves put into the tube, and blown along in about thirty seconds. The plan answered so well, that other pipes have since been laid down; and the four stations at Cornhill, Stock Exchange, Mincing Lane, and Lothbury, are placed in communication with a central station in Moorgate street, to which strips of paper are blown containing messages to be transmitted to all parts of the world. It is a small beginning, but it promises well. The dispatches are placed in a small cylinder roughly surrounded by felt; and this cylinder obviously represents the iron carriage of the larger apparatus. The tubes are small; but those necessary for the

mail-and-parcel dispatch would be larger. Besides the conveyance of bags of letters through various districts of London, as just mentioned, the Company propose to carry small parcels to and from the several railway stations in alliance with the railway companies; and to convey professional, commercial, official, and private documents and papers of all kinds as well as newspapers and books, from office to office, combined with a hand-delivery to the consignees. The Company propose also that the government should have a complete series of tubes for special and separate use, to convey the almost numberless messages and papers which have every day to travel between the several government offices at Whitehall, Somers-

set House, Pall Mall, and Victoria street. The Admiralty alone would save a very large sum every year by getting rid of the difficulty occasioned by one half of every day's business being transacted at Whitehall, and the other half at Somerset House.

The future must tell its own tale. It would not be wise to predict too warmly; but if this scheme once surmounts preliminary difficulties, and becomes effective, there is no calculating the amount of commercial and social advantage that may attend its adoption. Steam-pressure and water-pressure are working busily for us every day; perhaps air-pressure will shortly join the goodly company.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA: A Popular Dictionary of Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Volume XIII. Part to Redwitz. New-York: D. Appleton & Co., 443 and 445 Broadway. London: 16 Little Britain. 1861.

AMONG the numerous works issued by American publishers we remember none of greater magnitude or practical importance to the country at large than this new *American Cyclopædia*, now in process of publication by the Appletons. We have just received Vol XIII., and take pleasure in announcing its publication. It comprises more than 800 pages, double-columns, and a copious index of more than fifteen hundred articles, all between the alphabetical nomenclature of *Parr* to *Redwitz*. The number of articles in this single volume will indicate the vast number included in the whole thirteen volumes thus far published, and what the whole will amount to when completed in the future volumes. The editors of this work, Messrs. George Ripley and Charles A. Dana, have performed an almost Herculean labor in the structure of the work, which obviously requires untiring industry and immense research in all the departments of literature, history, biography, science, etc., etc., which few can fully appreciate without practical experience. The work itself is unsurpassed in magnitude and importance, and will remain a perpetual monument to the talents and industry of the editors, more enduring than marble. It is a great dictionary of useful knowledge—an omnium gatherum which ought to be accessible to the great masses of the community in all parts of the land, and we trust will be when the great political storm

which at present rages so fearfully has blown over and given place to the pursuits of literature and the peaceful arts.

THE RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON. Second Series. Pages 430. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

THIS neat volume comprises fourteen chapters. The readers of the *ECLECTIC* will readily call to mind a number of the articles of this gifted author, whose titles almost invariably begin with the word "Concerning." They abound with fine thoughts and great good sense admirably expressed in forcible and attractive language. All who have read them will be glad to obtain the entire series in the convenient form in which the publishers here present it to the public.

CORRECTION.—JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.—Our last number was embellished with a fine portrait of this eminent historian. For the biographical sketch which accompanied the portrait we were indebted to the new *American Cyclopædia*, the due credit of which was undesignedly omitted, and which we now take pleasure in acknowledging.

THE Trustees of the British Museum have purchased the fine collection of Dudley fossils, made by Mr. John Gray, of Hagley, and consisting of more than 2000 specimens. Many of them are figured in Sir R. Murchison's "Siluria" in the *Memoirs of the Geological Survey, Transactions of the Palæontographical Society, and Journal of the Geological Society of London*.

REVOLUTION IN GAS-MAKING.—Mr. John Leslie has patented a process for the manufacture of gas, which appears to contain in it the germ of great alteration in our present system. It consists in so arranging works as to employ in the manufacture the hydrocarbon products of coal obtained by distilling such substances at a low temperature, whereby the patentee is enabled to dispense with the machinery and processes used for purifying illuminating gas obtained by the existing process of destructive distillation of the bituminous mineral. For these purposes Cannel coal, Parrot coal, Boghead coal, and other coal, and other mineral bituminous matters, are distilled at a low temperature, in such manner as to obtain the products in a condensed form in place of in the state of gases: then, when necessary, the resulting fluids are purified, and then such fluids are subjected to the action of heat in a finely divided state in retorts or vessels, to convert them into gas, which is conveyed into gasometers such as heretofore used at gas works, in order that the same may be distributed therefrom, as heretofore practiced. The coal or bituminous mineral is introduced into a cylindrical retort, broken up into small pieces, and the products evolved pass off to the condensing apparatus, which is constantly kept cool by water, and the condensed hydrocarbon products are received into a suitable receiver or vessel. In order to convert the liquid into gas, it is caused to drop into a retort or vessel heated to a good red heat, and the gas is conveyed from the retort into gasometers of the ordinary construction, from which the illuminating gas is supplied to the gas-mains.

One result would be, the gas-works will be rendered less objectionable in any neighborhood. By this means, too, all the refuse coal which is now completely wasted at the pit's mouth may be distilled into oil at the collieries. "This fluid may be further purified from sulphur and other deleterious substances on the spot where it is made, whence it could be carried up to London and converted into gas in the space of a few minutes. The advantage of this would be: the coal, being used at the pit's mouth would cost a mere trifle; all the troublesome work of distillation and purification, with its concomitant evils of poisoning the neighborhood by the offensive odor, could be performed where labor was cheap and ground plentiful, instead of, as at present, in the heat of London; the expense of carriage of material to London would be considerably reduced, as only the real gas making constituent of the coal would be transported: and lastly, the complicated machinery of plant and hands, with the sickening odor with which it is always surrounded, would be, in great measure, done away with, no purifying apparatus being needed, and the mechanical labor of converting any quantity of the hydrocarbon fluid into gas, being reduced to the capacity of 'a man and a boy.'" For foreign stations where coal is not obtainable on the spot, the system would seem to offer great advantages.—*Builder*.

PROFESSOR HANEBURG, abbot of the Benedictine convent at Munich, a distinguished Oriental scholar, has been summoned to Rome to put in order the Syriac manuscripts in the Vatican.

It was currently stated that in the late fire in Paternoster Row, London, Messrs. Longman & Co. lost the fifth volume of Macaulay's History, and the illustrated edition of Moore's Lalla Rookh, but there was no truth whatever in the report.

ARE BEES DOMESTIC ANIMALS.—A singular point of law was recently submitted to the Imperial Court of Limoges, namely, whether bees are to be ranged in the class of what the law calls "domestic animals," or are to be considered as "wild and ferocious." A laborer named Sauvenet, of Chenerailles, proceeded on the 8th of October, 1859, to extract the honey from a bee-hive in the garden of his employer, a tax-gatherer named Beraud. This irritated the bees, and they flew wildly about. At that moment a farmer, named Legrand, of Peripiolles, accompanied by his son, a boy of thirteen, came up the road in a gig, and the bees stung them and the horse severely. The animal in terror began prancing furiously, and the farmer and his son jumped out of the vehicle; the boy then ran along the road trying to avoid the bees, but the horse having started off, knocked him down, and so injured him that he died in a few hours. Legrand afterward brought an action before the Civil Tribunal of Aubusson against Beraud and Sauvenet, to obtain from them 3000*f.* as indemnity for the death of his son, which he said must be considered as caused by the bees. But the Tribunal held that bees are "ferocious animals" which no one can be expected to control, and that therefore the action could not be maintained. An appeal was presented to the Imperial Court at Limoges, and after long arguments, a contrary decision was come to, the Court laying down that bees are "domestic animals," and that the owner of them is responsible for any injury they commit. It therefore ordered that 200*f.* should be paid to the plaintiff.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BED.—A wardrobe warrant dated 1581, orders the delivery for the Queen's use of a bedstead of walnut tree, richly carved, painted, and gilt. The selour, testor, and vallance, were of cloth of silver, figured with velvet, lined with changeable taffeta, and deeply fringed with Venice gold, silver, and silk. The curtains were of costly tapestry, curiously and elaborately worked; every seam and every border laid with gold and silver lace, caught up with long loops and buttons of bullion. The head-piece was of crimson satin of Bruges, edged with a passamayne of crimson silk, and decorated with six ample plumes, containing seven dozen ostrich feathers, of various colors, garnished with golden spangles. The counter-point was of orange-colored satin, quilted with cut work of cloths of gold and silver, of satins of every imaginable tint, and embroidered with Venice gold, silver spangles and colored silks, fringed to correspond, and lined with orange sarcenet. A royal patchwork indeed!—*Our English Home*.

THE installment of antiquities from Bussorah has reached the St. Katharine's Dock, London, on the way for the British Museum. Besides inscriptions and Oriental manuscripts the consignment includes important fragments of sculpture in black marble, basalt and granite.

In the departments of La Gironde and Les Landes, France, the present year's honey crop is unparalleled for value by any thing within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

It is rumored that the feud between the French and American Bonapartes is to be extinguished by the marriage of Capt. Bonaparte, the grandson of Mrs. Patterson and Prince Jerome, with one of the daughters of Prince Murat.

IMPORTANT USE FOR SEA-WEED.—M. E. Legou has presented a report to the Paris Academy of Sciences on the employment of sea-weed, applied in layers against the thin walls of the habitations, to prevent sudden variations in and excess of temperature. The marine algae, such as sea-wrack, may be termed a sea-wool, which has this advantage over ordinary wool, that it does not harbor insects, and undergoes no change by dryness or humidity, provided it be not exposed to the solar rays; in that case it undergoes a complete transformation—from being brown and flexible it becomes white and almost rigid. In the dark, on the contrary, it is unchangeable, unfermentable, imputrescent, uninflamable, and unattackable by insects. At first it has the objection of being hygrometric; but a single washing in fresh water removes the salt, and then its properties become so beneficial, that a celebrated architect has styled it the “flannel of health for habitations.” It has been applied successfully between the tiles and ceiling of a railway station, also in a portable house intended for the use of officers at the camp of Châlons; also double panels, the intermediate space being filled with sea-weed, having been prepared for the construction of temporary barracks at the Isle of Réunion. The Consulting Committee of Public Health, the Society of Civil Engineers, the Council for Civic Structures, etc., have expressed their approval of the judicious employment of the marine algae, and state that the popularization of this process will be of great service in dwellings, especially in those of the humbler class, as it renders them both more agreeable and salubrious. It can be obtained for about 20s. the ton, which quantity is sufficient for upward of a hundred square yards of roofing.

M. MAZZINI is engaged in writing *Memoirs of his Life and Times*—a work which will embrace a good deal of the secret history of European events during the last thirty years.

“HALIFAX, October 9th, 1861.

“TO HENRY GRINNELL, 17 Boud street:

“HOMEWARD bound. Put in after a stormy passage for repairs and water. We were unable to penetrate Smith’s Straits either this season or last on account of heavy ice. We wintered at Port Foulke, near Cape Alexander, and I have penetrated with dog-sledges to latitude eighty-one degrees thirty-five minutes, on the west side of Kennedy channel. In that channel there was much open water. The thirteen surviving members of my original party are all well. Two of my companions—Mr. Sontag and Gibson Caruthers—have died.

“I. J. HAYES, American Polar Expedition.”

THE announcement has been made in London of a performance of Mendelssohn’s *Elijah* at Exeter Hall, with such an array of solo talent as is implied by the names of Mme. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, Mme. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley.

A VETERAN.—The *Independant*, of Constantina, (Algeria,) mentions the death in that town of a dog, named Bellona, at the extraordinary age of thirty-four years. The dog formerly belonged to the soldiers of one of the batteries of artillery at the siege of Constantina, and successfully accompanied three regiments of the line in their expeditions. It had one of its legs broken by a musket-shot in 1831,

during an engagement in Kabylia. It has remained in the possession of its last master for eleven years. It may as well be stated that the age of twenty is considered about the extreme limit of a dog’s existence. Homer, it may be remembered, represents Argus, the faithful dog of Ulysses, which dies of joy at again beholding its master, as having arrived at that age.

GREAT SPEED IN A SEA-GOING STEAMER.—It appears that the South-Eastern Company’s new steamer, the *Victoria*, built by Messrs. Samuda, with engines by Messrs. Penn, has attained remarkable speed on her first trip from Gravesend to her station at Folkestone, preparatory to her employment in the Company’s daily service between Folkestone and Boulogne. The voyage, which is stated to give the highest speed ever attained by any vessel over a similar distance, was performed in three hours and fifty-two minutes, giving (as the total distance is eighty-four statute miles) an average speed of 21·7 statute miles per hour, equal to about 18·6 knots. This included the assistance received from the tide, estimated by the pilot at under two miles.—*London Express*.

THE height of politeness is, passing around on the opposite side of a lady to avoid stepping on her shadow.

THE FOOT OF A HORSE.—The human hand has often been taken to illustrate Divine wisdom—and very well. But have you ever examined your horse’s hoof? It is hardly less curious in its way. Its parts are somewhat complicated, yet their design is simple and obvious. The hoof is not, as it appears to the careless eye, a mere lump of insensible bone fastened to the leg by a joint. It is made up of a series of thin layers, or leaves, of horn, about five hundred in number, nicely fitted to each other, and forming a lining to the foot itself. Then there are as many more layers belonging to what is called the “coffin-bone,” and fitted into this. These are elastic. Take a quire of paper and insert the leaves one by one into those of another quire, and you will get some idea of the arrangements of the several layers. Now, the weight of the horse rests on as many elastic springs as there are layers in his four feet—about four thousand; and all this is contrived, not only for the easy conveyance of the horse’s own body, but for whatever burdens may be laid on him.

GUSTAVE DORE, who, in the wild, weird and supernatural walks of art has no equal living, has recently illustrated the *Inferno* of Dante. The grim fancies of the great Florentine are instinct with life in his hands. His designs (etchings, by the way) will shortly be published in London. The edition will be in folio, the price five pounds a copy.

THE HIELAND FOOTMAN.—When the family moved into a house there, Mrs. Campbell gave him very particular instructions regarding visitors, explaining that they were to be shown into the drawing-rooms, and no doubt used the Scottishism, “*Carry any ladies that call up stairs*.” On the arrival of the first visitors, Donald was eager to show his strict attention to the mistress’s orders. Two ladies came together, and Donald, seizing one in his arms, said to the other, “*Bide ye there till I come for ye*,” and in spite of her struggles and remonstrances, ushered the terrified visitor into Mrs. Campbell’s presence in this unwonted fashion.

NEW-YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The Directors of the New-York Academy of Music have entertained a petition from Mr. B. Ullman, the present lessee of the Academy for operatic entertainments, soliciting the coöperation of the Board to aid him in his efforts to secure the necessary means to carry out his contract.

The Directors, considering the present disturbed state of the country, the loss to the Manager of a fall season, almost entirely supported by transient sojourners in our city—the necessity to keep open the Academy, not only for the amusement it affords the stockholders, and music-loving citizens, but to show—despite a civil war that calls a quarter million of men to the field—despite the treasure promptly found to supply them necessities and war's expensive requisites—we are not compelled to close our institutions of art and intellectual amusement, or debar our citizens their usual pleasure of a season's opera.

The Directors, therefore, having resolved to support Mr. Ullman, in his laudable intentions, by subscribing for tickets for his benefit, in the ratio of from five to ten tickets per share of stock, *do respectfully* urge you as a fellow-proprietor of the Academy, on the plea of interest as well as good policy, to do likewise—to subscribe liberally for Mr. Ullman's benefit tickets, in order to give him the requisite aid to inaugurate the coming season. By order of the board.

D. KINGSLAND, Secretary.

NEW-YORK, Oct. 2d, 1861.

Mr. B. Ullman says:

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
NEW-YORK, Oct. 1st, 1861.

To the Stockholders of the New-York Academy of Music:

The directors, after having taken my letter into consideration, have arrived at the conclusion that my demands are reasonable, and after having indorsed them, have addressed you a circular. You must pardon my troubling you likewise, but I am anxious you should be fully informed of all particulars. Should I not meet with the expected liberality on those two evenings, it would certainly discourage me to go through the trouble, risk, and anxiety of a season in times of war. But I am confident that my request will be favorably received. You have only to remember the many nights of opera I have given you—sixty to seventy every year instead of forty, as stipulated in my lease; the numerous great artists I have presented; the magnificent manner in which I have produced some of the most difficult and costly operas; the losses entailed upon me by the financial and political difficulties since I became the manager of the Opera; the use I intend to make of your liberality; the enjoyment you will derive this winter from the Opera, and that the income it will bring to the Academy will carry it unscathed—nay brilliantly—through this portentous year. Nor can you have many difficulties in the disposal of such a limited amount of tickets among those of your friends who many times have been invited by you to your seats and boxes. I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant, B. ULLMAN

NOVEL SWIMMING-BELT.—A curious invention for the use of the army has just been experimented on at Paris. It consists of a swimming-belt on an entirely new principle. An inverted truncated cone made of thin metal, fitting closely about the waist,

is divided into a number of small impermeable divisions, so that in case of accident to one or more of these the apparatus would still be effective. The whole does not weigh more than eight pounds. The experiment was made by the master of a swimming-school on the Seine, and a non-commissioned officer in the military establishment, and was deemed perfectly satisfactory. The river was crossed and re-crossed by what is known to bathers as treading water, cigars were lighted, and the action of using a musket gone through. The swimmers then made an effort to lie down on the river, and even to turn over, but the apparatus always brought them back to the vertical position.—*Morning Post*.

A VALEDICTION.

My hopes go with thee! Let them not be wrecked,
Or idly ventured on a treacherous sea;
But let them serve as ballast to thy bark,
Till they bring back a goodly argosie!

My heart goes with thee! Let it nerve thine own
To gallant feats and deeds of high emprise,
Not wrought to win the fleeting fame of earth,
But to abide in angel-memories.

My thoughts go with thee! Thoughts of trustful
love—
Of patient faith and gentle tenderness,
That shall go with thee through the desert world,
When sterner thoughts would have no strength
to bless!

My prayers go with thee! Prayers of lonely hours—
Of midnight wrestlings when e'en faith is dim;
And prayers of ecstasy that wing their flight
In the full rapture of the choral hymn—

And God goes with thee! Go thou forth in peace;
His word thy sword—his providence thy guide.
Go thou to Him, and then my hopes and prayers
Shall find fulfillment, whatso'er betide.

—From *Scattered Seeds* by an English Lady.

SOAP AND WATER—THEIR RELATION.—In an address delivered by the engineer of the Glasgow Waterworks, that gentleman remarked, that Mr. Porter estimates the annual consumption of soap at 9·2 pounds per individual. The total population of Glasgow may be taken at 460,000; deduct for Gorbals, 110,000; total on the north of river, 350,000. Supposing that only five pounds and a half of soap are allowed for each person, it will give £12,000 as the annual cost of soap, on the average of the country, consumed by the 350,000 persons, on the north of the Clyde. Since the introduction of Loch Katrine, owing to its softness, careful returns show that nearly one half of the soap formerly used will now suffice. If these calculations were applied to London, the saving there, allowing for the harder character of the water, would amount to not less than £400,000 per annum, equivalent to the interest of *ten millions of money*, which it would be worth the while of the Londoners to pay for water equal in quality to that of Loch Katrine.

ENAMELED STEEL SHIRT-FRONTS AND COLLARS.—The cottony Manchester and the steely Sheffield are at cross purposes. In the Manchester starch laundry they are "getting up" shirt-fronts, collars, and wristbands, of "enameled steel!" while at Sheffield

cotton or linen shoddy is about to be manufactured on the great scale, in shape of shirt-collars, fronts, and other fragments of piecemeal attire, in a large building, now in course of erection on an eligible stream there. The great Manchester house who have sent forth their business announcement, anent the steel manufacture, describe it as assuming the shapes of "elastic steel shirt-collars, wristbands, and fronts, enameled white." The gentlemen in steel wristbands and collars, we should fear, will feel much as if they were serving apprenticeships to the great Newgate house in the oakum line. But custom is every thing, as the cook said to the eels.—*Builder*.

THE SUNBEAM.

GENTLE ray of sunlight, gleaming
From the bright and azure sky,
With celestial glory beaming
Full of light and life and joy,
Gilding every hill and mountain,
Smiling on their rugged side,
Cheering every crystal fountain,
And the streamlets as they glide!

Tell me, is it not thy mission
On life's gloomy path to shine?
To give man a feeble vision
Of those heavenly rays divine?
Yes! to soothe affliction's pillow,
And to banish earthly gloom,
Thine to cheer time's fleeting billow,
As it bears us to the tomb!

INDIAN RAILWAYS.—We have already mentioned the Institution of Civil Engineers awarded a Telford gold medal and a council premium of books to Mr. James J. Berkley for a paper "On Indian Railways, with a Description of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway." The author is chief engineer to the Great Indian Peninsula Railway Company, whose service he entered in the year 1849. The projects comprise the two railway inclines up the Syhadrees or Ghauts of Western India. One of these—the Bhoor-Ghaut incline—is rapidly drawing towards completion. It contains twenty-five tunnels through basaltic rock within the short space of thirteen miles. Upward

of 32,000 men are employed upon it under Messrs. Adamson and Clowser, the managers for the contractors, Messrs. Tredwell. To give some conception of the magnitude of the works, we may mention that, in the month of November, five tons of gunpowder per diem were consumed, and that work to the amount of £40,000 was executed within one month.—*London paper*.

RELIC OF BYRON.—At Newstead, age, wind, and weather have so much affected the tree the late Col. Wildman preserved with so much care, on which Byron carved his name, together with his sister's, on his last visit to the Abbey, that another winter would doubtless have destroyed every vestige of so very interesting a relic. Mr. Webb, the new proprietor, who is anxious to preserve every thing of interest connected with the place, has consulted with competent persons, and has decided upon at once removing the part, and preserving it with other relics of the noble poet, in the Abbey itself, as the only means of preserving it to posterity.—*Nottingham Guardian*.

KISSING IS BETTER THAN WINE.—Among the ancient Roman matrons and virgins the use of wine was unknown, and the woman was taxed with immodesty whose breath smelt of the grape. Pliny says that Cato was of the opinion that kissing first began between kinsmen and kinswomen, that they might know whether their wives, daughters, or nieces tasted wine. Young Sharpwits says Cato was an old coon! for kissing is better than wine any day.

At the recent Industrial Exhibition held at Marseilles, some specimens of paper, which it is said were scarcely distinguishable from the finest qualities of ordinary paper, were exhibited, made of a material which grows spontaneously throughout Algeria and Spain. This is the "esparto" or Spanish broom, which has heretofore been used merely for making mats and ropes. Algeria alone, it is said, produces two hundred millions of pounds annually of the raw material.

THE heart of a beautiful woman, like that of a beautiful flower, may be the abode of a reptile.

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THE finely-engraved Portraits of various personages of distinction, which have appeared as embellishments in the successive numbers of THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE, have come to be regarded with high favor by the public as a valuable element of art. We have had occasion to know that many of our patrons remove a choice selection of the portraits from the numbers, and have them framed to adorn their parlor-walls. Not a few others desire to purchase the portraits for a similar purpose. Influenced by these facts and others, we beg to offer inducements in this direction to those who desire to possess valuable portraits, finely engraved.

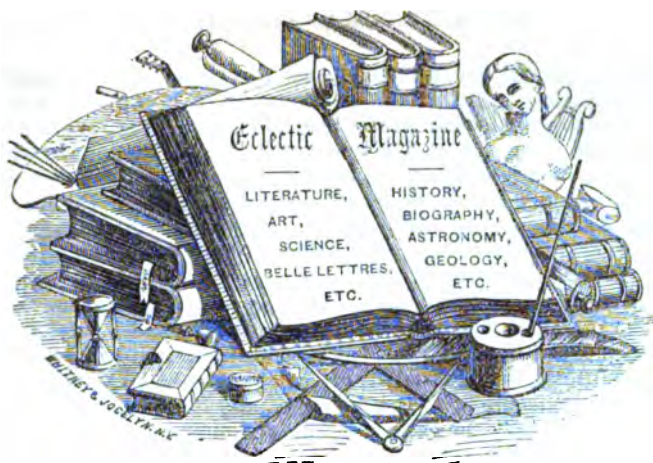
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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

DECEMBER, 1861.

From the National Review.

LIFE AND TIMES OF CHATEAUBRIAND.*

GREAT men, of the very first order of greatness—"the heights and pinnacles of human mind"—are of no country. They are cosmopolitan, not national. They belong not to the Teutonic, or the Anglo-Saxon, or the Italian, or the Gallic race, but to the human race. They are stamped with the features, rich with the endowments, mighty with the power, instinct with the life, not of this or that phase or section of humanity, but of humanity itself, in its most unlimited development and its loftiest possibilities. There is no apparent reason why they might not have been born in any one of the nations into which the civilized modern world is divided as well as in another. The *universal* elements

of their character and their intelligence override and obliterate the special ones. We do not think of Shakspeare and Bacon, of Spinoza and Descartes, of Newton and Galileo, of Columbus or Michael Angelo, of Kant or Goethe, as Frenchmen or Englishmen, Germans or Italians, but as MEN, whose capacities and whose achievements are at once the patrimony and the illustration of all peoples and all lands alike.

But there are great men of a secondary stature and a more bounded range—men darkly wise, and imperfectly and irregularly great, yet whose greatness can not be disputed, since, in spite of many moral shortcomings and much intellectual frailty, they have filled a large space in the world's eye, have done good service and earned high fame, have notably influenced the actions and the thoughts of their co-

* *Mémoires d'outre Tombe.* Par le Vicomte DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

La Tribune: Chateaubriand. Par M. VILLEMAIN.
Souvenirs de Mme. Ricamier.

temporaries, and produced works "which after-times will not willingly let die"—and yet who are so prominently marked with the impress of their age and country, that no one can for a moment fail to recognize their origin. Every page of their writings, every incident of their career, every power they evince, every weakness they betray, proclaims aloud the Briton or the Frank. And we speak here not only of men of talent, but of men of unquestionable genius, too. "Talent," as Sir James Mackintosh well defined it, is "habitual power of execution." It is of many descriptions; it may be generated to some extent; it may be cultivated to almost any extent; and will naturally have a local stamp and coloring. "Genius" implies a *special* gift, an innate and peculiar endowment. Providence, with a mysterious and uncontrollable sovereignty, drops the seed into any soil; it might be expected, therefore, to be purely personal, rather than redolent of time and place. Yet, except in the case of those paramount and abnormal intelligences of whom we have spoken above, men of genius, for the most part, are essentially national and secular—visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the era in which they lived and the land which gave them birth.

Of this secondary order of great men—unquestionably a man of genius, unquestionably, also, and *par excellence* a Frenchman, and a Frenchman of the nineteenth century—Chateaubriand was one of the most eminent and the most special. His career, his character, and his writings, are well worth the pains of studying. His career extended over the whole of the most momentous and exciting epoch of modern history, and was involved in some of its most stirring scenes. He was born in 1768, and died in 1848. He was old enough to feel an interest in the establishment of American independence; and he lived to see the United States swell in number from thirteen to thirty-three. He was presented in his eighteenth year to Louis XVI. in the days of his grandeur at Versailles, and he *might* have been presented in his eightieth year to Louis Napoleon, at the Elysée, as he marched back from exile on his way to the imperial throne. He was a fugitive to England in his youth, and ambassador to England in his old age. He served Napoleon and he served Charles X. He lived through

the three great moral, political, and social convulsions of modern times—the revolution of 1789, the revolution of 1830, the revolution of 1848. He was born under feudalism; he died under socialism. He opened his eyes on France when she was an ancient and hereditary monarchy—he beheld her "every thing in turn, and nothing long"—he lived to see the second Republic, and almost to see the second Empire. His writings, varied in their range—romantic, religious, polemic, and biographical—are all peculiar and characteristic, and full of energy and warmth. By the common consent of his countrymen, he is regarded as having carried the poetry of prose composition to a pitch never approached by any one before or since, except Rousseau; and in that style of refined acrimony, quiet thrusts with polished rapier, and graceful throwing of poisoned epigrammatic javelins, which is so peculiarly French, and which Frenchmen so inordinately value, he had confessedly no rival. He was, moreover, a real power in literature. His controversial writings undeniably exercised great influence over political transactions, and his sentimental writings exercised a still wider and more indisputable influence over the taste and tone of the lighter productions of his age. His character, finally, both in its strength and its weakness, was peculiarly French. His unsociability apart, he might almost be taken as the typical man of his class, time, and country—greatly exaggerated, however, especially in his defects. A sense of honor, quick, sensitive, and fiery, rather than rational or deep; an hereditary high breeding, which displayed itself rather in exquisite grace and urbanity of manner than in real chastening of spirit; a native chivalry of temper and demeanor, but too superficial to render him truly either generous or amiable; vanity ignobly excessive and absolutely childish; and egotism carried to a point at which it became quite a crime, and almost a disease—such were the prominent features of Chateaubriand, according to every portrait we possess.

François-René de Chateaubriand was born September fourth, 1768, at Saint-Malo in Brittany—most reluctantly, as he informs us—against his strong desire and in cruel disregard of his most vehement protests. The distaste for life, which he loses no opportunity of expressing—and which we may well conceive was in a

measure genuine, for selfish men and proud men are seldom happy—manifested itself in him, we are required to believe, before his birth. He was not the eldest son: his father wanted a second boy, in order to secure the transmission of the family name; but Chateaubriand was so unwilling to come into the world that he sent four sisters before him, one after another, in the vain hope of quenching his parent's insatiable desire of offspring.

The father of Chateaubriand was a Breton gentleman of ancient family but decayed fortunes. He had acquired a moderate competence himself by a step which in those days indicated much good sense and force of character: he had entered the mercantile marine, made one or two successful voyages, and then settled for some years in the West-Indian colonies. As soon as he was in a position of reasonable independence, he returned to his native land, purchased at Combourg, near Saint-Malo, an old ancestral estate and chateau; but the soil was poor, the chateau dreary, and the site desolate and forlorn. The son has left a most uninviting picture of both the paternal residence and the paternal character—the one cold and gloomy, the other severe, silent, passionate, and morose, with an inordinate pride of name and race as his predominating moral features. In reference to this family pride, we must notice one of the first of Chateaubriand's affectations and insincerities. He pretends to despise all such weakness; he loudly proclaims the hollowness of all such pretensions; he stigmatizes them as "odious in his father, ridiculous in his brother, and too manifest even in his nephew." So far is he, however, from being either free from this weakness or able to hide it, that he betrays it in his every page. He loses no occasion of enumerating his ancestral glories and connections; he describes with irrepressible self-glorification his entering the royal carriages and hunting with the king—privileges only granted to those of undoubted noble birth; he devotes a whole chapter to his pedigree; he returns to the subject again and again; when his father dies, he gives an extract from the mortuary register detailing in full all his titles and formalities; he assures us that "if he inherited the infatuation of his father and his brother," he could easily prove his descent from the Dukes of Bre-

tagne, the intermingling of his blood with that of the royal family of England.

The young inheritor of all these past and future glories suffered from a defective education and a neglected childhood. He passed some portions of interrupted years at the seminaries of Dol, Rennes, and Dinan successively, before which period he seems to have spent his time in wandering along the wild shore of Brittany, or playing with the village urchins of Saint-Malo. He read fitfully, but learnt nothing thoroughly. He gained the admiration of his instructors, he tells us, on account of his singular memory for words—it seems to have been his one special faculty in youth; but he adds characteristically: "One thing humiliates me in reference to this: memory is often the endowment of fools; it belongs usually to heavy minds, rendered yet more ponderous by the baggage with which they are overloaded." He actually feels ashamed of possessing a good memory because he can not have it all to himself, but must share the endowment with ungifted men! The remainder of his youth was passed principally in his ungenial home at Combourg, lost in idleness and reveries, roaming among the woods, gazing at sunsets, building castles in the air and indulging in those vague, semi-erotic, semi-ethereal fancies, so common to imaginative minds at the opening of life; but of which—full of his notion that every thing relating to him was anomalous and unique—he says: "I do not know if the history of the human heart offers another example of this sort of thing." His sister Lucile, who seems to have been a charming person, was his sole companion and comfort in this ungenial and unprofitable life. Even with her it was melancholy enough; without her it would have been insupportable. It nourished and enriched his poetical imagination, beyond question, but it nourished and consolidated all his moral failings at the same time—his *farouche* and somber humor, his unamiable egotism, his slavery to passion and to fancy, and his normal attitude of self-study, self-wonder, and self-worship. His father rose at four o'clock, summer and winter; and his harsh voice calling for his valet resounded through the house. At noon the family assembled for dinner in the great hall, previous to which hour they worked or studied in their own rooms, or

were supposed to do so. After dinner the father went to shoot, or fish, or look after his farm; the mother went to her oratory; the daughter to her room and her *tapiiserie*, and the son to the woods, or to his books and dreams. At eight o'clock they supped; then the father shot owls, and the rest of the family looked at the stars, till ten o'clock, when they retired to rest.

"The evenings of autumn and winter were passed in a somewhat different manner. When supper was over, and the four *convives* had returned from the table to the fireplace, my mother, with a sigh, threw herself upon an old couch, and a stand with one candle was placed beside her. Lucile and I sat by the fire; the servants cleared the table and retired. Then my father began his walk, and never stopped till bed-time. He wore an old white *robe-de-chambre*, or rather a sort of mantle, which I have never seen on any other man. His head, nearly bald, was covered with a great white cap, which stood straight up. When he walked away from the hearth, the large room was so dimly lighted by its solitary taper that he became invisible—his steps only were heard in the darkness. Gradually he returned toward the light, and emerged little by little out of the gloom, like a specter, with his white robe, white cap, and long pale face. Lucile and I exchanged a few words in a low voice while he was at the other end of the room, but we were silent the instant he approached us. As he passed, he inquired of what we were speaking. Seized with fear, we made no reply, and he continued his walk. The rest of the evening nothing was heard but the measured sound of his steps, my mother's sighs, and the whistling of the wind. The castle-clock struck ten. My father stopped; the same spring which had raised the hammer of the clock seemed to have suspended his steps. He drew out his watch, wound it up; took up a large silver torch with a large wax taper, went for a moment into the little western tower, then returned torch in hand, and went toward his bed-room in the eastern tower. Lucile and I put ourselves in his way, embraced him, and wished him a good night. Without replying, he bent toward us his hard and wrinkled cheek, proceeded on his way, and withdrew to the bottom of the tower, and we heard the doors close after him.

"Then the charm was broken; my mother, my sister, and myself, all transformed into statues by my father's presence, suddenly recovered our vitality. The first effect of our disenchantment was to produce a torrent of words. If silence had oppressed us, it paid dearly for it.

"The flood of words being exhausted, I called the chamber-maid, and conducted my mother and sister to their apartment. Before I withdrew, they made me look under the beds, up the chimneys, behind the doors, and search the staircase, passages, and neighboring corri-

dors. All the traditions of the castle, its rubbers and specters, suddenly recurred to their memory. The people were firmly persuaded that a Count de Combourg, with a wooden leg, who died three centuries before, appeared at certain epochs, and that he had been met on the grand staircase of the tower: sometimes, also, the wooden leg walked by itself along with a black cat."

We may readily concede that a youth thus passed was not calculated to inspire any vivid love of existence, and we have no doubt also that Chateaubriand was constitutionally of a melancholic temperament. Chateaubriand's early years were undeniably full of gloomy and depressing influences, but they were amply redeemed by subsequent successes. He achieved fame while still young; he rose to the height of grandeur and renown, according to his estimate of such things; he was loved by many and admired by all; he lived long, he lived actively, he lived on the scene of the most thrilling events, and he lived through a period more replete than any other with interest and excitement. If he had been less of an egotist or more of a Christian, he must have been thankful for life at least, even if he had not consciously enjoyed it. Yet the burden of his song is the same at every age.

It must not be supposed that his youthful studies and reveries were wholly unproductive: he seems to have talked well when excited and sufficiently at ease to overcome his native shyness; and his sister, struck with some remarkable indications of talent, persuaded him to write. He did so for a while; then he became discouraged, threw his work aside, and grumbled at Lucile for having suggested it. Meantime the young aspirant had embraced no profession, though he had dreamed of nearly all, and was unfit for any.

His father designed him for the navy, and sent him to Brest to prepare for his commission; but he renounced the career for some unexplained cause, and returned to the paternal mansion. His mother wanted to make him a priest; but Chateaubriand felt no vocation in that line, though some preliminary studies were undertaken, and he actually received the tonsure from the Bishop of Saint-Malo, as a step toward becoming at some future period a Knight of Malta. He at one time resolved to obtain some appointment in the East-Indies, and his father consented to let him dispose of himself in this

manner; but months flowed by, and no active measures were taken to realize the scheme. At last the paternal patience was worn out: a commission in the army was obtained, and the future Celebrity was sent off to join his regiment with a hundred louis in his pocket and a parting allocution, which was rather a scolding than a benediction. The young ensign presented himself at head-quarters, and for a while did duty with his corps; but he saw no service and learned no discipline, spending most of his time in Paris, watching the gradual opening of the Revolution. The state of affairs soon became uncomfortable for an officer of a noble family in the service of the King; Chateaubriand appears to have been still too egotistical a dreamer to feel any absorbing interest in the great drama that was then evolving; he was seized with a fancy for discovering the north-west passage—so at least he says; but probably he was only restless and adventurous. However, he sailed for America; renounced his alleged scheme on the first discouragement he met with; wandered awhile in the prairies and the forests of the new world; gained a glimpse into the poetry of savage life, of which he made the most in *Atala* and the *Natches*; and returned suddenly to France, with no definite reason or determinate purpose, on hearing of the King's flight to Varennes. Chateaubriand returned from America as unsettled as ever in his mind, and poorer than ever in purse. Meantime the Revolution made rapid progress. The emigrant army of Condé formed itself on the left bank of the Rhine; nobles and royalists flocked to join it, as fast as they could contrive means of escape; and Chateaubriand, mindful of his birth and antecedents, and moved by an ill-considered feeling of honor, resolved to follow their example, though in his heart he neither completely embraced their political principles, nor in his conscience was at all satisfied as to the morality of the emigrant warfare. He makes no secret of this state of mind in his record of the discussions he held with Malesherbes upon the subject. But he had no money wherewith to carry out his half-hesitating purpose; his family could not furnish him with it: *he married in order to obtain it*. This, at least, is his own account of the matter, and we have never seen it contradicted. He tells us that he felt no voca-

tion for matrimony—none of the qualities to make a good husband. Nevertheless he told his sisters they might do as they liked. "Faites donc!" said he. Accordingly they found a young lady with a reputed fortune of twenty thousand pounds, who, in spite of her friends' opposition, consented to become Madame de Chateaubriand; and, we believe, notwithstanding mortal annoyances, never repented of her complaisance. She appears, both by her husband's account and by that of M. Villemain, and of others who knew her, to have been clever, lively, and spiritual, and a really affectionate and devoted wife. Admiring Chateaubriand vastly, but appreciating him little, and approving and agreeing with him scarcely ever; proud of his fame, but indifferent to literature, and never reading a line of his works—the union must have been a curious, if not precisely an ill-assorted one. He esteemed and respected, but does not pretend to have loved her; and, according to our notions, he neglected her shamefully. He deserted her almost immediately after their marriage, and abandoned her to all the horrors and perils of the Reign of Terror. He left her behind him when he went to England, and seems for a time to have forgotten he was married; he left her when he went as Secretary of Legation to Rome; he left her when he went on a pilgrimage to the Levant; in fact, he usually left her behind him whenever he went any where. She was a kind of *pied-à-terre* or furnished lodging, which he kept in Paris to be ready for him when he happened to return, after his restless wanderings. The few pages which he devotes to her in narrating his marriage are singularly cool and characteristic. He does full justice to her intelligence and character, and expresses himself grateful for her devotion and affectionate patience with his faults. Chateaubriand soon discovered that his wife's property, for the sake of which he had married her, was all but mythical. It had been secured on the domains of the clergy, and these domains had been confiscated by the nation. At all events, the funds, whether existing or not, were inaccessible. With great difficulty he borrowed ten thousand francs; and, as ill-luck would have it, while these were in his pocket, for the first and only time in his life, he was enticed by the fatal fascinations of the gaming-table. He lost all except

fifteen hundred francs, and, in his confusion and distress of mind, he left these also in a hackney-coach, and told his family that the *whole* sum had gone in this way. This portion, however, he recovered the next day, and with this he emigrated. The army of the Princes, ill-constituted and ill-commanded, was, as is well known, promptly defeated and dispersed. Chateaubriand escaped to England, and there spent the next seven years in poverty, privation, and sometimes in actual famine, supporting himself partly by his pen, and partly by occasional remittances from abroad. Here he learned the tidings of his mother's imprisonment and his brother's death upon the scaffold, along with that of Malesherbes and several of his near connections. Part of this long exile was spent in study, but more in aimless, though not wholly unprofitable, poetic reverie. Two episodes in this portion of his life are all that we need notice; but his mode of dealing with both speaks volumes as to the moral nature of the man. He had obtained, through Peltier's interposition, some archæological employment in the county of Suffolk. While in that neighborhood, circumstances caused him to reside for some time in the family of a clergyman near Bungay, who had a charming wife and an only daughter. With the latter, then about fifteen, according to Chateaubriand's account, he was in the habit of reading Italian; he listened to her music, and directed her studies. An attachment sprang up between them, which was observed by the parents, who, anxious only for their daughter's happiness, and too liberal-minded to object to her marriage with a penniless exile, determined to offer him her hand. Chateaubriand's description of the scene in which the mother, herself still young and beautiful, makes him the proposal, is disfigured by the bad taste and the disposition to unworthy allusions which is so offensive in several of his writings. Chateaubriand was stupefied at the proposal; the recollection of his own abandoned wife flashed across him; he avowed his marriage; the mother fainted, and he fled back to London, full of remorse and a haunting half-poetic love. His fancy had been vividly excited, but it scarcely appears that his heart, if he had one, was really touched. But the sequel of the story is the characteristic portion. Miss Charlotte Ives — this was the young

lady's name—when this early illusion had worn away, married Admiral Sutton; and in after-years, being anxious for the promotion of her sons, bethought her of applying to her former admirer, then ambassador from France to England, to use his influence with Mr. Canning, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and about to proceed to India as Governor-General. This was in 1822, twenty-seven years after the brief romance we have related. Accordingly she called upon him, and saw him twice. They spoke at length of past times and old and tender memories, holding each other's hands. They had still another interview, a parting one. Chateaubriand says it was painful on both sides. The other incident of Chateaubriand's London life to which we made reference was this. There is an admirable and most beneficent institution in this metropolis, known to most of our readers, called "The Royal Literary Fund." Its purpose is that of affording temporary aid to literary men and women who may be in distress or privation, but whose position and education are such as would render the receipt of open charity more painful than poverty itself. The assistance needed is therefore dealt out with all secrecy and delicacy, and after the most careful inquiry, by a permanent secretary, the chairman, and one or two members of the society, who are understood never to reveal the names of the recipients. In this way much good is done, much suffering relieved, and much sensibility soothed and spared. The members of this association meet once a year in force at a great banquet, where some one distinguished for rank or fame is usually selected to preside. In 1822, when Chateaubriand was ambassador in England, he was invited to attend this annual dinner, in his double capacity of eminent politician and celebrated writer. One of the royal dukes was in the chair, and the attendance was unusually graced by the rank and talent of the guests. Many speeches were delivered: when it came to Chateaubriand's turn, he passed a glowing eulogy on the institution; and by way of illustrating the services which it rendered in modesty and silence to struggling genius, without distinction of sex or nation, he drew a graphic picture of a young foreigner cast upon these shores, having nothing but his talents and his industry to support him; striving, and striving long in vain,

to earn a scanty subsistence by his pen ; and finally, when just about to give up the conflict in despair, rescued by the agent of the society descending upon his garret unsolicited, like a saving and ministering angel. When he had heightened the effect of his portrait by all the colors his rich fancy could gather round it, he produced a most vivid and thrilling emotion in his audience by adding : "*This case was my own : I was that unknown and destitute foreigner, five-and-twenty years ago,*" etc., etc. The effect was electric : every body was taken by surprise : no one had ever heard the faintest rumor of the transaction ; and all vied with one another in congratulating the society on having relieved so great a man, and lauding the ambassador for the "grandeur of soul" which did not shrink from such an avowal. "Happy," exclaimed Mr. Everett, the American minister, on the occasion of another anniversary celebration—"happy the institution which could give relief to such a man ! happy the man magnanimous enough to come here afterward and acknowledge it !" or words to that effect.

We are now arrived at the commencement of Chateaubriand's literary life, which ranged from 1800 to 1812, and which may be said to have been inaugurated by the *Génie du Christianisme*, though the *Essai sur les Révolutions*, and *Atala*, of which we shall speak presently, were given to the world before his great work. This work, however, was the one which made his fame and fortune ; and it is this to which he himself always refers as his title both to permanent glory and to the gratitude of his country and of Europe. It is important, therefore, if we would estimate him aright, to inquire a little into the character of the book, and the circumstances in which it originated. Like nearly all the men of note in France at the close of the eighteenth century, Chateaubriand was an unbeliever, not probably from any very profound inquiry or reflection, but still deliberately and avowedly. In July, 1798, his sister writes to him a pathetic letter announcing the death of his mother, her deep grief for his errors and impieties, and adding her own prayer that heaven would enlighten him and make him cease to write. By the time the letter reached him this sister also had ceased to breathe. The effect of

this double exhortation on his mind must be given in his own words. In his *Mémoires* he says :

"The filial tenderness I felt for Mme. de Chateaubriand was profound. The idea of having poisoned the last days of the woman who bore me drove me desperate. I threw into the fire with horror the remaining copies of the *Essai*, as the instrument of my crime. I would have annihilated the work, if it had been possible. I only recovered from my grief when the idea struck me of expiating my first work by a religious one : *such was the origin of the Génie du Christianisme.*"

In the preface to the first edition of the work, he gives a similar account :

"My mother having been thrown into a dungeon at the age of seventy-two, died on a truckle-bed, to which misery had reduced her. The recollection of my *égarements* spread bitterness over her last hours ; and in dying she commissioned one of my sisters to recall me to the religion of my youth. My sister communicated to me these last wishes of my mother. When her letter reached me, she herself was no more."

His reason was not convinced, but his heart was deeply touched ; the conception of the work was like a ray of light and peace to him ; and its plan was in strict conformity with its origin. He threw himself with feverish enthusiasm into the undertaking : he read much, but he mused and meditated still more ; a title was soon found, as we learn from a letter to Fontanes, and a title far more appropriate and just than the one he afterward adopted. He writes : "I misinformed you as to the title of the work : it is to be called *Des Beautés poétiques et morales de la Religion Chrétienne, et de sa Supériorité sur tous les autres Cultes de la terre.*" This gives a very precise idea of the nature and object of the book. It is not a didactic or a controversial work. There is no logic and no sequence in it. It is a poetic rhapsody, of rare finish and elaboration of sentiment and fancy. It is Christianity, or rather the Catholic form of it, made graceful with every drapery, gorgeous with every coloring, attractive with every association, which vivid imagination and a rich and glowing eloquence could gather round it. Or rather, it is a collection of beautiful and pathetic images and pictures drawn from all walks of thought and feeling, pressed into the service of religion, and bound together with a golden thread of faith. It contains much to please and elevate the pious, much to confirm the gratitude of the hap-

py, much to soothe the sufferings of the wretched and the bereaved, much even to stimulate the enthusiasm of endurance and of sacrifice; but not an argument or a consideration to convince or touch the unbeliever. No doubt it is full of poetic beauties, warmth of fancy, richness of coloring, and charm of style, though disfigured by frequent inflation and some deplorable specimens of puerility and false taste; but it has none of the ring of true metal about it, to our ears; it reads throughout like the work, not of a believer, but of a man who wished to believe, who sought to find peace and joy—but, yet more, fame and literary success—in believing. He confesses to the alternations of doubt and faith which disturbed him even during the composition of the work. When he speaks of the *Génie du Christianisme* in his *Memoirs*, and of the immense sensation it excited, it is never with the deep and modest gratitude of the pious Christian, sincerely thankful that he has been permitted and enabled to do service to his Master, nor even with the simple joy of the soldier who is delighted to have gained a victory for the good cause; it is always with the self-glorification of the *littérateur* who has made a grand hit and achieved an unparalleled success. Not one emotion of simple disinterested piety can be discovered any where. Notwithstanding his tendency to self-laudation, however, Chateaubriand does not at all exaggerate the actual success of the work. It placed him at once on the pinnacle of fame. The truth was, that it appeared in the very nick of time. It was published at a moment of reaction. It caught the world on the rebound.* It delighted the most opposed classes, and aided the most diverse interests. It was published just as the Concordat was proclaimed, and the churches were about to be reopened. Napoleon, who half-dreaded the effect of his convention with the Pope and his coquetting with the clergy on the allegiance of an unbelieving and mocking generation, was charmed at the advent of so unexpected and efficient an ally. The poor, the suffering, and the timid, who had been so long deprived of the consolations of religion were beyond measure rejoiced to hear the old language once again. The noble families of the Faubourg Saint-Germain—to

whom their religion was like their loyalty, a sort of family inheritance, a portion of their family pride, a thing that "belonged to good society," and was more than ever cherished since infidelity and skepticism had been dishonored by the embraces of a democratic *canaille*—recognized the aristocratic opinions, the *ton comme il faut*, and welcomed their fellow-noble with enthusiasm. Every one pressed round him to do him homage; and incense of all sorts was burnt before him, till even he was almost satiated.

This, however, was not his first literary success. A year previously, his faithful and sagacious friend, M. de Fontanes, had induced him to extract the episodic romance of *Atala*, and to give it separately to the world. The result amply justified the anticipations of the critic. To use an expression of Lord Byron, M. de Chateaubriand "awoke next morning, and found himself famous." The volume can be read from beginning to end in a couple of hours, so that a single day was sufficient to decide its fate. It was profusely advertised, and became instantaneously famous. It was not, indeed, by any means universally admired, but it was universally read. There were many different opinions, but no silence on the question.

As *Atala*, though so short, is perhaps at once the best, the most complete, and the most characteristic of Chateaubriand's works, it is worth while to spend a few minutes in considering its peculiarities. It exemplifies nearly all his special merits and his special faults. The language is exquisitely choice and musical; the descriptions of nature are in the best style of gorgeous and artificial poetry; the sentiments, though not always simple or appropriate, are often touching and beautiful, and sometimes elevated. On the whole, though full of charms, it is very young and very French—we know not how else to describe it. The story is a sort of reproduction of *Paul and Virginia*; with the difference, that the lovers of Bernardin de St. Pierre were colonists, and those of Chateaubriand are North-American Indians. In simplicity, in pathos, in fidelity of coloring and costume, in correctness of taste, in every thing, except rich word-painting, the earlier romance has, in our judgment, the advantage. In purity of conception and delicacy of treatment, St. Pierre, though some-

* Vinet very felicitously styles him "the Poet-laureate of Christianity."

what morbid, is unquestionably far superior. The girls in both stories are correct in conduct; but the one is modest while the other is only chaste. Atala is a young maiden of the tribe of Natchez, but of European origin by the father's side; Chactas is a young savage of another clan, whom she liberates on the eve of the day when he was about to be burnt alive, after the usual mode in which Indians treat their captives. The two young people fly together, and wander for weeks in the forests and prairies, till they reach a missionary settlement. Atala returns the love of Chactas with an ardor yet greater than his own; but her mother having vowed her to celibacy in her cradle, she dares not yield to their mutual passion, and when on the point of failing takes poison to save herself from breaking this vow. She confesses on her death-bed to father Aubry, a venerable priest, and dies in the midst of his exhortations and consolations. Chactas relates the story in his old age to René—alias Chateaubriand.

Such is the outline of the tale. But the tale is nothing, the painting is every thing. That painting, while full of detached beauties, is also full of incongruities when looked at as a whole. We would willingly, as the author somewhere in his works advises, "abandon the small and easy criticism of faults for the larger and more difficult criticism of beauties;" but in the instance of *Atala* this is impossible, and would be unjust; for the beauties are beauties of detail, and the faults lie in the *ensemble* of the picture. The language, half simple, half imaginative, of savage life, is put on laboriously in patches; the sentiments, and often the expressions, are redolent of the most advanced, and even morbid, civilization; and the *jar* consequent upon the mixture is felt in every page.

The whole fitting criticism of *Atala* may be summed up in a few sentences of M. Vinet. "This hybrid incoherent character shows itself throughout, but most especially in the coloring of the style, or rather in the promiscuous intermixture of colors, which mingle without blending. The East and the West, the present and the past, the *naïveté* of the savage and the morbid subtlety of the civilized Parisian, are cast pell-mell into the images and expressions of the *dramatis personæ*. All this is unnatural and false; and yet we must admit, it is supportable enough.

Every thing is not well assorted; but every thing is brilliant, melodious, and sweet. There is such freshness and splendor in the inharmonious colors; such music in the rich and gorgeous language. As a magnificent painter of the magnificence of nature, M. de Chateaubriand has no equal, and scarcely a competitor."

It was in the year 1806 that M. de Chateaubriand conceived the plan of his great prose-poem *Les Martyrs*. He saw in the story of the early Christian sufferers for their faith, as he had before seen in Christianity itself, a grand field for poetry and romance, for descriptions of the beauties of nature, and the charms of elevated sentiment and passion. To imbue his mind with the needful local coloring, he planned that voyage to the East of which he afterward published so pleasing an account in the *Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem*. He would fain persuade us in his autobiography that he went thither in the spirit of piety, to weep at the foot of Calvary, and to bathe in the waters of the Jordan. He went in obedience to the exigencies of a charming person to whom he was then much attached, who sent him to gather that fresh glory which was needed thoroughly to win her heart, and promised to meet him at the Alhambra on his return. Of that meeting we have a romantic shadowing out in *Le Dernier Abencerrage*, an exquisite little tale of Moorish chivalry. The passage in his *Mémoires* is as follows: "Have I told all the truth in my *Itinéraire* as to this journey? Did I really make a pilgrimage to the tomb of Christ in a spirit of repentance? *One sole thought possessed me*: I counted with impatience the moments till its realization. On the deck of my ship, with eyes fixed on the western star, I demanded of it wings to speed me on my course. I hoped to find this at Sparta, at Sion, at Memphis, at Carthage, and to bring it back to the Alhambra. How my heart beat as I approached the coast of Spain!"

Les Martyrs appeared in 1809, but had far less success than the author anticipated, though more, in our opinion, than it deserved. It is a poem in every sense, but written in prose—a mistake which causes all its extravagances and anomalies to stand out in disagreeable relief. Only verse, and verse of the highest order, could make such descriptions and rhapsodies harmonious. The work, like all

Chateaubriand's, is replete with detached beauties, but every beauty is set in a frame-work of anachronisms and incongruities which overpower its fascinations. The whole conception of the work, too, is false in its foundation: the design was to contrast the two religions, Christianity and Paganism—the fresh infancy of the one beside the sunset death-bed of the other. But in executing this conception the author has fallen into the most fatal and unpardonable of all anachronisms—one of twenty centuries at least; he has contrasted, not the Christianity of Cyprian's with the polytheism of Diocletian's day, but the Catholicism of Bossuet with the mythology of Homer. He has fallen, too, into an error which, if not so scientifically heinous, is yet more practically revolting. He has given us descriptions of heaven and its mysteries which, though modeled after the Apocalypse and the *Paradise Lost*, read like parodies on both. He follows, with mincing and unequal step, the most questionable flights of Dante and of Milton, shaming and caricaturing them as he goes along. The following—one of the most carefully-wrought passages in the book—will suffice to justify our criticism.

"Delicious gardens extend round the radiant Jerusalem. A river flows from the throne of the Almighty: it waters the celestial Eden, and bears on its waves the pure Love and the Wisdom of God. The mysterious stream separates into different channels which mingle and reunite again, and nourish the immortal vines, the bride-like lilies, and the flowers which perfume the couch of the bridegroom. The tree of life rises on the Hill of Incense; a little further the Tree of Knowledge spreads on every side its deep roots and its innumerable branches; hiding amid its golden foliage the secrets of the Divinity, the occult laws of nature, moral and intellectual realities, and the changeless principles of good and evil. . . . Of the angels, some keep the twenty thousand war chariots of Sabaoth and Elohim; others watch over the quiver of the Lord, his inevitable thunderbolts, and his terrible coursers, which carry war, pestilence, famine, and death. . . . There is accomplished, far from the gaze of angels, the Mystery of the Trinity. The Spirit ever ascending and descending between the Father and the Son, mingles with them in those impenetrable depths. The primitive Essences divide; the triangle of fire vanishes away; the oracle opens, and the Three Powers become visible. Seated on a throne of clouds, the Father holds a compass in his hand; a circle is beneath his feet; the Son, armed with a thunderbolt, is at

his right hand; the Spirit rises at his left hand like a pillar of light."

With such pictures—"poor fragments all of this low earth"—could Chateaubriand dream of rousing the pious imagination of Paris in the nineteenth century.

The political life of Chateaubriand belongs to the Restoration, but he made one or two episodic excursions into the domain of public affairs under the Empire. In 1803, after the completion of the *Concordat*, Napoleon resolved to send an embassy to Rome, and nominated his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, as minister, and Chateaubriand, then in the full bloom of his fame, as author of the *Génie du Christianisme*, as Secretary of Legation. The appointment seemed a fitting one, and Chateaubriand accepted it as an appropriate testimony to his merits; but his elation was considerable, and he conducted himself as young men and vain men will do under such circumstances. He immediately became, in his own eyes, the soul and center of the embassy, and relegated the Cardinal, in fancy, to a subordinate position; imagining that Napoleon had intended him to do all the work, and his chief to be a mere *roi fainéant*—a sort of *nominis umbra*. He therefore preceded the ambassador to Rome, and, in defiance of all official etiquette and decorous reticence, procured an audience of the Pope, presented his credentials and proceeded to make good his position. The arrival of the Cardinal replaced him in his natural subordination, and reduced him to comparative obscurity. This was intolerable to a man of his insatiable vanity and extravagant expectations, and he complained bitterly of his disappointment. The secret official correspondence of the Cardinal, and the private letters of his secretary, during the whole duration of their ill-assorted union, are filled with reciprocal reproaches and complaints; and at length Chateaubriand so far forgot himself as to forward a long note to the First Consul, containing much political information and suggestions which ought to have been transmitted through the Cardinal, and many insinuations against the Cardinal himself, which ought never to have been transmitted at all. The truth was, that Chateaubriand was of all men the least fitted for a diplomatic post of any sort. He was too conceited, intriguing, and insubordinate for a secondary position, and

far too suspicious, irritable, and gullible through vanity, for a principal one. An ambassador should be keen-sighted, calm-tempered, firm, somewhat pachydermatous, and as free from weaknesses which foes and rivals can play upon as may be. Chateaubriand was susceptible, impulsive, unsociable, giving and taking offense with equal readiness, and as full of obvious and manageable foibles as any man that ever breathed. He soon grew sick of his situation. He considered the Cardinal to be an incapable fool, the Cardinal looked upon him as a meddling and intriguing upstart; the First Consul became weary of their squabbles, but was persuaded by the vigilant friendship of M. de Fontanes to anticipate Chateaubriand's intended resignation by appointing him Minister to the newly-constituted Republic of the Vallais. Chateaubriand returned to Paris on his way to his post, which though really insignificant, was an apparent promotion; but, while there, was shocked and startled, in common with the rest of Europe, by learning one morning the seizure and execution of the Duc d'Enghien. In the first moment of horror and indignation, he sat down and wrote his resignation to the Minister for Foreign Affairs. It was a noble and generous impulse, and did infinite credit both to the feeling and the courage of the young diplomatist. For Napoleon, though not yet emperor, was on the point of becoming so, and was virtually all-powerful; and the man who, in defiance of all law and right, had just stained his hands with the blood of a Condé, was not likely to hesitate in punishing any inferior victim who might brave or blame him. It was a period, too, in which civil bravery and independent conscience were at their lowest ebb in France. All honor, therefore, to Chateaubriand for his prompt and spirited proceeding; but why, in his *Mémoires*, should he seek to enhance the merit of the deed by speaking as if he alone of all existing Frenchmen was capable of such conduct, and as if all his friends were paralyzed with consternation at his audacity? Why, in relating an act which so much redounds to his glory, need he seek to monopolize that glory, and discolor facts that he may do so? "For many days," he writes, "my friends came trembling to my door, expecting to find that I had been carried off by the police. M. de Fontanes became nearly wild with terror

at the first moment; he, like all my best friends, considered me shot." Yet Chateaubriand, when he wrote this, must have been fully conscious of its inaccuracy and injustice; for he knew that two days after the crime, when the *Moniteur*, by direction of Napoleon, had altered the wording of an address presented to him by M. de Fontanes as President of the Legislative Chamber, so as to give it the appearance of approving the murder, this same friend, whom he represents as wild with fright, had the courage to insist on the public correction of the error. He relates himself also, in a later portion of his *Memoirs*, that a few months afterward, when Napoleon had been crowned emperor, and was even more absolute and formidable than before, he said to Fontanes, with his customary brutality: "Eh bien, Fontanes, vous pensez toujours à votre Duc d'Enghien." His interlocutor was bold enough to reply in a tone of grave rebuke: "Il me semble que l'Empereur y pense autant que moi." In truth, Chateaubriand was far from being as unique as he fancied in his courage on that occasion. M. Suard, an old Academician, and then editor of a journal, *Le Publiciste*, on being desired by the minister of the day to "set public opinion right" on the subject of the official murder, sent this plain reply, at least as bold and honorable as M. de Chateaubriand's: "I am seventy-three years old, and neither my mind nor my conscience, any more than my limbs, have grown supple with age. The trial and execution of the Duke are proceedings which I deplore, and which contravene all my notions of justice and humanity. I can not therefore 'rectify' an opinion which I share."

No one, however, ever doubted Chateaubriand's courage or high sense of honor in political affairs. He gave another proof of it in 1807, by publishing in the *Mercury*—a literary paper of which he had become the editor—an article containing among other pungent reflections, the following famous passage, of which the writer was immensely proud:

"Lorsque, dans le silence de l'abjection, l'on n'entend plus retentir que la chaîne de l'esclave et la voix du délateur; lorsque tout tremble devant le tyran, et qu'il est aussi dangereux d'encourir sa faveur que de mériter sa disgrâce, l'historien paraît, chargé de la vengeance, des peuples. C'est en vain que Néron prospère; Tacite est déjà né dans l'empire. . . . Si le

rôle de l'historien est beau, il est souvent dange-reux ; mais il est des autels comme celui de l'honneur, qui, bien qu'abandonnés, réclament encore des sacrifices ; le Dieu n'est point anéanti parceque le temple est desert."

TRANSLATION.

We subjoin a translation of this remarkable passage for those who may not be familiar with the French.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

"When in the silence of subjection there is no longer heard any thing but the chain of the slave, and the voice of the betrayer ; when all tremble before the tyrant, and it is as dangerous to incur his favor as to merit his disgrace ; the historian appears, charged with the vengeance of the peoples. It is in vain that Nero triumphs ; Tacitus is already born in the empire. . . . If the part of the historian is a beautiful one, it is often dangerous ; but there are altars, as that of Honor, which although abandoned, still demand sacrifices ; the god is not annihilated, though the temple is deserted."

So sunk was France then in slavery and silence, that a sentence like this was like the sudden sound of a trumpet in a Quakers' meeting or at a funeral procession ; the excitement was extraordinary ; Napoleon was furious ; the *Mercur* was suppressed, and, according to the *Mémoires d'outre Tombe*, the audacious writer was ordered to be arrested. This, however, was never done—probably was never ordered. The sentences which introduce and close this episode in the *Mémoires* are too characteristic to be omitted. Chateaubriand begins the narrative by saying : "It was not in vain that I wore a countenance tanned by exposure to the sun, (he had just returned from the East ;) I had not encountered the *wrath of heaven* (Anglicè, the heat of a Syrian summer) to tremble before the anger of a man. Si Napoléon en avait fini avec les rois, *il n'en avait pas fini avec moi*," etc. And after describing the rage of the Emperor, he concludes thus : "Ma propriété périt ; ma personne échappa par miracle ; Bonaparte eut à s'occuper du monde : *il m'oublia*."

But Chateaubriand's real entrance into the arena of political life was effected by his famous pamphlet, *Bonaparte et les Bourbons* ; and a more splendid inauguration never man had. Like the *Génie du Christianisme*, this fierce and spirit-stirring invective came out in the very nick of time. Like that production, it caught the tide on its turn. It gave utterance to the pent-up feelings of mil-

lions, decided the movements of the wavering, and clinched and whetted the passions of the exasperated and the wronged. It was written during the last struggle of Napoleon for existence and for empire on the soil of France ; (the author tells us it was written amid mortal anxieties and in the greatest danger, with locked doors at night, and with loaded pistols by his side ;) it appeared when the allied armies were at the gates of Paris, when Napoleon was at Fontainebleau in the agonies of meditated abdication, and when the conquerors and the people were alike hesitating as to the government and the ruler they would choose. Never was a shot so opportune or so telling. By enumerating all the crimes and tyrannies of Napoleon, and painting them in colors and in traits that made the heart of the whole nation at once rage and bleed, it gave the *coup-de-grâce* to the falling oppressor ; and by appealing to all the ancient and long-dormant but not extinguished sentiments of loyalty and chivalry which were once so powerful among the French people, by pleading the old glories and the recent sufferings of the exiled race, it went far to determine the deliberations of the liberators, and the liberated alike, in favor of what was, in fact, the only sound decision—the recall of the Bourbons to the throne. Louis XVIII. may or may not have said, as Chateaubriand more than once asserts, that this pamphlet "was worth to him a hundred thousand men ;" but if he did say so, it was only a somewhat extravagant expression of the truth. As usual, however, Chateaubriand endeavors to monopolize *all* the credit of the event to which he was only one—though, perhaps, the chief—of the contributors ; and he would fain persuade us in his *Mémoires* that even Talleyrand was in favor of a compromise and a regency—Talleyrand, who had especial reason to hate and dread every thing Napoleonic ; Talleyrand, who so tersely urged upon the half-reluctant and still-admiring Alexander : "Louis XVIII. est un prince ; Bonaparte est un prince :—tout ce qui n'est ni l'un ni l'autre n'est qu'un intrigue."

In our judgment, this pamphlet is beyond question the best production of Chateaubriand's pen, because it is by far the truest and most earnest. It is the utterance, somewhat excessive perhaps, but not unwarranted, of the righteous and re-

lentless indignation of a public man against, perhaps, the greatest public criminal of modern times, pointed and heightened by the smoldering fury of the private foe. It is concentrated passion, approaching to malignity, let loose in a cause which almost hallowed the emotion. The invective is splendid; the tone and language are throughout superb. From first to last there is scarcely an ornament or a trope; for once the author thought more of his subject than himself—more of the wounds he could inflict than of the dazzle he could make. Here he fights like a gladiator in the arena of life and death, dependent on the keenness of his thrusts and the sharpness of his sword; in all his previous displays he has been attitudinizing like a fencing-master on the stage, studying every posture, pausing at every instant to admire and point out how bright is his blade, and how skillful are his lunges and his guards. The pungency and effectiveness of the *style* are something unrivaled—and herein, by the way, lay always Chateaubriand's chief force. His picture of the suffering caused by the conscription must have exasperated the feelings of every family in France nearly to fury. We have no space to quote, but all who wish to see the eloquence of invective carried to the very perfection of magnificence should read the last few pages.

It has been objected to Chateaubriand that there was something ignoble and ungenerous in firing a shot like this, weighted with the accumulated animosity of years, into the flank of a falling foe, and in thus rejoicing over the defeat of a French ruler by foreign arms. The objection, we confess, appears to us quite unjust. Chateaubriand had opposed and condemned Napoleon in the height of his power; he had earned the right to attack him when and where he could; and the pamphlet was published at the first moment when publication was possible. The crisis was perilous and decisive—hesitation prevailed every where—a little more timidity on the part of the Allies, a little more moderation on the part of Napoleon, and a compromise fatal to all parties might have been accepted; and what, then, would have been the position of Chateaubriand? He did excellent service; he encountered considerable risk; and we think he would have been guilty of a dereliction of duty if any false notions of generosity had withheld him from striking at so critical

a conjuncture. It was simply impossible, too, *not* to welcome the Allies; they were felt by the whole nation to be deliverers. Napoleon had come to be execrated as much as he was feared—he was, in the eyes of Frenchmen, less their sovereign than their jailer and oppressor. A far graver and more real offense, in our estimate, was his repudiation of these sentiments in later years, when his loyalty was somewhat cooled under the influence of disappointed vanity, and when he had to *poser* in a befitting attitude before a public whose feelings, like his own, had undergone a change. At the time, in 1814, he hailed the success and the arrival of the allied invaders with delight; every page of the pamphlet bears witness to his joy at their approach, his gratitude at their behavior, and his alarm lest they should listen to a compromise, and leave Napoleon on the throne of a diminished kingdom.

So powerful and well-timed a production as *Bonaparte et les Bourbons*, coming from a man so eminent in literature, at once brought Chateaubriand into contact with the restored monarch and his court, and enrolled him for the future on the list of active politicians and possible ministers. But it appears to have been immediately and instinctively felt that, with all his genius, he was too little of a practical man for the crisis. He received many compliments, but no place; and the vacant embassy to Sweden, to which he was at length nominated, owing to the untiring zeal of one of his devoted admirers, Madame de Duras, was far from satisfying his expectations. He speaks of the appointment with considerable bitterness; and before he could take it up, the return of Napoleon from Elba once more scattered the whole royalist party to the winds. M. de Chateaubriand followed his master to Ghent, and there became one of the advisers and nominal ministers of the fugitive King and the mock court. There, though he had nothing to do as minister, he was active with his pen. He presented sagacious memorials to Louis XVIII., and wrote brilliant articles in the *Moniteur de Gand*; but the *exigeant* vanity and hauteur of his character made themselves unpleasantly felt at the council-board. His acute sovereign soon took his measure, though perhaps he valued his talents too little, and was irritated by his manners too much. "He was, I admit,"

says M. Guizot, who knew him well both then and afterward, "an inconvenient ally; for he pretended to every thing, and was hurt and offended at every thing—on a level with the finest minds and the rarest geniuses, it was his illusion also to think himself the equal of the most consummate statesmen; and his soul was filled with bitterness because men would not admit him to be the rival of Napoleon as well as of Milton. Earnest men and men of the world would not lend themselves to this idolatrous folly; but they under-estimated his real power, and forgot how dangerous he might be."

Under the second restoration, the position of M. de Chateaubriand was anomalous and painful. Unpopular at court; feeling himself neglected and postponed to men in all respects inferior to himself; indignant at the King for admitting into his cabinet such feeble favorites as Blacas, and such abandoned villains as Fouché; sharing all the angry and vindictive passions of the ultra-royalists, while holding all the constitutional doctrines of the liberals, he found himself in a state of inconsistent and universal opposition. Discontented with every one, and objecting to every thing, he struck right and left impartially, if not indiscriminately. Nominated to the Chamber of Peers in that difficult and embittered conjuncture, he fought much like a wild horse, biting those before him, kicking those behind him; insisting vehemently for the liberty of the press; contending no less vehemently the next moment for the removability of the judges; bent alike on enforcing all his own views of freedom, and on crushing his enemies, if need be, by all the resources of despotism; laboring with equal zeal to reëstablish the old legitimate monarchy of France, and to confine that monarchy within the limits of the English constitution. The fact was, that then, as always, he was obeying his instincts, which were strong and steady—not his convictions, which were always weak and wandering. He wished for a powerful government, provided he might be its chief; and he wished for a free press, because he was sure always to be its brightest ornament and its supreme director. The world was to be organized so as best to bring out the faculties and the grandeur of François-René de Chateaubriand. From 1816 to 1820 Chateaubriand, partly in the Chamber, but still

more in the journals, may be regarded as the leader of the opposition; and his chief sin in these days was that, while all wise and good men were doing their utmost to smooth down the still rankling animosities of the past, and to reconcile hostile parties and hostile men by moderation and by compromise, Chateaubriand was the declared enemy of all moderation and all compromise; he sought to excite passions, not to allay them; his warfare was violent and bitter, and his language sometimes utterly atrocious. He inaugurated the campaign by publishing his *Monarchie selon la Charte*, in which, with the greatest clearness and brilliancy, he expounds and enforces the advantages of parliamentary government, and the sole responsibility of ministers; while mixing with his wisdom some singular inconsistencies, which laid him open to severe retort, and showed how imperfect and *un-thorough* was his political philosophy. This work gave great offense to the King, and an abortive attempt was even made to suppress it and to prosecute the author. Shortly afterward Chateaubriand set up *Le Conservateur*, a journal of his own, in which he displayed wonderful skill and vigor as a polemic—skill and vigor, however, not great enough to conceal for one moment, or to excuse to any honest mind, the bitter personal feeling from which they drew their inspiration. He says: "The revolution wrought by this journal was unexampled: in France, it changed the majority in the two Chambers; abroad, it transformed the spirit of the Cabinets of Europe" Without echoing this somewhat extravagant self-glorification, there can be no doubt that it produced a vast effect on the state of parties, and that to it was mainly due the advent of M. de Chateaubriand and his friends to power. M. de Villèle and M. de Corbière entered the Cabinet, and Chateaubriand was appointed ambassador to Berlin. The next year their party was triumphant in the Chambers and in the government; M. de Montmorency became Minister for Foreign Affairs, and to Chateaubriand fell the gorgeous prize of ambassador to England.

One might have fancied that so eminent a post—the highest in the diplomatic world—would have satisfied for a time even his restless and exacting ambition. It certainly gratified his vanity in no ordinary measure; and in his *Mémoires* his delight breaks out in a fashion which, but

for the incurable bitterness and affectation mingled with it, would be almost that of a child or a *parvenu*. But the delight of a child is simple; that of a *parvenu* is bombastic: Chateaubriand's is sour, pretentious, *peacock-ish*, and pettish with assumed contempt—the outpouring of a miserable and devastated spirit, insisting on every thing and satisfied with nothing. His own account so paints himself, that we must quote it at some length:

“Thirty-one years after sailing for America, a simple ensign, I embarked for London with a passport thus conceived: ‘*Laissez Passer* his Lordship Vicomte de Chateaubriand, Peer of France, Ambassador to his Britannic Majesty, etc.’ No personal description; *ma grandeur devait faire connaître mon visage en tous lieux*. A steamboat, chartered for me alone, brought me from Calais to Dover. On landing, on the 5th April, 1822, I was saluted by the guns of the fortress. An officer came from the commandant to offer me a guard of honor. The landlord and waiters of the *Ship Inn* came out to receive me, with heads bare and arms by their side. The mayoress invites me to a *soirée* in the name of the most beautiful ladies of the town. An enormous dinner of magnificent fish and beef restores *M. l’Ambassadeur*, who had no appetite and was not at all tired. Sentinels stood at my door, and the people shouted huzzas under my windows.

“On the 17th of May, 1798, I disembarked an obscure and humble traveler at Southampton. No mayoress noticed my arrival; the mayor gave me a *feuille-de-route*, with an extract from the Alien Bill, and a personal description: ‘François de Chateaubriand, French emigrant, five feet four inches high, thin, brown hair and whiskers.’ I shared a conveyance of the cheapest sort with some sailors on leave; I entered the city where Pitt reigned—poor, sick, and unknown, and lodged for six shillings a month in a garret in Tottenham-Court Road.

“Now, however, obscurity of a different sort spreads its gloom over me in London. My political position overshadows my literary renown; there is not a fool in the three kingdoms who does not think more of the ambassador of Louis XVIII. than of the author of the *Génie du Christianisme*. . . . How I regret, in the midst of my insipid pomp, the tears and tribulations of my early years in England! . . . When I come home now in 1822, instead of being received by my friend in our miserable attic, and sitting on a flock-bed, I have to pass through two files of flunkys, ending in five or six respectable secretaries; and I reach at last, overwhelmed with *Monseigneur, My Lord, Your Excellence, Monsieur l’Ambassadeur*, a drawing-room all carpeted with silk and gold. O gentlemen! let me alone, I entreat you. Be quiet with your *My Lords*. ‘The Marquis of Lon-

donderry is coming,’ you say; the Duke of Wellington has asked for me; Mr. Canning seeks me; Lady Jersey waits for me at dinner with Mr. Brougham; Lady Gwydyr expects me at ten o’clock at her Opera box; and Lady Mansfield, at midnight, at Almack’s!

“Have pity on me; where shall I hide myself? who will deliver me? who will rescue me from these persecutions? Return, return, ye charming days of misery and solitude,” etc., etc.

And so he goes on for some pages.

A little further on in the same volume, while describing the Canadian forests, he breaks off thus: “And who is the monarch whose rule now replaces that of France over these regions? *He who yesterday sent me this note:*

‘Royal Lodge, Windsor.

‘MONSIEUR LE VICOMTE: I am ordered by the King to invite your Excellence to dinner and a bed here on Thursday next.

‘FRANCES CONYNNGHAM.’”

This polite note of Lady Conyngham, thus lugged in by the head and shoulders, to show us how familiar he had become with the great, is greeted by the following piece of inflated affectation, in the richest style of *parvenu-ism*: “Il était dans ma destinée d’être tourmenté par des princes!”

In the next volume we find a parallel passage:

“Those who read this part of my Memoirs may have observed that I have interrupted them twice—once to give a great dinner to the Duke of York, brother of the King of England; the other time to give a *fête* on the anniversary of the restoration of the King of France. *This fête cost me forty thousand francs*. Peers and peeresses of the British empire, ambassadors, and foreigners of distinction, filled my splendidly-decorated rooms. My table glittered with glass, gold, and porcelain, and was covered with all that was most delicate in food, wine, and flowers. Portland Place was thronged with brilliant equipages. The best music of Almack’s charmed the fashionable melancholy of dandies and the elegant reveries of pensively-dancing ladies. The Opposition and the Ministry came to a truce in my halls; Lady Canning [who did not then exist] talked with Lord Londonderry, and Lady Jersey with the Duke of Wellington. Monsieur, [Charles X.,] who complimented me on the sumptuousness of my entertainments in 1822, never dreamed in 1798 that there lived near him a future minister who, waiting for his *grandeurs*, was then fasting in a churchyard, as a penalty for, having been faithful to his prince.”*

* Chateaubriand appears to lose his head whenever he has to speak of his personal relations to roy-

The position of ambassador in London, brilliant as it was, could not long satisfy him. He pined to be in a brighter scene, and more immediately in contact with the center of political action. At this period the uncured folly of the restored despots, was causing disturbance in various parts of Europe, and in Spain the Cortes and the sovereign were in open hostility. A congress of sovereigns and plenipotentiaries was to meet at Verona to discuss the perils of the time, and Chateaubriand longed to be among them, a conspicuous figure in the brilliant assemblage. Montmorency, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, was going as the representative of France, and neither needed nor much fancied so clever and unmanageable a colleague. But the ambassador persisted, and put in action every means of influence he possessed. He applied to Montmorency direct. He pressed the same demand unremittingly upon Villèle, then virtually chief of the Cabinet, and he urged Madame Récamier to use all her skill in persuasion to obtain for him the bauble on which he had set his heart. He set Madame de Duras also to work for the same end. His pertinacity was successful, and he went to Verona to *pavoneggiarsi*, as the Italians say, among the congregated grandeurs of the world. When there, as we learn from his own and Montmorency's correspondence with Madame Récamier, as well as from other more formal sources, his conduct was not that either of a loyal colleague or a faithful plenipotentiary. His vanity had been more irritated by the opposition which his appointment had met with in the first instance than gratified by his subsequent success. He was sulky with Montmorency, and disobedient to Villèle. He had his own notions of what France ought to do, and had no notion of obeying the instructions of his government. It was not for Villèle to direct *him*, Chateaubriand, nor for Montmorency to control him; he was abler and greater than either, and was determined to follow his own independent course. Few points in his career are less to his credit as a man of honor and of principle than his conduct throughout all these transactions. He

ally. In mentioning the transference to Saint-Denis, in 1815, of the mutilated remains of the royal family, he writes: "Among these bones I recognized the head of the Queen (who had been decapitated in 1793) by the smile which she had given me at Versailles!"—Vol. iii. 402.

appears to have deceived both his colleague and his chief. The Holy Alliance wished to put down the Spanish Revolution by force, and to use the arms of France for this purpose. M. de Villèle was very unwilling that France should be so used, and instructed his plenipotentiaries not to lend themselves to any such result. M. de Montmorency, a pious zealot and a royalist *par excellence*, was anxious to interfere by arms in the affairs of Spain as a matter of high principle. M. de Chateaubriand, pretending to agree with Villèle, was in his heart even more anxious for a war in Spain than Montmorency, though for a different motive, as he afterward repeatedly avowed, and gloried in avowing. He cared comparatively little, almost nothing, indeed, about the respective merits of the King and the Cortes in their civil strife; he desired only a war in which the armies of France, by an easy and certain victory, should restore the tarnished lustre of their military fame. This unprincipled view of matters we take from his own impudent confession, or rather from his own immoral boastings. He wished to send French troops *somewhere*; it mattered little where. Early in that year he urged Montmorency to send troops into Piedmont, reminding him that when at Berlin the previous year he had endeavored to persuade his predecessor to march an army into Savoy, when an occasion appeared to present itself for interference. Now, since the Italian opportunity had been lost, he was determined that the Spanish opportunity should be made use of, in spite of the objection of his chief, and without reference to the righteousness of the cause. "*My Spanish war, the great political event of my life,*" (he writes twenty-three years later,) "*was a gigantic enterprise. Legitimacy for the first time smelt powder under the white flag, and fired its first shot after those shots fired under the Empire which the latest posterity will hear. To march over Spain at a single step, to succeed on the same soil whereon the armies of so great a conqueror had experienced such sad reverses, to do in six months what Napoleon had not been able to do in seven years—who could have aspired to effect such a marvel? Nevertheless, this is what I did.*" It is pretty clear now, from authentic documents relating to the secret history of that time, as well as from Chateaubriand's own Memoirs, that the French

invasion of Spain (for a war it scarcely can be called) was concocted between the Emperor Alexander and the French plenipotentiary, in opposition to the Cabinets both of London and of Paris.

And now comes the meanest, if not the most immoral, part of these transactions. Montmorency returned to Paris, leaving Chateaubriand still at Verona. Villèle received him very coldly, in consequence of his having, contrary to his instructions, almost pledged France to interfere by force in Spain. It soon became evident that the Minister for Foreign Affairs, differing so widely from the President of the Council on so important a question, could not satisfactorily continue to hold office under him. M. de Montmorency resigned his post accordingly. M. de Chateaubriand, who while at Verona had, unknown to his colleague, corresponded privately with M. de Villèle, and who on this same question differed from Villèle even more widely and more resolutely than Montmorency had done, after a few decent hesitations, *succeeded the latter as Foreign Minister*. Nay more, in his private correspondence he had more than once hinted to Villèle his willingness to accept this succession to a not then vacant heritage. The sad truth is, that Chateaubriand's vanity and ambition were too selfish and too grasping to permit him to be perfectly a gentleman or a man of honor in his relations either with ladies or with colleagues. Having entered the Cabinet on the understanding that he agreed with Villèle and disagreed with Montmorency as to the Spanish war, he set himself to work to promote that war as earnestly as Montmorency could have wished, and took to himself the entire credit of its inauguration and its success. Villèle, seeing it at last to be inevitable, made no further opposition, and having little *amour propre*, did not dispute its questionable glories with his insatiable and restless colleague. But it soon became evident that Chateaubriand was almost as dangerous and as uncomfortable in as out of power, and would be not more loyal to Villèle than he had been to Montmorency. The King too could not endure him. After some months of discomfort, the explosion came. The Ministry brought forward a plan for converting the five per cents into three per cents, with Chateaubriand's concurrence in the council; so at least his colleagues declared. But when the measure came on for dis-

cussion in the Chambers, the Opposition was found far stronger than any one anticipated. Chateaubriand, seeing this, sat gravely silent in public, but was open-mouthed against the scheme in private. Villèle was not a man to put up with such behavior. Chateaubriand was summarily dismissed, and by an unlucky accident, in a manner which seemed both brusque and insulting. He received his *congé* only as he was entering the council-chamber. He retired furious and baffled, not into private life, but into the most virulent and vicious opposition, to the regret of his best friends. For four years he carried on, chiefly in the columns of the *Journal des Débats*, an unrelenting war against the Minister who had dismissed him, becoming in the course of it almost unconsciously the head of the Liberal opposition. In 1828 he triumphed, and M. de Villèle fell from power; but Chateaubriand did not succeed him. Charles X. liked him even less than Louis XVIII. had done; so vigorous an employer and champion of the liberty of the press was not the man to find favor with the monarch who was already longing for the *Ordonnances*. It was necessary, however, to find some post for so formidable and so effective a polemic; so the Ministers offered him the embassy to Rome. He wished much for this post, but there was one difficulty in the way. It was held by one of his ostensible and most generous friends, the bosom-friend also of Mme. Récamier, the Duc de Laval, who had resided there long, and was by no means willing to quit. Chateaubriand made some decorous and deprecatory hesitations, as he had done in 1823; but it was evident that he was bent on Rome, and Mme. Récamier was employed to smooth the rugged path. The Duc de Laval was the more disinterested of the two; he went to Vienna, and Chateaubriand superseded one friend at the Papal Court, as he had before superseded another at the Foreign Office. This proceeding, which was in harmony with the rest of his political career, was his last act. The following year, when the Polignac ministry came into power, disgusted alike at the men who were nominated and at his own exclusion, he sent in his resignation and retired.

We have said little or nothing of the private and domestic life of M. de Cha-

teaubriand; and, in truth, there is not much to say. He was never genial or social; he hated both the effort and the constraint of general society, and, except in a circle of a few intimate adorers, he was usually silent, gloomy, and abstracted. When he talked, however, he talked, as might be expected, with much brilliancy. Among his own sex, it is probable, no eminent or attractive man had ever so few friends. He had too cold a heart, too absorbing an egotism, too irritable a pride, and too biting a tongue, either to love or be loved much. In reference to his relations with the other sex—a subject which commonly fills so large a space in the biographies of remarkable Frenchmen—the *Mémoires d'outre Tombe*, without being exactly honest, are, if we except one or two very unpleasant and unwarrantable hints, decorously discreet. We shall imitate that discretion; though a few words are needed to prevent misconception of Chateaubriand's character on this point. Of his long, pure, and honorable friendship with Mme. Récamier we spoke at length not long since, when reviewing the *Souvenirs* of that unique and admirable woman. All his intimacies, however—and he had many—were neither so amiable nor so irreproachable. Those who knew him well say that he treated women, as he treated every thing else in this depreciated world, with a superb and commanding egotism. Sought and worshiped by many women of the finest qualities, and exercising over them, when he pleased, a singular and irresistible fascination, he was yet always the tyrant, never the slave. He gave little and exacted much, or rather he conceived that quality made up for quantity, and that the little he gave was in reality more than all that could be lavished on him in return. At the age of sixty-four he writes with

naïve conviction to a lady whom he invited to meet him in Switzerland, "that he would give her more in one day than others in long years;" and as, in spite of this assurance, she failed at the rendez-vous, he tells her: "Vous avez perdu une partie de votre gloire; il fallait m'aimer, ne fut-ce que par amour de votre talent en l'intérêt de votre renommée."* What he sought and found in love was not the affection of this or that woman in particular, but the flattery of his vanity and the distraction of his *ennui*—the excitement, the dreams, the stir of the imagination, the momentary revival of old enchantments, without which life was to him a desert and a burden. We should have fancied that he must have been a most tormenting and disappointing lover; yet the ladies whom he distinguished never complained of him; they seem all to have taken him at his own valuation, and done homage at his feet. Even Madame Récamier, sought and worshiped as she had been all her life by the most agreeable and remarkable men of the age, gave Chateaubriand preëminence over them all; and though his turbulent, exclusive, and exacting temper caused her at first infinite vexation and distress, and once obliged her to absent herself from him and from Paris for a time, yet she could not shake off the fascination; it ended in her forgiving him and taming him, and devoting herself to him, with a rare and beautiful fidelity, through long years of decay. For nearly a quarter of a century, with occasional interruptions by absence, he wrote to her every morning and visited her every evening; and she closed his eyes in death, at the age of eighty, when her own had been long sealed in blindness.

* Sainte-Beuve, *Causeries*, ii. 126.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

THE camel, whose area of servitude extends over a wide range, embracing Arabia, India, Persia, South-Tartary, the Canary Islands, and a large portion of Africa, unlike the rest of man's four-footed friends and servants, seems to be a total stranger to the pleasures of freedom. That such was not always the case is certain enough, without the evidence of the fossil remains lying in the British Museum, which were discovered by Colonel Cautley and Dr. Falconer in the sub-Himalayan hills. The natives of Central Africa persist in asserting that wild camels still wander among the unfrequented mountain-ranges of that continent; but as no European traveler has yet set eyes upon them, their existence is too apocryphal to overthrow the prevailing opinion, that in the present day the camel exists only in a state of slavery.

At what era men first enlisted the camel into their service, it is impossible to guess; but that it was at a very early period is plain, from the fact that six thousand camels formed part of the wealth with which the patient patriarch was rewarded after his terrible trial. From the East, the useful beast found its way to Europe. In the sixth century, the treasure of Mummolus was carried by its means from Bordeaux to Convenues; and when Clotair made Brunichild a prisoner, he ordered her to be carried through the army on camel-back, before she was handed over to the executioner. The Moors during their rule in Granada introduced the camel into Spain; but the East was always the real land of camels, the peculiarities of the animal being especially adapted for the vast deserts for which that quarter of the globe is famous.

To carry men and merchandise across the arid waste, an animal was needed at once speedy, untiring, sure-footed, and capable of subsisting where vegetation was scanty and water scarce: all these qualifications are combined in the camel. The pads of its spreading feet, divided into two toes without being externally

separated, prevent it sinking in the sand, over which it moves so noiselessly, that it has been poetically and appropriately termed "the ship of the desert." The callosities on the flexures of the limbs and chest, upon which the animal rests as it kneels to receive its load, prevent the skin from cracking from contact with the hot sand. The nostrils closing at will, exclude the burning grains when the simoom sweeps across the desert; while the peculiar construction of the stomach enables the camel to go without water for seven, or even, in extreme cases, as many as fifteen days, and even to be the salvation of a thirsty caravan. In the latter case, the poor beast is sacrificed, his stomach opened, and the contents strained through a cloth. He is apt to drink greedily after a long abstinence, but in the seasons when the dew falls, hardly cares to drink at all. He is as easily satisfied in the way of eating, delighting in the tough plants he passes on his march, which his strong nipper-like teeth enable him to masticate with comfort. These good qualities are not, however, unalloyed. The camel is liable to slip in sloppy places, and disjoint his hips; bears cold and wet weather but ill; and has so little recuperative power, that when knocked up, he generally succumbs altogether, and is left to the jackal and vulture. Even if he should recover, he becomes a poor weak object, piteous to behold, a burden to himself, and of little use to his master. Although the camel is a teetotaler, he sometimes gets intoxicated by indulging in dates after drinking, when fermentation takes place in the stomach. Another peculiarity of the living ship no traveler can speak of with patience, while he emphatically indorses the advice of one who writes: "In hot weather, pitch your tent as far from your camels as you dare, and if there be a breeze, to the windward."

The amble of the camel—a curious amalgamation of rolling and pitching si-

multaneously executed — would scarcely be extolled by any one accustomed to the pleasant canter of a good horse; but it has its advantages. The rider may sit sideways, backwards, or in the orthodox fashion, with his feet in or out of the stirrups; he may let his legs dangle carelessly, or sit cross-legged after the manner of Turks and tailors, without any fear of his seat or equanimity being disturbed by the sure-footed beast stumbling, kicking, shying, or bolting. He is, however, guilty of something like the last-mentioned fault upon nearing water after long abstinence; and when a caravan makes a rush for the wells, it behoves the human portion of it to look to their legs. Another habit rather perplexing to the inexperienced camel-rider, is the animal's propensity for snatching at dwarf acacias and other vegetable delicacies as he marches along. But these slight drawbacks are fully compensated by the measured regularity with which he moves; while the elevation enables the traveler to see all that is to be seen, and gives him the benefit of every welcome breeze that blows.

The riding-gear of the dromedary consists of a large double pad of goat's-hair cloth, stuffed with grass or straw. This is thrown over the back of the animal. A wooden frame of flat sticks, united into a pair of conical pommels six or eight feet high, is placed on the pad, into which it settles itself comfortably, the hump of the camel forming the center of the apparatus, and keeping every thing in its proper place. Across this gigantic saddle the saddle-bags are thrown, and the whole covered with carpets and cushions, until a sort of pyramid is formed, upon the apex of which the traveler is perched; his water-bottles, carpet-bag, and other paraphernalia swinging below. The harness is completed by a halter of goat and camel hair twisted together passing round the beast's nose like our common stable-halter.

When the sex dare the dangers of a desert-ride, they generally mount as English ladies used to do before the advent of Anne of Bohemia and the side-saddles; should they scruple at acting in so gentlemanly a manner, they can choose between the shibreeyeh, moosultah, mahassa, and takht'-rawan. The first named is a species of platform, built up with mattresses, carpets, and cushions, on a foundation of luggage-chests. The moosultah is com-

posed of a couple of frames—resembling in shape two old-fashioned high-backed chairs minus the seats—hung across the pack-saddle. Inside these frames the fair travelers seat themselves, and are screened from sun and wind by an awning supported by poles and the backs of the frames. The mahassa is an improvement on the moosultah. It consists of a pair of frames, or rather boxes, four or five feet long, two feet wide, and one foot and a half deep, with posts fixed at the outer corners; these boxes are hung across the pack-saddle, and the whole covered with a showy awning, supported by the posts at the corners, and another in the center. If there is only one passenger, of course it is necessary that something of equal weight should be placed in the unoccupied compartment, to preserve the balance. The most luxurious of all the accommodations for the tender portion of creation is the camel-litter or takht'-rawan, which bears some resemblance to the body of a coach. This description of conveyance requires two camels, one before, and one behind, sedan fashion, the hinder camel having a by no means enviable berth, as his head is bent down under the vehicle during the whole of the journey. The use of the camel-litter is limited, its great length confining it to those routes which are of convenient width, and free from steep ascents and sharp corners.

The average speed of the ordinary caravan camels, which are seldom less than ten hours, and sometimes twenty-four hours continuously on the march, is about two miles per hour; but the maherrie or dromedary can accomplish a much swifter rate of progression, being able to travel seventy miles a day for two and three days successively. Colonel Chesney, by employing four dromedaries, journeyed between Baarah and Damascus, a distance of four hundred and fifty-eight miles, in a little more than nineteen days; Laborde went from Alexandria to Cairo (one hundred and fifty miles) in thirty-four hours; and the mails have been carried between Bagdad and Damascus in seven days, at the rate of sixty-nine miles per diem. Still greater celerity was attained by Mehemet Ali, when he wished to communicate from Cairo with Ibrahim Pasha at Antioch. By adopting the system of relays, the distance of five hundred and sixty miles was traversed in the short space of five days and a half.

European travelers have descanted much upon the patience and gentleness of the ship of the desert; but the Arabs would seem to have a less favorable opinion of his temper, as they use no other term than "camel's anger" by which to designate intense, unforgiving hatred; and when a caravan passes near the spot where the camel of the prophet Saleh was hamstrung, drums are beaten, guns discharged, voices strained, and hands clapped vigorously, for fear their beasts should hear the lamenting and complaining of the prophet's unlucky maherrie, who, neither forgetful nor forgiving, yet haunts the scene of his misfortune. Camels, too, fight each other most furiously; and it is a favorite amusement with the Turk who can afford such a luxury, to pit one against the other, and, pipe in mouth, watch them rise on their hind-legs, thrust their necks together, and embrace each other with any thing but friendly intentions. The indifference with which the camel receives the heaviest blows from his driver, is rather a proof of the toughness of the skin than the result of the innate patience of the animal. When he comes to be loaded for the day's journey, his docility is very questionable. The representative of the *Times* in the Crimea and India thus graphically describes his behavior at such a time, during the Indian campaign: "In the rear of each tent were couched three or four camels, which had been brought up noiselessly from their own part of the world, and were now expressing their resentment at present, and their apprehension of future wrongs. The moment the doodwallah pulls the string which is attached to a piece of wood passing through the cartilage of the animal's nostril, the camel, opening its huge mouth, garnished with hideous blackened tusks, projecting like *chevaux de frise* from its lips, and from the depths of its inner consciousness and of its wonderful hydraulic apparatus, gets up groans and roarings full of plaintive anger, the force of which can only be realized by actual audience. When solicited by the jerking of their noses, they condescend to kneel down and tuck their legs under them; they are prevented from rising by a rope which is passed under their fore-knees, and round their necks. All this time their complaints wax furious as the pile grows upon their backs, and do not cease

till long after they have risen and stalked off with their loads."

The load for a camel in India is fixed by the government at three hundred and thirty pounds; in Arabia, it varies from three hundred and sixty to four hundred pounds; in Persia, from five hundred to six hundred pounds; in Egypt, it averages eight hundred pounds; while, according to Tavernier, the Turcoman camel will carry as much as fifteen hundred pounds' weight.

Where the road is tolerably good, the burden-camels of a caravan are tied to each other, the nose-rope of one being fastened to the tail of another, and so they march on, three to ten in a string, in single file; and such creatures of routine are they, that a camel will refuse to proceed if the camel before him is changed for another. In Egypt, the caravans move abreast; and one of fifty camels will show a front for a mile in extent. The pilgrim-caravan pursues its route principally during the night, lighted on its way with torches. It has been shorn of much of its splendor in modern times. Bagdad's celebrated ruler—

"That monarch wise and witty,
Whose special taste for putting wrongs to rights,
Brought down upon him blows and sharp invective
When it pleased him to be his own detective,
To scent out scandals of Arabian nights"—

performed the pilgrimage to the Prophet's shrine no less than nine times, with a caravan of one hundred and twenty thousand camels, nine hundred of that enormous number being employed in carrying Haroun's wardrobe. The sultan of Egypt was accompanied by five hundred camels laden with sweetmeats, and two hundred and eighty bearing pomegranates and other fruits. Every year the Sultan of Turkey sends a "mahmal"—a beautiful covering for the shrine of Mohammed—to Mecca. The camel honored by being chosen for carpet-bearer is magnificently adorned with ribbons, lace, feathers, and imitative gems. When Hasselquist saw the procession start from Cairo in 1750, this favored beast carried a pyramidal pavilion six feet high, covered with green silk, under which the mahmal was supposed to lie; but, like other great officials, the carpet-camel did his work by deputy, the precious gift being actually carried by

some of his less fortunate brethren. As a reward for "not doing it," the mahmal-camel becomes exempt from all labor for the rest of his life, which is passed in a lodging provided for his special use; and he has servants to wait upon him, and due provision made for his sustenance. Spite of the sacred mission of the mahmal-caravan, the wandering tribes of the desert do not scruple to lay it, like humbler ones, under contribution; the authorities have, in consequence, resolved to abridge the land-journey as much as possible; and this year, for the first time, the mahmal was sent from Cairo to Jeddah by railway, from whence it would be taken by steamer to Suez; still the camel's religious occupation is not quite gone, and the mahmal-carrier, after bearing the sacred carpet to the railway carriage, was provided with a truck to himself.

The camel has served other purposes than those of commerce and religion: he has been pressed into the service of warlike sovereigns, and employed not only to carry the luggage of their armies, but to draw scythed chariots, and to carry bowmen and swordsmen. Semiramis numbered, in one of her hosts, ten myriads of camel-mounted warriors, besides seventy millions of baggage camels. They were also employed by the strong-minded spouse of Ninus to carry the two millions of artificial elephants with which she marched into Mesopotamia. The legions of Xerxes suffered by their camels being carried away by lions in the night; and

Cyrus defeated Cræsus by craftily taking advantage of the antipathy the horse bears to the camel. He mounted some of his soldiers on camels, and ordered them to charge the famous Lydian light-horse. The chargers of the latter, rendered ungovernable by fear, fled from the field, and with them the hopes of the wealthiest of monarchs. Camels are still used in our Indian territories. The conqueror of Sind, writing home while making his wonderful march upon the stronghold of the Ameers, exclaims: "Oh! the baggage, the baggage! it is enough to drive one mad. We have fifteen hundred camels with their confounded long necks, each occupying fifteen feet! Fancy these long devils in a defile, four miles and a quarter of them!" Yet this addition to the regular *impedimenta* of an army was far below the usual figure. Sir Charles is said to have been the first Indian general that marched with less than sixteen camels to carry his own baggage; Lord Keane required three hundred. The former commander declared emphatically that they were utterly unfit for military movements.

The time is possibly not far distant when the camel will be superseded by the great iron horse; but as long as the Arab finds in him a useful servant, meat, drink, clothing, and fuel, we need not wonder at the faith of the true believer, who expects to find a white-winged camel awaiting him as he steps out of his sepulcher, to convey his soul to paradise.

A MONSTER BAROMETER.—The great Water Barometer of the late Professor Daniell has been removed to the Crystal Palace. It was erected by him in 1832, at the foot of the staircase of the Royal Society's apartments in Somerset House. When the Society removed to Burlington House, their present habitation, the barometer was most suitably placed at the disposal of the eminent meteorologist, Mr. James Glaisher. On the 29th and 30th ult. the apparatus was removed, under his superintendence, by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, who manifested great energy and skill in the operation, as stated by Mr. Glaisher, who has given an account of its removal in the *Times*. About a foot and a half of glass having been broken off the lower end of the barometer tube, Mr. Negretti succeeded in dexterously joining on a piece of glass tube to the broken end. By the aid

of steam-engines, etc., water was retorted, and steam generated and condensed. The tube, having been refilled, was finally closed by the blow-pipe, and the column of water reached nearly thirty-three feet without the slightest speck of air being perceptible. The instrument is fixed in an angle of the tropical department, and near the great tree. The top of the column of water can be seen from the first gallery; and as that change which causes a variation of an inch of mercury will cause a variation of more than a foot in a column of water, so the changes in the latter will be more than twelve times as great as in the former. Many oscillations, therefore, may be seen by the water which cannot be seen by the mercurial barometer; and in gales of wind or heavy storms, it will be highly interesting to watch its action.

From the London Review.

RELIGIOUS AND POLITICAL CENTRALIZATION IN FRANCE.*

MANY persons in modern Europe still forget that division is a condition of unity. Being persuaded that the greatest good consists in universal pacification, they imagine that all the disagreements and troubles of mankind may be averted by the intervention of the state. "China," remarks Ernest Renan scornfully, "is the ideal they propose to themselves."

To estimate the vast importance of the Reformation as a political and social movement, we need only to study carefully the history of France during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It appears trite and commonplace to remark that a living unity is better than a dead uniformity, or that an enduring national prosperity can coëxist only with the perfect liberty of the subject. But from the days of Pisistratus to those of Macchiavelli, the most fatal errors in government have resulted from the attempt to establish false relations between the individual and the state.

The ancient idea of social order differed fundamentally from the modern. The "liberty" of antiquity was only another term for national independence. In reality, Sparta was no more free than Sardis. The development of the individual was entirely subservient to the law of the state. In old heathendom, religion was

a national affair. In the first regular edict which was passed against the Christians, in the eighty-seventh year of our era, the Roman Emperor Domitian considered the offense of dissent from the established religion in the same light as a crime of high treason. And in the two remarkable letters that passed between the moderate Trajan and the younger Pliny, we have an instance of the policy which approved the judicial persecution of religious opinions appearing to be in opposition to the national worship. Such a despotism could be maintained only on one condition: that the opinions and customs of all the surrounding nations should be in unison with it. And could we imagine a world so constituted that the principles of absolute government and universal centralization should be easily preserved, the existence of human depravity, with the absence of any counteracting influence, must inevitably involve the ruin of that world.

Thus it was that each nation of antiquity (possessing for a time some organic principle of its own; but being always narrow and circumscribed in its social conservatism) passed rapidly through the several phases of its development; and disastrous decay succeeded to its most brilliant splendor.

The Germanic races, (as Ernest Renan has remarked,) in bursting the bonds of the Roman Empire, effected the most important political revolution that the world has ever seen. It was the victory of the individual over the state. The despotism of the Empire had so enfeebled the civilized world, that the luxurious and effeminate majority was speedily overcome by an earnest and vigorous minority. Then commenced a new era. The tendency of the Germanic races was to absolute individualism. The theory of the state was completely strange to them, and the system of feudality resulted from the clashing of the old and the new ideas. The royalty of the Middle Ages was merely an extension of personal rights. The king was

* *Etudes sur l'Histoire du Gouvernement représentatif en France.* Par le Comte L. DE CARNÉ. 2 Tomes. Paris. 1859.

La Monarchie Française au Dix-huitième Siècle. Par L. DE CARNÉ.

Mémoires de Madame de Maintenon. Par le Duc DE NOAILLES.

L'Ancien Régime et la Revolution. Par A. DE TOCQUEVILLE. 1856.

Essais de Politique et de Littérature. Par M. PREVOST-PARADOL. 1859.

L'Ecole Libérale.—Avenir religieux des Sociétés Modernes. Par M. ERNEST RENAN. 1860.

Du Passé et de l'Avenir du Peuple. Par l'Abbé DE LAMENNAIS.

Du Protestantisme en France. Par M. SAMUEL VINCENT. 1860.

Liberté et Centralisation. Par CHARLES DOLLFUS. 1860.

the proprietor of the crown, and his authority was limited by charters and obligations. The bold and liberal barons who dictated conditions to the weak and vacillating John, had no idea of the nation as an absolute source of power. All such theories of government were confined to the peripatetic schoolmen who raved of Aristotle, without dreaming of putting his precepts into practice.

Christianity had, indeed, taken the place of Paganism; whilst, in accordance with the old *régime*, the Christian priesthood claimed its descent from an ancient hierarchy with a form and organization clearly defined. From the commencement of the fourth century (the epoch of their alliance with the Roman Empire) the churchmen had shown a decided preference for absolute authority. The Roman pontiffs considered themselves the chiefs of Christendom. In the name of a principle of universal centralization they endeavored to revive the ideas of antiquity. Even as early as under Charlemagne, their influence was silently leavening the nation.

When, in the earlier stages of its history, the Christian religion was no longer persecuted by the State, it was not simply tolerated as free, but unfortunately became subject to the Roman ideas, and transformed into a function of political power. In fact, since the period of Constantine, it may be said that the ancient Church has been more or less ruled by the interests of temporal kingdoms. In France the Church was transformed into a spiritual State, and the State into a kind of temporal Church. In a struggle between two great powers, the interests of one or the other become necessarily dominant. France, even during the most brilliant period of the Gallican Church, never attempted the most feeble approximation to a pure theocracy: the interests of the State remained always the most powerful. But in its centralized administration the uniform government was eager to avail itself of the assistance of the priests. The absolute monarch was little content with his power over the interests of his people, when he could not tyrannize over their consciences. The confessional was the citadel of the Church; but this citadel was in the power of the State.

"France," exclaims M. Dollfus, "has been verging toward a triple Catholicism; a Catholicism which must embrace the whole physical, intellectual, and moral

man, in the narrow constraints of political power." The roots of Catholicism have struck deeply in France, but they have undermined the foundations of national liberty. The intolerance of the Middle Ages was carried down into modern times. The Church, by its union with the monarchy, forced the State to act as executioner for her. Christianity thus inaugurated the most fatal type of spiritual tyranny. Diocletian and Nero founded no regular Inquisition. On the death of a tyrant in pagan Rome, the persecuted wretches might hope for a respite from their sufferings. But it remained for a centralized Church to establish the permanent scaffold in France; and it was reserved for the poetic and romantic Middle Ages to stifle all liberty of thought and conscience, by the most atrocious punishments which the cruelty and inveterate hatred of man could devise. St. Louis, the worthiest monarch who ever sat on the throne of France, and the most liberal sovereign of his times, was yet a terrible persecutor.

Thus it is in countries where an absolute government prevails, that a national and despotic Church produces the most disastrous consequences. Philip II., the Domitian of modern times, scarcely exercised a more important influence upon the religion of thousands, than did the amiable Madame de Maintenon through her control of the cowardly Louis XIV. France has been proud of her concord. She has boasted of her grand uniformity; but it was her concord which led to the horrors of the Revolution, and it was her uniformity which engendered the skepticism of the eighteenth century, and the flippant deism of the present day. It has been the error of France to oppose the free spontaneity of man's spirit; to forget in what sense the domain of the soul is spiritual, and independent of official organization. The mistakes into which France has fallen in her government, the difficulties which she has experienced in the establishment of a constitutional government, have been partly the work of Catholicism. A false idea of sovereignty has been engendered by a tendency to the Roman ideas. The theoretical monarchy of the Gallican Church must necessarily be a Louis XIV., possessing full power over the bodies and souls of his subjects. Nor has the Church itself been otherwise than injured by this alliance:

Catholicism has been guilty of the most fatal imprudence (as in the days of Cæsar Borgia and those of Macchiavelli) by materializing itself in its central relation with the State.

The theory of one universal Church and one Christian monarchy has dazzled some of the most powerful minds in all periods of modern society. Frederick Schlegel compares it to Gothic architecture, which has never been brought to perfection; and sighs after the time when his lofty ideal of a "paternal royalty, an enlightened priesthood, a mild aristocracy, and a free-spirited, yet controlled, commonalty," will be fully realized. Futurity may reap the benefit of this ideal conception of a Christian State, when the wildest theories of Condorcet are no longer matters of speculation, but of well-authenticated history. When the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More is to be found on earth, or when we meet with the human perfectibility of which Godwin and Shelley dreamed, the unquestioned supremacy of that "Divine corporation, embracing all social relations," in which Schlegel believed, may be acknowledged and valued as a solid basis of peace. Till then, the theory must remain as impracticable as it is grand.

If a single domination were to extend over modern Europe analogous to the *orbis Romanus* of ancient times, the interests of justice would be sacrificed to the maintenance of order, and the foundations of truth would be sapped. To the principle of diversity, as an invincible barrier to such a domination, the vitality of modern society may to some extent be ascribed. The division of Europe into separate States is the chief guarantee of its liberty; it is this division which preserves the world from the fate of Babylon and Greece. A divided civilization has a thousand resources within itself; whilst every society which, by disorganizing tyranny within, makes an apparent approximation to unity, is fated to hopeless degeneracy, having no elements of reform within its narrow circle.

From an early period in English history, feudality bore its fruit in parliamentary freedom of opinion, and the healthy division of power. The civilians were rarely trammelled by the dogmas of the ecclesiastics. Side by side with the teaching of the monks, advanced a bold and independent feudalism, which spoke in

liberal and undaunted language as early as the days of Wycliffe.

The error of the French aristocracy, on the contrary, from the commencement of the dynasty of Valois, was to neglect its legitimate function to limit the prerogative of the king, and prevent the exaggerated development of the idea of state. Brilliant, frivolous, and indolent, the French nobility lost sight of their true vocation. From the commencement of the seventeenth century, all their duties seemed to be merged in serving the king. All their superiority consisted in antagonism to the bourgeoisie. The consequence of this mistake was the servile and voluptuous Court of Versailles.

Nor was this all. Roman Catholicism in accustoming her adherents to abdicate their personal responsibility, and to shift upon her shoulders all care for the education of their children, and the direction of their own consciences, had offered the most serious impediments to national liberty. Virtue and religion in a people must develop, like the petals of a plant, from within; they can not be imposed by unnatural pressure from without. "The institution of a government invested with the power of setting the world to rights," remarks a modern French writer, "appears at first sight a great benefit. It has only one fault, that is, that at the end of fifty years it will have enfeebled the nation a hundred times more than a long series of exterminating wars." A nation kept in perpetual pupillage will probably lapse into a dull lethargy, or a vulgar materialism. The conservatism and organization of the Chinese empire have produced a state of decrepitude without parallel in the annals of mankind.

Every nation is the builder of its own destinies. The French character at the present time still contains in itself the essential elements of Rome and Gaul; but the Roman ideas have ever triumphed in France over the Germanic and the Gallic. The centralizing spirit of ancient Rome is still to be found amidst the brilliant inconsistency of the Gauls. Liberty is dependent on character as much as on intelligence. The ardor, the sociability, the love of war, and the fickle vivacity which still animate the French, are singularly distinct from the pride, dignity, and patience which are the fundamental virtues of the Saxon race. The French, as it has

been said, have coveted liberty too much as a mistress; and, weary of their fanciful pursuit, she still continues to elude their grasp. Their fiery impulse and impetuosity have been succeeded by periods of lassitude and torpor. They are rather vain than proud, and more ambitious than moderate. It was the lust of conquest which destroyed ancient Rome. Liberty is slow to contract alliances with those who are amorous of glory, and eager for the excitement of war.

"*L'ennui*," remarked Boileau, "*naquit un jour de l'uniformité*." The absorption of the individual by the state is fatal to the independence of the subject. We have no better instance of the excessive uniformity which renders the productions of their best writers fatiguing and monotonous, than in the brilliant literary mechanism of the age of Louis XIV. All progress, as Mr. Buckle has remarked, is impossible with an exaggerated centralization. The sentiment of a paternal government, anxious for the welfare of its children, is charming only at a distance. On a nearer view this æsthetic and irreproachable system, this masterpiece of political architecture, is only a magnificent ruin. There are, as it has been said, two methods of national decay: dissolution, when all political power is merged in democracy; and crystallization, when the individuality of the person is lost in the will of the state. It is difficult to find the medium between these two extremes; it is hard to strike the balance between immobility and anarchy. A certain centralization is necessary for the maintenance of law and justice, but its legitimate rules are not to be exaggerated. The state is not to be confounded with society. If we examine the history of France from its commencement to the present day, we shall find the Latin spirit continually tending to the same disastrous results. Richelieu and Louis XIV. prepared the Revolution, and the Revolution in its turn became the precursor of the Empire—a gradual prostration succeeding to its most violent convulsions, and its reforms being without lasting root. Louis XIV. and the first Napoleon—paradoxical as it may seem to class the two names together—were both representatives of the centralizing spirit which has been fated to crush the independence and stifle the energies of France.

When France, following her taste for

uniformity, and the theocratical tendencies of Roman Catholicism, had at last succeeded in realizing the strangest phenomenon of modern times,—the monarchy of Louis XIV., (a sort of Mongolian ideal, when the astonished world beheld a King, seated on a Christian throne, vested with the rights of an eastern despot,) the Revolution of 1789 was the immediate consequence of such an aberration.

"Perfection in outward life," remarks Dr. Arnold, "is the fruit of perfection in the life within us. The history of a nation's internal life is the history of its institutions and its laws." The French Revolution was a force put in movement by the most opposite impulses, whilst its results have been scarcely perceptible either for good or for evil. In the eyes of a school only too well known, it was less a period of political development than an epoch of grand moral progress, intended to introduce to the world truths which Christianity had not taught. Mirabeau and Robespierre, no less than Rousseau and Condorcet, hoped to transform humanity, and to render this world a paradise of happiness and eternal joy. According to the interpretation of this Utopian school, every thing changes place. Crime becomes virtue, and virtue crime. But, according to another dogmatic opinion, the Revolution was emphatically the work of the evil one; and it opened a new era of sophisms and lies, as closely interlaced as the circles of Dante's hell. Both these opinions are more or less one-sided. There was that in the Revolution common to all eras, in which good and evil have been closely intermingled, and in which the evil has triumphed through the depravity of man; yet it may be historically considered as an impulsion independent of the will of the nation at large. It bears, as De Toqueville has observed, a striking analogy to those religious revolutions whose intense excitement will bring together or separate the most various characters of every language and climate. Just as Schiller has remarked, that the Thirty Years' War had the effect of uniting the most different people in the closest bonds of sympathy; so the French Revolution operated in a similar manner through the violent passions of the time.

In studying the early history of the European nations, we have remarked that England is the country where feudalism

has borne the most lasting fruit in its parliamentary government and equable divisions of power. Thus, in examining the political institutions of the Middle Ages in England, France, and Germany, we are struck by the marvelous similitude between the laws and institutions of peoples so different. But we soon approach the transformation period, when the fusion of races becomes more complete, and the old servants are dominators of the soil. The enfranchisement of the *Tiers État* marks an important transition period in French history. The "bourgeoisie," remarks Augustin Thierry, "became a new nation." It elevated itself between the nobility and the serfs, and destroyed forever the social duality of the feudal times. The twelfth and thirteenth centuries may be considered as the heroic period of the Middle Ages in France as elsewhere. The Chronicles of Geoffry de Villehardouin, who gives an account of the Crusades under Innocent III., allow us a curious insight into the history of this period. The spirit of the thirteenth century, the romantic age of religion and war, when every thing was done by impulse, was calculated to manifest the peculiar traits of French character. The knights of these times were Christians without theology, simple and artless, believing in the Pope, and at the same time waging war with his agents. The moral of these Chronicles was the will of God, chastising all sin by temporary reverses; while success in war was considered as synonymous with his favor. A century elapsed between these Memoirs and those of De Joinville, during which time two hundred poets and troubadours sang of love or the glories of the monarchy, and Christianity was allowed to rule over Christendom in one hierarchy of unquestioned supremacy. The theory of the Papal Church gradually arose, shaping itself according to the emergencies of the times. Joinville accompanied St. Louis in his first crusade. He seemed to have some touches of classical culture, and delighted in comparing Louis IX. to Titus. We get a clearer view of real history through the details of Froissart. In his time, France alternately suffered war and amused herself by *fêtes*, without caring to look into the prospects of the future. We may mark the slow and insensible labor after national unity even amidst the confusion of feudal society. Froissart loved like a

child every thing that appertained to the nobility. Social franchise and municipal rights having been partly obtained by the influence of towns on the country, the idea most prevalent in the second period of the Middle Ages was the intense devotion of the middle class to the monarchy. This sentiment was carefully inspired by private interest, since the feudal monarchy could not better strengthen its power than by raising new men, and placing them in direct antagonism to the nobility and the army. The affranchised descendants of the serfs consecrated their blood and their noblest efforts to protect St. Louis against his barons, and to extend his royal prerogative. However, irreparable disasters, provoked by the rash follies of the nobility, and the improvidence of royalty in the fourteenth century, opened France to her enemies, and destroyed the resources of the kingdom. A notable change then took place in the spirit of the bourgeoisie, who were at once transformed into defiance, and promulgated bold and liberal opinions like those which were asserted by the feudal barons of John. Side by side with the tyranny of the monarchy and the Church, the antagonistic and self-dependent spirit of the civilians had been advancing, which, breaking loose from laws and dogmas which had not been established in the hearts and wills of the people, soon developed a powerful counteractive force.

This was one of the most important crises in the history of the French constitution. To the reiterated demands for subsidies, provoked by the calamities of war, the representatives of the towns replied by complaints, soon followed by menaces and projects for the entire reformation of the state. When, after the battle of Poitiers, France saw her King a prisoner, and her noblemen killed or captives, the bourgeoisie, as Froissart tells us, began to murmur: "*A tant haïr les chevaliers et les escuyers retournis de la bataille.*" This general fermentation was increased every day by new misfortunes, when eight hundred deputies (of whom four hundred were burgesses) took the matter into their own hands with an ardor which overreached its object. Deliberating without order, and with revolutionary violence, the assembly of 1356 formed a stormy committee for the public welfare, and notified to royalty (represented by a young prince in his minority) its own de-

crees and résolutions. Thus, in the fourteenth century, the monarchy of France was supplanted by the republic, and the horrible insurrection of the Jacquerie, without being of lasting benefit, united to complete a combination of miseries unparalleled in the history of the world. Being abandoned by the clergy and the nobility, the *États* soon found themselves at the mercy of the lowest democracy; and then followed a series of strange and prophetic events, in which royalty was threatened by popular menaces; and Etienne Marcel ordained (in language almost conformable to the terms of 1789) the sovereignty of the people, and the transfer of the power of the crown to the nation in general. This man shed blood less to gratify his own passions, than to obey the instruments he professed to rule. He endeavored to change the dynasty of Valois to that of Evreux; and, during these disorders in the capital, strangers profited by the universal anarchy, to add to it the desolations of war. Such, says Carné, is the page of history in which the middle classes of 1789 could have read, almost five centuries before, an exact description of their hopes and disappointments. If the consummate prudence of Charles V. relieved France in a crisis more fearful for her popular agitations than even through the success of her foreign enemies, the calamities of the following reign plunged her anew into the abyss of suffering. During the stormy minority of Charles VI., and the miserable insanity of that monarch, the *Tiers État*, excited by the spectacle of public scandals, and rendered desperate by unreasonable taxation, endeavored to revive the political ideas of 1355. Amidst the violent agitations of the beginning of the fifteenth century, and the concerted attempts of the towns and the universities after the battle of Rosbecq, a strong monarchical reaction took place. The legitimate end of the *Tiers État* had been compromised by violence and audacity, and the unfortunate attempts at freedom of the fifteenth century only led to a firmer centralization, and provoked a newer and stronger alliance between Popery, royalty, and nobility.

Royalty had now become the symbol of French nationality, and gained ground, day by day, in spite of the resistance of the *burgesses*. From this epoch began a sensible opposition between the Parisian

burgesses and the more peaceful *Tiers État* of the surrounding provinces. These last were composed of the commercial classes, who, though attached to the municipal franchise, and anxious to extend their importance and wealth, had neither taste nor intelligence for public life, and could only comprehend one theory of government, that of the ancient Roman jurisprudence. To such minds in this age, there was only one right, the state; and only one representative of the state, the king. The sentiment of civil equality was strong; that of civil liberty was null. They thought much more of participating in power than of aggrandizing their own persons; and their principal object was the abasement of all talent and force to the common restriction of one superior law. Thus the absolute power of the royalty was the necessary consequence of the narrow despotism of the *burgesses*. These found their true expression in Louis XI., whose crafty and tyrannical character has been so skillfully drawn by our popular novelist, and who was an instrument destined to realize the ideas and to satisfy the anticipations of the *burgesses*. Philip de Comines has left us an impartial picture of the character of that master whom he regarded with a mixture of admiration and fear, of affection and defiance. He gives us the most exact idea of this singular man, who so abased his subjects that he went in his severity beyond the most cruel exigencies of envy; and who so humbled his victims that no generous sentiment was allowed utterance from the public conscience, where deadness and numbness remained even after his iron hand had ceased to stifle it. Comines praises the skillfulness, the address, and what he calls the "wisdom" of Louis XI., which was only the cunning of the Italian Iago, the principle of that Machiavelli who justified wickedness in a prince to secure good ends.

Since the time of Louis XI., to the awaking of public passions by the religious wars, the most audacious spirits in France were deprived of any temptation to revolt. The nation was characterized by a general stagnation, and by a want of original ideas; whilst even its feeling of humanity was only a feeble instinct. The States-General ceased to be regularly convoked, and were insensibly supplanted in their political action by the great judicial courts instituted by royalty, which

succeeded in transforming the right of remonstrance into a right of permanent control.

The universal impulsion of the Renaissance soon began to give the intermediate classes a social importance which had never before been attained. The Renaissance was a sort of resurrection of the French spirit. Italy, invaded by the French arms, had given to the nobility a taste for letters and the fine arts, whilst the study of the antique had transformed the national taste. For some time, men turned with enthusiasm to the acquisition of ancient languages. All creative force was merged in erudition. The *Tiers État* devoted themselves to the new studies as to a glorious profession, whilst from their ranks came forth the imitators and rivals of the Italian artists. In civil and political society, the same rage for the antique prevailed. Francis I. tried to revive the Roman legion. The nobles dressed in the fashion of ancient Greeks and Romans: and learned men, like Botthius, died pronouncing grave discourses in imitation of the heroes of Plutarch. The brilliant exploits of Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I., when they thought to conquer new lands, and reclaim fresh frontiers, were politically of little importance; but these exploits put the French in the possession of classical treasures, and they, in the most communicative language of the modern world, soon called all Eastern Europe to share in their discoveries. And if the Renaissance attempted to revive the wisdom of pagan antiquity, the Reformation endeavored to restore the parity of primitive Christianity. Ignorance and pedantry, which had hitherto been impervious to all improvement, were in a measure dissipated by the new ideas which endeavored to disengage religion from the meshes of false philosophy. The Reformation in France had the honor of ruining the old scholastic system. Calvin did away with it in theology, before Descartes banished it in philosophy. The Catholic clergy were recalled to their senses, and endeavored to reform their manners and their learning. The Reformation was every where the starting-point of a new era of intellectual and moral excitement; but no where can it be studied under all its various phases better than in France, where fanaticism, heroism, learning, and policy, were all combined in their greatest

exaggeration. There is nothing which more amazes us in the history of mankind than the slowness with which toleration is comprehended by the best of men. The moment we adopt an opinion which we conceive to be orthodox or right, we are ready to imagine that it is our first duty not only to propagate it, but to enforce its acceptance upon others; whilst where our feelings are interested, and our sympathies are enlisted, every thing is calculated to excite our passions, and exasperate our judgment to the most unlimited extravagancies. Every thing becomes important in its alliance with religious principle; the frantic cry of the Jews, the passionate, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" uttered in the fanaticism of the moment, has been the exclamation of numerous voices, in all periods of human society.

France, which, as a nation, has ever willingly recognized the civil obedience of the subject, was in the earlier periods of her history unusually fettered by the restrictions and ties of the social state. The necessity of free inquiry was as little comprehensible to the French as it had been to Pliny in Rome; and where a religious opinion appeared to be in opposition to the law of the state, it followed that it was immediately to be put down by force. Holding the fundamental maxim, "*Une foi, une loi, un roi*," they could not imagine the coexistence of two religions, any more than that of two sovereigns. Yet in the earlier part of her history, the Reformation made rapid progress in France; and it is only by a careful analysis of its career, that we are able to fathom the curious question why a protest by so large a portion of the people against the Roman despotism, should have been followed by no effectual resistance. One of the earliest confessors of the faith, James Lefevre, claimed the protection of Marguerite de Valois. The remarkable genius of this noble lady has, by a strange illusion of posterity, too often been attributed to her royal brother. But the importance of her influence was unfortunately counteracted by the match projected between Henry II. and Mary of Scotland, whilst the persecution which followed had the effect of maddening the people with a taste for blood.

Toward the close of the reign of Francis I., and that of his son Henry II., the Reformation made such rapid progress,

that it becomes almost impossible to mention the learned and celebrated men who were numbered amongst its adherents. They might, as M. de Felice observes, have repeated the saying of Tertullian: "We date only from yesterday, and are yet every where." The massacre of the Vaudois, far from injuring their cause, had raised the indignation of the people of France. The dying Francis complained that his orders had been exceeded, and adjured his son to save his memory from the execration of posterity by taking vengeance upon the merciless assassins. Looking at the dawn of the Reformation in France from an exclusively modern point of view, it is easy to regret that Calvin, Farel, and their first disciples, had not the same liberal and extensive views which characterize the Protestants of our day. It must, however, be remembered that intolerance was not confined to them, but was the error of the whole sixteenth century. It was nothing remarkable that, like all its cotemporary and rival sects, the Reformed Church of France had been constituted from its very commencement in a dogmatic manner. Dispute speedily gives rise to new forms of thought. A man may be earnest in discussing liberty of opinion; but this liberty too often resolves itself into the right of professing those opinions which he regards as established and true, whilst all other independence of thought is declared to be pernicious and damnable. The Reformed Church of France was demanded a reason for her faith, and she found herself obliged to render it; under the organization of Calvin, this faith became the most rigorous and the most logical which the world has ever seen. Calvin's spiritual republic, in the very center of the French monarchy, is one of the most curious anomalies ever beheld in history. The ecclesiastical discipline of the French Reformers still savored somewhat of the ancient Roman ideas. Ecclesiastical organization is no part of real religion; it is only a power of putting religious ideas into active circulation. But the systematic spirit of Calvin pleased itself in conceiving a plan which should be perfect and complete in all its parts, and which should embrace from the same point of view the most rigid church discipline, and the most efficacious civil government. During his lifetime, he became the soul of his own theory of Church and State; and as long as he

maintained his empire, he exercised a wonderful power over the souls of men. But the work which Calvin had accomplished was doomed to be thwarted in a measure by the genius and determination of the tyrannical Guises.

The duplicity of Catherine de Medici (learned in all the Macchiavellian arts of dissimulation) was the most powerful weapon against the guileless simplicity of the Reformers. The intellectual power of the Huguenot minority of France was sufficient to alarm the terrified court; whilst, at the close of the conferences of Poissy, the Calvinists were effective enough to enact an amendment of the laws which had been made for their extermination. But while Theodore de Bèze was openly discussing with Cardinal Lorraine in the presence of the King, the treacherous Queen was already holding secret consultations with the Duke of Alva, and darkly hinting at the horrible catastrophe of St. Bartholomew. "*E pietà*," she cried to her trembling son, while Coligny was writhing in the agonies of death, "*lor ser crudele, e crudeltà lor ser pictoso*." What darker picture can we need of the foul intolerance of the age, or of the miserable depths to which fanaticism may reduce our common nature, than that of Pope Gregory and his Cardinals marching in procession to the church of St. Mark, while the blood of the victims still deluged the streets of Paris, to render solemn thanksgiving to Almighty God for the indelible crime of a guilty people? Remarkable it may seem to those who argue that judgment is not always reserved for a future world, that nearly every member of the race of Valois died a violent death, and scarcely any actor in this horrible tragedy was allowed to go unpunished. The wicked Catherine had reckoned too much on the ancient principle of vassalage; while the personal conscience of the Huguenots of France still asserted its independence.

It is a curious question, What would have been the future history of France, if Henry IV. had held firm to the faith of his childhood? The time-serving resolution which he adopted from motives of expediency has rendered him the idol of France, and the hero of Voltaire's *Henriade*. His resolution for a time restored peace to a distracted country, and his plausible sophistry secured him an undisputed reign of seventeen years; but he

perished by the hand of the assassin, and the dark fatality, which, like the curse of the Stuarts, pursued every member of the House of Bourbon, seemed to vindicate the sacred obligations of truth from that wisdom which is merely human, and to prove that the path of unswerving integrity is, even in this life, that of the truest safety. Henry of Navarre satisfied his conscience by the fact that his intermediate course enabled him to promulgate the Edict of Nantes; and thus he thought to serve his faithful followers better by his apostasy than by his truth. But it must be remembered that this "perpetual and irrevocable" law was revoked by a grandson of his own. The banished Jesuits returned only maddened by oppression, whilst the revocation of Henry IV.'s Protestant charter furnished the means for a more complete extermination of the Protestant faith than ever could have been imagined in his days. Thus the glorious reign of Henry did nothing for the future liberties of France. The States-General remained as powerless as ever; and the Roman Catholic centralization continued as absolute and complete. His reign was like the interval of a storm—the thunder-claps were over for a time, and the treacherous sun came out. People, at such times, are apt to be oblivious of the future; and, thankful for a period of repose, are ready to vest all their rights in a virtuous prince, forgetting that a good king does not make a good constitution, and that a Henry IV. may be succeeded by a Louis XIV.

Meanwhile the old centralization was gaining more and more strength in France. France was becoming a country in which, however separated by distinctions of caste, there were few varieties in the characters of the men themselves. The passiveness of the French peasants, who seemed scarcely more alive than the hovels they inhabited, was becoming more and more remarkable. The struggles between the King and the Parliament became less active as all men sank down to one level of thought and opinion. The deadness of the provinces, whilst Paris was the only city of political importance, was becoming fatal to the liberties of the people. The equilibrium of independence was already disturbed. The minorities were becoming of less importance; and, out of Paris, (which was the stronghold of centralization,) France itself had ceased

to exist. The nobility were sharing in the general degradation, forgetting their important vocation to limit the power of the monarchy. They became brilliant and frivolous in their lives, the degraded servants of the King, reenacting the tyranny of their master by taking vengeance on their own dependents. Louis XI. governed his kingdom by slaves like an Eastern despot; and from his time the bourgeois and the noble had each some grievances in common. Democracy was already secretly flourishing in the midst of an absolute government, whilst the word "individuality" was still unknown in the French language.

Meanwhile the fatal tendencies of society were spreading more or less to the Reformed Church. The Calvinistic discipline had always been antagonistic to the lightness and frivolity of the French mind, and was, after a time, thrown off as intolerable. The Church soon departed from her original purity. The dangerous seductions of the court of Catherine proved more fatal to the integrity of the Huguenot nobles than all the horrors of St. Bartholomew; whilst the sanguinary habits they had contracted by constant war were little calculated to strengthen their moral vigor.

Posterity looks upon Henry of Navarre as a worldly-wise man who, wearied by the controversies of parties, had learnt to accommodate his conscience to the exigencies of prudence, and who carried on the game of ambition under the name of religion. The Protestantism of England was, humanly speaking, decided by a fortuitous marriage; but we tremble even now to think of the probable consequences, had an heir of Philip II. been seated on the throne of our land. In like manner it may be said that the tide was turned in favor of Roman Catholicism in France through the double-dealing of a prince who thought himself wiser than the Eternal. It has been universally acknowledged by the historians of all parties, that the national faith of France ran imminent peril, before the vows by which Henry bound himself at the solemn engagement of St. Denis. The establishment of a Protestant dynasty in Paris would have been equivalent to a decisive victory of Reform in France. But the policy of Henry came in time to save the ancient centralization.

Yet the efforts of the League must not

be undervalued in the momentous struggle. In determining doggedly to combat to the last for the interests of the Papal religion, the burgesses of this celebrated union had banded themselves together on a general principle, independent of private interest, and had determined to merge their own cause in what they supposed to be that of the country at large. The excitement and fanaticism of these men rivaled that of the ancient Crusades.* Under the auspices of the Church, if the League had triumphed, it might have been impossible to prevent the establishment of a new dynasty sustained by the efforts of the *Tiers État*. The house of Guise might have constituted a popular monarchy on the vast base of municipal federation. Such a result would have been an improvement in one respect—that such a dynasty must have been constructed on a contrary principle to that exaggerated centralization which had prevailed in the Capetian line, and which provided Richelieu with a plan for his fatal and exclusive system. In the contest of the sixteenth century men of all ranks were for the first time apparently drawn together in the fraternity of the same faith, and under the banner of the same party. The League dissolved only after the seeming victory of the *Tiers État*, and after developing a sentiment of obstinacy and power in the burgesses, which they transmitted as a natural heritage to their children. Yet even Thierry and Carné admit that this event had its fatal side in the excessive preponderance which the royal power afterward obtained; transferring to itself the praise of a victory which had been the achievement of national power.

Helped by the subtle genius of Henry IV., and the inflexible will of Cardinal Richelieu, the monarchy was not long in restraining all independent force by its own personal caprice. What was an irreparable loss for the nobility proved still more disastrous for the *Tiers État*. The national assemblies were forgotten, and the Commons despoiled of their liberty.

* It must, however, be remembered that other agencies were necessary to carry on the strong machinery of the League, such as the plots of the Guises, and the secret counsels of Philip from the depths of the Escorial. Without such aids as these the enthusiasm of the burgesses might never have been roused, and their efforts would have proved futile.—See *History of the United Netherlands* by John L. Motley, D.C.L.

A single force remained to the burgesses to counterbalance their losses—the force of opinion, of which Paris was the only exponent. In 1740, Montesquieu wrote: "There is nothing in France but Paris and the distant provinces, which exist only because Paris has not yet had time to devour them." In 1750, the Marquis of Mirabeau exclaimed, speaking on the same subject, "Capitals are necessary: but if the head becomes too large, the body is apoplectic, and all must perish;" and this force increased from day to day, through the various crises of two centuries, till it brought about the fatal explosion of 1789, when the burgesses endeavored to regain their lost power. A violent revolution then naturally took place. The bourgeoisie was powerless for resistance, and only strong for aggression, whilst the force of opinion in their hands was transformed into revolutionary violence. Yet such had been the apparent magnificence of the French government, that not only did it call forth the enthusiasm of Macchiavelli in the fifteenth century, but Burke was so far deluded by its outward splendor, that at a later period France appeared to him to contain all the elements of a good constitution, suspended before its completion. Judging from the testimony of experience, we reason now in a very different manner; and the establishment of such an absolute government in France appears to us but a national calamity, equally fatal to all classes of society. The government, having taken the place of Providence, endeavored to impose its laws on all dissentient individuals. Dr. Arnold has gone so far as to argue that there can be no valid objection to the moral theory of Church and State. Burke and Coleridge were advocates of the same opinion; but all have entertained doubts on points of practical detail connected with the same theory in its exaggeration. The centralized system in France found its most unfortunate exponent in the fanatical Louis XIV.

Although the House of Bourbon affected to lean exclusively to the nobility, it could not have acted in a more destructive manner to the interests of the aristocracy. On the other hand, in its dealings with the middle classes, though it behaved with apparent indifference and contempt, it could not have more effectually prepared the way for their real aggrandizement. The nobility obtained the dis-

astrous privilege of being allowed to ruin themselves at Versailles; and were satisfied to indemnify themselves for their loss of local influence by the effeminate amusements of a degraded court, whilst a ridiculous prejudice excluded them from all industrial avocations, and all active functions in the state. Meanwhile the government, in its administrative system, encouraged the progress of new men; and these soon gained a personal importance in business matters, causing them to resent more keenly the humiliation of their position. At the same time royalty committed the fault of isolating itself from the bourgeoisie by the most rigid etiquette, throwing this party more and more on its absolute independence, and so strengthening by its policy the very men whose hearts it wounded by its disdain. The destruction of political liberty naturally followed this separation of classes. In England, the closest sympathy has ever existed between the aristocracy and their dependents. In France, the peasant hated the lord as only the first comer on the soil. "*Le seigneur n'est qu'un premier habitant*," was the scornful exclamation of the bourgeoisie. Thus enmity was engendered between two classes which should have been mutually dependent, and the *solidarité* of society was destroyed.

The statesman who carried these prejudices to their utmost exaggeration was Cardinal Richelieu, who wrote, as the organ of the upper classes, to the *Tiers État* in 1614, that it was the greatest insolence to attempt to establish any sort of equality between the *Tiers* and the *noblesse*; and that there was between them as wide a difference as between a master and his valet. Yet this was the minister who delivered to obscure agents the transaction of the most important affairs of the kingdom; whilst, by his encouragement of luxury and extravagance, he was undermining corps after corps of the nobility. In establishing a marine, in organizing great industrial companies, in founding colonies and extending the public debt, Richelieu was preparing for trade and finance a manifest preponderance over the territorial nobility, before whom no career was open but that of arms, and no amusement but dissipation. It seems, as Carné remarks, as if this extraordinary man took pleasure in himself evoking all the forces which were soon to be combined against his own

work. He imposed silence on the Parliament, but encouraged the drama, and founded the Gazette of France. The pitiless minister who condemned to indigence the mother of his king, loaded the most obscure writers with his largesses; and he who would not permit the nobles to be seated in his presence, commanded a poet to be covered. A certain intellectual fermentation had been existing in the nation since the sixteenth century. Lights had spread, and the materials of antiquity had been sought out: but lettered men still lived in solitude and inaction; their spirits did not inhabit the real world, and the events of the day seemed of little importance to them. But Richelieu called literature from the cloisters to exercise an influence over the state; and addresses in the vulgar tongue began to stir the hearts of the people.

Soon it appeared that the literature of France was destined to attract the attention of the world. The writings of Balzac, Mezeray, St. Real, La Mothe, Cardinal de Retz, and others, were read with avidity; whilst Pascal, Molière, Arnauld, Racine, and Corneille, (various as was the character of their genius,) from time to time astonished the world with their productions.

A want of order and discipline had already made itself apparent in the state. The Fronde had in vain attacked every thing, effecting and overturning nothing. But, according to the policy of the crafty Cardinal, the court, which had become odious to the people, was quietly removed from Paris; and the new King ascended the throne as though he would make all such disorder disappear with the dignity and prestige of his name. Louis XIV. began his reign in possession of the hearts of his people; but his glory terminated with the discovery of the vices of his private character. The glitter and semblance of obedience still remained, but the substance had disappeared. The *éclat* of the monarchy, even in the plenitude of its power, began to be shadowed by disagreements, already too evident, between the manners of the court and the new interests which were swaying the nation. Malcontent agitators were already disseminating their opinions; but revolt, when it reached the foot of the throne, always retired with respect. The prestige which surrounded royalty, masked much that was contradictory in the

situation of the government; and, in a court which repulsed men of industry and finance, majesty became unapproachable except to those of noble extraction.

In this complicated state of things, royalty had no more loyal adherents than its industrious Protestant subjects. Truth, in times of confusion and controversy, is often to be found, not with the bragging majority, but in the quiet and unobtrusive minority, which makes itself respected by the silent eloquence of good deeds; whilst toleration and peace occasionally prevail in time against the power of numbers.

But all such hope of salvation for France was destroyed by the hypocrisy of its dissipated monarch. In reality no more fatal consequence for official Catholicism could have resulted than the synonym which was thus accidentally established between the profession of religion and social abuses. Orthodoxy became the badge of ignorance and cruelty, leading directly to the scoffing infidelity of the eighteenth century, and the bloody irreligion of the Revolution. The destruction of Port-Royal, and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, (happening in a more advanced state of civilization,) were more fatal to Roman Catholicism than the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The ethical and dogmatical powers of the Church of Rome (as Macaulay well remarks) were turned against each other, bringing about a more fatal reaction from the Catholic principles than Protestantism would ever have accomplished. The Albigenses and Huguenots attacked only a part of the Romish system; but the followers of Rousseau and Voltaire were ready to annihilate the whole.

At the death of Louis XIV. an immense public debt bore witness at once to the real misfortunes of his apparently brilliant reign, and to the pressing necessities which were soon to change the face of society. The decline of the fortunes of Louis may be dated from the period of his intolerance. The policy of Henry IV., of Richelieu, and of Mazarin, was struck to the core by his imprudent fanaticism, and all Protestant Europe resounded with the cries of the Reformed. The reaction against the despotism of Louis XIV. found its leader in the Prince of Orange; and so prevailing was the spirit of imitation, that if Cromwell may be accused of causing, in an indi-

rect manner, the death of Louis XVI., King William no less established the precedent for the dethronement of Charles X. In the last days of his life, the aged Louis, reduced to the most pitiable extremities, received Samuel Bernard at Marly; and a Jew who consented to lend some millions to his government, was allowed to approach his person, and loaded with flattery. Never was there a more mistaken policy than that which occasioned the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. All classes of Roman Catholics in this age seemed to have been blinded by their intolerance. In Hungary, Leopold persecuted the Protestants with the most unrelenting cruelty; whilst Charles II. sent his brother James to Louis to announce his speedy intention of throwing himself into the loving bosom of the Holy Mother Church. The singular access of devotion in Louis XIV. came upon him at a time when, to the scandal of France, Madame de Montespan and Madame de Fontanges publicly disputed his heart.

Madame de Maintenon wrote bitterly of Colbert, who refused to join in these excesses of persecution, that he thought more of his finances than of his religion. But it was in vain that the prudent minister lamented the injury to industry and commerce which was thus inflicted in an already disturbed country. A large number of the Protestants were nominally converted; but beside the immense crowd of emigrants there remained a mass who had to be proselytized by force. "The King," cried Madame de Maintenon, "will be covered by this enterprise with glory before God and man." "In the reign of the House of Valois," exclaimed the Bishop of Valence, "the Church was always suffering; in those of Henry IV. and Louis le Juste, always militant; but it is only under the auspices of Louis le Grand that we can call her triumphant." "Take your inspired pens," said Bossuet in his excitement, "ye who compose the annals of your Church; hasten to enroll Louis with Constantine and Theodosius." Madame de Sévigné wrote: "I admire the policy of our king in destroying the Huguenots. An open massacre, like that of St. Bartholomew, would only have given vigor to their sect; but his majesty has sapped their foundations little by little." Madame de Scudéri added, "The conduct of the king will draw upon him the benedictions of Heaven;" and Bussy

wrote, on his part : " A hundred years of war, which have cost the lives of three hundred thousand men, have only increased the power of the heretics ; but two years of vigorous policy have uprooted them forever." La Bruyère joined in the universal praise ; Quinault and Madame Deshoulières celebrated it in rhyme. The great Arnauld (exiled himself for his religion) joined in the same eulogium. " The example of the Donatists," said he, " authorizes the steps which have been taken against the Huguenots." Innocent XI. hastened to thank the King in the name of the Church, though he had a private grudge against the unprincipled monarch ; and it cost him much to be forced to praise him publicly. To the glory of Fénelon be it remembered, that he alone had courage to raise his voice against the criminal atrocities of his times. " Above all things," said he, " never force your subjects to change their religion : no human power can interfere with an impenetrable liberty of conscience. Force can not persuade men ; it only makes hypocrites."

So much for the liberality of the times. But disastrous, indeed, were the consequences which such intolerance entailed upon a country already enfeebled by oppression and tumult. It mattered not that the Reformed were amongst the most faithful adherents of the monarchy. It signified little to the fanatics of the time, that the country had been enriched by their industry and commerce. The emigration of these persecuted men (which had begun in the seventeenth century, after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew) soon increased to an alarming extent. England, Holland, and Denmark invited the refugees. More than sixteen thousand are said to have taken refuge in London alone. The town of Sanmur lost half its inhabitants. The number of these emigrants has probably been greatly exaggerated ; but the expulsion of these workmen naturalized in other countries the manufactures and inventions which had hitherto been peculiar to France, and impoverished commerce to a remarkable degree. Great numbers of relapses soon took place amongst those who were said to have abjured ; these were at once incarcerated in the galleys, or condemned to the horrors of the Bastille. The Calvinistic marriages were dissolved, and children declared to be illegitimate.

Some took up arms in self-defense. In 1688, the elegant pen of Madame de Sévigné wrote : "*M. de Grignan donne la chasse à ces démons qui sortent des montagnes, et vont s'y recacher.*" " If the law of majority," still urges the Duc de Noailles, " had been invoked to justify these measures, they would certainly have been carried."

Meanwhile Colbert had been continuing the work of Richelieu with redoubled vigilance and ardor. The man who covered France with manufactures, the protector of navigation and industry, did not hide from himself the political consequences which these important innovations could not fail to bring about. In the midst of the pomp of Versailles, where even the grandeur of his office could not always protect him from disdain, the grave and abstracted son of the merchant of Rheims appeared already to scan that future which would involve at once his glory and his vengeance.

Miserable, indeed, were the last days of the Grand Monarque ! The aged king, defeated in war, having outlived all the great men of his era, with his country three millions in debt, hated by the nation of which he had once been the idol, is a spectacle on which the just man can not gaze without pity. Still more terrible were the reverses of his children. The brilliant monarch who ordered the voice of a dying Protestant to be drowned by drummers placed around the gibbet, could have little anticipated that a grandson of his child, his successor on the throne of France, should have his last words drowned in like manner by the drummers round his scaffold. Under the Regency, it became impossible any longer to hide the frightful confusion which soon changed manners and overturned fortunes. Men could no longer be blind to that transformation which caused the middle classes to rise through the irremediable degradation of the nobility. The French peasant was worse off in the eighteenth century than he had been in the thirteenth. " Louis XIV.," says L. Carné, " would have died of shame, could he have guessed that the proud nobility of his court, who pressed round Madame de Maintenon, and who affected to imitate the superstitious piety of the King, would soon quit the galleries of Versailles for the vulgar amusements of Paris, and marry their children to the sons and daughters

of the lowest adventurers in trade." He would have died of anger if he could have suspected that before his remains were hastily deposited in St. Denis, the despotic will by which he attempted to survive his own death, would be treated as so much waste paper. Yet all this might have been predicated from the very nature of things. When a government spends every year more than it receives, it is forced to have recourse to credit, and to make its principles bend to expediency. When an aristocracy, despoiled of every participation in political power, is allowed no privilege but that of turning spendthrift, it is not wonderful that it shows itself unscrupulous as to the means of getting money. And when, in the midst of general alarm and disorder, the judicial corporations alone preserve a calmness and an energetic spirit of action, a day must come when the ascendancy of such men will be irresistible. The influences of the provinces became less and less; and although the Parliament of Paris had abdicated every political privilege since the Fronde, its imperceptible influence extended day by day, at the risk of dominating every other.

Meanwhile the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the cruel persecutions of Port-Royal, had produced a literary reaction, and a war of pens against France, which prepared the intellectual revolution of the eighteenth century. In politics, under Jurieu, it founded the idea of independence and popular sovereignty. In criticism, under Bayle, it propagated doubt and infidelity. And in philosophy, under Hobbes and Locke, it inaugurated the revolution against the idealism of Descartes and Malebranche. It is impossible to exaggerate the passion of skepticism which animated the French in the eighteenth century, and the influence which men of letters exercised upon the character of the subsequent Revolution.

Rousseau was one of the first writers to give a form to the speculations and unbreathed hopes of the innovators. He felt a wild joy in attacking the bases of a society which had wounded his own pride, and shook off the dust of his shoes whilst he predicted its ruin. Without paying attention to the established order of things, he attempted to retrace his steps to the origin of power, and to be the exponent of the primal laws which existed between man and man. In his

theories of a state of nature, he was the first to open the breach which was afterward widened by Raynal, Mably, Paine, Robespierre, St. Simon, and Fourier—different minds animated by the same thought, and the same democratic passions. Yet for the mass of the burgesses, as Carné remarks, Rousseau remained an eloquent dreamer, whose theories had no more influence upon real life than upon the education of infants. Rather to the teaching of Montesquieu may be ascribed the precise direction which was given to the thoughts of these rising men, who were to be the artisans of their own fortunes. Montesquieu had a profound faith in royalty. Democracy only existed for him in the writings of Thucydides, or the remembrances of the Agora at Athens. Yet he could not comprehend royalty without a complete hierarchy, of which it should be the summit. He wished the nobility to throw aside the scruples of caste, that they might form a more lasting institution; and he entreated them to achieve political power instead of mere empty honors; to become the holders of rights instead of privileges. To regulate without destroying the things as they were, was the aim of Montesquieu, in which he was earnestly aided by the rising men of his time.

Thus, whilst the men of literature prepared the Revolution by agitating the minds of cotemporaries, the men of law hastened its approach by increasing the power of legislation; and the men of finance rendered it almost inevitable by enlarging the deficit year by year; till Louis XVI. (with resources pitifully small) was constrained to face the extraordinary expenses of the American war and the financial crisis, which led to the great convulsion. But through every phase of the Revolution we may trace the influence of these two men, Rousseau and Montesquieu, who opened two lines of thought, which if not opposed, were at least as diverse as they were influential. The Socialist party and the Constitutional party still remain distinct; M. Louis Blanc yet representing, in a modified way, the school of Rousseau, and M. Guizot that of Montesquieu. The infidels of the eighteenth century are not to be treated as a school of mere scoffers. Mere negation, as Macaulay has remarked, is powerless to inspire enthusiasm; and the secret of the strength of these skeptics

tics lay in their generous anxiety for the public welfare. Irreligion, thus accidentally associated with philanthropy, triumphed over religion, associated with cruelty and vice.

The spirit of Voltaire was already in the world before he appeared; but it remained for him to give expression to the unuttered thoughts of his cotemporaries. Kings solicited correspondence with him, and the effect of his influence upon society could scarcely be overrated. During the life of Louis XV. the atmosphere became more and more impregnated with revolutionary influences. When the struggle took place respecting the will of Louis XIV., the princes of the blood invoked, even with humility, the assistance of Parliament. The Church, at this time, was regarded as the first of political powers, and was the most detested of all. The agitation became more violent and convulsive on the death of Louis XV., and the pretensions of Parliament more exorbitant under his successor.

The smallest deeds of Louis XVI. appeared more arbitrary and more difficult to support, than all the despotism of his grandfather. Courage and decision were wanting among the ministers of the Crown. The efforts of M. de Calonne and M. de Lamoignon were useless. Louis XVI., by his imprudent liberality, only hastened the impending catastrophe. His eyes were opened to the abuses of the government; but he talked of reforms without making them. Amiable and vacillating by nature, no monarch could have been less calculated to comprehend and to continue the brilliant centralization of Louis XIV., which was more personal than administrative. "The State," said Louis XIV., "is myself," and under his tyrannical management, he endeavored to reduce society to a flock of timid and industrious animals, of which the government should be the shepherd. "Who," exclaimed the tribune Riouffe, arguing on the same principle, "can know better the interests of the governed than those who govern?" But the men of France in the days of Louis XVI. were no longer docile animals. In the struggle which succeeded, the most powerful interests were opposed to each other.

The University and the Church each fought for supremacy, each seeking for that sovereignty over national education which should reduce all men to one com-

mon intellectual level. The constant suspicion of the *Tiers État* against the power of the clergy, accelerated the spread of Jansenism in the seventeenth century. But the burghesses soon became intoxicated by the declamatory rationalism of Voltaire and Rousseau. When the rude sons of these working men were called upon the scene of political power, they appeared with troubled spirits, hearts baffled in affection, and souls void of faith. The intellectual fop of the age in France was a rationalist with Rousseau, a cynic with Voltaire, a scoffer with Diderôt, and occasionally a sentimental naturalist with Bernardin de St. Pierre.

The nobility had their peculiar troubles. Decapitated by the tyranny of Louis XI., crushed by the subtle genius of Henry IV., and becoming ciphers under Louis XIV., there was no trace left among them of the chivalry of the Crusades. Cowardly and effeminate through the dissipation of Versailles, destitute of love for a country which had abased their pride, on the first murmurings of the tempest they abandoned the soil which trembled beneath their feet. The clergy had also their grievances. Pursued, under the reign of the house of Valois, by the suspicions of the Parliament, having sold themselves for secular assistance to crush the ascendancy of the Protestants, the Church had become a hierarchy in the service of the court. Orthodoxy was now only a badge of ignorance and absurdity. The Church of Rome still remained splendid in outward show, but her foundations were undermined. She had followed Louis XIV. in all his fanatical excesses, and had applauded his savage acts when he imposed his royal faith upon his subjects, at the same time that he reveled in vice. But after the tyrannical act of 1682, a terrible debt of gratitude had been incurred by the prelates of the Church of Rome, who found themselves forced to assent to the monstrous proceedings of the King and his successors. Day by day they became weaker in intellect and looser in morals. The difficulty of their position became greater and greater. The Church was united to the State, protected and paid by her; but the Church had ceded, in exchange for this protection and these emoluments, a large portion of her power and the whole of her independence.

Amidst this confused state of things, it

was, as Carné has well remarked, that, in its impenetrable dealing, Providence raised upon a throne, as upon a prepared scaffold, a victim whose virtues were powerless to turn the nation from its excesses; but whose blood did not flow in vain for France or for his race. Louis XVI., who, by the purity of his principles, the rectitude of his conduct, and the solidity of his intellect, would have been an admirable monarch for a properly ordered state, was precisely the most incapable to ward off the Revolution, by taking upon himself the initiative of the transformation which was inevitably impending. Never did prince find less in his helpers the qualities he most wanted himself. Amongst twenty ministers, he had not one counselor. Instead of making strenuous efforts to terminate the deplorable crisis, the ministry complicated it by incoherent negotiations.

The form and pressure which seem to be communicated to events by a long succession of predisposing and hidden causes, point to a law which can not fail to strike us in the spectacle of great social perturbations. But although in modern times we have ceased to look upon revolutions as isolated acts of history, we can still discern in them the "finger of the Almighty," "overruling the actions of men, without interfering with the freedom of the agents." The irresistible cry of the human conscience is sufficient to bid those chimeras vanish, which seek to justify all crimes by the discovery of a rigorous connection between cause and effect, and to explain all acts of energy by rules of mathematical law. Nothing can be more false than such theories, because nothing can be more incomplete; for these phenomena can only be explained by the grand law which governs them, and which reconciles the inevitable decree of Providence with the spontaneous action of the responsible agent.

The French Revolution was one of those times in which the worst of men are allowed to become the instruments of Divine Justice. And yet nowhere is it more apparent that every nation is the artisan of its own fall; and that in the long series of events there is no violence which is not the fruit of crime, and no political convulsion which has not been provoked by some infraction of the laws of justice.

The tremendous effect of the Revolu-

tion in aiming a blow at the centralized government of Church and State in France is appreciable through all the political changes which have succeeded it, and bears a marked influence on the intellectual activity of the present day. The earnest thought and sober consideration which are now apparent amongst the enlightened minority of Frenchmen, is a movement which probably can not be over-estimated in its effect upon the future history of the country. The abundance of serious studies which have lately appeared in French journals and publications, on the principles of moral philosophy, on the causes and meaning of the Revolution, and on the *ancien régime*, and the governments which have succeeded it are the more remarkable, when we contrast them with the frivolity and want of reflection which have generally characterized the youth of France. But the exception proves the rule; and we may allow ourselves to hope that the secret of the future destinies of a large nation of our fellow-creatures whose interests must be dear to the heart of all Christian people, may be influenced more by the thoughtful and laborious few, than by the political indifference of gay and unsympathizing numbers. Amongst the most hopeful of the signs for good may be noticed the abating of prejudice, and the inclination, amongst the wiser of these writers, to avail themselves of the wisdom and experience of others. On the progress of this eclecticism depends much of the future liberties of France. Freedom of speech is one of the earliest signs of a return to constitutional independence. The late apparently slight relaxations of the imperial system and the reform which these have inaugurated, will not be without their value, were it only for the bold expression of opinion to which they have given rise in the Senate and *Corps Législatif*.

"All nations," remarks M. Prévost-Paradol, referring to the mutual relation between France and other countries, "may profit by the example of their neighbors. If you deny that there are in politics truths of experience which are as important as those of reason, and that there should exist between free governments certain analogies which no enlightened man can despise; if you think to render service to your country in suppressing the most indispensable of these resen-

blances, you pretend to a patriotism and an originality which can have no real foundation." The same liberal writer points to the inevitable suffering which must accrue to a dissenting minority, under a national tribune and press as rigorous as that of the old system. Truly it may be admitted, that a centralized state has its logical complement only in an absolute religious centralization.

Under all forms of religion the majority of the French, essentially Papal in their tastes, have leaned to the ritual and ceremonial of Roman Catholicism. But the nation, at once revolutionary and servile in its conduct toward the state, has shown the same fickle temperament in its behavior to a favorite Church. The same violent blows which have been directed against the throne have been leveled against the altar. And just as the monarchical faith has been sapped, probably never to rise again, so a self-complacent Deism has been gradually taking the place of Popery. Educated men and women go to confession because it is the fashion—alienated in their consciences, and with a smile of skepticism on their lips; and when, says M. Dollfus, "the enemy has planted his flag in the very heart of the citadel, who can hope to defend the outworks?"

The necessary limits of this paper preclude us from entering largely into the discussion of the prospects of religious liberty in France. Samuel Vincent (in common with other pastors of the Reformed Church) does not hesitate to affirm that the present is the most favorable epoch which has occurred since the Edict of Nantes, for the furtherance of Protestantism amongst the people. According to these pastors, the intellectual agitation of the age, the spread of philosophy, and the balance of power maintained at present in Europe, are all favorable to the interests of religious Reform. They anxiously call upon their brethren to be prudent and patient at a crisis of the utmost importance; and they entreat them to remember that a spirit of reverent examination in accordance with liberty of conscience, is the most effective force they can oppose to the dogmatic and spiritual tyranny of the Church of Rome. "The authors of the Reformation in our country," argue these writers, "erred from a want of toleration. From the moment they admitted the monstrous and Rom-

ish doctrine into their creed, '*Hors de l'Eglise point de salut*,' the Reformation was virtually at an end." Far from this, M. Vincent and his friends advocate the free circulation of the Bible, to be interpreted by the individual conscience instead of the infallibility of the Pope. Freedom of discussion is not to be feared. With a tacit union of opinion on the essentials of the Gospel, they can tolerate differences on non-essentials. Unity, they argue, is possible with liberty; diversity is one of the principles of life. "What," they ask, "can be, at first sight, more various than the numerous sects of Protestantism? What an infinite development of minute distinctions and differences! Yet this diversity has its limits; so that, if some original thinker shall choose to renounce some vital doctrine which is common to every Protestant sect, he forsakes Protestantism forever, to enter some other section of the religious world."

Nor can it be denied that a large proportion of the thinking Roman Catholics are ready to admit that the Papacy (if an institution which had its uses in past ages) has now become somewhat unnecessary and obsolete; and that Protestantism, as the legitimate development of modern ideas, (as to worship, administration, and the public conscience,) has more to hope than to fear from the progressive movements of society. The state, in these matters, is not likely to prove adverse to the public mind. Its present representative is a man who studies history, who is clear-sighted to his own interests, and has proved himself to be "wiser in his generation" than an ordinary absolute ruler. What, therefore, a sweeping measure of decentralization might possibly effect at once, "restoring valuable fragments of her ancient liberties to France, and strengthening the Emperor's dynasty," the progress of events may accomplish insensibly and at last.

The recent debates have proved that political life is not yet extinguished in France, however it may be crippled by forms and restrictions. Once quickened into growth, constitutionalism may destroy the decaying roots of absolutism. A free press, a responsible ministry, and independence in religion, may follow in the wake of free discussion. The Emperor can not fail to perceive the manifest tendency of his own concession; and having challenged public opinion to weigh rea-

sons and adopt conclusions regarding the measures of his own administration, will probably wait to be guided by events.

Under these circumstances, the tyranny exercised over consciences can no longer be maintained. The French State in past centuries systematically disregarded the tendency of public opinion. Its policy was never shaped and modified by the criticism of thinking men. The State never troubled itself with considerations as to its competency to interfere with supernatural matters. On the contrary, it has always been guided by its own political interests, and religion has been useful to it. Portalis made no secret of this policy. He recalled the example of Plato and Cicero, who spoke of Providence as the basis of all legislation. "Even a false religion," said he, "has at least the advantage of opposing an obstacle to the introduction of arbitrary doctrines, and of supplying individuals with a center of belief. Governments may thus become assured that there are known and unchangeable dogmas of faith; and superstition becomes regularized and restrained in certain bonds, which the greatest enthusiast does not dare to break." On this principle, just as the state must have a code of laws to regulate its interests, so it requires a *dépôt* of doctrines to fix its opinions. By the law of the eighteenth Germinal, religion became more than ever an object of public administration. The Charter appeared to do more for public liberty; but this improvement was chiefly apparent. The influence of Napoleon himself may have done something to inculcate moderation, when he publicly repudiated that one of his successors who should venture to tyrannize over the faith of his subjects, adding: "I authorize you to give him the name of Nero." Yet the Protestants of France can not but remember the fatal tyranny which was exercised in the case of M. Lenoir, as late as 1851, and the intolerance which caused M. Pilatte to be persecuted for preaching in the Rue Mouffetard. The pretense in the latter case was, that if the Gospel was allowed to be proclaimed in public, it was on the condition that women, children, and minors should be excluded from hearing it. It is the ingenious device of those who fear the disastrous effects of reform in France to accuse their fellow-citizens of high treason — to declare that France is menaced with conquest from the religious

agents of England, and that to read the Bible is to denationalize the country. The pretense of such men, as M. Paradol observes, is, that the people are only suited for the preventive *régime*, as the horse is for the saddle, and are as unadapted to live in liberty as a fish is to live out of water. But human nature, in our day, has too much spirit to be contented with an ideal paradise of ignorant peasants, living and dying by habit, and thinking by decree. A schism appears inevitable between the different elements of Roman Catholicism. Sooner or later, the political and the sincere parties in the Church will find it impossible to agree. The reign of ancient Catholicism is past—the priests have lost a large part of their authority over the masses. "The tide of popularity," as Samuel Vincent observes, "is retiring like a river abandoning on its banks the bark which its waves once supported with pride." The efforts made in France for many years past to replace Roman Catholicism upon its ancient basis have singularly failed. Attempts have been made in all directions — attempts to impose upon the people by a language of pomps and ceremonies, and to obtain power over the more enlightened by philosophical discussions. The most absurd pilgrimages and the most incredible miracles have found their advocates. At the same time that Romanism has been offered to the people as a sort of elevated Fetichism, it has been presented to students as a cold philosophy; and these singular contradictions have emanated from the same center. Notwithstanding these inconsistencies, the rupture of De Lamennais still remains an isolated but a very significant fact.

The independent Church of the Ultramontanes, in its logical form, is perfectly irreconcilable with the moderate and established Church of the Gallicans. According to the idea of the Middle Ages, the Pope was the absolute sovereign of the Church. All rights, according to this idea, were concentrated in the ecclesiastical body. Therefore the administrative system of France was a complete invasion of this doctrine. The ideal Pope of the Middle Ages was a superhuman being, raised above the affairs of this earth; but, being deprived of this supreme *rôle* by the absolute power of the monarchies of France, he became a second-rate pontiff, reduced to human expedients little wor-

thy of his dignity. The Ultramontane party, who would revive such an organization, must be prejudicial to the interests of the state. Religion, according to such a system, becomes a distinct power, as Islamism has been in the East. Therefore the Gallicans and Ultramontanes have been distinguished by the party-names of "Patriots" and "Catholics." The unity of Protestantism is spiritual; but the centralization of Ultramontanism requires a capital, an army, and an official establishment. If we are to seek for a country where such an administration has been most successfully carried on, we may find it in Italy. The intellectual and spiritual condition of Italy may furnish us with an illustration of the problem. The Pope sacrifices his nationality to his Catholicism — if he is a good Catholic, he is no longer a patriotic Italian. Such a system, in the present state of things, is absurd to the last degree. The armies and military forces of Roman Catholicism could never hope to compete with the nations of Europe. They must succumb before the power of larger masses. "Prussia," remarks Ernest Renan, "with its sixteen millions of men, is scarcely strong enough to make a figure in Europe." When the Pope can marshal an army like that of France, and a fleet like that of England, he may have more hope of maintaining his power. Even then, he would be unable to descend to the petty details of perfect administration, and could never be a good and practical sovereign. The hypothesis of a temporal Parliament connected with the Papacy would be somewhat difficult to realize. This pontiff, (it has been remarked,) so unearthly that he can submit to no sovereign, must he not submit to his own subjects? The Catholic, whose conscience must be revolted at the thought of a heavenly vicegerent submitting to any external restraint, must be horrified at the thought of this infallible and impeccable chief submitting to the decrees of a ministerial cabinet. This inconsistent connection with terrestrial things is beginning more and more to disgust those religious persons in France, who remember that the domain of religion is within the soul, and can not be subjected to any official restraint.

The example of De Lamennais furnishes a curious illustration of this fact. Ardent and impulsive in his character, possessing much enthusiasm with little com-

mon-sense, he promulgated to his wondering friends the most Utopian ideas of future society, and a pure theocracy upon earth. "Catholicism and liberty!" was the cry of De Lamennais after the Revolution of 1830. The world, according to him, was destined to be constituted under a new form; and he was in a perpetual ecstasy at the marvelous spectacle which, was soon to be seen upon earth. "Sin," he said, "has necessitated princes to protect man against his fellows. All are born equal; nothing coming into the world carries with it the right of commanding. The power of just princes is legitimate; it is the power of God, who wills that orders should reign, and of the people who elected them: but they who reign of their own right are illegitimate; for their power is of Satan, and their domination is of pride. Every one is bound to resist them. He is the truest ruler who is the servant of all." Again he said: "Liberty does not consist in the domination of one thing over another, but in that which nothing dominates. If there exist a people who estimate justice and liberty less than power and gain, build a high wall around that people, that their breath may not contaminate the rest of the earth." Nor did he hesitate to exclaim against the "execrable murder of men who differ from us in faith — bloodshed as an offering to God, that demons delighted to drink." "Men," he declared, "never began persecuting till they despaired of convincing, or blasphemed in their hearts the power of truth."

With such novel ideas as these, he demanded nothing less than a complete separation between Church and State, repudiating the protection of the State, to escape being bound to its service. The great error of De Lamennais resulted from his ignorance and fanaticism. He was simple enough to suppose that the Church of Rome would range itself with him on the side of the liberty of the people. He hoped to regenerate the world, and was firmly persuaded that all political and social miseries might be prevented by a solemn decree from the Holy See. He required an universal change. The words, "*bouleversement*," "*déluge*," "*création nouvelle*," appeared without ceasing from his chimerical pen. He was the dupe of his own ideas; and when he returned to the living world, his great hopes were destined to be disappointed. Grow

ing angry with the episcopacy, he exclaimed: "They will sell the whole Church, not for thirty, but for a single piece of silver." Childish still in his obstinacy, after repeated defeat he set out for Rome, determining to summon the Papacy to condemn him, or to follow him. Becoming there the unwilling spectator of crimes and follies which abased his pride and wounded him to the quick, he exclaimed: "This is a *crescendo* of stupidity and infamy, of which God only can know the end. I hope my stay will not be long at Rome. It will be one of the best days of my life when I emerge from this great tomb, where I find only crawling worms and moldering bones. . . . Twenty more years of this, and Catholicism must be at end. God will save true religion by his people. My policy is the triumph of Christ; my legitimacy is law and justice; my country is the human race, which he has bought with his blood." Useless was this anathema of the Papacy; and more useless still was the condemnation of his writings, which broke his own heart. The somber eloquence of De Lamennais was injured by his perpetual excitement; and his unhealthy imagination was distorted by his ignorance and inexperience. Bitter were his longings for death. He was, as M. Paradol observes, one of the few voyagers so wearied and wounded by their struggles in this world, that they hasten to knock at the mysterious door of another life. His experience was a proof of the singular failure of Ultramontaniam in the present epoch of society.

Other advocates of the same theory have labored with more moderation. The Vicomte de Bonald was distinguished for the formality of his mind, whilst he thought with more clearness and precision. He wanted to systematize the old French monarchy, borrowing from Montesquieu and Bossuet what would result in another Louis XIV. "Absolute power," he declared, "is in my opinion, the best." The political doctrines of Comte Joseph de Maistre were also intimately associated with the support of the Papacy. The Comte de Montlosier (who in a memorable speech, accused the English of being "drunk with pride and beer") was, in his earlier life, an advocate of the same doctrines; but before his death he deserted altogether to the liberal party, and was refused the last sacraments.

Another system of philosophy was started by the Baron D'Eckstein. He endeavored to unite religion with metaphysics and psychology.

When we have impartially studied the writings of these various men, the problem as to the future destiny of religious systems in France remains still unsolved. The languishing Papacy may be revived for a time by the doctrines of philosophy; but these can do little to build up the old ruins, or to relay the ancient foundations. The Papal system has been treated in such writings rather as a means than as an end.

The fatal antagonism, which becomes more apparent day by day, between the old Roman absolutism and the liberal ideas of modern times, renders it probable that (humanly speaking) Roman Catholicism will find itself, sooner or later, in direct collision with the spirit of modern France.

The more enlightened thinkers of our day are looking with interest at the English and American constitutions, whilst the ideal of the Papacy is still that of Spain. Indifference and estrangement are almost inevitable under such a state of things. What, then, are the prospects of religion in France? Will Roman Catholicism degenerate into a political institution, becoming merely an ornament and an amusement to the vulgar, while it loses more and more of its power over the enlightened masses? Will materialism or epicureanism be satisfactory to the public conscience in an age of inquiry and consideration? Will the Reformed Church of France (so simple and unattractive in its forms, so unfortunately unpopular and connected with the ancient antagonism) be able to reanimate its forces, and to assert its influence over the civilization and liberty of the country?

These questions can be only partially answered by a reference to other considerations. The position of the Reformed Church of France has in past times been narrow and constrained, in consequence of its political connection with the dominant Romanism. The official direction of the Protestant worship has too often been confided to illiberal members of the other community, and only such tolerance has been shown to it as has been accorded to petty theaters and public entertainments. The Reformed Church has, in centuries past, been injured by odious oppression,

and rendered desperate by tyranny and injustice. We must not look impatiently for extended charity or a largeness of spirit from the immediate descendants of martyrs.

But Protestantism itself (as it has been said) may triumph, even though the Reformed Church may still be confined to a minority.

Protestantism is the spirit of examination, as opposed to unfounded authority. Protestantism, as the assertion of freedom of inquiry and independence of conscience, is gaining day by day upon the civilized world.

England, Germany, Prussia, Denmark, and America are outweighing the influence of Spain and Portugal; Italy is trembling in the balance; and the Colonies, destined to civilize other continents, are professedly Protestant. The intellectual movement can no longer be restrained. If one fact, says M. Vincent, is more patent than another, it is that enlightened Europe will accept no religion without liberty of conscience. And this liberty,

(the necessary condition of an earnest and independent mind,) must it infallibly degenerate into deism, atheism, or hopeless indifference for a great and enlightened people? God forbid that we should thus judge, in opposition to the testimony of reason and experience.

Romanism can no longer remain what it is. Its worship, its discipline, its dogmas, and its government are things of the past. Whether the change, which every omen portends, will be effected by the gradual reformation of Roman Catholicism itself, or by a yearly diminution of its relative importance, we are unable to judge. But to treat with indifference a religious movement which is already beginning to be apparent in France, or lightly to conclude that a large proportion of our fellow-creatures are utterly devoid of that longing after religion, that keen craving after something higher than itself, which is inherent in the spirit of man, is unworthy of us as believers in the power of revelation. "The soul is created eternal, and therefore it can not rest but in God."

From the London Review.

LIFE OF WILLIAM SCORESBY.*

DR. SCORESBY has a good claim to be placed among the foremost of England's modern maritime heroes. He was one of the first who dared those perilous enterprises to the frozen north which have given so romantic and so tragical an interest to our seafaring history during the last fifty years. But he has also a higher claim to our admiration and honor. He was no less eminent as a Christian than as a seaman; and for a long series of years he was the untiring promoter of every scheme for the advancement of religion among sailors.

William Scoresby was born at Whitby,

on October fifth, 1780. His father—another William Scoresby—was one of the earliest of the sea-captains whose indefatigable perseverance revived the British whale-fishery, and made it a very lucrative branch of maritime commerce. His mother was a pious woman, and her children were brought up religiously; the future commander and minister never lost the impression of her early influence. In his seventeenth year he was apprenticed to his father; and was the constant companion—with the exception of a few terms at the Edinburgh University—of his Arctic voyages. His scientific observations in the Polar regions—which afterward expanded into a complete literature of itself—commenced in the voyage of 1808. These were communicated to

* *Life of William Scoresby, M.A., D.D., F.R.SS., L. and E.* By his nephew, R. E. SCORESBY JACKSON, M.D. Nelson. 1861.

the Wernerian Society of Edinburgh, and secured him the friendship and favor of some of the most eminent men of science in Scotland. In 1810, on the retirement of his father, he became the commander of the old *Resolution*, and made several prosperous voyages. Afterward in the *Esk* he made himself still more famous by a series of researches and discoveries which distanced all former achievements. He may fairly be said to have led the way on the great career of modern Polar enterprise. A paper entitled, *A Description of the Polar Sea*, containing a project for reaching the North Pole by traveling on the ice, made a great sensation in England; and when in 1820 he published his work on the "Arctic Regions," he secured for himself the first place as an authority in all matters pertaining to northern exploration.

For many years before this he had been a strictly religious man, though it was not till his twenty-fifth year that he regarded himself as soundly converted. His government of his ship was decidedly and at all sacrifices religious. He made it an undeviating rule not to fish on the Sabbath. His harpooners, deeply interested themselves in the number of fishes captured, were very loth to accommodate themselves to this strict rule; and as it happened, on several occasions, that a number of fine whales presented themselves on the holy day, he found it very hard to carry out his rule. But his persevering integrity was rewarded; doubtless God honored it, and suffered him to lose nothing. Certain it is that by degrees the men came to feel a pleasure in the sanctification and rest of the day.

His last voyages were made in the service of exploration on the east coast of Greenland; and subordinately for the purpose of seeking out the traces of Norwegian colonies which had been planted in the eleventh and twelfth centuries—thus showing that the search for Franklin was not the first search of the kind. Scoresby was convinced that descendants of these old colonists might be found—though probably in a degenerate and savage state—if he could succeed in penetrating to the original site of the colony. History informs us that in the twelfth century Christianity flourished, through their influence, in Greenland. They multiplied churches and the institutions of Christianity, and spread eastward and

westward in two large bands. But this dispersion was their ruin. The western colonists were exterminated by the wild Greenlanders: the fate of those on the eastern side was never known. Possibly, they fell victims to the "Black Death," an awful disease which, in 1348, desolated the whole of the northern frontier of Europe; but more probably they were extinguished or absorbed by the original Greenlanders.

Scoresby withdrew from the service just at the time when his genius had reached its maturity, and when his energies seemed to be most wanted. But he had for some time felt an uncontrollable desire to enter the Christian ministry. During his last voyage he occupied himself, among other things, with the preparation of the *Seaman's Prayer-Book*, a bold attempt to adapt the services of the Church of England to the use of sailors, which has been extremely useful, whatever its merits may be. After the customary preliminaries had been gone through, and terms kept at Cambridge, he was ordained: the sea lost one of its most shining lights, and the Church of England gained a respectable evangelical minister. It is not for us to question whether his piety and great influence might not have been more serviceable to the Gospel had he continued afloat; he acted on his convictions, and never repented of the change.

That change, however, broke in some measure the unity of his career. But not altogether; for one of his first appointments was to the Mariners' Church, Liverpool, where he preached sermons which have been considered models of such discourses as sailors should hear. The health of his second wife soon rendered a change to the south needful; and he undertook the incumbency of Bedford Chapel, Exeter. There he labored very hard and very successfully; there also he underwent severe discipline, losing, in brief succession, his only sons—sons whose promise was the joy of his heart. In the year 1839, the trustees of the late Rev. Charles Simeon invited him to accept the vacant office of Vicar of Bradford. After much demur, he undertook this great and difficult charge. Seven years he spent there of uninterrupted toil, controversy, and trouble; but we shall not enter into the detail of the long and harassing contest in which he became

involved. It was connected with the revenues of his office; and, as far as we can judge, he was in the right. But his unflinching resolution, though of much service to his successors, ruined his own usefulness and peace, and led to his removal. He settled in Torquay; and an occasional afternoon service was the only ecclesiastical duty that he ever afterward engaged in.

Through all these years, however, he paid unintermitting attention to science—always in the practical interest of navigation, and for the good of the service. He took a prominent part in the sessions of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and was one of its highest authorities in every thing pertaining to magnetism. He paid two visits to America; and in one of the outward voyages made those curious observations on the Atlantic waves which have been read, in his own published paper and in the daily prints, with so much interest. Never was before old Ocean watched in his furious moods with such cool and scientific criticism. He was one of the last to give up all hope as to the success of the Franklin search expeditions. He took the lead in the "Arctic Committee," and did more than any man to stimulate the public zeal; and we may imagine with what generous congratulations he would have welcomed back Captain M'Clintock, had he been spared to see the result of his expedition. It may be said, that he fell a victim to his scientific ardor; for, in 1855, he undertook a voyage to Australia, partly for his health's sake, but really for the purpose of making some experiments upon the disturbances of the compass in iron ships. His services in this branch of nautical science had been very great; in fact, the invaluable "Admiralty compass" was his invention, though his claims were never directly acknowledged.

The ill-fated Royal Charter was the ship selected for his object; and certain Liverpool Associations subscribed a sum for all extra expenses. The account of his voyage, published since his death, is one of the most interesting modern sea-narratives. He was the chaplain on both

voyages, having "a compact parish of four or five hundred souls." His experiments in the southern world were highly satisfactory; the return-voyage was as pleasant as it could be; and on the thirteenth of August, 1856, he landed in the Mersey. It need hardly be added that, little more than three years afterward, the Royal Charter, which had thus been the subject of experiments calculated to save countless lives in the future, was the victim of one of the most appalling catastrophes of modern times.

Within a few months of his return he died. His end was peace. He was buried in Upton churchyard, amidst the sincere mourning of the town, all the ships having their flags half-mast high.

We lay down this interesting volume with the feeling that we have been reading the record of a worthy life. Scoresby was a noble specimen of the highest type of the English sailor, a skillful, scientific, God-fearing seaman, who never sought his own ends. Though the unity of his life was broken by his change of profession, yet one guiding principle is always seen in operation—the desire to elevate the sailor both in science and in religion. His heart was always on the main; he worked hard, and in an endless variety of ways, for the good of British maritime commerce, and he now waits for the appreciation and gratitude of posterity. His works are very numerous, and defy classification. Those of them which are purely religious will not maintain their place in our literature; they have the garrulity of the sailor in them, and seldom rise much above commonplace. But his scientific papers are of high value; and it would be an excellent service to winnow them of their chaff, to give to oblivion what may now be obsolete, and publish the rest in a few compact and popular volumes.

Whitby has reason to be proud of the name of Scoresby. Any one who may visit that old town will be amply repaid by an inspection of the museum which he endowed there with some of the most precious waifs and strays of his Arctic accumulation.

From the Westminster Review.

EQUATORIAL AFRICA, AND ITS INHABITANTS.

THE gorilla is a quadrumanous animal, whose height when erect usually varies from five feet two inches to five feet eight inches, although one skeleton is said to exist reaching six feet two inches. If we understand M. du Chaillu rightly, these measurements extend to the tip of the toe, instead of to the heel, according to the method by which the height of human beings is taken; if so, the average stature of the animal is several inches less than that of man. The color of the gorilla's skin is an intense black; but the male animal, on being viewed at a short distance, does not appear thus black, because he is covered with hair, the color of which, nearly all over the body, is a sort of iron-gray—its peculiarity being due to the fact that the individual hairs are ringed alternately black and gray. The head is covered with reddish-brown hair, short, and extending almost to the neck. The reddish crown which covers the scalp of the male is not apparent in the female till she is almost grown up. Her hair is black, with a decided tinge of red, and not ringed as in the male. In both male and female, the anterior part of the chest is bare; and in both the hair is found to be worn off the back, but only in very old females. It is supposed that this is due to their sitting at night with their backs resting against trees under which they sleep.

The longest and darkest hair—sometimes over two inches long—is on the arms; from the shoulder to the elbow it grows downward, on the fore-arm it grows upward. The back of the hand is hairy as far as the division of the fingers, those, as in man, being covered with short, thin hairs. The lower, or posterior extremities, are also thickly covered with hair, which on the foot extends to the division of the toes. Very old gorillas, the negroes say, become gray all over. Compared with the other anthropoid apes, the gorilla, owing to his enormous supra-orbital ridge, seems to have a remarkably flat and retreating forehead. He has an immense, overhanging frontal ridge,

and the eyes are deeply sunken, thus giving to the face the expression of a constant savage scowl. The jaws are exceedingly projecting, of great weight and tremendous power, and, in the male especially, are furnished with enormous canine teeth, approaching to the character of tusks. "The eyebrows are thin, but not well defined, and are almost lost in the hair of the scalp. The eyelashes are thin also. The eyes are wide apart. The ears are smaller than those of man, and in form closely resemble the human ear. They are almost on the same parallel with the eyes. On a front view of the face, the nose is flat, but somewhat prominent, more so than any other ape." The shoulders are extraordinarily broad, and the chest immense. The pectoral regions in the male show slightly projecting a pair of nipples as in the other apes and in the human species. The female mammaræ have but a slight development. The abdomen is very large and prominent. The arms are enormously strong, and reach all but down to the knees. The fore-arm is nearly of uniform size from the wrist to the elbow. The legs are remarkably short, and nearly destitute of calf. The hands, especially in the male, are of immense size, the fingers short and thick, "the circumference of the middle finger at the first joint being in some gorillas over six inches." The thumb is shorter than in man, and not half so thick as the fore-finger. The foot, though longer than the hand, is broad, and looks somewhat like a giant hand of immense power and grasp. The great toe, or "hallux," reaches only to the end of the first phalanx of the second toe, and diverges from the other toes at an angle of 60° from the axis of the foot. In both position and function, it is a true thumb. Each of its two joints measured, in one specimen, six and a half inches in circumference. The second, third, and fourth toes are partly united by a web.

The gorilla usually walks on all-fours. The arms being very long, the head and

breast are raised considerably, and he appears, as he proceeds, to be half-erect. He does not place the palm of his hand on the ground, but the backs of the fingers, which are semi-flexed, the skin on the middle phalanx and knuckles being, in consequence, callous and very thick. M. du Chaillu says that the leg and arm on the same side move together, which gives the beast a curious waddle; also that the hind-legs move between the arms, the latter being somewhat bowed outward. The gorilla can run at great speed. Although he ordinarily progresses on all-fours, he not unfrequently walks erect, and there is no doubt, says M. du Chaillu, that he can do so with greater ease and for a longer time than either the chimpanzee or the nshiego-mbouvé. When standing up, his knees are bent at the joints outward, and his back has a stoop forward. Proceeding in this position, his legs seem to totter beneath his weight, and he uses his long arms in a clumsy way to balance himself and keep up his ill-sustained equilibrium. The strength of the gorilla is enormous. With his arms he can break trees from four to six inches in diameter; and with one blow of his huge paw, armed with its nails, he easily breaks the breastbone of a man, crushes his skull, or tears out his entrails. M. du Chaillu says that a negro, while out hunting *with him*, attempted to shoot a male gorilla, that his gun missed fire, and that, being then defenseless, he was instantly struck down by a blow on the abdomen, the walls of which were torn open, laying bare part of the intestines. Beside the negro lay his gun. The stock was broken, and the barrel was not only bent, but flattened. This flattening affords conclusive evidence of the enormous strength of the animal's jaw and of his temporal muscles, as the barrel bore plainly the marks of his teeth.*

The only sounds uttered by the female and young, which were heard by M. du Chaillu, were sudden cries or shrieks expressive of alarm when intruded upon. The male, when disturbed, emits "several sharp barks like an enraged or mad dog, whereupon ensues a long, deeply-guttural,

rolling roar, continued for over a minute, and which, doubled and multiplied by the surrounding echoes of the forest, fills the hunter's ears with the deep-rolling thunder of an approaching storm. . . . I have reason to believe," he adds, "that I have heard this roar at a distance of three miles."

There seems to be very generally, in the minds of the natives who come in contact with the gorilla, a strong instinctive feeling of his human attributes. Speaking of a young female gorilla which he had caught, and which soon afterward died, M. du Chaillu says:

"While she was alive, no woman who was *enceinte*, nor the husband of such woman dare approach her cage; they believed firmly, that should the husband of a woman with child, or the woman herself, see a gorilla, even a dead one, she would give birth to a gorilla and not to a man-child. This superstition," he says, "I have noticed among other tribes too, and only in the case of the gorilla. . . . The natives believe, in all this country, that there is a kind of gorilla which is the residence of certain spirits of departed negroes. Such gorillas, the natives believe, can never be caught or killed; and also they have much more shrewdness and sense than the common animal; in fact, in these 'possessed' beasts, it would seem that the intelligence of man is united with the strength and ferocity of the beast."

After M. du Chaillu's first interview with the gorilla, he writes:

"I protest I felt almost like a murderer when I saw the gorilla this first time. As they ran, they looked fearfully like hairy men; their heads down, their bodies inclined forward, their whole appearance like men running for their lives."

In another place he speaks of the gorilla's death-cry when shot as a

"Half-roar, half-shriek, which, while it announces to the hunter his safety, yet tingles in his ears with a dreadful note of human agony. It is this lurking reminiscence of humanity, indeed, which makes one of the chief ingredients of the hunter's excitement in his attack of the gorilla," and elsewhere he adds, "there is enough likeness to humanity in this beast to make a dead one an awful sight even to accustomed eyes as mine were by this time. . . . It was as though I had killed some monstrous creation which yet had something of humanity in it. Well as I knew that this was an error, I could not help the feeling."

Despite his immense canine teeth, and his vast strength, enabling him, doubtless, to capture and kill almost every ani-

* Professor Owen, in his paper "On the Gorilla," (Proc. Zool. Soc., January 11th, 1859,) says he was told by the captain of a Bristol trader, that a negro at the Gaboon had shown him "a gun-barrel bent and partly flattened by the bite of a wounded gorilla in its death-struggle." Have two gun-barrels been thus bent and flattened?

mal frequenting the forest, the gorilla is a strict vegetarian. He is fond of the wild sugar-cane, the white ribs of the pineapple leaf, the pith of some trees, and a pulpy pear-shaped fruit, growing close to the ground, called the *tondo*. (M. du Chaillu says: "I also am very fond of the subdued and grateful acid of this fruit, which the negroes eat as well as the gorilla.") He also feeds upon a kind of nut, the shell of which is so hard that it requires a strong blow with a heavy hammer to crack it. It has been suggested that the enormous strength of the animal's jaws, and of the temporal muscles, has been developed by the effort to crack these nuts. Considering the size and muscular force of the animal, and the nature of its food, it is obvious that it must be a huge feeder, and must quickly clear any limited area of the nourishment appropriate for it. The gorilla is necessarily, therefore, a great wanderer in search of fresh supplies, and in "constant battle with famine." It is not gregarious; more than two adults, male and female, never being found in company. A greater number of the young do associate; as many as five having been seen together. Sometimes an old male, we presume a widower, like the "rogue elephant," wanders companionless. "He is particularly morose and malignant, and dangerous to approach." The female and young, and even the male, unless suddenly encountered, are so shy at the approach of man that it is exceedingly difficult to obtain accurate knowledge of their habits. There is reason to believe, however, that the young gorillas sleep in trees for protection from wild beasts. It seems more doubtful whether the adult female invariably does so, and tolerably certain that the adult male never does. It is his custom to seat himself for the night with his back against the trunk of a tree, keeping guard, it is believed, while his mate and offspring are reposing on the branches above. M. du Chaillu's experience of two young gorillas, one a male, which he seems to have kept about sixteen days, and the other a female, which he kept ten days, leads him to believe that the animal is wholly untamable. They both resisted capture with great strength and vehemence; one of the Negroes engaged in the capture of the male received a severe bite from him on the hand, and another had a piece taken out of his leg. The little brute, though

in age the merest baby, constantly rushed at his captors. After being put in a bamboo cage he was perfectly furious, darting at every one who came near him; he bit the bamboos of his house, glared at his attendants with sullen ferocious eyes, and showed in every motion a thoroughly malicious and intractable disposition. Having twice escaped from his bamboo cage, he was confined by a chain; after which, says M. du Chaillu,

"he added the vice of treachery to his others. He would come sometimes quite readily to eat out of my hand, but while I stood by him would suddenly—looking me all the time in the face, to keep my attention—put out his foot and grasp at my leg. Several times he tore my pantaloons in this manner, quick retreat on my part saving my person. . . . The Negroes could not come near him at all without setting him in a rage."

M. du Chaillu tried what starvation would do toward breaking his spirit, but in vain. Speaking of both his little captives, he says: "In no case could any treatment of mine, kind or harsh, subdue these little monsters from their first and lasting ferocity and malignity." They both died.

When hunted, or intruded on by man, the female gorilla rushes off with loud and sudden cries or shrieks. The young gorillas, except the babies in arms, do the same; the latter "grasps its mother about the neck, and hangs beneath her breast, with its little legs about her body," and is thus borne off. But the conduct of the adult male gorilla is far otherwise. It is believed that sometimes, when he hears the approach of the hunters, he quietly avoids them, for occasionally he has been tracked a considerable distance before being overtaken. The moment he sees his foe, however, he not only gives no sign of fear, but with deliberate courage advances upon him slowly, and with the certainty of fate. The only alternative of the hunter is to kill or be killed. Escape is impossible, and no arm except a good gun, rifle, or revolver, is a reliable weapon for attack or defense. The peril of the hunter's position is increased by the fact that he must not fire on his assailant till within eight or ten yards of him. The dense vegetation of the forest makes the aim dangerously uncertain at greater distances, while fatal accuracy is the only chance the hunter has of saving himself. Should the gun miss fire, or fail to kill, he

is lost. It is worthy of remark, and much to the credit of the gorilla, that he evinces no desire either to torture his victim or even to be assured of his death. He is satisfied when his foe is effectually disabled. Having struck him down, he does not condescend to give him a second blow, but quietly retires, leaving him to his fate. His manner of advance to battle is very remarkable. On seeing his enemy, he first utters several short bark-like yells, which denote his rage, and have a peculiarly horrible effect, accompanied with terrible scowls of savage fury. The short hair of the scalp and the skin of the forehead are rapidly agitated; his huge teeth are ground together so forcibly that the sound is distinctly heard, and his wrinkled face is contorted with ferocious excitement. He advances a short distance in the erect position with slow deliberate step, then stops, and seemingly in a spirit of defiance, beats his capacious chest with such vehemence that the drum-like sound may be heard at a great distance; he again advances, again stops, and, throwing back his head, utters his tremendous roar, already described, and occasionally will even sit down on a rock or branch of a tree, giving expression, meanwhile, to his terrible rage. At length he approaches, intending to close with his enemy, when, at the critical moment, one shot usually kills him, and he falls forward to the ground. Like man, he dies very easily, having none of that tenacity of life which distinguishes many wild animals.

"The Negroes never attack the gorilla with other weapons than guns; and in those parts of the far interior where no European guns had yet reached, as among the Apingi, this great beast roamed unmolested, the monarch of the forest. To kill a gorilla gives a hunter a life-long reputation for courage and enterprise, even among the bravest of the Negro tribes, who are generally, it may be said, not lacking in this quality of courage.

"The natives of the interior are very fond of the meat of the gorilla, and other apes. Gorilla meat is dark-red, and tough; the sea-shore tribes do not eat it, and are insulted by the offer of it, because they suspect some affinity between the animal and themselves. In the interior some families refuse to eat gorilla meat, from the superstitious belief (explained at length by M. du Chaillu) that at some time one of their female ancestors has brought forth a gorilla."

Among the anthropoid apes, no one species concentrates in itself all the peculiarities in which as a class they exhibit

striking resemblances to man. The gorilla in many respects approaches nearest, in others the Chimpanzee and its allies, while in others certain points of likeness in the orang are even yet more striking. It is only when we come to compare organ with organ, that we discover the various degrees in which on particular points the several species recede farther from, and on others approach nearer to man. We shall now attempt to indicate first the most salient points of zoological structure by which the comparative nearness of each of the higher apes to man is established, and shall then exhibit the broader and more general analogies which countenance the idea of a *positive* relationship. We hope so to array the more striking and obvious of the vast crowd of facts bearing on these questions, that with moderate attention they will not appear too technical for easy comprehension by non-professional readers.

Dr. Wyman, of Boston, United States, and Professor Geoffroy St. Hilaire, consider that all anatomical resemblances to man which distinguish the different simiæ being fairly estimated, the chimpanzee still holds his preëminence as the most anthropoid ape. Professor Owen, for reasons which seem to us more valid, concludes that the tailless quadrumana recede from the human type in the following order: gorilla, chimpanzee, orang, gibbon.

Compared with the other anthropoid apes, the gorilla is described as far more savage and ferocious; characteristics scarcely accordant, however, with the comparative form of his brain. In the chimpanzee, the cerebral portion of the skull is smooth and convex, although there are well-marked ridges on either side for the attachment of the temporal muscles, and one of the gibbons—the siamang—approaches the chimpanzee in these respects; but in the orang and gorilla there runs along the head from before backward a strong intermuscular bony crest, where the two temporal muscles meet, which gives to these animals a far more carnivorous aspect. The enormous supra-orbital ridge distinguishes each, but in the gorilla it is more massive. The sexual difference as exhibited in the canine teeth of the gorilla is very great, those of the male being, relatively to those of the female, as well as to those of other simiæ, enormously developed. The

cranial cavity is almost wholly behind the orbits; the depressions for the cerebral convolutions are less marked, and the orbits are less distinctly defined. These characteristics, together with many other structural details respecting the skull, which we should despair of making intelligible to our readers, justify Dr. Wyman and Professor Geoffroy St. Hilaire, as it seems to us, if the skull alone be regarded, in ranking the gorilla below the chimpanzee. The skulls of young gorillas, male and female, and those of the chimpanzee and its allies, are scarcely distinguishable; but the skull of the adult male gorilla undergoes a wonderful metamorphosis in the direction of the lower brutes. The bony palate of the gorilla recedes from that of man by its narrowness; that of the chimpanzee approaches by its relative breadth; the gorilla is also inferior by the more quadrate outline of the upper jaw, and by the later ankylosis (bony union) of the intermaxillary bones; but, on the other hand, the intermaxillary portion of the palate in which the incisor teeth are developed projects less in the gorilla than in the chimpanzee. The features in which the gorilla's skull approaches the carnivora are in a great degree repeated in the skull of the orang: comparing the skull of the orang and of the chimpanzee, we find the general structure of the former much inferior to the latter; but it is very remarkable that whereas by the separation of the sphenoid from the parietal bone—by an intervening projection of the temporal—observable in the chimpanzee, this *black* ape exhibits a conformation divergent from the Caucasian skull, but identical with that of the Negro; the *red* orang—whose sphenoid and parietal bones come in contact—shows in this respect an affinity with the Caucasian race. The chimpanzee, by the early ankylosis of the intermaxillary bone, the greater openness of the angle of the lower jaw, the proportionate size of its teeth, and the larger width between the eyes, surpasses the orang in its likeness to man. The siamang (the highest of the gibbons) also makes a greater approach to man than the gorilla, in so far as it has no longitudinal crest on the skull, a less prominence of the facial part, and a vertical direction and rounded form of chin; but is markedly inferior by the backward position of the aperture through which the spinal

marrow is continuous with the brain. Of all the anthropoid apes, the orang has the preëminence in respect to the number of ribs, which in him are the same as in man; the others have thirteen and some fourteen pairs; while, again, many of the lower apes have only twelve pairs, as in the orang and man.

The superior extremities of the siamang and orang nearly touch the ground when those animals are erect; the fingers of the chimpanzee reach somewhat below the knee; those of the gorilla, by reaching only to the lower part of the thigh, prove him in this respect nearest to man. The shoulder-blade of the siamang is broader, and so far more anthropoid than that of the chimpanzee: but the gorilla's approaches still nearer to that of man. Very significant also of the human affinities of the gorilla is the superior length of the arm (humerus) to the fore-arm as compared with the proportions of those parts in the chimpanzee. The orang recedes from man in the singular fact that he has nine bones in the wrist, whereas the chimpanzee and gorilla have only eight, the same number as in man. Before the gorilla was known in Europe, the siamang was believed to surpass all other apes in respect to the perfection of its hand, and especially to the length and disposition of the thumb, but it must now yield its place to the gorilla, whose palm being almost as broad as it is long, approaches closely to the human proportions; the fingers by their shortness are also more anthropoid than those of the chimpanzee. No less decisively anthropoid is the form of the pelvis, distinguished as it is, as compared with the pelvis of other apes, by its greater breadth in proportion to its length, and by the bending forward of the hip-bones, thus forming a true pelvic concavity; in respect to this structure the kooloo kamba ranks next to the gorilla in nearness to man. In so far as the pelvis is concerned, the siamang, by "the quite anthropomorphic disposition of the iliac [hip] bones," according to Vrolik, ranks next to the kooloo kamba, and hence above both the orang and chimpanzee; as he also does, in the opinion of this naturalist, by the peculiarities of development of the vertebrae, by their distribution, by the character of the sacrum, and also by the conformation of the breast-bone. By another strange peculiarity, namely, the

absence of the "round ligament" within the hip-joint—the orang recedes further than the chimpanzee from man. The lower limbs, though characteristically short in the gorilla, are larger in proportion to the upper limbs, and also to the entire trunk than in the chimpanzee. In respect to the foot, the anthropoid apes approach man in the following order: gorilla, gibbon, [according to Vrolik,] chimpanzee, orang. The heel in the gorilla is shaped, and proportioned more like the human calcaneum (heel-bone) than in any other ape. Although the foot be articulated to the leg with a slight inversion of the sole, it is more nearly plantigrade in the gorilla than in the chimpanzee.

Referring to the gorilla, Professor Owen remarks: "In the hind limbs, chiefly noticeable, was the first appearance, in a quadrumanous series, of a muscular development of the glutæus, causing a *small buttock* to project over each tuber ischii. This structure, with the peculiar expanse (in quadrumana) of the iliac [hip] bones, leads to an inference that the gorilla must naturally and with more ease resort occasionally to station and progression on the lower limbs than any other ape." Confirmatory of this inference, M. du Chailu says: "After having observed the live gorilla, and studied carefully its mode of progression, I come to the conviction, that in its mode of progression the gorilla is the nearest akin to man of all the anthropoid apes."

The brains of the apes, if arranged only in respect to *size*, would appear related to man in the following order: gorilla, kooloo kamba, { chimpanzee, } nshiego mbouvé, gibbon; but if regard be had to *form* as well as *size*, and to the several features of resemblance to, or divergence from, the human character, it is doubtful whether the gorilla could still hold the first place in the simian rank. From this

point of view the kooloo kamba (if the solitary specimen obtained may be trusted as typical) is undoubtedly the most anthropoid of apes: in proportion to its size, its cranial capacity is the greatest; its forehead is both the highest and the broadest; its eyes are widest apart; and, relatively to the whole mass of the brain, the anterior lobes are larger than in any other ape. The general cerebral conformation of the chimpanzee, nshiego mbouvé, and orang is very similar to that of the kooloo kamba, the chief difference being inferiority in size; and in this respect the gibbons recede still further from man. The cerebral convolutions, however, of the orang are more complex than are those of the chimpanzee—a decisive proof of nearer approach to man. Presuming that the *relative* size of the posterior lobes of the brain in the orang, chimpanzee, and gorilla is nearly the same, the much greater *absolute* size of those lobes in the latter will, perhaps, account for the vehement rage and ferocity which he is said to exhibit. The smaller cerebellum relatively to the cerebrum in the orang than in the chimpanzee and gorilla, proves in this respect the orang's closer affinity to man; whereas the alleged great "preponderance of the cerebellum" in the gorilla, if really so, indicates a position proportionately lower in the anthropoid scale, a decisive predominance of the muscular system, and of the attributes of brutality. Whatever may be the final conclusion from a more extensive examination of the intercranial organization of the beast, the enormous bony ridges above his eyes, the carnivora-like crest along the skull, and the powerful projecting jaws armed with their great tusk-like canines, certainly constitute a brutal and ferocious form, which with its appropriate muscles is abundantly capable of expressing the fierce nature and terrible fury of this savage monarch of the wilderness.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE. BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

XII.

IN WHAT MANNER THE LORD ADMIRAL'S MARRIAGE WITH THE
QUEEN WAS ANNOUNCED

MEANWHILE, the Lord Protector, accompanied by the Earl of Warwick, continued to walk through the apartments, noting their splendor with a jealous eye. Perceiving what was passing in his mind, Warwick sought still further to inflame his anger.

"What thinks your highness of his fête?" he asked. "Tis a sumptuous affair. The Lord Admiral will ruin himself if he gives many such."

"His prodigality is unbounded," cried Somerset.

"Yet he has an object in it," pursued Warwick. "He would have all eyes turned on him as toward the rising sun. Your highness will do well to be on your guard, for you may rest assured that all this display is only part of a deep-laid scheme to supplant you. Do you not note how your brother has gathered round him all those of the old nobility who are known to be unfriendly to your highness? Do you not see that he is trying to propitiate the Romish party? With what intent are Gardiner and Tunstal here?"

"His design is plain enough. But I fear him not."

"Your highness had best not be too confident. Do not let him strengthen himself too much, or he may become too powerful for you."

"I would deprive him of his post at once," cried Somerset, "but he has so much influence with the King that such a step might be dangerous. I must have an excuse for severity. But let us to his majesty. Dorset, I see, has returned with my lady Marchioness and his daughter."

"The King seems wondrously fond of the Lady Jane Grey. Mark how he hangs upon her words, and what a lover-like attitude he assumes! Dorset, I am sure,

persuades himself his daughter will one day be Queen of England."

"If he indulges any such notion he will find himself mistaken. But the King is too young to have any such thoughts as yet."

"Others may, though he has not," replied Warwick.

With this, they moved on to that part of the chamber where Edward was standing with the Lady Jane Grey. The young monarch was so engrossed by his fair companion that he scarcely noticed the Lord Protector's approach.

"Your majesty appears much interested," observed Somerset dryly.

"I can not fail to be by my fair cousin's discourse," Edward replied. "I tell her that we can not part with her again; that if my lady Marchioness, her mother, returns to Bradgate, she must remain with some lady of our court. Her grace of Somerset will take charge of her—will you not, dear aunt?"

"With the greatest pleasure, sire, if her mother chooses to confide her to me," rejoined the Duchess.

"Her mother will scarce like to part with her," interposed the Lord Protector coldly.

"I am infinitely obliged to your grace," said the Marchioness, "but I have other designs for her."

"What other designs?" cried Edward quickly. "Not to take her away, I hope?"

"No, sire, not to take her away—but the fact is, another exalted personage, whom I am not permitted to name, has undertaken to take charge of her."

"Hum! what means this?" muttered Somerset suspiciously. "Why is he so anxious that the Lady Jane should remain at court? Have they contrived to put some foolish thoughts into his head? We shall see. I have some news for your majesty," he added, aloud. "You will

have a war on your hands ere long. The Scots refuse to ratify the treaty of marriage between your highness and their infant queen."

"I am glad of it," cried Edward.

"Then your majesty desires war?" observed Somerset.

"Not so; but I do not wish to be tied by any treaty, and I am glad, therefore, that it is at an end."

"But it will be enforced," cried the Protector, "and then majesty must needs abide by it."

"Must abide by it!" exclaimed Edward. "By my faith, it seems that the treaty is to be forced upon me as well as the young Queen of Scots. But I happen to have a will of my own, and in this instance I shall exercise it. Whatever your highness may think of it, I will not be bound by this treaty."

"Sire!" exclaimed the Lord Protector.

"Make the war if you please, and use this treaty as a pretext, if you are so minded, but do not expect me to betroth myself to Mary Stuart."

"Amazement!" exclaimed Somerset.

"I can scarce credit what I hear."

At this moment the Admiral came up with the Princess Elizabeth.

"Oh! you are come, gentle uncle," cried Edward. "Give me your opinion. Is it right I should be affianced to one whom I have never seen?"

"I pray your majesty to excuse me," returned the Admiral, evasively. "'Tis a question I would rather not answer."

"Then I will answer it myself," returned the King. "'Tis a self-sacrifice I am not called upon to make. I will never plight my faith to one whom I should not care to wed."

"Such a resolve is worthy of you, sire, and I can not but applaud it," cried the Admiral.

"Your majesty will think differently, I am persuaded, when the time comes for decision," remarked the Protector. "Meantime, your august father's instructions will be carried out, and the fulfillment of the treaty enforced by the sword."

"These matters are too grave for an occasion like the present, and must be reserved for a more fitting opportunity," said the Admiral.

A seasonable interruption was here offered by an usher, who announced the Queen-dowager, and immediately after-

ward Catherine appeared, accompanied by her brother, the Earl of Northampton. She was attired in white cloth of tissue, and her head-gear was garnished with a triple row of orient pearls. Advancing to meet her, and with a profound obeisance, the Admiral took her hand, and led her slowly toward the King. They were preceded, however, by the Earl of Northampton, who, inclining himself reverently before Edward, said:

"Sire, it is no longer as the widow of your august father that my sister, Queen Catherine, appears before you, but as the bride of your uncle, Lord Seymour of Sudley."

"The Admiral's bride!" exclaimed Edward, in astonishment, while the utmost surprise was manifested by all who heard the announcement.

The Princess Elizabeth became pale as death, and with difficulty repressed a cry.

"You are not jesting with us, we trust, my Lord?" said Edward to Northampton.

"Nay, my liege, his lordship has advanced nothing more than the truth, as I can certify," said the Marquis of Dorset; "for I was present at the ceremony, which took place in St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower about a month ago, though I have hitherto kept silence on the subject, being bound to secrecy."

"As was the case with myself, sire," added Northampton. "I pray you pardon me."

"Why do they hesitate to approach us?" said Edward.

"Sire, they dare not enter your presence till assured of your forgiveness," replied Northampton.

"Tell them they have it," replied the King.

This joyful intelligence being communicated to the Admiral and his consort, they came forward hand in hand, and made a profound reverence to the young monarch.

"Sire," said Lord Seymour, "I here present to you my bride, and we both entreat your forgiveness for having kept our marriage secret from you."

"You might have trusted me, methinks!" rejoined Edward, with a gracious smile.

"I have not forfeited your good opinion by the step I have taken, I trust, sire?" said Catherine.

"By no means, madam," rejoined Ed-

ward, kissing her on the brow, and raising her. "You have an additional title to our regard. We only blame you for not confiding in us from the first. However, we will not chide you. You are freely and fully forgiven."

These gracious words overwhelmed the Admiral and his bride with gratitude.

Meanwhile, the Protector looked on with lowering brows. Seeing his brother about to present his consort to him, he turned to move away, but the King detained him.

"I pray your highness to remain," he said. "Nay, I command it," he added authoritatively.

On this the Protector stopped. Turning to the Admiral, he thus addressed him in a stern tone:

"You have been guilty of great presumption, my lord, and though his majesty, who is too young to judge your indecorous conduct properly, has graciously pardoned you, do not expect like leniency from me. By taking me by surprise you hoped to avert the full force of my displeasure, but you will gain nothing by the expedient."

"I am sorry to have offended your highness," rejoined the Admiral, with mock humility, "but since I have his majesty's pardon, I must endeavor to bear the weight of your displeasure."

"You will have to answer to the council for what you have done," cried Somerset furiously.

"I shall be ready, whenever required, to give an account of my actions," replied Seymour proudly.

"And I trust the lords of the council will also hear my explanation," said Catherine, "ere they censure the choice I have made."

"They will not censure you, madam, since they know my pleasure," said the King, with great dignity. "In this matter your highness will allow me to judge," he added to the Lord Protector. "If I do not disapprove of the marriage between my father's widow and my uncle, I see not why you should condemn it so strongly, or reprimand him so sharply. The Lord Admiral is as near to me, and as dear to me, as your highness—perchance dearer—and he shall not want my support. So your grace will look to it—you will look to it, I say."

Uttered in a tone and with a gesture forcibly recalling the manner of the late

king, these words did not fail to produce an effect on Somerset.

"Ay, look to it, brother, look to it, you had best," repeated Seymour derisively.

"Let the harmony of this meeting be no more disturbed," pursued Edward. "It is our sovereign will and pleasure that the marriage of our uncle the Lord Admiral with her majesty the Queen be no further questioned or discussed. We approve it. Let that suffice."

On this emphatic declaration on the part of the young monarch there was a loud burst of applause, and many who had held aloof pressed eagerly forward to offer their congratulations to the Admiral. Seeing that the tide was running too forcibly against him to be resisted, Somerset deemed it prudent to turn round, but he did so with an ill grace.

"Since your majesty will have it so, I must yield," he said. "But I should have ill discharged my duty had I not remonstrated. One thing is quite certain, that the Admiral would never have obtained my consent, nor that of the council, to the alliance."

"It is well, then, that he did not ask it," remarked Edward, with a smile. "But since you refer to the council, we will have the opinion of some of them without more ado. How say you, my lords?" he said to several, who were standing nigh—"do you blame my Lord Admiral for his marriage? Do you blame him, my lord of Warwick? or you, my lord of Arundel?"

"So far from blaming him, my liege, I give him infinite credit for what he has done," said Warwick. "I would the chance had been mine own."

"He has gained a prize of which he may well be proud," added Arundel.

"What says Sir John Gage?" demanded Edward of the Constable of the Tower, who stood near him.

"I have nothing to say against the marriage, since it meets with your majesty's approval," replied Sir John. "The Lord Admiral is bold and fortunate."

"Are there any dissentient voices?" inquired the King.

"None, sire—none!" cried the rest of the council.

"That is well," said Edward. "But we must leave nothing undone. Where is our sister? Oh! you are here. Will you not offer your congratulations to the Queen, Elizabeth?"

Seymour did not venture to raise his eyes toward the Princess as this request was made.

"With all my heart, sire," replied Elizabeth, who by this time had entirely recovered her composure. "I congratulate her majesty and the Lord Admiral on their union. Her highness, I am persuaded, could not have found a better or more devoted husband; while on his part the Admiral may justly esteem himself the most fortunate of men."

Catherine next received the congratulations of the Marchioness of Dorset and the Lady Jane Grey. After a brief converse with them, she turned to the King, and said: "When your majesty honors me with a visit, you will always have a companion of your own age."

"How so, madam?" inquired Edward.

"Because the Lady Jane Grey is henceforth to be my daughter," replied Catherine. "Her mother has consented to place her under my custody."

"I am right glad to hear it," exclaimed the King. "Your ladyship could not have done better," he added to the Marchioness.

"The Lord Admiral is to be her guardian, and to have the disposal of her hand in marriage, if it meets with your majesty's approval," observed Dorset.

"Nay, my lord Marquis, you are the best judge in the matter, replied Edward, "and if you choose to consign so precious a charge to him, I can not object to it."

"The Admiral to be her guardian, and have the disposal of her hand!" muttered Somerset. "I now see why the Duchess's offer was declined. 'Tis a preconcerted scheme."

At this moment an usher, accompanied by the chamberlain and vice-chamberlain, with several other officers of the household, bearing white wands, ceremoniously approached the Admiral, and informed him that the supper was served in the banquetting-chamber.

"Will it please your majesty to proceed thither?" said Seymour.

Edward bowed a gracious assent, and tendering his hand to the Queen, said: "Let us conduct you to it, madam."

"Is this as it should be?" said the Duchess of Somerset, aside to her lord. "Ought she now to take precedence of me?"

"Seek not to contest the point," he re-

joined. "Ere long her pride shall be lowered."

Trumpets were sounded as the King entered the banquet-hall with the Queen-dowager. A cloth of state, embroidered with the royal arms, was placed over the seat assigned to his majesty. On his right sat the Queen-dowager, and on the other side the Lord Protector. Special care was taken by the Admiral that the Lady Jane Grey should be placed opposite the King.

The supper was magnificent, and was marked by the same unbounded luxury and prodigality that had distinguished the whole entertainment. Though the guests were very numerous, all were well served. The Admiral himself waited upon the King.

When the surnap had been removed, and spices and wafers were placed before the guests, the chief usher called out with a loud voice that the King drank to the health of his host and hostess, and desired that all would join him in the toast. The proposal was received with acclamations. Every goblet was instantly drained, and the hall resounded with shouts of "Long live the Lord High Admiral and the Queen!"

XIII.

HOW THE ADMIRAL'S PASSION FOR THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH WAS REVIVED.

MUCH additional importance was given to the Lord Admiral by his marriage with the Queen-dowager, though the suddenness with which it followed the King's death caused considerable scandal. Many allowances, however, were made for the Queen. It was felt that her existence during the latter days of the King's life must have been wretched—that his tyranny was almost intolerable—and that if she had made too speedy use of her freedom, she could scarcely be blamed. Moreover, the strong support given by Catherine to the members of the Reformed faith, and the risk she had incurred for them in the late King's life, operated in her favor. Her conduct was therefore viewed in the best light possible, and though such haste to forget him was not very flattering to the King's memory, still it was quite intelligible. Had not Henry himself set the example of hasty marriages? No wonder his widow should marry again so soon as she had the opportunity.

The Admiral continued his magnificent mode of life, but Catherine, who had had enough of splendor, did not pass much of her time at Seymour House, but made Chelsea Manor-House her chief abode. Having the Lady Jane Grey now under her care, she soon became as much attached to her as if she had been her own daughter; while on her part the Lady Jane repaid her by almost filial affection. Jane's character was well suited to Catherine, who, studious and devout herself, could not fail to admire these qualities in her charge. At his uncle's invitation the young King was a frequent visitor to Chelsea Manor-House, sometimes proceeding thither in his barge, sometimes riding thither with the Admiral. The frequency of these visits soon, however, alarmed the Lord Protector, who put a stop to them altogether.

But though the Admiral was engrossed with ambitious designs almost to the exclusion of every other consideration, and though he was bound to banish such a feeling from his breast, the fatal passion for Elizabeth, which had been suddenly revived by the discovery he had made that she yet loved him, still tormented him, and would not be dismissed. To do him justice, he made strong efforts to shake it off. In spite of himself, however, he could not help instituting comparisons between her youthful attractions and the waning charms of the Queen. Then Catherine's grave and sedate manner, as contrasted with the liveliness of Elizabeth, appeared to disadvantage. The golden tresses of the Princess, which he had so much admired, were as much a snare to him as ever. In short, he began to feel that he had never really loved the Queen, whom he had made his wife, while he was desperately in love with Elizabeth. As every month flew by, it seemed to him that the Princess acquired fresh charms. Her eyes appeared brighter, her complexion more radiantly fair, her looks more like sunbeams than ever.

Happy in the possession of the husband she loved, Catherine had long since forgotten her jealousy of Elizabeth; and when the Admiral proposed that the Princess should stay with them for a while at Chelsea, she readily acceded to the arrangement. Elizabeth was invited, and came.

She came attended by her governess, Mistress Ashley. If the Queen had for-

gotten the past, Elizabeth did not appear to remember it. But, in reality, she remembered it only too well. She had no more been able to conquer her love for the Admiral than he had been able to subdue the passion with which she had inspired him. But if such were the state of her feelings, why should she expose herself to so much risk? Why, indeed? As well ask the moth why it rushes into the destructive flame! Elizabeth was as little mistress of herself as the infatuated insect. Persuading herself that the best way to become indifferent to the Admiral was to renew her intimacy with him, she went to Chelsea.

The result, naturally to be expected from a step so imprudent, soon followed. Instead of finding her passion for the Admiral decrease, she perceived that it gained fresh ardor, while on his part Seymour became more desperately enamored than ever. Constantly thrown together, it was impossible they could be blind to each other's feelings. Again, as in days gone by, when he was bound by no sacred ties, the Admiral began to breathe words of love; again, forgetting the wrong she was now doing another, Elizabeth listened to him.

Unconscious of what was going on, unaware that she was allowing her own happiness to be undermined, Catherine, instead of checking it, foolishly encouraged this dangerous intimacy. Incapable of levity herself, she could perceive no harm in her husband's attentions to the Princess.

But if the Queen was thus unobservant and unsuspecting, there were others who were more quick-sighted, and who saw clearly enough how matters stood, and among these was Ugo Harrington, who ventured to remonstrate with his lord on the dangerous passion he was indulging, expressing his opinion that if an end was not put to the love-affair, it must be found out by the Queen, and the discovery would lead to fearful consequences.

"Would I could undo what I have done, Ugo," cried the Admiral, "would I were free once more! It was by thy advice that I wedded the Queen so precipitately. Madman that I was, to listen to thy counsel!"

"Yet the counsel was good, and I will uphold it," replied Ugo. "Your highness is far better off than you would have been if you had married the Princess."

The Queen has given you wealth, power, position, but the Princess would have brought you little more than her charms of person. Nay, she might have caused your downfall."

"But I love her so desperately that I would almost barter my soul to obtain her," pursued Seymour. "She engrosses all my thoughts, and puts to flight all my projects. Turn which way I will, her image stands before me. My love for her makes Catherine hateful to me."

"Her majesty ought to excite other feelings in your breast. She is a good and loving wife."

"I say not a word against her, but she is in the way of my happiness, and therefore, if I could, I would have her removed."

"Removed!" echoed Ugo. "Is it come to this already? Scarce six months married, and you are anxious to be unwed! You seem as quickly tired of your consort as King Henry was of his spouses; but he had means of getting rid of them which your highness will scarcely be able to put in practice. Therefore, you must bend to circumstances, and wear your chains as lightly as you can. They will gall you less if you do not think about them. If I may presume to say so, you allow the Princess to exercise too much influence over you. You are too much with her. Abstain from her society. Devote yourself to your affairs with your former energy. Break through these silken meshes that enthrall you, and be yourself again."

"Thou art right, Ugo!" cried the Admiral. "I am bewitched! My sole chance of safety is in flying from the sorceress who has cast her spells over me. But it will cost a terrible effort."

"Cost what it may, the effort must be made," said Ugo. "Console yourself with the reflection that a time may come hereafter when you may wed the Princess. Some unforeseen circumstance may occur—the Queen may be suddenly carried off. In Italy our princes work in a different manner from the late King. They do not strike with the ax, but the blow is no less effectual, though dealt more silently."

"I comprehend thy dark suggestion," said the Admiral; "but I will have naught to do with thy damnable Italian practices."

"Nay, my lord, I had no thought of sug-

gesting poison to you, but if you grow tired of waiting——"

"No more of this!" interrupted Seymour sternly, "or thou wilt forever forfeit my favor."

"I pray your highness to forgive me if I have offended you, and set it down to my devotion."

"Leave me!" exclaimed Seymour fiercely. "Thou hast roused the furies in my breast. I would be alone."

Without a word, Ugo bowed and retired; but as he was passing out of the door, he cast a look at the Admiral, and saw him fling himself into a chair, and cover his face with his hands.

"Notwithstanding all his pretended dislike to the deed, he will do it," he muttered.

XIV.

HOW THE LORD ADMIRAL SUPPLIED HIS ROYAL NEPHEW WITH MONEY.

SHORTLY afterward, Ugo reentered the room. Finding the Admiral still in the same position, with his face buried in his hands, he coughed aloud to attract his attention.

"What, art thou still here?" cried Seymour fiercely. "I told thee I would be alone. Begone!"

"I have but this instant come in, my lord," replied Ugo respectfully. "Fowler is without."

"Admit him," cried the Admiral, composing his disturbed features into a calmer expression. "Ah! good Master Fowler!" he exclaimed, as that personage was shown into the room, "I am right glad to see you. Do you bring me any message or letter from his majesty?"

"Only this short missive, your highness," replied Fowler, bowing as he handed him a small slip of paper.

"Faith, 'tis brief enough!" exclaimed the Admiral. "'Let Fowler have what money he needs'—thus runs it. How much dost thou require?"

"For myself I require nothing," replied the gentleman of the privy-chamber. "But his majesty hath immediate need of two hundred pounds."

"He shall have it, and more if it be wanted," replied the Admiral. "Ugo will furnish thee with the amount. By my soul, the Lord Protector keeps his majesty very bare!"

"The King hath but little in his purse save what comes from your highness," re-

marked Fowler. "If he asks for money, he is always put off on some plea or other. I never lose an opportunity of contrasting your highness's generosity with the niggardliness, if I may so venture to term it, of the Lord Protector. I say to his majesty thus: 'Sire, you would be well off if you had your younger uncle, the Lord Admiral, for your governor. His highness hath an open hand, and would never stint you as your elder uncle doth, and you would then have wherewithal to reward your men handsomely.'"

"And what said the King to that, Fowler?" demanded the Admiral. "What said he to that?"

"He answered that he should be right glad your lordship should be made his governor, but he feared the thing was impossible. Whereupon, I told him he might bring it about if he set to work in earnest."

"And so he can—and so he shall, good Fowler. Said he any thing further?"

"Not much, your highness. To speak truth, I think his majesty is afraid of the Lord Protector, who waxes very violent if his will be opposed. Were he to find out that I gave any secret information to your highness, I should not only lose my post, but be clapped in the Fleet."

"Act warily, Fowler, and thou need'st be under no apprehension. But as some risk must needs be run, thy reward shall be proportionate. While receiving the money for my royal nephew, take another hundred pounds for thyself."

"O your highness! that is too much for any slight service I can render you. 'Tis true I never lose sight of your interests, and whenever a word can be said in your behalf, I fail not to utter it."

"Dost think thou canst procure me a secret interview with his majesty to-morrow, Fowler?"

"'Twill be very difficult," rejoined the other; "for, as your highness is aware, the Lord Protector has given strict orders to all the household that admittance shall be denied you. But perhaps it may be managed. I will send you word by a faithful messenger."

On this, with fresh expressions of gratitude, Fowler then took his leave. But he did not go away empty-handed.

At a later hour in the day, while the Admiral was alone in his cabinet, Ugo entered, followed by Xit. Smiling at the

dwarf's consequential manner, Seymour demanded his business.

"My message is for your highness's private ear," replied Xit, glancing at Ugo.

Upon this, Seymour signed to his esquire, who immediately withdrew.

"Now, knave, what hast thou to tell me?" demanded the Admiral.

"His majesty will see your highness to-morrow evening, but you must condescend to come by the back staircase. I will be there to open the private door in the gallery for you."

"The plan will do well enough," observed Seymour. "What hour hath his majesty appointed?"

"The hour of nine," replied the dwarf. "Your highness may rely on my punctual attendance."

"Art thou to be trusted, knave?" said the Admiral, looking hard at him.

"My discretion hath never been questioned," replied Xit proudly. "I would your highness would put it to the proof."

"Thou art much with the King—ha?"

"Constantly in attendance upon him, your highness."

"In what terms doth his majesty speak of me? Fear not to tell me, I shall not be offended with the truth."

"The truth, in this instance, can not be otherwise than agreeable to your highness, since his majesty speaks of you in terms of the utmost affection."

"I am glad to hear it," rejoined the Admiral, smiling. "Doth he speak in the same terms of the Lord Protector?"

"Hum! not quite, your highness," replied the dwarf, hesitating.

"Speak out, without fear," cried the Admiral.

"Well, then, his majesty complains that he is very scantily supplied with money, owing to which he is unable to reward his men, as he desires to do, for any slight service they may render him."

"Such as thy present errand," observed the Admiral. "However, thou shalt have no reason to complain in this instance. Take this as coming from the King."

And he tossed him a purse, which Xit caught with the dexterity of a monkey, weighing it in his hand, and feasting his eyes upon its glittering contents.

"It is not the only purse that shall find its way to thy pouch, if thou attendest carefully to my instructions," said the Admiral.

"Your highness has but to tell me what I am to do," replied Xit, securing the purse within his doublet.

"I do not desire thee to play the spy upon my royal nephew, for such an office, I know, would be repugnant to thee, but I would have thee use thine eyes and ears, and bring me the intelligence they furnish thee withal. 'Tis important to me to know precisely how the King is affected toward me—and toward the Lord Protector." The latter part of his speech was uttered with a certain significance, which was not lost upon the quick-witted dwarf.

"I understand the part I am to play," he said, "and will discharge it to the best of my ability. I will bring up your highness's name as often as I can before his majesty, and never without the commendation to which it is so justly entitled; while, if I can not speak quite so highly of the Lord Protector, it is because his merits are not made equally clear to me."

"Thou art a shrewd little fellow," observed the Admiral, laughing, "and hast more wit in thee than falls to the share of many a larger man. Commend me to his majesty, and say that I hope ere long to arrange all to his satisfaction."

"I will not fail," replied Xit.

And with a ceremonious bow he retired.

As soon as he was left alone, the Admiral wrote down several names upon a slip of paper, after which he summoned Ugo by striking upon a small bell.

"Let all the persons mentioned in this list be convened here at noon to-morrow."

"It shall be done, your highness," replied Ugo, glancing at the paper.

XV.

HOW THE ADMIRAL PROPOSED TO LAY THE KING'S GRIEVANCES BEFORE PARLIAMENT.

ALL the noblemen and gentlemen particularized in the Admiral's list assembled at Seymour House at the hour appointed on the following day. They were upward of twenty in number, and included four members of the council, namely, the Marquis of Northampton, (brother to the Queen-dowager,) the Earl of Arundel, the venerable Lord Russell, Sir William Herbert, (Seymour's brother-in-law,) and Sir John Gage. Beside these, there were the Marquis of Dorset, the Earl of Shrewsbury, Lord Clinton, Sir George Blagge, and

several other noblemen and gentlemen, all the latter being members of the Lower House of Parliament. Not till all had arrived did the Admiral make his appearance. His habiliments were of black velvet, and he wore the collar of the Garter round his neck. After bowing to the assemblage, he thus addressed them:

"You marvel, no doubt, why I have sent for you, my lords, but as I would do nothing unadvisedly, so I desire to consult with you, whom I know to be my friends, before taking a step, as I conceive, of the greatest importance to the King's majesty and the security of the state."

"Proceed, my lord," said Lord Clinton, "we are ready to listen to you, and when made acquainted with your intentions, will give you the best advice in our power."

"I thank your lordship," rejoined the Admiral. "Thus, then, stands the matter. I need make no appeal, I am persuaded, to your loyalty and devotion to the King, for I know what your feelings are toward him, and that you are ready to manifest them in action. The time is come for such display, for I here proclaim to you, loudly and boldly, that my royal nephew is unworthily dealt with by the Lord Protector."

"This is strong language, my lord," cried Lord Russell.

"My language is not a jot too strong," rejoined the Admiral. "I will maintain what I have advanced. My affection to my royal nephew, my duty to my sovereign, demand that I should speak out. The King, who, as you are well aware, has a wisdom far beyond his years, is treated like a mere child—a puppet. He is denied all liberty of action, shut up with his tutors, and debarred from the society of those nearest to him in kin, and dearest in his regards. He is powerless, as you know, in the council, and since the Lord Protector hath provided himself with a stamp, even the royal signature is ordinarily dispensed with. But this is not all. His majesty's privy purse is so scantily and inadequately supplied, that he hath not wherewithal to reward his servants. Is this to be endured? Is the son and successor of the great Henry VIII. to be thus scandalously treated?"

"I say no," replied the Marquis of Dorset. "The Lord Protector carries matters with far too high a hand. We have a King, though he be a minor. I

can confirm what the Lord Admiral has just stated as to the needless restriction placed upon the King's society. He is not allowed to choose his own companions, and even my own daughter is among the interdicted."

"I have remonstrated with my brother the Lord Protector," continued the Lord Admiral, "but my remonstrances have proved ineffectual. He will listen to nothing I have to say. But, by heaven! he *shall* hear me. I will find a way to move him."

"What does your lordship propose to do?" demanded Lord Russell.

"In a word, I mean to free my royal nephew from his present unworthy thralldom," rejoined the Admiral. "The Lord Protector must no longer be governor of his person. He has proved himself unfit for the office."

"Whom would you substitute, my lord—yourself?" demanded Sir John Gage gruffly.

"Ay, marry, none were so fit," cried the Marquis of Dorset. "The Lord Admiral is his majesty's favorite uncle, and is, in all respects, better suited to be governor of his person than the stern and moody Lord Protector."

"I have searched old chronicles for precedents," pursued the Admiral, "and I find that heretofore the offices of Lord Protector and Governor of the King's person never have been united; neither can they rightly be combined. Thus, at one time, there was a protector of England and a regent of France, while the Duke of Exeter and the Bishop of Winchester were made governors of the King, incontestably proving that the offices ought not to be conjoined."

"Do not forget, my lord, that you voted for your brother's appointment to both offices," observed the Constable.

"Right sorry am I that I did so," rejoined the Admiral. "'Twas a most ill-judged act. But because I have done wrong, there is no reason why the error should not be repaired. I have shown you that the Duke of Somerset ought no longer to hold the office. You may choose a better governor for his majesty than myself, but you can choose no one who loves him better, or will more studiously consult his welfare."

"That we nothing doubt," remarked Sir John Gage. "But you may rely upon it, your brother will never surrender the

post, save under compulsion—and to your lordship last of all."

"The Lord Protector's unfounded and unbrotherly jealousy must not be allowed to operate to his majesty's disadvantage," cried Dorset. "No one is so well qualified for the post as the Lord Admiral."

"Have I your support, then, my lords and gentlemen?" said Seymour.

"You have mine most heartily," cried Dorset.

"And mine! And mine," cried several other voices.

"If the change could be accomplished quietly, I should not object to it," observed Sir John Gage; "but I fear the attempt will disturb the government."

"Is it the King's desire that the change should be made?" inquired Lord Russell.

"His earnest desire," replied the Admiral. "It is his majesty's design to address a letter to the Houses of Parliament on the subject."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Lord Russell.

"Ay, indeed!" echoed the Admiral.

"And if you will all stand by me, we shall be too strong for any opposition. I have plenty of other supporters in both Houses to make a bruit about the matter."

"How if you be thwarted in your designs, my Lord Admiral?" said Lord Clinton.

"I do not think I shall be," rejoined Seymour. "But by God's precious soul!" he continued fiercely, "if I be thwarted, I will make this the blackest Parliament that ever was in England."

"You seem to threaten us, my lord," observed Lord Clinton.

"I pray you pardon me, my lord," rejoined the Admiral, controlling himself. "I am galled by the ill usage that my royal nephew has received, and spoke intemperately."

"I am a plain, blunt man, as you know, my Lord Admiral, and speak my mind freely," observed the Constable. "I can not approve of the course you are about to pursue."

"Wherefore not, good Sir John?" inquired Seymour.

"'Twere better, if possible, the matter should be peaceably and quietly arranged. If publicly discussed, it may breed scandal. Besides, in a struggle of this nature with your brother, you may get the worst of it, and if so, he will not spare you."

"Give yourself no concern about me, Sir John," said Seymour. "The Lord

Protector hath more reason to fear me than I have to fear him. And this you will find. I *will* have the King better ordered, and not kept so close that no man may come near him."

"Then you have made up your mind to an open quarrel with your brother?" said the Constable.

"I have, Sir John," replied the Admiral. "His majesty's letter shall be laid before both Houses, and methinks there are few of his loyal subjects but will eagerly respond to it."

"Who will deliver the letter?" demanded Lord Russell.

"I myself," replied the Admiral. "Some of you, I perceive, are inclined to hang back, as if alarmed at the notion of a quarrel with the Lord Protector. You overrate his power. He is not so strong as you imagine. You will see what the result of this step will be."

"Ay, ay; we shall see, and will be guided by what occurs," observed Lord Russell.

"A prudent resolution," cried Dorset contemptuously. "I will stick by the Lord Admiral, whatever may betide!"

"And so will we," cried several voices.

"I thank you heartily, my good friends," rejoined Seymour.

After some further discussion, the conference broke up. While the others were departing, Sir John Gage approached the Admiral, and said,

"'Tis a friend's part to warn you. You are rushing on a great peril. Of a certainty the Lord Protector will clap you in the Tower!"

"Tut! Sir John; he dares not do it."

"Ay, but if he *should*, you will find it no easy matter to get out."

"I tell you, Sir John, my brother will not dare to proceed to such extremities with me. You may rest perfectly easy on that score."

"Well, I have done my best to settle the matter peaceably," observed the Constable. "If ill comes of it, 'tis not my fault."

With this he took his departure.

One person only was now left, the Marquis of Dorset. Seymour thanked him warmly for his support.

"If I stood not by your lordship at a critical juncture like the present, my friendship were worth little," said Dorset. "But I do not think that fortune that

has hitherto favored you, will desert you now."

"If I am successful, as I hope to be, you will be a gainer as well, Marquis. Meantime, is there any thing I can do for you? You know you can command me."

"Your lordship has already made me very extensively your debtor. But, in sooth, I am almost as much straitened for money as our young King appears to be. I am ashamed to allude to the circumstance. You will think I am always borrowing from you."

"I think only of the pleasure of serving you, Marquis. Will you have five hundred more?"

"You are a great deal too good. Half the amount will suffice."

"Pooh! why divide so paltry a sum? Ho there, Ugo," he shouted. "Count out five hundred pounds, and let it be forthwith conveyed to Dorset House. Adieu, Marquis."

"Adieu, my Lord Admiral. Success attend you!"

Shortly afterward, Ugo was again summoned by his Lord.

"I am going upon a dangerous enterprise to-morrow, Ugo," said the Admiral. "If any thing goes wrong, let this packet be delivered instantly to the Queen—but not otherwise. She will know how to act."

"It shall be done, my lord."

"Take great care of it," repeated the Admiral. "My safety may depend upon its production."

Ugo reiterated his assurances, and withdrew.

XVI.

HOW THE ADMIRAL'S LETTER WAS COPIED BY THE KING.

FROM what has just been narrated, it will be seen that the state of subjection in which the young King was kept, and the total want of deference paid to his inclinations and requests, had gradually alienated his affection from his elder uncle. Edward's great desire was now to emancipate himself from the Lord Protector's guardianship, and this object he hoped to accomplish by the Admiral's help. With this view, the letter to the Houses of Parliament, complaining of his grievances, was concocted. Fowler, to whom the draft of the intended address was intrusted, waited till the King retired to his cabinet,

and then delivered it to him, saying that it came from the Admiral, and that if his Majesty approved it on persual, he was to transcribe it and sign it.

"Let me look at it, Fowler," replied Edward, opening the paper, and scanning its contents. "'Tis well worded," he added, "and I do not think my request can be refused."

"I hope not, rejoined Fowler. "All will be well if the Admiral should be appointed your guardian. Ah! how different he is from your majesty's elder uncle! The one is all affability and condescension, generous, kindly, and noble; the other austere, severe, rapacious and parsimonious."

"Nay, Fowler, you must not malign the Lord Protector," said Edward.

"I do not malign him, my gracious liege," replied Fowler. "I speak nothing but the truth. But I can not bear to see your majesty thus treated. With the Lord Admiral you would not be kept in this sort of durance, only allowed to go forth at stated times, and in a stated manner, deprived of all pleasant companionship, and compelled to study, study, study, till your brain must be quite addled."

"Nay, not quite so bad as that, good Fowler," rejoined Edward; "but in sooth I begin to find the life I lead somewhat wearisome. There is a strange contrariety in the Lord Protector's disposition for which I can not account. He seems to delight in thwarting my inclinations. If I prefer a request, I am certain to have it refused. If I would do one thing, he will have me do another. If I would go here, he makes me go there. He refuses me money because he says I am too lavish with it. Every day some new restriction is placed upon me, till, if this system be continued much longer, I shall have no power whatever left."

"That is quite certain," remarked Fowler.

"At what hour shall I see the Admiral to-morrow night, Fowler?"

"At nine o'clock, your majesty. He is to be introduced by the back staircase as soon as your chaplain and tutors have left you. It may be well to copy the letter beforehand."

"I will transcribe it at once," rejoined the King. "Stay with me while I do it."

With this Edward sat down to a desk on which writing materials were placed, and was engaged in the task, when Xit

suddenly entered, and called out in a warning voice that the Lord Protector was close at hand.

"If he sees this letter I am undone!" exclaimed Edward, in alarm. "Where shall I hide it?"

"Give it to me, sire," cried Fowler, snatching the papers, and thrusting them into his doublet. Scarcely was this accomplished, when the Duke of Somerset abruptly entered the closet. Without troubling himself to make more than a slight obeisance, he looked sternly and inquiringly at his royal nephew.

"Your majesty appears confused," he said.

"I may well be so, when your highness enters thus unceremoniously," rejoined Edward.

"I would rather not suffer the henchmen to announce me," said Somerset, "because in a hasty visit like the present form may be dispensed with. I have only a few words to say to your majesty."

"Be pleased to say them, then," rejoined Edward.

"What I have to say relates to the Lord Admiral. I am told he is much offended because I will not allow him to approach your majesty."

"Your highness can scarcely be surprised at that. I hope you are come to tell me that you have removed the interdiction."

"On the contrary, I regret that it will be necessary to adopt measures yet stricter. No more letters must be written by your majesty to your uncle, nor any from him be delivered. D'ye mark me?" he added to Fowler.

"Perfectly, your highness," replied the gentleman of the privy-chamber, bowing.

"See, then, that my injunctions are strictly obeyed," cried Somerset sternly.

"Why this additional severity?" inquired Edward. "What has my uncle done—what have I done, to deserve it?"

"Certain proceedings on the part of the Lord Admiral have given umbrage to the council," rejoined Somerset; "and unless he attends to their admonitions, it will fare hardly with him. For the present, as I have said, I must forbid all correspondence between him and your majesty."

"I would your highness showed more brotherly love toward my uncle," observed Edward.

"I show him more love than he de-

serves," rejoined Somerset. "I now take my leave of your majesty."

And he quitted the chamber.

"By my father's head, I will not be treated thus!" exclaimed Edward, stamping on the ground with rage. "He deems me a child, but he shall find I have the spirit of a man. I will submit to this usage no longer."

"I am glad to hear your majesty say so," cried Fowler. "Maintain that bearing with him, and he must give way."

"To tell me to my face that I must not write to my uncle," cried Edward, pacing quickly to and fro. "But I *will* write—I *will* see him. Moreover, I *will* see my cousin Jane," pursued the King, continuing to pace about. "I am more than half-inclined to go to Chelsea to-day."

"Do nothing hastily, I implore you, sire, or you may regret it," cried Fowler. "You have much to anger you, I grant; but by acting in direct opposition to the Lord Protector's commands, you will seem to justify his conduct. Wait till you have seen the Lord Admiral to-morrow night, and be guided by his counsel."

"Thou art right, Fowler," said Edward, checking himself. "I must act with prudence, or I shall damage my own cause, and give the Lord Protector the advantage. I will do nothing till I have seen the Admiral. Meanwhile, I will prepare for him. Give me the papers, that I may complete the transcript of the letter."

With this, he again sat down to his task, and finished it without further interruption.

XVII.

HOW THE PROTECTOR AND THE ADMIRAL WERE AGAIN RECONCILED.

At the appointed hour on the following night, the Admiral was secretly introduced into the King's closet. On beholding him Edward sprang toward him, and embraced him most affectionately.

"How long it seems since we met, dear uncle!" he exclaimed. "How doth the Queen your consort, and your ward and my sweet cousin, the lady Jane?"

"I will answer the last question first, sire," replied the Admiral. "Jane is somewhat delicate, and I half suspect she is pining because she is not allowed to see your majesty."

"I am equally unhappy," rejoined Edward. "But the separation, I trust, will

not endure much longer. Things must be changed."

"It is time they were so, sire," cried Seymour; "for, in good truth, you are not treated like a king. Is it right or fitting that I, your uncle, should be denied admittance to you, and should be compelled to approach you thus stealthily?"

"Indeed, it is not, dear uncle," replied the King; "and I could almost weep to think of it."

"Sire," cried the Admiral, "I need not say how deeply devoted I am to you, that I love you as a nephew, that I honor you as a sovereign, and that I am prepared at any time to lay down my life for you. If the course of action that I may advise you to pursue should alarm you, be assured it is dictated by the strongest feelings of regard for your welfare. You are not treated as becomes the son of your august father. With what motives I will not now pause to inquire, it is obvious that the Lord Protector is determined to deprive you of all power. He excludes from you all those who love you and would give you good counsel, and places those around you who are mere instruments of his own. You must throw off this yoke. You must learn to rule and govern as other kings do."

"I am well enough inclined to do so, dear uncle, and methinks I could discharge some of my kingly functions fittingly, if I were allowed."

"It shall be mine to accomplish this for you, sire," rejoined the Admiral. "You have shown too much submission to your uncle, and piece by piece he has stripped you of all your regal attributes till he has left you the mere name of King. I say not this to rouse your anger, but it is the truth, and you ought to know it. While my brother fills his own coffers from the royal revenues, he will not give you wherewithal to reward your men. And why does he keep you thus bare? Not from parsimony, for he can be profuse enough when it suits him, but because by depriving you of money, he deprives you of power. Shame on him, I say! However, there is one comfort. He is old, and can not last long."

"Would he were dead!" exclaimed Edward. "No, that was a wicked wish," he added, checking himself, "and I am sorry I gave utterance to it."

"I am not surprised you wish him

gone," rejoined the Admiral. "As long as he remains at the head of affairs, you will have no authority, and should he be alive and in his present position when your minority ceases, you will have some trouble in assuming your own."

"But that is a long time off, good uncle," observed Edward. "Meantime, I would be King, and not the mere puppet I am made."

"In good truth, your majesty is but a beggarly King—almost an object of pity to your household."

"Pitied by my household!" cried Edward. "Am I reduced so low as that?"

"The Lord Protector has brought it to this pass by his arts," cried Seymour. "And so long as your majesty is content, it will continue, if not become worse."

"Worse it can scarce become," rejoined Edward. "But how am I to free myself? What is to be done?"

"While the Duke of Somerset continues governor of your person nothing can be done," said the Admiral. "The first step is to remove him from that office. To this the council will never consent unless strong pressure is brought to bear upon them, and this can only be done by Parliament. Have you copied that letter, of which I sent you a draft by Fowler?"

"I have—it is here," replied the King, giving him the paper. "But will this message be attended to, think you, dear uncle?"

"It *shall* be attended to," replied the Admiral. "If I can once free you from the Lord Protector's grasp all the rest will be easy. With me for your governor, you shall indeed be King. You shall not be shut up like a caged bird, and be deprived of the society of those you love. No unnecessary restraint of any kind shall be imposed upon you. You shall mingle as freely with your subjects as your august father was wont to do. And it shall be my study to form your character on the best and noblest model, so that when you do come to reign you may be a great and good king."

"A good King I will be—a great King, if it shall please heaven to make me one," rejoined Edward. "They tell me you are not so earnest for the Protestant faith as the Lord Protector, and that you favor the adherents of the old religion."

"Who has told you this, sire?" demanded the Admiral.

"My preceptors," replied the King.

"It is not true. I am as heartily in favor of the Reformation as Cranmer himself, but policy requires that I should stand well with the Romish party. But let me once have the care of your majesty and you shall not complain of any lukewarmness on my part in the cause of religious reform. The Queen my wife, and your cousin Jane, shall aid us with their counsels."

"Nay, there can not be a more ardent reformer than Jane," observed Edward, smiling. "I pray you commend me heartily to her, and to the Queen, your consort."

"I will not fail to do so," replied Seymour. "I trust your majesty will soon see them both at Chelsea—or here. I will set about the work to-morrow, and let you know how I prosper."

With this he was about to retire, but ere he could do so he was stopped by the sudden entrance of the Lord Protector, accompanied by the Earls of Warwick and Arundel, Lord Russell, Sir William Paget, and Sir John Gage. For a moment the Admiral was taken aback, but quickly recovering himself, he drew himself up to his full height, and regarded his brother with a glance of defiance.

"Soh! you are here, my Lord, in direct defiance of my injunctions," cried Somerset.

"My uncle is here at my request," cried Edward, throwing himself between them. "I sent for him."

"Your majesty will not be able to screen him," observed Somerset. "I am too well informed of his plots. He will be brought to account for his treasonable designs."

"Treasonable!" exclaimed Edward. "Nay, your highness, the Admiral has been guilty of no treason in coming to me."

"He will have to answer to the council for what he has done," rejoined the Protector, "and it will be for them to decide whether his designs are treasonable or not. I charge him with a flagrant disobedience of my commands and authority—with constantly laboring and studying to put into your majesty's head a dislike of the government of the realm and of my doings. I charge him with endeavoring, as much as in him lies, to persuade your majesty, being of too tender years to direct your own affairs, to take upon yourself the government and management of

the realm to the danger of your own person, and the peril of the whole kingdom. Let him deny these charges, if he can."

"I will answer them at once," replied the Admiral, boldly. "It is no treason to be here with the King, my nephew, in disobedience to your grace's mandate. I deny that I have sought to create a dislike of the government in my royal nephew's mind; but I will not deny that I have said that his affairs might be better managed, and that he himself ought to be better ordered—and that I would do my best to have him better ordered."

"You are an audacious traitor, and glory in your guilt," cried the Protector. "But you have crowned your offenses by obtaining a letter from the King whereby you seek to accomplish your object of supplanting me in the governorship of the royal person. But you will be balked in your design."

"What paper hath your lordship in your hand?" demanded the Earl of Warwick of the Admiral.

"A letter to the House of Parliament, which I myself shall deliver to-morrow. 'Tis written by his majesty, and signed by him, as you may see."

"But drawn up by yourself," remarked Warwick. "My lord, you have done wrong."

"In what respect?" cried the Admiral fiercely. "The King is dissatisfied with the governor of his person, and would change him."

"Who has made him so dissatisfied?" asked Warwick.

"Not I," rejoined the Admiral. "You would seem to infer that his majesty can not judge for himself; that he can not tell whether he is well or ill ordered; that he is willing to be kept in subjection, to be deprived of the society he most affects, and to be stinted in his purse. You think he can not find out all these things without my aid. But I tell you, my lord of Warwick, that his majesty *has* found them out, and is determined to have redress, if not from you from Parliament."

"My Lord Admiral, you will never deliver that letter," observed Warwick, in a stern tone."

"Your lordship is mistaken," rejoined Seymour.

"In the name of the council I command you to give it up to his highness the Lord Protector," said Warwick.

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"What if I refuse?" rejoined Seymour.

"We will order your immediate arrest," said the Earl.

"Sooner than surrender it to him I will destroy it," cried the Admiral, tearing the letter in pieces.

"What have you done, my lord?" cried the King, alarmed at the proceeding.

"You will destroy yourself if you go on thus, my lord," observed Sir John Gage, in a low tone to the Admiral. "The authority of the council is not to be braved with impunity."

"I am not to be frightened, good Sir John," rejoined Seymour haughtily. "I fear neither the council nor the Lord Protector. They will not molest me."

"I leave this arrogant and impracticable man in your hands, my lords," said Somerset. "Act toward him as ye deem right."

Hereupon the members of the council deliberated together for a short space, after which the Earl of Warwick said:

"Our decision is, that the Lord Admiral be deprived of his offices, and be committed to the Tower to answer the grave charges which will be brought against him."

"You can not have so decided, my lords," cried Edward. "Your highness will not allow your brother, and my uncle, to be sent to the Tower."

"I can not interfere," rejoined Somerset in an inflexible tone.

"Make your submission at once, my lord, or you are lost," said Sir John Gage, approaching the Admiral, and speaking in a low voice.

"I am not in such jeopardy as you deem, Sir John," rejoined Seymour confidently. "Before I am removed, will your highness grant me a word in private?" he added to the Lord Protector.

"I will not refuse you a hearing if you have aught to allege in your exculpation," replied Somerset, walking apart with him.

"Now, what have you to say?" he demanded, in a low, stern tone.

"Merely that this decision of the council must be overruled," replied the Admiral.

"Must be overruled!" cried the Protector contemptuously.

"Ay, *must*! You will do well to pause before taking any steps against me, for

the mischief you do me will recoil with double effect on your own head. If I fall, I will pluck you with me."

"Go to! you threaten idly," cried the Protector, though with secret misgiving.

"Not so," rejoined the Admiral. "Mark well what I say, brother," he continued, speaking very deliberately, and with stern emphasis. "I can prove that all the acts done by you and by the council are illegal and of no effect. The royal stamp was not affixed to Henry's will during his lifetime; consequently, the instrument is wholly inoperative."

"This is mere assertion, and will obtain credit from no one," cried Somerset, feigning contempt, but unable to hide his apprehension. "Its motive is too obvious."

"I have your confederate Butts' confession of the whole affair, which shall be produced to confound you," cried Seymour. "Now, what say you, brother? Am I to be deprived of my offices, and sent to the Tower?"

"I thought the secret had died with Butts," said Somerset, trembling in spite of himself.

"No, it lives to blast you," rejoined the Admiral. "Knowing that I ran some risk to-night, I took the precaution of placing the confession in such hands that if aught befalls me, its production will be certain. Send me to the Tower if you will. You will speedily follow me thither."

Somerset was visibly embarrassed, and quailed beneath the Admiral's looks.

"Make up your mind quickly, brother," continued Seymour, "either for peace or war. A word from me will shake your government to pieces."

"But you will destroy yourself in uttering it," said the Protector.

"I will take my chance of that. In any case I am certain of revenge."

At this moment, the King, who had been anxiously watching them, stepped forward.

"I hope your highness relents," he said to the Protector.

"Let your uncle submit, and he shall not find me unforgiving," observed Somerset.

"Why should I submit?" rejoined the Admiral. "If I have erred at all, it has been from excess of devotion to your majesty."

"For my sake yield!" cried Edward, imploringly.

"Thus urged, I can not refuse," replied the Admiral. "Brother, I am content to own myself in the wrong, and to ask your forgiveness."

And he bent his proud neck with an affectation of submission.

"I am satisfied," rejoined the Protector. "My lords," he added, turning to the council, "you may blame my weakness. But I can not proceed further against my brother. He has expressed his contrition, and I am therefore willing to pardon his offense, and beseech you to do the same."

"Since your highness so wills it, we are content to proceed no further in the matter," replied the Earl of Warwick. "But we must have a promise from the Lord Admiral that he will abstain from all such practices in future."

"I will answer for him," replied the Protector. "It is my earnest desire to please your majesty in all things," he continued; "and if there be aught not done to your satisfaction, it shall be amended."

"That is the sum of my treasonable designs," observed the Admiral. "All I have labored for is, that his majesty should be properly treated."

"His majesty shall have no reason to complain," observed the Lord Protector. "To prove to you how much you have misjudged me, brother, and how sincerely I desire to promote a good understanding between us, an addition shall be made of a thousand a year to your revenue from the royal treasure."

"I thank your highness," replied the Admiral, bowing.

"But you must forego all pretension to be made governor of his majesty's person—for such will never be permitted."

"All I desire is free intercourse with my royal nephew," said the Admiral.

"And this shall be accorded to you so long as the license is not abused," rejoined the Protector.

While this was passing, the Earl of Warwick and the Lord Russell conferred apart.

"What has caused this sudden change in the Lord Protector's disposition toward his brother?" observed Russell.

"I know not," replied Warwick. "But it is plain the Admiral has some hold upon him. Instead of being sent to the Tower

he is rewarded. Somerset is wrong to temporize thus. His brother will never cease plotting. Better crush him now than let him live to do more mischief."

"I am of your opinion," said Russell. "This leniency is ill judged."

After the departure of the Lord Protector and the others, the Admiral tarried for a short time with his royal nephew, and while he was taking his leave, Edward said to him,

"We have both gained something by this struggle, gentle uncle. I have ob-

tained my liberty, and you have got a thousand a year added to your revenue. You can not be governor of our person, but you will ever hold the first place in our regard."

"That is all I aspire to, my gracious liege," rejoined the Admiral, kissing his hand. And he added to himself as he retired: "Somerset thinks to conciliate me with this paltry bribe. Were he to offer me half his own revenues, he should not induce me to forego my purpose."

From the London Review.

THE ELDER PLINY.*

DURING one of those lulls in the Roman world which resemble the calm preceding the earthquake, an Italian matron of high rank gave birth to a son. The convulsions attending the overthrow of the Republic had in some measure subsided, and Tiberius, for nine hopeful years, had occupied the new throne of the Cæsars. But he had just changed his hitherto beneficent system, and, under the influence of Sejanus, begun his career of crime and lust. Caligula, then an orphan in the hands of the Emperor, had already shown signs of the madness that culminated on the imperial throne. Seneca, also a youth, had started on the tour of the East, then deemed essential to a polite education. Strabo was deeply engaged with the geographical researches published at a later day. St. Paul was still a boy, pursuing his youthful studies. Seven more years

were to elapse before John the Baptist left his solitude, and proclaimed, in the Judæan wilderness, a coming Saviour. The Redeemer abode at Nazareth, still subject to his reputed parents, and growing in favor with God and man.

Verona and Como have each something on which to base a claim to being the birthplace of that young Roman; but whether he first saw the light on the shore of the sunny lake, or on the banks of the Adige, matters little. Tradition and local names point to Como, the birthplace of his favorite nephew, Pliny the Younger. On the other hand, he terms the spendthrift poet Catullus his *conterraneus*, or "countryman;" and on this the Veronese mainly rest their claim, since the roystering poet was undoubtedly one of themselves.

A long interval has now to be bridged over before we again meet with certain traces of the young Roman as Caius Plinius Secundus. How or where his boyhood was spent is not recorded; but at an early age he was at Rome, studying under the credulous Egyptian Apion, the opponent of Philo and Josephus, whose vain boasts led Caligula to term him, *cymbalum mundi*, "the cymbal of the universe," and whom his distinguished pupil has further immortalized as *publica*

* *The Historie of the World, commonly called The Naturall Historie of PLINIUS SECUNDUS.* Translated into English by PHILEMON HOLLAND, Doctor of Physicke. London: printed by Adam Islip. 1634.

History of the Romans under the Empire. By CHARLES MERIVALE, B.D. Second Edition. Longman & Co. 1852.

The Natural History of Pliny. Translated, with copious Notes and Illustrations, by the late JOHN BOSTOCK, M.D., F.R.S., and H. T. RILEY, Esq., B.A. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1861.

fama tympanum, "the kettle-drum of fame." It is most probable that the contest was raging between Philo and Apion during the time of Pliny's pupilage. The illustrious Jew was fighting for the faith and lives of himself and his Egyptian coreligionists, whilst his opponent was animated by hatred, and guilty of most bitter injustice to his countrymen. A contest into which so much feeling entered must often have brought Judaism before the young Roman under an unfavorable light; hence his reference to the Jews at a later day as *gens contumeliâ numinum insignis*—"a race conspicuous for their insolence toward the gods" of Rome.

We next find Pliny, at the age of twenty-two, on the coast of Africa; and still later, in accordance with a universal custom amongst the Roman nobility, he appears in the army, serving under Pompinus in a cavalry regiment in Germany. There he wrote a treatise on the *Art of Throwing the Javelin on Horseback*; but about A.D. 52, we find him once more at Rome. During the twenty-eight years at which we have briefly glanced, what momentous events took place! The Baptist accomplished his preparatory mission, and was gone to his reward. The Redeemer entered upon his brief ministry, submitted to the shame of the cross, rose from the dead, and ascended on high. The proto-martyr fell beneath the missiles of a Jewish mob; St. Paul journeyed to Damascus, saw the heavenly light, and was now serving his once persecuted Lord; whilst St. Matthew gave to the world the first of the Gospels destined to be the foundations and pillars of our faith.

Pliny appears to have returned to Rome toward the close of the reign of Claudius, when he entered the college of augurs, to which was committed the interpretation of the omens recognized by the soothsayers, as well as the guardianship of the national calendar. He also made his appearance in the forum as a pleader of causes. Oratory long constituted one of the chief studies of the Roman youth, both under the Republic and the Empire; so that, as was the case with Julius Cæsar, successful soldiers were prepared to enter the forensic lists on leaving the camp. The origin of what we now term "forensic oratory," so far as Rome was concerned, was a curious one. In the first instance, each of the wealthy and powerful was surrounded by a circle of dependents, who looked up

to him as the defender of their rights and privileges, (*patronus*), such an advocacy being feudal rather than professional. In time, the wealthier clients began to present to their successful advocates such gifts not partaking of the nature of a fee, but being grateful recognitions of good services. As society advanced toward civilization, some of these patrons became professional advocates, as in the case of Cicero; but the same mode of payment continued to prevail, as it does even now at the English bar, where the fee is not a debt that can be recovered, but an *honorarium* paid beforehand.*

During the greater part of the reign of Nero, Pliny appears to have been without official employment. Some of his time was probably spent in Como, educating his nephew, Pliny the Younger, whose letters now form so valuable an element of classic literature. Meanwhile, stirring events were taking place in the world. Caractacus having been overthrown and led captive to Rome, Boadicea continued to fight, and was still struggling to free her country from the Roman invaders. St. Mark and St. Luke were now writing their respective Gospels; St. Paul, appealing to Cæsar, had reached Rome, and he and St. Peter were soon to attain the martyr's crown. The imperial city was destroyed by the conflagration which, falsely attributed to the Christians, led to their first persecution at the metropolis. Seneca, victim of Nero's ingratitude, drained the fatal cup; and Arria, the heroic wife of Pætus, taught her husband how she thought a Roman ought to die.

Toward the close of Nero's reign, we find Pliny a Procurator in Spain. Procuratorships were offices created by the Cæsars. Sometimes procurators were governors of provinces; at others they only managed the fiscal affairs on behalf of the central government. How long our sub-

* The pre-payment was an abuse of the custom at Rome. Even in the time of Trajan, Nepos the Prætor endeavored to enforce the following decree of the Senate: "All persons whosoever that have any lawsuits pending, are hereby required and commanded, before any proceedings be had thereon, to take an oath that they have not given, promised, or engaged to give, any fee or reward to any advocate, upon account of his undertaking their cause." Notwithstanding, the advocate was allowed by the law to receive a gratuity of ten thousand sesterces, or about eighty pounds, after the cause was decided. See the letter of Pliny the Younger to Rufus, book v.

ject occupied this post is uncertain ; but he was in Spain during the disturbed period when the death of Nero, followed in quick succession by those of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, opened the way for Vespasian, whose ascent to the throne once more gave the distracted Empire promise of repose. The voluptuous prodigality of the nobles, imperfectly expiated during the Marian wars, steadily increasing after Sulla's victory, had now risen to a fearful height, and was a canker-worm eating into the heart of society. Vespasian gave this a check—controlling the waste of the public finances, whilst he adorned Rome with such noble buildings as the Colosseum and the Temple of Peace. Pliny, already the friend of Titus, the son and successor of Vespasian, returned to Rome during the progress of these changes, and, of course, found the state of affairs favorable to his own advancement. He now enjoyed the honors of courtly life, and basked in the sunshine of royal favor ; but this did not interfere with his literary industry, since he wrote a *History of his own Times*, beginning, as he informs us in the dedication of his *Natural History* to Titus, where Aufidius Bassus ended. Both these works are lost. It was also at this time that he completed his *Natural History*, which, happily, we still possess, and upon which his fame as a writer chiefly rests.

We next meet with him under circumstances of tragical interest. He had been appointed to the command of that portion of the Roman fleet that protected the Western Mediterranean. Vespasian was dead, and Titus, his old fellow-soldier, had ascended the throne. In August, A.D. 79, he was stationed near the modern Naples,* having with him his sister Plinia, and her son, Pliny the Younger, then a youth eighteen years old, when they witnessed the fearful eruption of Vesuvius by which Herculaneum and Pompeii were overwhelmed. The Campanians living in these regions had long been familiar with vol-

canic disturbances, but even tradition preserved no record of their having affected the far-famed mountain. Its fires had lain dormant. The great volcanic vent through which the pent-up forces of the district escaped had hitherto been the island of Ischia, from which successive colonies were driven by the violence of the eruptions. At this period, Plutarch tells us, the interior of the crater of Vesuvius was a plain, surrounded by slopes clothed with wild vines ; whilst richly fertile fields covered the mountain sides, and Herculaneum and Pompeii nestled at its base. No dream of peril disturbed the luxurious multitudes who dwelt within those frescoed mansions. Their sense of safety was first disturbed in A.D. 63, when an earthquake shook the mountain, and did considerable mischief. Other shocks occurred between that date and the fatal year A.D. 79, when the final catastrophe took place. We have already observed that the younger Pliny was an eye-witness of the event, and he has recorded many of the circumstances attending it in two letters to Tacitus the historian. His description is in one sense very defective, since he omits many very important facts—for example, the destruction of the two cities. We must remember, however, that the main object of the letter was to give the historian an account of his uncle's death. But many of the omitted facts were supplied by Tacitus and Martial, and at a later period by Dion Cassius. We have not quoted the letters in question, but would strongly urge them upon the attention of our readers as marvelous examples of word-painting. Though Melmoth's flowery translation of them does not faithfully render Pliny's style, it will be found sufficient for the purpose we have indicated.

Before attempting to review Pliny's intellectual character or the great work by which he is so well known, we may glance at some peculiarities of the age and people with which he was connected ; because these will explain much that renders him one of the most remarkable and yet one of the most disappointing men of his time.

While the Roman people grew slowly in numbers and influence, they were a religiously earnest and believing race. Their religion, whatever its origin, displayed much grace and beauty, and was calculated to promote a trusting and reveren-

* The exact locality, as tradition has it, was about eight miles west of Naples, near Puteoli, where Paul landed, and where the Roman fleet lay in full view of Vesuvius, fifteen miles distant across the Bay of Naples. Pliny, then Admiral, manned a number of boats with a strong force, which rowed him across the bay to the shore near Pompeii, where he landed and lying down to rest, was suffocated by the smoke and fumes from the volcanic fires of Vesuvius, as history tells, on the spot which we examined.—ED. OF THE ECLÉCTIC.

tial spirit, though based on ignorance and error. It appears to have been believed by both the rulers and the ruled; hence it became more completely identified with their social and political arrangements than, we fear, Christianity is in many places at the present day. Their system of augury was obviously derived from the Etruscans; but, though of foreign growth, the custom of determining future events by means of the flight of birds and the entrails of animals took firm hold of the national mind. Notwithstanding its strange absurdities, it was accepted by nearly all the people. To doubt was to incur the charge of infidelity, and this was to be placed under a ban more complete than now awaits the man who ventures to deny his God. Few charges made against a politician were more effective in overthrowing him than that of atheism. On these points the Romans probably excelled the Greeks. The religious system of the latter scarcely amounted to a belief. Their gods were beautiful symbols of the forces of nature, rather than personal beings. With the contemporaneous Romans, religion was, in the intensest sense of the word, a faith. But, in time, a change came over the educated portion of the Latin race. Aristotle had already laid the foundation of that materialistic edifice of which the Epicureans reared the superstructure; and this materialism became fashionable in Greece, as infidelity was in France at the period preceding the great Revolution. In the sixth century of the city, this materialism found its way to the upper classes of Roman society. Ennius, through his translations, made them familiar with the poetry of Greece; and the three Athenian ambassadors, Diogenes, Critolaus, and Carneades, taught them its materialistic philosophy. The poison diffused itself rapidly. In vain the elder Cato lifted up his warning voice. The faith of the educated Roman was shaken, and the entire destruction of his belief was only a question of time.* A state of things now sprang up, perhaps inevitably,

but which was at last fatal to Rome. The rulers and upper classes maintained a system which they believed to be an imposture because of its political effects on the masses of the people. Their whole outer life thus became a practical lie. As faith declined, superstition sprang into vigorous life.* Merivale has given us a stirring picture of this combination at the fall of the Republic:—

“Meanwhile, Rome overflowed with the impure spawn of superstition. Conjurors, soothsayers, astrologers, and fortune-tellers filled every street, and introduced themselves into every domestic establishment. The dreams of Cæsar and Pompeius were gravely related. Cicero collected the records of supernatural phenomena. Valerius invoked the shades of the dead, and read, it was said, the will of the gods in the entrails of a murdered child. Sextus demanded the secret of futurity of the Thessalian sorceress. Figulus, the Etruscan augur obtained the reputation of a prophet. Appius Claudius consulted the oracle at Delphi. The belief in omens exercised an unconscious sway over thousands who openly derided all spiritual existences, and professed atheists trembled in secret at the mysterious potency of magical incantations.”—*Merivale*, vol. ii. 518.

Of the hypocrisy of the upper, and credulity of the lower classes during the decline of the Roman republic, illustrations might be indefinitely multiplied. But there is one which alone suffices to show the extent of these evils—namely, the continued existence of the college of augurs, and its effective employment as a political instrument. These augurs, it must be remembered, were chosen from amongst the most enlightened men of their age. Cato, Cicero, Julius Cæsar, and the two Plinys, are specimens of the men elected into the sacred college. Their powers were of the most gigantic kind, though exercised through such agencies as the casual direction taken by flying birds, or the disposition of the entrails of a newly-strangled animal. The idea that the gods revealed their will to men through these fortuitous events was firmly rooted in the Roman mind; and it was the duty of the augurs to interpret the phenomena to which such importance was given. How far they be-

* Plutarch informs us that Cato urged the dismissal of the ambassadors, amongst other reasons, because Carneades employed such an ingenious method of arguing, that it became exceedingly difficult to distinguish truth from falsehood. We are not without need of his warning at the present time. Some modern advocates of infidelity similar to that of the Greeks retain the cunning cleverness of their prototypes.

* This state of things, which is not peculiar to any age, has reappeared in our own. We have seen Robert Owen professing to hold conversations with departed souls, and the absurdities of spirit-rapping have all been swallowed by men who rejected the Bible! The extremes of credulity and unbelief ever go hand in hand.

lieved their own interpretations may be gathered from a remark made by Cato the Censor, who, as we have just seen, was an augur, and it is recorded by Cicero, who was another. Cato wondered how one augur could meet another in the streets without a smile, and well he might. Cæsar, the *pontifex maximus*, was an utter infidel, and unhesitatingly asserted in the open Senate his disbelief in the immortality of the soul. Yet to him and to his colleagues was intrusted the interpretation of the divine will. The extent of the power committed to these men is almost incredible, relating, as it did, to the most important events of public and private life. But, perhaps, their influence over the crowd was in no case more remarkable than when they proceeded to veto the proceedings of those *Comitia*, or national assemblies, that were especially designed as checks upon the powers of the aristocracy. We should have expected that the people would be in the highest degree jealous of any interference with their popular privileges, and especially when such interference came from members of that aristocratic order whose power they were so anxious to limit; but it was not always so. Whenever the proceedings of the *Comitia* became obnoxious to the higher classes, an augur had only to assert that the auspices were becoming unfavorable; it was enough to say, truly or falsely, that he had heard thunder; the Assembly was dissolved, and, more than that, all its past acts were annulled by the dissolution. We find it difficult to realize the mental condition of a mob, always a brutal one, that could be restrained by such artifices as these. The trick must have been so transparent; the subordination of the college to the ruling power so inevitable; its liability to be flattered, bribed, or threatened, so obvious—especially when the head of the government was chief priest, as was the case with Julius Cæsar—that we marvel at the submissiveness of the people. It is only when we realize the credulity of the populace, that we are able to understand it.

Such a condition could not exist without producing baneful fruits amongst the more intelligent classes. Even when the grosser forms of credulity have passed away, they leave behind a craving for the marvelous, which prefers mystery to simple and intelligible truth. The credulity

of the middle ages bequeathed, as part of its legacy, a belief in witchcraft, from which no class was free; and which was fatal, in still later times, to many a wretched beldame. Much of what was accepted as science in the last three centuries was little better. Pliny records nothing more absurd than Whiston's *Geological Theory*, which referred all rocks to the action of the deluge, and the deluge itself to a whisk from the watery tail of a passing comet! Kepler, accepting the doctrines of Apollonius the Pythagorean, regarded the earth as an enormous living animal, and the tides as occasioned by water spouting through its gills during daily alternations of sleeping and waking. Linnæus believed minerals to have resulted from a mundane sexual system; according to him, the sea, becoming pregnant, gradually produced the dry land; the ocean, becoming impregnated by the air, produced a twin-birth—the saline principle, which was masculine, and the earthy, which was feminine. The *Metamorphoses* of Ovid contain nothing more fanciful than this. The works of Jacob Behmen, the *Anatomy of Melancholy* of Burton, and the *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* of Dr. Thomas Browne, abound in similar displays of childish credulity; and, to descend to our own time, spirit-rapping, table-turning, and faith in infinitesimal absurdities, savor of a similar origin in the capacious trustfulness of human nature. Remembering our boundless advantages, we must rather mourn over our own credulous folly, than wonder that Pliny and his cotemporaries should believe in

“Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.”

Bearing all this in remembrance, we must expect to find a belief in the marvelous influencing even the philosophers of ancient times. And we shall not be wrong in doing so. Even Aristotle selected his calling, not from preference, but in obedience to the Delphic Oracle; and, though his learning became as profound as it was original, he never freed himself from the love of the marvelous. We need not, therefore, be surprised that Pliny was a credulous compiler. But were we to add nothing to this statement, we should give a very imperfect idea of his claims upon our regard. Engaged, as we have seen, with various

public duties, he found time to accomplish an amount of reading rarely equaled even by those who follow literature as a profession. He tells us that he brought together, in his *Natural History*, twenty thousand things culled from two thousand works. Whether this can be commended may be doubtful. Even his distinguished nephew reminds us that, "though we should read much, we should not read many books;" and had his uncle acted upon that plan, he would have increased the value of his work, though he would have diminished its bulk.

In estimating Pliny's industry, we must not forget that his *Natural History* is but one of the works that proceeded from his pen, though it is the only one preserved to us. We have already referred to his treatise on the Art of Using the Javelin on Horseback, and his History of his own Times, completing the work of Aufidius Bassus. Besides these, his nephew informs us that he wrote a History of the Wars in Germany, which consisted of twenty books; a Life of Pomponius Secundus, his old commander in Germany; a piece of criticism, in eight books, on Ambiguity of Expression; and a treatise upon Eloquence, in six volumes, in which "he takes up the orator from the cradle, and leads him on, until he has carried him up to the highest point of perfection in this art." His nephew justly remarks to his correspondent, Macer: "Your surprise will rise still higher when you hear that, for some time, he engaged in the profession of an advocate; that he died in his fifty-sixth year; that from the time of his quitting the bar to his death, he was employed, partly in the execution of the higher posts, and partly in a personal attendance on those emperors who honored him with their friendship."

There are few things more marvelous than the amount of diversified intellectual labor which truly great men are capable of performing. It is the feeble minds that can attend to but few subjects; and the too common plea of exclusive devotion to the business or profession, is only set up to hide intellectual poverty and idleness. All stronger heads require a wide field wherein to range; and to the giant intellects that occasionally appear, the universe is scarcely too vast for the embrace of their genius. Aristotle, Newton, and Humboldt were men of this stamp; but there are others

whose success in some popular direction masks their greatness in other spheres of labor. In addition to his military triumphs, and his immortal Commentaries, by which he is best known, Julius Cæsar wrote a treatise on Grammar; a satire on Cato; Tragedies, on the Greek model; an official work on Augury; a special one on Astronomy; and during a rapid march from Italy to Spain, he composed a poem which he called his Journey. Pliny informs us that he would dictate letters of the utmost importance to four secretaries at once; and when he was free from other business, he would dictate seven letters at one time! Yet so little has intellect to do with sound religious and emotional intuitions, that the man who could do all this — who disbelieved the immortality of the soul — who had so little faith in the national religions that he dared to give battle at Munda in spite of the most adverse auspices, nevertheless believed in a destiny, whilst rejecting a providence; and after his chariot broke down during the first of his Roman triumphs, *he never entered a carriage without repeating a charm.*

The younger Pliny has given us, in the letter from which we have just quoted an account of his uncle's mode of life during his residence in Rome; and though doubtless familiar to some of our readers, we venture to quote it, as showing that the laborious diligence of the German students of the present day was rivaled, if not surpassed, in the classic days of the Empire. We have look upon John Wesley as having done more work with less sleep than any other man; but even in this respect, unless his nephew is guilty of gross exaggeration, the palm must be awarded to the subject of this article.

"In summer, he always began his studies as soon as it was light; in winter, generally at one in the morning, but never later than two, and often at midnight. No man ever spent less time in bed; insomuch that he would sometimes, without retiring from his book, take a short sleep, and then pursue his studies. Before day-break, he used to wait upon Vespasian, who likewise chose that season to transact business. When he had finished the affairs which that Emperor committed to his charge, he returned home again to his studies. After a short and light repast at noon, (agreeably to the good old custom of our ancestors,) he would frequently in the summer, if disengaged from business, repose himself in the sun; during which time some author was read to him, from whence he

made extracts and observations; as indeed this was his constant method, whatever book he read; for it was a maxim of his, that 'no book was so bad but something might be learnt from it.' When this was over, he generally went into the cold bath; and, as soon as he came out of it, just took a slight refreshment, and then reposed himself for a little while. Thus, as if it had been a new day, he immediately resumed his studies until supper-time, when a book was again read to him, upon which he would make some hasty remarks. I remember once, his reader having pronounced a word wrong, somebody at the table made him repeat it again; upon which my uncle asked his friend if he understood it; who acknowledging that he did, 'Why then,' said he, 'would you make him go back again?' We have lost, by this interruption, above ten lines: so covetous was this great man of time! In summer, he always rose from supper by day-light; and, in winter, as soon as it was dark; and he observed this rule as strictly as if it had been a law of the state. Such was his manner of life amidst the noise and hurry of the town; but in the country his whole time was devoted to study, without intermission, excepting only when he bathed. In this exception, I include no more than the time he was actually in the bath; for while he was rubbed and wiped, he was employed either in hearing some book read to him, or in dictating. In his journeys, he lost no time from his studies; but his mind, at those seasons, being disengaged from all other business, applied itself wholly to that single pursuit. A secretary constantly attended him in his chariot, who, in the winter, wore a particular sort of warm gloves, that the sharpness of the weather might not occasion any interruption to my uncle's studies; and, for the same reason, when in Rome he was always carried in a chair. I remember he once reproved me for walking: 'You might,' said he, 'employ those hours to more advantage;' for he thought every hour lost that was not given to study. By this extraordinary application, he found time to compose the several treatises I have mentioned, besides one hundred and sixty volumes which he left me by his will, consisting of a kind of common-place, written on both sides, in a very small character; so that one might fairly reckon the number considerably more."

Pliny has no claim to rank amongst the greatly intellects of the world. He was a profound, but an unequal, thinker. His reflections sometimes reveal a philosophic spirit worthy of a Mackintosh. We frequently find him displaying some sense of the grandeur, unity, and harmony of nature, and consequently of the cosmic dignity of his undertaking; but on other occasions he descends from this lofty pedestal, and brings the most incongruous topics in ludicrous relation. He then becomes merely a man of paste and

scissors, and, too often, a very credulous and indiscriminating one. Still he was more than the mere compiler that it has latterly been the fashion to think him; in many of his most absurd paragraphs there lurks a definite idea; and when, as is often the case, his explanations of phenomena fail to satisfy us, we usually see that he had made himself sufficiently master of his subject to understand the difficulty to be overcome, which would not have been the case with one who was only a compiler. It is true, exceptions to this remark are sufficiently abundant in his work; but in so gigantic an undertaking, embracing so vast a range of subjects, we should wonder were it otherwise.

The name which Pliny has given to the only one of his works that has come down to us affords a very imperfect idea of its varied nature. The ancients did not limit the use of the term "Natural History" as we now do; they included in it all that related to natural philosophy, geography, medicine, agriculture, commerce, and the arts. Hence, Pliny's book is a vast encyclopedia, dealing with almost every conceivable subject in the heavens or on the earth, from the nature of the Deity and the immortality of the soul to the fine arts and the philosophy of drunkenness—from the luxury of Rome and the follies of its rulers to the rotation of crops and the best test for good eggs. But what chiefly gives the book its present value, is the way in which he has woven into his discursive chapters thousands of suggestive hints, throwing light on the age in which he lived. Hence the endless diversity of the writers who have referred to his pages. Gibbon, Niebuhr, and the whole race of historians, continually quote him. The naturalists and philosophers, from Linnæus to Humboldt and Owen, have rarely published a book in which he is not named. The writers on medicine and therapeutics, from Mead to Pereira, have abundantly referred to his labors. We meet with him in the *Topography* of Gell, the *Varronianus* of Donaldson, and the *Textrinum Antiquorum* of Yates; and even have before us a recently published advertisement of some Turkish baths, in which he is appealed to as an authority whose name still has weight with the multitude. But what most forcibly arrests our attention on glancing at his work is the display of the learning of

his age with which it abounds. All kinds of authors are laid under contribution; reminding us, in this respect, of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and the writings of Dr. Thomas Browne.

The work is divided into thirty-seven books, and we may afford our readers an idea of its nature by noticing the subjects of these several sections. The first is occupied by the dedication to Titus, and by a very elaborate index of the contents of each book. This last, as he affirms, was not a common addition in his day; though he acknowledges that he learnt the use of it from Valerius Soranus, who employed it in a work on Mysteries. Pliny also adds to this a list of the writers whose works he has used in the compilation of each book, native and foreign. One part of his dedication reminds us that the weaknesses of human nature undergo little change through the lapse of ages. He says: "I must inform you, that, in comparing various authors with each other, I have discovered that some of the most grave and of the latest writers have transcribed, word for word, from former works, without making any acknowledgment." Dr. Thomas Browne knew what he was about when he said that "the ancients were but men even like ourselves. The practice of transcription in our daies was no monster in theirs: Plagiarie had not its nativity with printing; but began in times when thefts were difficult, and the paucity of books scarce wanted that invention."

The second book is devoted to the physical history of the earth and the heavens, including a curious disquisition on the nature of God. The third, fourth, fifth, and sixth books are wholly geographical, and chiefly limited to the enumeration of localities, though, like the rest of his work, mingled with passing allusions to historic events. Book vii. is devoted to man and the human arts. Of books viii., ix., x., and xi., the subjects are, respectively, terrestrial animals, marine animals, birds, and insects. The next sixteen books are devoted to botany, agriculture, and horticulture, including the various medicinal uses of plants and their products. The twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth, and thirtieth books treat of remedies derived from animals, and the diseases to which they are applicable. Books xxxiii. and xxxiv. deal with metals; xxxv. with painting and colors; xxxvi. with stones, and xxxvii. with gems.

To give a minute analysis of this extraordinary work in the pages of a Review would be as difficult as it would be out of place. But the perusal of it suggests several distinct subjects meriting some attention, because of the light they throw on Pliny's mental character, or on the age in which he lived. We become vividly impressed with three facts: the unchangeable character of human emotions; the small alteration that eighteen centuries have effected in the uneducated classes; and the vast strides that have been taken by physical science.

Almost at the beginning of the book we obtain an insight into Pliny's negative conception of the Deity. He had no belief in an all-wise, omnipotent, personal God. On this point his faith, if such it may be called, was partly that of the ancient Stoics and the modern allies of the German Pantheistical school,* partly that of the Epicureans. He doubts if there be any God distinct from the physical universe. He expressly declares the sun to be "the life," or rather the mind, of the universe; the chief regulator and the God of nature. But, whatever his conception of the nature of this Supreme Being, he leaves us in no doubt respecting the small comfort he derived from his existence. "But it is ridiculous to suppose, that the great Head of all things, whatever it be, pays any regard to human affairs." "Nor can he make mortals immortal, or recall to life those who are dead." But whilst unenlightened respecting the one true and living God by whom the hairs of our head are numbered, and without whom not even a sparrow falleth to the ground, he was much too shrewd a man to accept the obscene national mythology. "To suppose," he says, "that marriages are contracted between the gods, (*inter Deos*), and that during so long a period there should have been no issue from them; that some of them should be old and always gray-headed, and others young and like children; some of a dark complexion, winged, lame, produced from eggs, living and dying on alternate days; is sufficiently puerile and foolish. But it is the height of impudence to imagine that adultery takes place between them, that

* He expressly says: "With respect to Jupiter and Mercury, and the rest of the celestial nomenclature, who does not admit that they have reference to certain natural phenomena?" — Book ii. chapter v.

they have contests and quarrels, and that there are gods of theft and of various crimes." On this negative point, St. Paul himself could scarcely have spoken more sensibly; but when we trace the effect of his creed on his inner life, we learn how miserable a comforter the Pantheistic philosophy is to an earnest soul. Pliny opens his seventh book with a Jeremiad which would be amusing, were it not a melancholy exhibition of what even an intellectual man becomes without revelation for his guide. We would direct our readers to it because it should increase their thankfulness for possessing loftier joys and surer hopes than were granted to this earnest but despairing pagan. We have not room for the entire passage, but may cull a few of its prominent sentences. He declares it is far from easy to determine whether "nature" has proved to him "a kind parent or a merciless stepmother." Referring to the helpless unclothed infant, he says ironically: "Born to such singular good fortune, there lies the animal, which is destined to command all the others; lies, fast bound, hand and foot, and weeping aloud!—such being the penalty which he has to pay on beginning life; and that for the sole fault of having been born." Then follows a dismal list of human sorrows; leading him to doubt whether "it were better not to have been born, or, if born, to have been annihilated at the earliest possible moment." He takes up the same idea in a later section of the same book, (the seventh,) and declares that "nature has, in reality, bestowed no greater blessing on man than the shortness of life;" that sudden death is the greatest happiness of life;" and in the fifty-sixth chapter of the same book his notions culminate in an unhesitating rejection of the soul's immortality. "All men after their last day return to what they were before the first; and after death there is no more sensation left in the body *or in the soul* than there was before birth. But this same vanity of ours lyingly fashions to itself an existence even in the very moments which belong to death itself." "All these are the mere figments of childish ravings, and of that mortality which is so anxious never to cense to exist." "What downright madness is it to suppose, that life is to recommence after death!" Of course, all this is the philosophy of the Epicureans, though producing on Pliny a very different effect to what it did on that jovial

school. They cried merrily: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Pliny's thoughtful soul could not be content with this, but he knew of nothing beyond. There were those "in Rome, beloved of God, called to be saints," who could have enlightened his dark mind, but they belonged to a sect "every where spoken against." The stern old Roman's sun set in darkness.

Turning from these solemn themes to the lighter topics discussed in Pliny's book, we will glance at some of the curious points calculated to interest our readers. The geographical portions of the work contain less of interest than might be expected; being largely composed of an array of names and distances now of little value. It is singular that, though he spent some time in Germany, no one city or region of that country is mentioned, while he refers to some of its rivers and several tribes of its people. The British Isles receive a fair share of his attention. Even at that early period, our country, though comparatively barbarous and remote from the great seats of civilization, had already won its way to a distinguished position. Pliny refers to it as being "so celebrated in the records of Greece, and of our country," and connects with it the "*ultima omnium, quæ memorantur, Thule*," which was, to Romans, the end of the world.* To Pliny's notices of Gaul Niebuhr attaches great value; considering that our knowledge of that country, when under the Cæsars, is mainly derived from him and Strabo. His description of the Holy Land is singularly devoid of interest, though he mentions many of the places recorded in the Bible. He refers to Jerusalem as having been "*longè clarissima urbium Orientis, non Judææ modò*," but writing after its overthrow by Titus, he speaks of it as a thing of the past. In one place only does he mention the Jewish Sabbath, referring to it in connection with a river of Judea, *which was dry every Sabbath-day!* The Essenes are mentioned as a strange race, without women, without money, and keeping company only with date-trees; an eternal race, though no one is born among them; the supply being kept up

* Supposed to be Foula, one of the Shetland Islands. Pliny says, it has no night at the summer solstice, and no day in mid-winter; and that the Cronian or frozen ocean is but a day's sail from it.

by fugitives and wanderers from other lands; an odd perversion of the real habits of that fanatical sect. Even at that early period we find the Chinese (*Seres*) noticed as supplying the west with silk—then erroneously believed to be the down of a plant. Still more interesting at the present time is the evidence Pliny gives of the unchanging character of that nation. "They resemble beasts, in that they fly the company of other people." He mentions the ambassadors sent from Taprobane, the modern Ceylon, to the court of Claudius, of which circumstance Sir Emerson Tennent has given an account in his recent work; but, unlike some travelers of the last century, we do not find Pliny indulging in sentimental nonsense about the purity and primeval simplicity of these heathens. On the contrary, he expressly tells us that though isolated from the rest of the world, they are "not exempt from our vices." In his account of Babylon, we have an illustration of the Roman habit of identifying the national deities with those of other heathens. He speaks of the celebrated temple at the above place, as that of Jupiter Belus. In like manner, the Romans connected their supreme Deity with that of the Egyptians, under the name of Jupiter Ammon; and when the Augustan legions first crossed the Great St. Bernard, they found, in the pass, an altar erected to the Celtic god Pen. They speedily changed both altar and worship into that of Jupiter Penninus; hence the name *Pennine*, now applied to that Alpine range.

Few parts of Pliny's work are more interesting than those which illustrate, often incidentally, customs common to the Roman age and to our own. We retain some of these in all their completeness; others abide, though they have lost their primary significance. The Romans, after eating eggs and snails, broke the shells with the spoon to neutralize evil imprecations, in which they were full believers: we retain the practice, half-jocosely, "to let the witches out." In a similar spirit they repelled fascinations and evil influences by spitting on the hand, as is still often done by the lower orders; especially by pugilists on engaging in a fight, and by street-traders on receiving their first-earned penny. They invested the horse-shoe picked up from the road with peculiar powers, as it is still nailed up behind barn and cottage-doors to drive away

witches. Bats, similarly nailed up, were regarded as counter-charms; and the red coral necklaces now hung as ornaments round our children's necks, were so employed by Roman mothers as preventive of danger. They connected tingling of the ears with the idea that they were the subject of conversation amongst distant acquaintances. Roman friends wished each other a happy new-year; Roman calculators believed there was luck in odd numbers, as sincerely as does Charles Lever, or his friend and ours, "Rory O'More." Rome had a proverb corresponding with ours, which affirms that "fools build, and wise men buy." One still more remarkable custom, yet prevailing in several parts of the world, can be traced, not only to the age of Pliny, but even to that of the Greek civilization. In parts of Germany, and elsewhere, when any one sneezes, bystanders remove their hats and exclaim: "God bless you!" The Romans employed an analogous salutation; and those familiar with the *Anabasis* of Xenophon will recall to mind how, when the fortunes of the Ten Thousand were most critical, their leader availed himself of the auspicious sneeze of a soldier, and the responsive "Zeus, save us," to cheer the hearts of his troops; converting into a good omen what might be good or bad, according to the response made.*

The Roman epicure delighted in a kind of *paté de foie gras*, for which the purveyor obtained the livers of geese, fattened after the modern fashion. The Bond Street loungers of the imperial city anointed their falling hair with bear's grease; the perfumers of Italy having anticipated Mr. Atkinson by nearly nineteen centuries. Even in the days of the Greeks, Aristomachus of Soli anticipated Huber, by devoting fifty-two years to the study

* Amongst the Parsee female of the East, sneezing is still regarded as a significant omen; the good or the evil nature of which depends wholly on the hopes or fears occupying the thoughts of the bystanders at the moment. If the thoughts are good ones, the sneeze is ominous of their realization; but if, on the contrary, anticipations of evil are occupying the mind, the omen is considered gloomy. This notion, still prevalent amongst the people whom Xenophon was leaving behind him in his march, gives curious significance to the incident recorded respecting him. He was exclaiming, "With the favor of heaven we have fair hopes of safety," when the soldier sneezed, and enabled the leader to give them fresh encouragement.

of bees; and his Roman disciples, when their bees were swarming, thumped their kettles with all the energy of a modern apiarian. The mason sawed his marbles with sand and water, precisely as our stone-cutters do now; and Pliny says that the builder occasionally found his new-built houses tumbling about his ears, from lack of lime and excess of sand, after the fashion of our age of adulterations. When the servants and children of the Italian farmer cut their fingers, he arrested the bleeding with cobwebs. He used willow-osiers for his baskets, and the piths of rushes for the wicks of his candles; even gas has not yet wholly extinguished his venerable rushlight. He growled at the rabbits which ate up his crops as earnestly as any modern opponent of the game laws; but, on the other hand, the agriculturist of Roman times was not so far behind his modern brethren as our vanity sometimes leads us to suppose. Even the ancient Gauls used a reaping-machine; both Pliny and Cato urged on their more tardy cotemporaries the value of deep draining, and the ultimate profitableness of high farming. The Roman farmer practiced the rotatory system of cropping. He plowed in his lupines to benefit the soil, and he ate off his green fodder with sheep to prepare for the next year's sowing of corn. His neighbor, the gardener, was as familiar with budding as Dr. Lindley or Sir Joseph Paxton; and he applied to his fruit a proverb similar to ours, of "Soon ripe soon rotten." Before the laborer cleansed out the wells, he tested the foulness of their air by means of a lighted candle, though ignorant of oxygen gas, and the philosophy of combustion. The more thoughtful land-owners came to the modern conclusion that slave-labor, with all its apparent advantages, was more costly than free labor. But whilst some of the proprietors made this advance in political economy, statesmen were indulging in modern legislative fallacies, which, though abandoned by ourselves, are occasionally acted upon by our friends across the Channel. They endeavored to regulate the price of corn by decree, as some of our revolutionary neighbors have done that of the bread-loaf. Even our recent panic respecting the paper supply had a precedent during the reign of Tiberius, when the failure of the Papyrus led to the use of new materials, as cotton rags are

even now giving place to straw and palm-fibers.

The correspondences between ancient and modern times receive some curious illustrations from professional life, both empirical and legitimate. St. John Long and his rubbings were anticipated by Prodicus and others, to such an extent as to enrich "the very anointers even, and the commonest drudges employed by the physicians." Then, as now, the quacks based their operations on wholesale abuse of the regular practitioners. In the time of Nero, Thessalus, one of the empirical fraternity, "declared with a sort of frenzy against the physicians of every age; but with what discretion and in what spirit, we may abundantly conclude from a single trait presented by his character: upon his tomb, which," Pliny says, "is still to be seen on the Appian Way, he had his name inscribed as the *Iatronices*, the *Conqueror of the Physicians*." Crinas, another empiric, who regulated the diet of his patients by the movements of the heavenly bodies, left behind him ten millions of sesterces,* after expending nearly as much on public objects. Asclepiades, who lived during the Augustan age, was obviously the prototype of Priessnitz and the hydropathists; he was followed by Charmis, of Maasilia, who, "not content with condemning the practice of preceding physicians, proscribed the use of warm baths as well; and persuaded people, even in the very depth of winter, to immerse themselves in cold water. His patients he used to plunge into large vessels filled with cold water; and it was a common thing to see aged men of consular rank make it a matter of parade to freeze themselves." Here, doubtless, was a reaction from the enervating abuse of warm baths, in which the Romans so freely indulged. On these subjects, Pliny is usually a shrewd observer. He saw clearly how inherent was the love of novelty in the human breast, and that there was no lack of men to feed the taste for their own profit. Then, as now, the world abounded in doctors "who wished to recommend themselves by the introduction of some novelty or other." Whilst condemning the quacks, Pliny deals out some hard hits at the "regular practitioners," of whom he did not entertain the highest

* £80,000.

opinion. He ridicules the various inventions by which each man is promised long life; "that is," says our author, "if he will pay for it." He laments that there is no law whereby to punish the ignorance of physicians, and reminds us, "It is at the expense of our perils that they learn, and they experimentalize by putting us to death, a physician being the only person that can kill another with sovereign impunity." Cato the Censor had so bad an opinion of the physicians, that he forbade Marius to have any thing to do with them; nevertheless, the Romans collectively held views very different from those of the shrewd old moralist. They not only paid their doctors well, but held them in honor; and on one occasion, when the Greeks were expelled from Italy, exception was made in favor of the Greek physicians—men whom Cato had stigmatized as an iniquitous and an intractable race. It would appear that in Pliny's day medicine was largely a Greek importation. He expressly says, that it is one of the arts of Greece, which Roman gravity had hitherto refused to cultivate; that Greek was the usual language in which it was treated of; and that even the common people objected to trusting those who employed any other. We much doubt if people at the present day would have half the required faith in the doctor's prescriptions, were they written in plain English, as some demand, instead of orthodox ungrammatical Latin! Pliny even affirms that he was the first to write on medicine in the Latin tongue. Here, however, he makes a blunder. Celsus had preceded him, by more than half a century, with his immortal treatise *De Medicinâ*, a book which gives us a far higher opinion of the attainments of the Roman doctors than we should gather from the pages of Pliny. But they do not appear to have been so well paid for their professional labors as at the present day. Q. Stertinus, in accepting a salary of £4400 from one of our Emperors, only calculated the city practice, which he must relinquish, at a little more than £5000; but somehow, he and his brothers unitedly left an estate of more than thirty million of sesterces.* The heaviest doctor's bill recorded by Pliny is that of Manlius Cornutus, the *legatus* of the province of Aquitania; it was only £1500. We suspect that the Coopers,

* £240,000.

the Brodies, and the Simpsons of modern times could beat this. Whilst we are speaking of doctors, we may remark that Pliny accuses one of the earliest of the Greek physicians, Hippocrates, with acting after the fashion of Sir Everard Home, when he first pilfered the manuscripts of John Hunter, and then burnt them to hide the theft. Hippocrates is said to have cribbed the prescriptions stored up in the temple of Æsculapius, and afterwards to have burnt down the temple, that he might claim them as his own. But, as a similar story is told of the Arabian physician Avicenna, we may give the Greek the benefit of the doubt, and assume that the English anatomist was the first of these veritable iconoclasts. Pliny is very angry because some physicians prescribed *grain* doses of the celebrated mithridatic antidote, composed of fifty four ingredients.* He says, "Which of the gods, pray, can have instructed man in such trickery as this; a hight, to which the mere subtlety of human invention could surely never have reached? It clearly must emanate from a vain ostentation of scientific skill, and must surely be set down as a monstrous system of puffing off the medical art!" What would he have said in these days of homopathic infinitesimal moonshine?

The Romans were not a manufacturing race; consequently we do not find much in our author's pages relative to this subject. He gives us the well-known formula for the manufacture of papyri on the banks of the Nile. We learn from him that the spinners used the prickly skin of the hedgehog in carding their wool; but Mr. Salt would scarcely look with much encouragement on any patentee who might bring him a roller covered with hedgehog spines. The Italians grew flax, and possessed linen in abundance. Pliny refers to some material which he calls *bysseus*, as being next to linen in value. Commentators think that by this he meant cotton; but he refers to it as brought from Achaia, where we have no reason for supposing cotton was ever grown. Moreover, the descriptions which Arrian and others give of the tree from which *bysseus* was obtained is wholly inapplicable to the cotton plant. But Pliny also mentions *gossy-*

* This is nothing to the *Theriace* of the Romans, which Pliny represents, in round numbers, as containing 600 different substances.

pium, as a shrub grown in Egypt, the fruit of which contained a silky substance that was spun into threads. This was obviously the Egyptian cotton plant, still grown on the banks of the Nile. Amongst other manufactured substances, we find described the *linum vivum*, or Asbestos linen, woven from crystalline fibers of the well-known mineral of that name, and which, from its power of resisting fire, was used to preserve the ashes of those monarchs whose bodies were burnt on the funeral pile. Dyeing, and the materials used in the process, receive numerous notices. Amongst other coloring matters, he describes the use of *minium*, which was either red lead, or cinnabar, or both, as affording a red ink for books and inscriptions on tombs. This use of red letters was common in the Middle Ages; the "Rubric" was originally so written and printed, hence its present name, with which its appearance no longer corresponds.

Some of the most voluminous, and perhaps the most interesting, parts of Pliny's book relate to the state of the arts amongst the ancients. We have the old story of the birds coming to peck at the painted grapes of Zeuxis; but the painter's vanity was not much flattered by the circumstance because the picture also contained the figure of a boy, which, as Zeuxis observed had it been properly painted, should have frightened the birds away. In connection with art we find another of those instances in which modern circumstances are paralleled in ancient days. When Napoleon besieged Maestricht, he carefully turned away his guns from the rascally canon's house in which the head of the *Mososaurus* or "Maestricht fossil" was hidden, which is now one of the gems of the *Jardin des Plantes*. In like manner, Pliny informs us that when King Demetrius besieged Rhodes, he carefully guarded that part of the city in which the "Ialysus," the celebrated picture of Protogenes, was preserved. We have many illustrations of the high value the ancients set on works of art. We have already seen something of the emoluments of Roman physicians, and we here learn a little respecting those of painters. M. Agrippa paid one million two hundred thousand sesterces* for two paintings, an Ajax and a Venus. Apelles† received twenty tal-

ents of gold, or near five thousand pounds, for painting Alexander wielding the thunderbolts in the temple of Diana at Ephesus; whilst Aristides, painting a Persian battle-scene for Mnason, the tyrant of Elatea, which contained one hundred figures, was paid at the rate of ten *minæ*, or about forty pounds, each figure; and for a picture by the same artist, sold after his death, King Attalus of Pergamos is said to have given one hundred talents,* nearly the sum which the French government is reputed to have given for the celebrated Murillo now in the Louvre. We need not wonder that Zeuxis, like our Turner, acquired enormous wealth, when he ultimately preferred the honor of giving away his works to selling them, because he considered there was no price high enough to be paid for them.

The present infringement on the profits of portrait-painters by the photographers had some parallel in the Roman world. At one time portraits were fashionable, and the calling was a lucrative one; but fashions changed, and portraits were supplanted by gold or brazen shields, on which were silver faces, having some faint resemblance to the originals. These shields suggested the frightful gilded disks surrounding the heads in the pictures of the early Italian painters, and traces of them reappear in the faint *nimbus* of a later date. The Romans were obviously less earnest in their love of painting than the Greeks had been; indeed, Pliny expressly says, that in his day it was completely banished in favor of marble and gold. There are no native Roman painters who can stand for a moment by the side of the Greek artists. The mantles of Zeuxis and Apelles did not fall in Rome. Architecture and sculpture were more fortunate; but even here the Romans never equaled their Greek teachers; and we see from Pliny's pages, that the passion for Grecian statuary was the dominant one among the nobles of his day.

Closely associated with these subjects is that of Roman luxuriousness. Nothing indicates the growing extravagance of our day more clearly than the history of our wine-trade. We are not so very old: nevertheless, we remember the time

proverb, *Nulla dies sine linea*, as he never allowed a day to pass without sketching some outline.

* More than £10,000.

† It is to the practice of this artist we owe the

* Upward of £24,000.

when few wines, beyond port and sherry, were deemed requisites at the tables of even our wealthier countrymen; but now every upper clerk in a warehouse or a government office brings out his Beaujolais, or his Saunterne. Pliny notices a similar multiplication of wines at table, as one indication of the growing extravagance which enervated and finally ruined the empire. This evil arose prior to the Augustan age. Pliny attributes its origin to the acquisition of Asia Minor, beginning with the bequest which Attalus of Pergamos made of his kingdom to Rome. Besides his crown, that monarch bequeathed to the republic a mass of hoarded treasure, which was divided among the people. The overthrow of Carthage and the conquest of Corinth further increased the evil tendency. As our author observes: "By a fatal coincidence, the Roman people both acquired a taste for vice, and obtained a license for gratifying it." We could fill many pages with examples of the height to which this passion arose. It assumed an oriental and barbaric shape in the yoking of lions and other wild beasts to the triumphal car, and in the wholesale destruction of elephants in the shows of the arena. A century previously, Lucius Scipio, in his triumphal procession, exhibited fourteen hundred pounds' weight of chased silver, and golden vessels weighing fifteen hundred pounds; but at the later period to which we are referring, the evil entered the dwellings and affected the private lives of the poor as well as the rich. "Oursoldiers," says Pliny, "have the hilts of their swords made of chased silver; when too, their scabbards are heard to jingle with their silver chains, and their belts with the plates of silver with which they are inlaid."

Pliny further tells us: "Our women, when bathing, quite despise any sitting-bath that is not made of silver; whilst for serving up food at table, as well as for the most unseemly purposes, the same metal must equally be employed." This being the prevalent passion, we need not wonder at the vast sums they expended on silver vessels. It was not merely that the metal was costly, but its value was enormously increased by the skill of particular artists. Thus we find Lucius Crassus, the orator, paying one hundred thousand sesterces*

for a couple of small goblets. In another instance seventy thousand sesterces were paid for a murrhine cup, holding about three pints; and for another of similar character Nero paid a million of sesterces, or nearly eight thousand pounds. At the present day, the malachite vases of the Demidoffs sell at about three guineas per pound weight. The nearest approaches to the above prices which we remember, were those realized at the sale of Prince Soltikoff's collection at Paris, when a small ewer of Limoges enamel brought sixteen thousand two hundred francs, or six hundred and forty-eight pounds. A basin of the same sold for twenty-one thousand francs. A similar rage displayed itself in the profusion of jewels with which the Roman women were adorned, their special passion being for pearls. Pliny informs us that he saw Lollia Paulina, the wife of the Emperor Caius, at an ordinary wedding entertainment, covered with jewels worth three hundred and four thousand pounds of our money. Pliny indulges freely in his attacks upon the extravagance of the Roman women. He complains that "the pearls and perfumes of India and Arabia withdraw from our empire a hundred millions of sesterces every year; so dearly do we pay for our luxury and our women." Before giving a formula for a cosmetic, he says: "The following recipe may seem frivolous; but still, *to please the women*, it must not be omitted." But extravagance was far from being confined to the fair sex. Martial and Petronius Arbiter, as well as Pliny, allude to the mania for fine tables made of ornamental woods, and for some of which from nine to thirteen thousand pounds were given. Pliny admits, that when the Romans reproached their women for their extravagance in pearls, the latter sometimes retorted upon their censors, and twitted them with this mania for tables.

That this love of luxury should, in so Epicurean an age, extend to the festive board, is no more than might have been expected. And whether the story of the celebrated dish of musical birds, served up by Claudius *Æscopus*, the tragic actor, and valued at between seven and eight hundred pounds, be true or false, the fact that it was believed in its day illustrates the habits that rendered such a belief possible. It was worthy of an age in which Mulletts were bought at seventy pounds

* Eight hundred pounds sterling.

each. Well may Pliny lament that in his day "a cook is only to be obtained for the same sum that a triumph would cost, and a fish is only to be purchased at what was formerly the price of a cook; indeed, there is hardly any living thing held in higher esteem than the man who understands how, in the most scientific fashion, to get rid of his master's property." This was the age of Apicius, "that very deepest whirlpool of all our epicures," whose *ne plus ultra* was a dish of flamingoes' tongues, and who offered a high prize for the invention of a new sauce!

Some of the customs followed by these epicures seem scarcely compatible with their fastidious tastes. We find them mixing their lentil flour with sand and pounded unbaked bricks; another kind of meal was mixed with chalk, to increase its whiteness, whilst they often kneaded their bread with sea-water. At the same time we must remember that in our own day sweetmeats made of pure sugar find no sale. Bradford "daft" is still in demand; plaster of Paris must give to lozenges the due whiteness; and French gypsum too closely resembles Roman chalk to entitle us to smile at the Latin bakers, or marvel at the vitiated tastes of their customers.

This subject reminds us that an Adulteration Commission was as needful amongst the Romans as amongst ourselves. Pliny tells us how the Capuan perfumers mingled their frankincense with the cheap resin of the *abies excelsa*, and the retail wine-dealers employed smoke to give a spurious mellowness to their wines.* Trade tricks, in the nineteenth century, are evidently no novelties. But who can wonder that Romans were tricksters, when we remember how completely their national religion was a superstition resting upon fraud as its basis? All their great political ceremonials were accompanied by sacrificial offerings at the altars; and, as much of their political effect depended on the impressions made on the minds of the crowd, ample opportunities were afforded the priests for aiding a friend or wounding an enemy. "The first day that the Dictator Cæsar appeared in public, clothed in purple, and sitting on a seat of gold, the heart was twice found wanting when he sacrificed."

* The Roman "Falernian" was only deemed beginning to be of medium age after it had been kept fifteen years.

Of course the wily augurs took care it should be so. "No liver at all was found in a victim which was sacrificed by M. Marcellus about the period when he was killed in battle against Hannibal; whilst, in a victim which was slain on the following day, a double liver was found." What the tricksters had abstracted from the one victim they had introduced into the other. "It was wanting, also, in a victim sacrificed by C. Marius, at Utica; and in one which was offered by the Emperor Caius on the calends of January, upon the occasion of his entering the year of the consulship in which he was slain. The same thing happened, also, to his successor, Claudius, in the month in which he was cut off by poison." The fact is, De Cusine's definition of the Russian government, that it was a despotism tempered by assassination, is eminently applicable to that of imperial Rome; and when the occurrence of a victim without heart or liver sufficed to satisfy the people that a ruler's untimely end was the will of the gods, the priests at the altar had no difficulty in supplying what was needed. Well might Cato marvel that two augurs could meet without laughing in each other's faces.

Pliny's scientific knowledge sometimes brought him into antagonism with this national credulity, and his struggles to shun needless conflict with the religious prejudices of the mob are occasionally amusing. Thus, in telling us why thunder is attributed to Jupiter, he says:

"It is not generally known, what has been discovered by men eminent for their learning, in consequence of their assiduous observations of the heavens, that the fires which fall upon the earth, and which receive the name of thunderbolts, proceed from the three superior stars,* but principally from the one (Jupiter) that is placed in the middle. It may, perhaps, depend on the superabundance of moisture from the superior orbit, communicating with the heat from the inferior, which are expelled in this manner; and hence it is commonly said, that thunderbolts are darted off by *Jupiter*."

This pseudo-scientific explanation is a mere quibble. The Romans attributed all atmospheric phenomena to their gods,

* He has, in an earlier part of his work, recorded his astronomical notions which were Ptolemaic. He locates the remote planets with which he was acquainted — Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars — *above* the Sun, and Venus, Mercury, and the Moon, *below* it.

whose will they read in the changing skies. That lightnings were the instruments with which Jupiter, their supreme deity, struck down the impious, is known to every schoolboy; and we fear that Pliny's attempt to reconcile his creed and his philosophy would fail, even in the first century.

Pliny's faith in the occult relations of astronomical phenomena is further seen in his history of comets. In all ages these wandering messengers of heaven have been regarded with dread. "A fearful star," says our author "this comet is, and not easily expiated." He carries his faith still further when he tells us: "It is certain that the bodies of oysters and of whelks, and of shellfish generally, are increased in size and again diminished by the influence of the moon. Certain accurate (!) observers have found out that the entrails of the field-mouse correspond in number to the moon's age." This notion of lunar influence upon marine shellfish is still prevalent in India, where the fish-monger finds his excuse for bad crabs and oysters by suggesting that they must have been gathered in the moonlight! In our own country the name "lunatic" perpetuates an old idea respecting lunar influences; amongst the Hindoos, faith in such influence on serious disease is still sufficiently strong to affect their medical practice. Many amongst us believe that exposure to moonlight is injurious to health, owing to some malign influence which it exercises. Pliny says, "The carcasses of wild beasts are rendered putrid by its beams;" and in his eighteenth book, he gives many directions to the agriculturist, lest his crops should be injured by this malignant rather than malignant planet.

The extreme credulity of even the educated Romans is reflected in every page of Pliny's work. The attribution of human thoughts and emotions to the brute creation, and even to the vegetable kingdom; belief in miraculous events in connection with political changes; faith in the powers of charms and amulets; as well as confidence in the efficacy of remedies and prophylactics, meet us on every hand. Indeed, it has been remarked that there is scarcely a delusion exposed by Dr. Thomas Browne, in his *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, that can not be found in the pages of Pliny. Of course, we have the old story of the kingfishers: "They hatch their young at the time of the winter solstice,

from which circumstance, those days are known as the halcyon days; during this period the sea is calm and navigable." It is curious that even here the incredulous old corrector of vulgar errors is caught napping. Dr. Browne never doubts the fact, that when these birds are incubating "the sea is calm, and the winds do cease, till the young ones are excluded, and forsake their nest, which floateth upon the sea, and by the roughness of the winds might otherwise be overwhelmed." He can not satisfy himself, "whether out of any particular provolition they chose to sit at this time, or whether it be thus contrived by concurrence of causes, and providence of nature;" but he never dreams of questioning the facts! We still speak of *halcyon days*; but the origin of the phrase is well-nigh forgotten. Somewhat analogous is Pliny's treatment of the resistless Typhon, the terror of sailors, to whose "locks" Mr. Ruskin has recently called our attention with his usual eloquence. "Yet, a small matter is the remedy for it, namely, the casting out of vinegar against it, as it cometh, which is of very cold nature!" He gives us, without suggesting a doubt, an account of the two celebrated mountains near the Indus, of which "the nature of the one is to hold fast all manner of iron, and of the other to reject it; and therefore, if the soles of a man's shoes be clouted with nails, in the one of them, a man can not pluck away his foot, and in the other he can not take any footing." Amongst animals, the basilisk is brought before us, endowed with wondrous powers—destroying not only the shrubs with which it comes in contact, but even those on which it breathes; burning the grass, and breaking up the stones—but "so true is it that there shall be nothing without its antidote, the effluvium of a weasel is in its turn fatal to the terrible serpent." Pliny says nothing about the power of the basilisk's eye, so proverbial amongst figurative writers; but he assigns similar though still greater efficacy to those of the *catoblos*, an animal found in Æthiopia. All who behold the eyes of this beast, he affirms, fall dead on the spot. Luckily, the creature had a heavy head, which was always weighed down to the earth! "Were it not for this circumstance, it would prove the destruction of the human race." Of dolphins we have some wonderful stories; especially of

one that died of pure sorrow and regret, because of the death of a child that was wont to feed it. We have wondrously shrewd ravens, "the only birds that seem to have any comprehension of the meaning of the auspices; for when the guests of Medus were assassinated, they all took their departure from Peloponnesus and the region of Africa." Eastern swallows seem to have been equally knowing, since they would not enter the houses of Thebes, "because that city had been so frequently captured. Neither flies nor dogs, Pliny affirms, would ever enter the temple of Hercules in the cattle-market at Rome. Farmyard fowls be considered to have "a certain notion of religion," for no other reason than that they sometimes dust themselves to eject the fleas and other creeping things with which they are infested; throwing dust over the body being, according to the canon of heathen Rome, one of the approved methods of purification. During the consulship of Lepidus and Catullus, a dunghill-cock imitated Balaam's ass, and spoke; "the only occasion that I know of," adds our trustful historian. That an educated Roman should believe such rubbish seems incredible; but these are small demands on our faith compared with others presented to us. Pliny tells of trees falling to the ground, without any physical cause, but merely by way of portentous omen, and then rising again of themselves. A plane at Antandros resumed its position, and took root, after it had been hewn square by the carpenter's ax; but, most marvelous of all, "a plantation of olives, belonging to Vectius Marcellus, one of the principal members of the equestrian order, bodily crossed the public highway, whilst the fields that lay on the opposite side of the road passed over to supply the place which had been thus vacated by the olive-yard" — and all done to mark the fall of the tyrant Nero. The realization of the Birnam Wood prophecy was a feeble affair, compared with the pranks of these erratic olive-trees. Place by the side of these marvels the popular belief that the vestal virgins had the power of arresting the flight of runaway slaves by uttering certain prayers, and that, in response to a prayer, the vestal Tuccia carried water in a sieve from the Tiber to the temple of Vesta, and we have no difficulty in discovering the school where modern Rome learnt her lying won-

ders. It is nearly in the same trustful spirit that Pliny records the existence, in his time, of the olive-tree at Argos to which Argus fastened Io; of two oaks at Heraclea, in Pontus, planted by Hercules; of a plane at Aulocrene on which Marsyas was hanged after his overthrow by Apollo; of the olive produced by Minerva at Athens; of a palm at Delos planted at Apollo's birth; and of the wild olive at Olympia from which Hercules received his first wreath. Surely, after this, it is a small matter to demand belief in the Freyburgian legend of the lime-tree of Morat, or in the classic oaks of Windsor and Penshurst.

These allusions to trees remind us that the plants of ancient times must have been a most quarrelsome race. According to Pliny, "an inveterate hatred existed between the oak and the olive." There was "a mortal feud between the cabbage and the vine; whilst the former of these belligerents was sure to wither if planted near the cyclamen or the origanum. Plants have become more peaceful in our day; but some of their alleged powers would have been worth retaining, had they really existed. The Romans planted black bryony around their poultry-yards, as a guard against hawks. They buried certain other herbs at the four corners of their fields, to keep off the birds that wasted the grain; an effect which, Pliny affirms from *his own certain knowledge*, they would have. To carry a plant of the dragon arum about the person was thought an effectual safeguard against all serpents; whilst a chaplet of smilax with an uneven number of leaves was deemed a certain cure for a headache.

The faith of the Romans in prophylactics and remedies were something marvelous. The fasting spittle of a human being was thought a sovereign preservative against the bites of serpents, as well as a remedy for the removal of lichens and leprous spots on the skin; an idea which possibly gave rise to the royal touch for the king's evil. To bind the two middle fingers of the right hand together with a linen thread was a safeguard against catarrhs and ophthalmias. To cure cases of quartan fever, you were to "take a fragment of a nail from a cross, or else a piece of a halter that has been used for crucifixion, and, after wrapping it in wool, attach it to the patient's neck, taking care, the moment he has recovered,

to conceal it in some hole to which the light of the sun can not penetrate." We have here a prototype of our popular ceremonials for the removal of warts. That even the inferior animals were acted upon by these mysterious influences would be clear, could we believe the Roman historian, when he tells us that garments worn at a funeral were henceforth believed to be safe from the attacks of moths!

When the educated classes of the imperial city had faith in such trash as this, we can not marvel that the rural population were still more superstitious. A rural law, widely observed in Pliny's day, forbade women to twirl or even to display their distaffs in the public roads, because such actions would be prejudicial to the harvest. This is but a type of many similar notions entertained by the Melibœi and Corydons of that day. Yet these men were not devoid of shrewdness and practical skill in their agricultural pursuits; nor did they lack intelligent guides. True, the agricultural mind was, as it still is, somewhat obtuse, the farmers being given to tread in the steps of their forefathers; but the Roman farmers possessed able and enlightened teachers. Cato the Censor was one of these,—the Coke of his day. Pliny says he was "a man who, by the universal confession, was the first husbandman of his day, and without a rival." Yet, so far was even he tainted with the national credulity, that in one of his books* he gives his readers the following cure for sprained wrists: a split reed is to be held near the injured limb; meanwhile the operator is to pronounce the gibberish, "*Sanitas fracto, motas lanata, daries dardaries astataries*," and the thing is done.

Amongst the ancient fallacies which retain their place, is one still accepted by painters and poets, though science has sadly marred its poetic credit. Speaking of the paper Nautilus of the Mediterranean, THE Nautilus of the ancients, Pliny says: "Extending backward its two front arms, it stretches out between them a membrane of marvelous thinness, which acts as a sail spread out to the wind, while with the rest of its arms it paddles along below, steering itself with its tail in the middle, which acts as a rudder." The use made of this idea by Pope will be remembered by most of our readers.

"Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale."

Unfortunately, all this is equally untrue. Instead of this graceful locomotion, modern science has shown that nothing can be less elegant than the true movements of the Nautilus. Pliny also advocates the spontaneous generation of shell-fish, this being the favorite doctrine of those who wished to make *nature* independent of nature's God; but, here again, science has given the fallacy its last blow. An illustration of the traces of old fallacies still preserved in the names of objects, is afforded by the dog-rose. The root of this plant was believed to be a cure for hydrophobia, which, unhappily, it is not; but the trivial name is a relic of ancient faith in its efficacy.

We must not be tempted to dwell on the innumerable displays of Pliny's defective knowledge. Some of these, as we have seen in the case of the physician Celsus, arose from imperfect acquaintance with so vast a multitude of subjects as he attempted to embrace in his work; but others sprang from the defective science of his times. He divides the elements into earth, air, fire, and water, as was done by all philosophers long after his day. His astronomy is, of course, Ptolemaic, placing the earth in the center of the universe, and making the sun and the planets revolve around it; the moon being the nearest, and Saturn the most remote. Like all the other ante-Copernican astronomers, he was perplexed by the movements of Mercury and Venus, the two planets circling within the earth's orbit. This difficulty existed up to the days of Galileo. Being unable to explain why planets, supposed to be revolving about the earth, never went farther away from the sun, the Romans, like some modern philosophers, hid the clumsiness of their explanation under the cloudiness and multitude of their words. The Epicureans of that day contended that the earth was a wide-spread plane; Pliny advocated the true idea of its roundness; but the arguments on which he rests his conclusions are not such as would convince a modern philosopher. It is odd, that, though familiar with the causes of eclipses, he does not refer to them in proof of the earth's sphericity. He distinctly says: "It is evident that the sun is hid by the interven-

* *De Re Rustica*.

tion of the moon, and the moon by the opposition of the earth, and that these changes are mutual; the moon by her interposition taking the rays of the sun from the earth, and the earth from the moon." The revolution of the earth round its axis in twenty-four hours is advocated, though he can not understand why, whirling round with such marvelous velocity, it does not make a bigger noise! Respecting the size of the globe relatively to the moon he was sadly in error, believing the latter to be much the larger planet, because she intercepted the view of the sun in a solar eclipse. His equally imperfect geography led him to very erroneous ideas respecting the distribution of the human race. The ancients were acquainted with the physical condition of the Polar regions, which Pliny refers to as "overcharged with extreme cold and perpetual frost;" and also in some measure with that of the Tropical Zone, which he describes as "the middle of the earth, in which the sun keepeth his course, scorched and burnt with flames." He believed the temperate regions to be the only inhabited ones, and that there was no passage from the one of these to the other; a notion long entertained by the most enlightened ancients. Amongst the wonders of the land, he draws attention to the noxious vapors emitted from the soil, mischievous to living creatures, "yea, and sometimes to man also, as in the territories of Sinuessæ and Puteoli," little dreaming when he penned these words, that not far from Puteoli his own life would be brought to a sudden close by these noxious gases. He gives us, on the authority of Pythias of Massilia, a marvelous piece of information respecting our own part of the world, when he tells us that "above Britain the tide floweth in hight eighty cubits," or above 120 feet. Pythias, who lived in the time of Alexander, undoubtedly visited Britain, and may have become acquainted with the "bore" or tidal wave of the Severn, which rises sixty feet; but happily for our coasts, no such tidal waves as Pythias describes inundate our shores.

In the department of natural history, similar errors to those which we have exhibited every where abound. One of these illustrates the progress made by natural science since his day. Pliny affirms that there exist seventy-four species of fishes, a number now considerably exceeded by those of the small kingdoms of

Belgium. Half a century back Cuvier enumerated above six thousand, which number was increased to nine thousand twenty years ago; and each subsequent year has witnessed great additions to the catalogue.

But no displays of his ignorance equal those which Pliny makes of his *self*-ignorance. Whilst his pages are crowded with the most absurd and incredible marvels, he tells us that he has made it his object "to select no facts but such as are established by pretty nearly uniform testimony, and to pay more attention to scrupulous exactness than to copiousness of diction." He professes to have regarded nothing that was not "strictly trustworthy;" and exclaims, "By Hercules," his favorite oath, "in the sea and in the ocean, vast as it is, there exists nothing that is unknown to us; and, a truly marvelous fact, it is with those things which nature has concealed in the deep that we are best acquainted!"—a comfortable conviction, on which his seventy-four species of fishes are an expressive commentary!

No sketch of Pliny and his work would be faithful that did not include an allusion to his remarkable prejudices, to some of which it is difficult to obtain a clue. At one time his wrath is poured out upon the chemists and apothecaries, for no other reason than that they have invented cerates, plaisters, poultices, and eye-salves, *that were not formed by nature*. They are declared "guilty of downright impudence." He is still more severe upon them for introducing drugs from India, Arabia, and other foreign countries. He refuses to speak of them, openly avowing that he has "no liking for drugs that come from so great a distance," and believing that the real remedies for disease are to be found in the gardens of the poorest peasants. The use of poisons as remedies makes him specially angry; and it is partly from the same conviction that all really needful things have been placed by a beneficent nature within the easy reach of every man, that he grows eloquent in his condemnation of subterranean researches; regarding them as some of the banes of social life. He contends that it is upon the earth's surface we find true remedies, as well as cereal treasures. "It is what is concealed from our view, what is sunk far beneath the surface, objects, in fact, of no rapid formation, that urge us to our ruin, that send us to the very

depths of hell." In the same spirit he is indignant at man's quarryings into the earth's crust. "As for the mountains, nature has made these for herself, as a kind of bulwark for keeping together the bowels of the earth; and yet we must hew down these mountains, and carry them off, and this for no other reason than to gratify our luxurious inclinations; heights which, in former days, it was reckoned a miracle even to have crossed." All this display of indignation introduces his notices of marbles; but his disgust is excited by numerous equally innocent causes of offense. Iron-barbed arrows he regards as "the *most criminal artifice* that has been devised by the human mind." He forgets that he had already given us one "worst crime against mankind," namely, that committed by the man who first put a ring on his finger! The luxuriousness of Rome had evidently led to an extravagant abuse of rings, against which, along with all other violations of ancient simplicity, he waged incessant war. But here, again, his old prejudice reappears. "We tear out earth's entrails in order to extract the gems with which we may load our fingers. How many hands are worn down, that one little joint may be ornamented!"

The next "*great crime*" committed against the welfare of mankind was the coinage of the golden denarius, though wherein its criminality consists is not very apparent. But Pliny was, in an extreme sense, *laudator temporis acti*. His desire was, that gold might be banished from the earth, and that men might resume the primitive system of barter, under which, he thinks, the race was much more happy than in his own day. He had no esteem for commerce or commercial men. What would the calico-printers and dry-salters of Manchester say, on being told that madder was a plant "little known to any but the sordid and avaricious"? But one of Pliny's richest outbursts is directed against those who first invented the manufacture of flaxen cloths, and their use as sails. The whole passage is so characteristic of our author, that we give it entire:

"What audacity in man! what criminal perverseness! thus to sow a thing in the ground for the purpose of catching the winds and the tempests; it being not enough for him, forsooth, to be borne upon the waves alone! Nay, still more than this, sails even that are bigger than the very ships themselves will not suffice

for him; and although it takes a whole tree to make a mast to carry the cross-yards, above those cross-yards sails on sails must still be added, with others swelling at the prow and at the stern as well — so many devices, in fact, to challenge death! Only to think, in fine, that that which moves to and fro, as it were, the various countries of the earth, should spring from a seed so minute, and make its appearance in a stem so fine, so little elevated above the surface of the earth! And then, besides, it is not in all its native strength that it is employed for the purposes of a tissue; no, it must first be rent asunder, and then tamed and beaten, till it is reduced to the softness of wool. Indeed, it is only by such violence done to its nature, and prompted by the extreme audacity of man, that it is rendered subservient to his purposes. The inventor of this art has been mentioned by us on a more appropriate occasion. Not satisfied that his fellow-men should perish upon land, but anxious that they should meet their end with no sepulchral rites to await them, there are no execrations to be found that can equal his demerits."

We should act unjustly toward the illustrious Roman, did we content ourselves with dwelling on his many defects, and omit to point out the brighter and nobler features of his nature. On many subjects we find Pliny in advance of those around him, as well as of men of later days. He rejected the marvelous predictions of approaching death, which, in all ages, mankind has been prone to believe: "Throughout our whole lives we are perpetually hearing of such predictions as these. They are not, however, worth collecting, seeing that they are almost always false." The belief that there were certain indications in the human body from which prognosis of the duration of life might be derived, indications drawn, not from signs of health and disease, but from lines on the palms, or from the number of the teeth, was widely spread amongst the ancients; and even Aristotle records his faith in these prognostics. Pliny notices them in deference to the Stagyræite, but at the same time declares himself convinced of their utter futility. In a similar spirit he wages constant war with the impostures of magic, which he rejects with great earnestness. Although, as we have seen, credulous to excess respecting remedies for disease, he still rejects many of the absurdities that were in common use among the physicians and empirics.* He spurns the

* It is a curious and well-known circumstance that this term, now applied to quacks and ignorant pre-

idea that events are influenced by the stars and times of our nativity: "which astrological notion," he observes, "begins to gain ground, and both the learned and the vulgar are falling into it—adding: "We are not so closely connected with the heavens as that the shining of the stars is affected by our death." To us all this is merely common-sense; but in estimating the worth of Pliny's skepticism on this point, we must remember that, with the exception of the Greeks, all the nations of antiquity believed in judicial astrology; and that, even now, the pages of some of our most popular almanacs, published by leading firms, are disfigured by its jargon.

Pliny frequently indulges in a little quiet irony. Of wit or humor he but rarely avails himself. One of the few examples is seen in the sly rap which he

tenders, was originally used by the Greeks to designate the most philosophical of the medical schools; men who, in the spirit of Bacon, devoted themselves to experimental researches on the action of remedies, instead of accepting the fanciful speculations previously in vogue.

gives one of the Greek philosophers, on speaking of the properties of a chameleon's tail when tied to the double branch of a date-palm. He says: "I only wish that Democritus himself had been touched up with it, seeing that, as he tells us, it has the property of putting an end to immoderate garrulity!" He was always fond of mingling his narratives with moral reflections; and sometimes his comments on men and things rise into the regions of philosophy and eloquence. Ignorant of the one true and living God, he delights to dwell on the beneficence of nature. Himself exercising frugality and self-denial in a self-indulgent age, he misses no opportunity of opposing the luxuriousness that was cankering the hearts of his fellow-citizens. Though perhaps scarcely equal in loftiness of moral conception to his distinguished nephew, he is always found on the side of integrity and virtue; and his death, occasioned partly by his philosophical enthusiasm, and partly by his desire to aid friends in danger at Stabia, was a fitting close to his earnest life.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CONCERNING PEOPLE OF WHOM MORE MIGHT HAVE BEEN MADE.

It is recorded in history that at a certain public dinner in America a Methodist preacher was called on to give a toast. It may be supposed that the evening was so far advanced, that every person present had been toasted already, and also all the friends of every one present. It thus happened that the Methodist preacher was in considerable perplexity as to the question, what being, or class of beings, should form the subject of his toast. But the good man was a person of large sympathies; and some happy link of association recalled to his mind certain words with which he had a professional familiarity, and which set forth a subject of a most comprehensive character. Aris-

ing from his seat, the Methodist preacher said that, without troubling the assembled company with any preliminary observations, he begged to propose the health of ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH DO DWELL.

Not unnaturally, I have thought of that Methodist preacher and his toast as I begin to write this essay. For though its subject was suggested to me by various little things of very small concern to mankind in general, though of great interest to one or two individual beings, I now discern that the subject of this essay is in truth as comprehensive as the subject of that toast. I have something to say *Concerning People of whom More might*

have been Made: I see now that the class which I have named includes every human being. More might have been made, in some respect, possible in many respects, of *All people that on earth do dwell*. Physically, intellectually, morally, spiritually, more might have been made of all. Wise and diligent training on the part of others; self-denial, industry, tact, decision, promptitude, on the part of the man himself; might have made something far better than he now is of every man that breathes. No one is made the most of. There have been human beings who have been made the most of as regards some one thing; who have had some single power developed to the utmost; but no one is made the most of, all round; no one is even made the most of as regards the two or three most important things of all. And indeed it is curious to observe that the things in which human beings seem to have attained to absolute perfection, have for the most part been things comparatively frivolous; accomplishments which certainly were not worth the labor and the time which it must have cost to master them. Thus, M. Blondin has probably made as much of himself as can be made of mortal, in the respect of walking on a rope stretched at a great height from the ground. Hazlitt makes mention of a man who had cultivated to the very highest degree the art of playing at rackets; and who accordingly played at rackets incomparably better than any one else ever did. A wealthy gentleman, lately deceased, by putting his whole mind to the pursuit, esteemed himself to have reached entire perfection in the matter of killing otters. Various individuals have probably developed the power of turning somersets, of picking pockets, of playing on the piano, jew's-harp, banjo, and penny trumpet, of mental calculation in arithmetic, of insinuating evil about their neighbors without directly asserting anything—to a measure as great as is possible to man. Long practice and great concentration of mind upon these things, have sufficed to produce what might seem to tremble on the verge of perfection; what unquestionably leaves the attainments of ordinary people at an inconceivable distance behind. But I do not call it making the most of a man, to develop, even to perfection, the power of turning somersets and playing at rackets. I call it making the most of a man, when you make the

best of his best powers and qualities; when you take those things about him which are the worthiest and most admirable, and cultivate these up to their highest attainable degree. And it is in this sense that the statement is to be understood, that no one is made the most of. Even in the best, we see no more than the rudiments of good qualities which might have been developed into a great deal more; and in very many human beings, proper management might have brought out qualities essentially different from those which these beings now possess. It is not merely that they are rough diamonds, which might have been polished into blazing ones; not merely that they are thorough bred colts drawing coal-carts, which with fair training would have been new Eclipses; it is they are vinegar which might have been wine, poison which might have been food, wild-cats which might have been harmless lambs, soured miserable wretches who might have been happy and useful, almost devils who might have been but a little lower than the angels. Oh! the unutterable sadness that is in the thought of what might have been!

Not always, indeed. Sometimes, as we look back, it is with deep thankfulness that we see the point at which we were (we can not say how) inclined to take the right turning, when we were all but resolved to take that which we can now see would have landed us in wreck and ruin. And it is fit that we should correct any morbid tendency to brood upon the fancy of how much better we might have been, by remembering also how much worse we might have been. Sometimes the present state of matters, good or bad, is the result of long training; of influences that were at work through many years; and that produced their effect so gradually that we never remarked the steps of the process, till some day we waken up to a sense of the fact, and find ourselves perhaps a great deal better, probably a great deal worse, than we had been vaguely imagined. But the case is not unfrequently otherwise. Sometimes one testing time decided whether we should go to the left or to the right. There are in the moral world things analogous to the sudden accident which makes a man blind or lame for life; in an instant there is wrought a permanent deterioration. Perhaps a few minutes before man or woman took the step which can never be retraced.

ed, which must banish them forever from all they hold dear, and compel them to seek in some new country far away a place where to hide their shame and misery, they had just as little thought of taking that miserable step as you, my reader, have of taking one like it. And perhaps there are human beings in this world, held in the highest esteem, and with not a speck on their snow-white reputation, who know within themselves that they have barely escaped the gulf; that the moment has been in which all their future lot was trembling in the balance; and that a grain's weight more in the scale of evil, and by this time they might have been reckoned among the most degraded and abandoned of the race. But probably the first deviation, either to right or left, is in most cases a very small one. You know, my friend, what is meant by the *points* upon a railway. By moving a lever, the rails upon which the train is advancing are, at a certain place, broadened or narrowed by about the eighth of an inch. That little movement decides whether the train shall go north or south. Twenty carriages have come so far together; but here is a junction-station, and the train is to be divided. The first ten carriages deviate from the main line by a fraction of an inch at first; but in a few minutes the two portions of the train are flying on, miles apart. You can not see the one from the other, save by distant puffs of white steam through the clumps of trees. Perhaps already a high hill has intervened, and each train is on its solitary way—one to end its course, after some hours, amid the roar and smoke and bare ugliness of some huge manufacturing town; and the other to come through green fields to the quaint, quiet, dreamy-looking little city, whose place is marked, across the plain, by the noble spire of the gray cathedral rising into the summer blue. We come to such points in our journey through life: railway-points (as it were) which decide not merely our lot in life, but even what kind of folk we shall be, morally and intellectually. A hair-breadth may make the deviation at first. Two situations are offered you at once: you think there is hardly any thing to choose between them. It does not matter which you accept; and perhaps some slight and fanciful consideration is allowed to turn the scale. But now you look back, and you can see

that *there* was the turning-point in your life; it was because you went there to the right, and not to the left, that you are now a great English prelate and not a humble Scotch professor. Was there not a time in a certain great man's life, at which the lines of rail diverged, and at which the question was settled, should he be minister of the Scotch Kirk, or should he be Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain? I can imagine a stage in the history of a lad in a counting-house, at which the little angle of rail may be pushed in or pushed back that shall send the train to one of two places five hundred miles asunder; it may depend upon whether he shall take or not take that half-crown, whether, thirty years after, he shall be taking the chair, a rubicund baronet, at a missionary society-meeting, and receive the commendations of philanthropic peers and earnest bishops; or be laboring in chains at Norfolk Island, a brutalized, cursing, hardened, scourge-scarred, despairing wretch, without a hope for this life or the other. Oh! how much may turn upon a little thing! Because the railway-train in which you were coming to a certain place was stopped by a snow-storm, the whole character of your life may have been changed. Because some one was in the drawing-room when you went to see Miss Smith on a certain day, resolved to put to her a certain question, you missed the tide, you lost your chance, you went away to Australia and never saw her more. It fell upon a day that a ship coming from Melbourne, was weathering a rocky point on an iron-bound coast, and was driven close upon that perilous shore. They tried to put her about; it was the last chance. It was a moment of awful risk and decision. If the wind catches the sails, now shivering as the ship comes up, on the right side, then all on board are safe. If the wind catches the sails on the other side, then all on board must perish. And so it all depends upon which surface of certain square yards of canvas the uncertain breeze shall strike, whether John Smith, who is coming home from the diggings with twenty thousand pounds, shall go down and never be heard of again by his poor mother and sisters away in Scotland; or whether he shall get safely back, a rich man, to gladden their hearts, and buy a pretty little place, and improve the house on it into the pleasantest picture; and

purchase, and ride, and drive various horses; and be seen on market-days sauntering in the High-street of the county-town; and get married, and run about the lawn before his door, chasing his little children; and become a decent elder of the church; and live quietly and happily for many years. Yes: from what precise point of the compass the next flaw of wind should come, would decide the question between the long homely life in Scotland, and a nameless burial deep in a foreign sea.

It seems to me to be one of the main characteristics of human beings, not that they actually are much, but that they are something of which much may be made. There are untold potentialities in human nature. The tree cut down, concerning which its heathen owner debated whether he should make it into a god or into a three-legged stool, was positively nothing in its capacity of coming to different ends and developments, when we compare it with each human being born into this world. Man is not so much a thing already, as he is the germ of something. He is (so to speak) material formed to the hand of circumstances. He is essentially a germ, either of good or evil. And he is not like the seed of a plant, in whose development the tether allows no wider range than that between the more or less successful manifestation of its inherent nature. Give a young tree fair play: good soil and abundant air; tend it carefully, in short, and you will have a noble tree. Treat the young tree unfairly: give it a bad soil, deprive it of needful air and light, and it will grow up a stunted and poor tree. But in the case of the human being, there is more than this difference in degree. There may be a difference in kind. The human being may grow up to be (as it were) a fair and healthful fruit-tree, or to be a poisonous one. There is something positively awful about the potentialities that are in human nature. The Archbishop of Canterbury might have grown up under influences which would have made him a bloodthirsty pirate or a sneaking pickpocket. The pirate or the pickpocket, taken at the right time, and trained in the right way, might have been made a pious exemplary man. You remember that good divine, two hundred years since, who, standing in the market-place of a certain town, and seeing a poor wretch led by him to the gal-

lows, said: "There goes myself, but for the grace of God." Of course, it is needful that human laws should hold all men as equally responsible. The punishment of such an offense is such an infliction, no matter who committed the offense. At least the mitigating circumstances which human laws can take into account must be all of a very plain and intelligible character. It would not do to recognize any thing like a graduated scale of responsibility. A very bad training in youth would be in a certain limited sense regarded as lessening the guilt of any wrong thing done; and you may remember accordingly how that magnanimous monarch, Charles II., urged to the Scotch lords, in extenuation of the wrong things he had done, that his father had given him a very bad education. But though human laws and judges may vainly and clumsily endeavor to fix each wrong-doer's place in the scale of responsibility; and though they must in a rough way, do what is rough justice in five cases out of six; still we may well believe that in the view of the Supreme Judge the responsibilities of men are most delicately graduated to their opportunities. There is One who will appreciate with entire accuracy the amount of guilt that is in each wrong deed of each wrong-doer, and mercifully allow for such as never had a chance of being any thing but wrong-doers. And it will not matter whether it was from original constitution or from unhappy training that these poor creatures never had that chance. I was lately quite astonished to learn that some sincere but stupid American divines have fallen foul of the eloquent author of *Elsie Venner*, and accused him of fearful heresy, because he declared his confident belief that "God would never make a man with a crooked spine and then punish him for not standing upright." Why, that statement of the *Autocrat* appears to me at least as certain as that two and two make four. It may indeed contain some recondite and malignant reference which the stupid American divines know, and which I do not: it may be a mystic Shibboleth indicating far more than it asserts; as at one time in Scotland it was esteemed as proof that a clergyman preached unsound doctrine if he made use of the Lord's Prayer. But, understanding it simply as meaning that the Judge of all the earth will do right, it appears to me an axiom beyond all question. And

I take it as putting in a compact form the spirit of what I have been arguing for—to wit, that though human law must of necessity hold all rational beings as alike responsible, yet in the eye of God the difference may be immense. The graceful vase that stands in the drawing-room under a glass shade, and never goes to the well, has no great right to despise the rough pitcher that goes often and is broken at last. It is fearful to think what malleable material we are in the hands of circumstances. And a certain Authority, considerably wiser and incomparably more charitable than the American divines already mentioned, has recognized the fact when he taught us to pray: "Lead us not into temptation!" We shall think, in a little while, of certain influences which may make or mar the human being; but it may be said here, that I firmly believe that happiness is one of the best of disciplines. As a general rule, if people were happier, they would be better. When you see a poor cabman on a winter day, soaked with rain, and fevered with gin, violently thrashing the wretched horse he is driving, and perhaps howling at it, you may be sure that it is just because the poor cabman is so miserable that he is doing all that. It is a sudden glimpse, perhaps, of his bare home and hungry children, and of the dreary future which lies before himself and them, that was the true cause of those two or three furious lashes you saw him deal upon the unhappy screw's ribs. Whenever I read any article in a review, which is manifestly malignant, and intended not to improve an author but to give him pain, I can not help immediately wondering what may have been the matter with the man who wrote the malignant article. Something must have been making him very unhappy, I think. I do not allude to playful attacks upon a man, made in pure thoughtlessness and buoyancy of spirit; but to attacks which indicate a settled, deliberate, calculating rancor. Never be angry with the man who makes such an attack; you ought to be sorry for him. It is out of great misery that malignity for the most part proceeds. To give the ordinary mortal a fair chance, let him be reasonably successful and happy. Do not worry a man into nervous irritability, and he will be amiable. Do not dip a man in water, and he will not be wet.

Of course, my friend, I know who is to

you the most interesting of all beings; and whose history is the most interesting of all histories. *You* are to yourself the center of this world, and of all the interests of this world. And this is quite right. There is no selfishness about all this, except that selfishness which forms an essential element in personality; that selfishness which must go with the fact of one's having a self. You can not help looking at all things as they appear from your own point of view; and things press themselves upon your attention and your feelings as they affect yourself. And apart from any thing like egotism, or like vain self-conceit, it is probable that you may know that a great deal depends upon your exertion and your life. There are those at home who would fare but poorly if you were just now to die. There are those who must rise with you if you rise, and sink with you if you sink. Does it sometimes suddenly strike you, what a little object you are, to have so much depending on you? Vaguely, in your thinking and feeling, you add your circumstances and your lot to your personality; and these make up an object of considerable extension. You do so with other people as well as with yourself. You have all their belongings as a background to the picture of them which you have in your mind; and they look very little when you see them in fact, because you see them without these belongings. I remember when a boy, how disappointed I was at first seeing the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was Archbishop Howley. There he was, a slender pale old gentleman, sitting in an arm-chair at a public meeting. I was chiefly disappointed, because there was *so little* of him. There was just the human being. There was no background of grand accessories. The idea of the Primate of England which I had in some confused manner in my mind, included a vision of the venerable towers of Lambeth—of a long array of solemn predecessors, from Thomas A'Becket downward—of great historical occasions on which the Archbishop of Canterbury had been a prominent figure; and in some way I fancied, vaguely, that you would see the primate surrounded by all these things. You remember the highlander in *Waverley* who was much mortified when his chief came to meet an English guest, unattended by any retinue; and who exclaimed in consternation and sorrow: "He

has come without his tail!" Even such was my early feeling. You understand, later, that associations are not visible; and that they do not add to a man's extension in space. But (to go back) you do, as regards yourself, what you do as regards greater men; you add your lot to your personality, and thus you make up a bigger object. And when you see yourself in your tailor's shop, in a large mirror (one of a series) wherein you see your figure all round, reflected several times, your feeling will probably be, what a little thing you are! If you are a wise man, you will go away somewhat humbled, and possibly somewhat the better for the sight. You have, to a certain extent, done what Burns thought it would do all men much good to do; you have "seen yourself as others see you." And even to do so physically, is a step toward a juster and humbler estimate of yourself in more important things. It may here be said as a further illustration of the principle set forth, that people who stay very much at home, feel their stature, bodily and mental, much lessened when they go far away from home, and spend a little time among strange scenes and people. For, going thus away from home, you take only yourself. It is but a small part of your extension that goes. You go; but you leave behind your house, your study, your children, your servants, your horses, your garden. And not only do you leave them behind; but they grow misty and unsubstantial when you are far away from them. And somehow you feel that when you make the acquaintance of a new friend some hundreds of miles off, who never saw your home and your family, you present yourself before him, only a twentieth part or so of what you feel yourself to be when you have all your belongings about you. Do you not feel all that? And do you not feel, that if you were to go away to Australia forever, almost as the English coast turned blue and then invisible on the horizon, your life in England would first turn cloud-like, and then melt away?

But without further discussing the philosophy of how it comes to be, I return to the statement that you yourself, as you live in your home, are to yourself the center of this world; and that you feel the force of any great principle most deeply, when you feel it in your own case. And though every worthy mortal must be often taken out of himself, especially by seeing the

deep sorrows and great failures of other men, still, in thinking of people of whom more might have been made, it touches you most to discern that you are one of these. It is a very sad thing to think of yourself, and to see how much more might have been made of you. Sit down by the fire in winter; or go out now in summer and sit down under a tree; and look back on the moral discipline you have gone through; look back on what you have done and suffered. Oh! how much better and happier you might have been. And how very near you have often been to what would have made you so much happier and better! If you had taken the other turning when you took the wrong one, after much perplexity; if you had refrained from saying such a hasty word; if you had not thoughtlessly made such a man your enemy! Such a little thing may have changed the entire complexion of your life. Ah! it was because the points were turned the wrong way at that junction, that you are now running along a line of railway through wild moorlands, leaving the warm champaign below ever more hopelessly behind. Hastily, or pettily, or despairingly, you took the wrong turning; or you might have been dwelling now amid verdant fields and silver waters in the country of contentment and success. Many men and women, in the temporary bitterness of some disappointment, have hastily made marriages which will embitter all their future life; or which at least make it certain that in this world they will never know a joyous heart any more. Men have died as almost briefless barristers, toiling into old age in heartless wrangling, who had their chance of high places on the bench; but ambitiously resolved to wait for something higher; and so missed the tide. Men in the church have taken the wrong path at some critical time; and doomed themselves to all the pangs of disappointed ambition. But I think a sincere man in the church has a great advantage over almost all ordinary disappointed men. He has less temptation, reading affairs by the light of after-time, to look back with bitterness on any mistake he may have made. For if he be the man I mean, he took the decisive step not without seeking the best of guidance; and the whole training of his mind has fitted him for seeing a higher Hand in the allotment of human conditions. And if a

man acted for the best, according to the light he had; and if he truly believes that God puts all in their places in life: he may look back without bitterness upon what may appear the most grievous mistakes. I must be suffered to add, that if he is able heartily to hold certain great truths, and to rest on certain sure promises, hardly any conceivable earthly lot should stamp him a soured or disappointed man. If it be a sober truth, that "all things shall work together for good" to a certain order of mankind; and if the deepest sorrows in this world may serve to prepare us for a better; why, then, I think that one might hold by a certain ancient philosopher, (and something more,) who said: "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content!"

You see, reader, that in thinking of *People of whom more might have been made*, we are limiting the scope of the subject. I am not thinking how more might have been made of us originally. No doubt the potter had power over the clay. Give a larger brain, of finer quality, and the commonplace man might have been a Milton. A little change in the chemical composition of the gray matter of that little organ which is unquestionably connected with the mind's working as no other organ of the body is, and oh! what a different order of thought would have rolled off from your pen when you sat down and tried to write your best? If we are to believe Robert Burns, some people have been made more of than was originally intended. A certain poem records how that which, in his homely phrase, he calls "stuff to mak' a swine," was ultimately converted into a very poor specimen of a human being. The poet had no irreverent intention, I dare say; but I am not about to go into the field of speculation which is opened up by his words. I know indeed that in the hands of the Creator each of us might have been made a different man. The pounds of material which were fashioned into Shakespeare might have made a bumpkin with little thought beyond pigs and turnips; or, by some slight difference beyond man's skill to trace, might have made an idiot. A little infusion of energy into the mental constitution might have made the mild, pensive day-dreamer who is wandering listlessly by the river-side, sometimes

chancing upon noble thoughts, which he does not carry out into action, and does not even write down on paper, into an active worker, with Arnold's keen look, who would have carved out a great career for himself, and exercised a real influence over the views and conduct of numbers of other men. A very little alteration in feature might have made a plain face into a beautiful one, and some slight change in the position or the contractibility of certain of the muscles, might have made the most awkward of manners and gaits into the most dignified and graceful. All *that* we all understand. But my present subject is the making which is in circumstances after our natural disposition is fixed—the training, coming from a hundred quarters, which forms the material supplied by nature into the character which each of us actually bears. And, setting apart the case of great genius, whose bent toward the thing in which it will excel is so strong that it will find its own field by inevitable selection, and whose strength is such that no unfavorable circumstances can hold it down, almost any ordinary human being may be formed into almost any development. I know a huge massive beam of rough iron, which supports a great weight. Whenever I pass it, I can not help giving it a pat with my hand, and saying to it: "You might have been hair-springs for watches." I know an odd-looking little man attached to a certain railway-station, whose business it is when a train comes in to go round it with a large box of a yellow concoction, and supply grease to the wheels. I have often looked out of the carriage-window at that odd little man, and thought to myself: "Now you might have been a chief justice." And indeed I can say from personal observation, that the stuff ultimately converted into cabinet ministers does not at an early stage at all appreciably differ from that which never becomes more than country parsons. There is a great gulf between the human being who gratefully receives a shilling, and touches his cap as he receives it, and the human being whose income is paid in yearly or half-yearly sums, and to whom a pecuniary tip would appear as an insult; yet of course that great gulf is the result of training alone. John Smith the laborer, with twelve shillings a week, and the bishop with eight thousand a year, had, by original constitution, precisely the same kind of

feeling toward that much-sought yet much-abused reality which provides the means of life. Who shall reckon up by what millions of slight touches from the hand of circumstance, extending over many years, the one man is gradually formed into the giving of the shilling, and the other man into the receiving of it with that touch of his hat? Who shall read back the forming influences at work since the days in the cradle, that gradually formed one man into sitting down to dinner, and another man into waiting behind his chair? I think it would be occasionally a comfort if one could believe, as American planters profess to believe about their slaves, that there is an original and essential difference between men; for truly the difference in their positions is often so tremendous that it is painful to think that it is the selfsame clay and the selfsame common mind that are promoted to dignity and degraded to servitude. And if *you* sometimes feel *that*, *you* in whose favor the arrangement tends, what do you suppose your servants sometimes think upon the subject? It was no wonder that the millions of Russia were ready to grovel before their Czar, while they believed that he was "an emanation from the Deity." But in countries where it is quite understood that every man is just as much an emanation from the Deity as any other, you will not long have that sort of thing. You remember Goldsmith's noble lines, which Dr. Johnson never could read without tears, concerning the English character. Is it not true that it is just because the humble but intelligent Englishman understands distinctly that we are all of us *people of whom more might have been made*, that he has "learn't to venerate himself as man"? And, thinking of influences which form the character, there is a sad reflection which has often occurred to me. It is, that circumstances often develop a character which it is hard to contemplate without anger and disgust. And yet in many such cases it is rather pity that is due. The more disgusting the character formed in some men, the more you should pity them. Yet it is hard to do *that*. You easily pity the man whom circumstances have made poor and miserable; how much more you should pity the man whom circumstances have made bad! You pity the man from whom some terrible accident has taken a limb or a hand;

but how much more should you pity the man from whom the influences of years have taken a conscience and a heart! And something is to be said for even the most unamiable and worst of the race. No doubt, it is mainly their own fault that they are so bad; but still it is hard work to be always rowing against wind and tide, and some people could be good only by doing *that* ceaselessly. I am not thinking now of pirates and pickpockets. But take the case of a sour, back-biting, malicious, wrong-headed, lying old woman, who gives her life to saying disagreeable things and making mischief between friends. There are not many mortals with whom one is less disposed to have patience. But yet, if you knew all, you would not be so severe in what you think and say of her. You do not know the physical irritability of nerve and weakness of constitution which that poor creature may have inherited; you do not know the singular twist of mind which she may have got from nature and from bad and unkind treatment in youth; you do not know the bitterness of heart she has felt at the polite snubbings and lady-like tortures which in excellent society are often the share of the poor and the dependent. If you knew all these things, you would bear more patiently with my friend Miss Limejuice; though I confess that sometimes you would find it uncommonly hard to do so.

As I wrote that last paragraph, I began dimly to fancy that somewhere I had seen the idea which is its subject treated by an abler hand by far than mine. The idea, you may be sure, was not suggested to me by books, but by what I have seen of men and women. But it is a pleasant thing to find that a thought which at the time is strongly impressing one's self, has impressed other men. And a modest person, who knows very nearly what his humble mark is, will be quite pleased to find that another man has not only anticipated his thoughts, but has expressed them much better than he could have done. Yes, let me turn to that incomparable essay of John Foster, *On a Man's writing Memoirs of Himself*. Here it is:

"Make the supposition that any given number of persons, a hundred, for instance, taken promiscuously, should be able to write memoirs of themselves so clear and perfect as to explain, to your discernment at least, the entire process

by which their minds have attained their present state, recounting all the most impressive circumstances. If they should read these memoirs to you in succession, while your benevolence, and the moral principles according to which you felt and estimated, were kept at the highest pitch, you would often, during the disclosure, regret to observe how many things may be the cause of irretrievable mischief. Why is the path of life, you would say, so jaunted as if with evil spirits of every diversity of noxious agency, some of which may patiently accompany, or others of which may suddenly cross the unfortunate wanderer? And you would regret to observe into how many forms of intellectual and moral perversion the human mind readily yields itself to be modified.

"I compassionate you, would, in a very benevolent hour, be your language to the wealthy, unfeeling *tyrant of a family and a neighborhood*, who seeks in the overawed timidity and unretaliated injuries of the unfortunate beings within his power the gratification that should have been sought in their affections. Unless you had brought into the world some extraordinary refractoriness to the influence of evil, the process that you have undergone could not easily fail of being efficacious. If your parents idolized their own importance in their son so much, that they never opposed your inclinations themselves, nor permitted it to be done by any subject to their authority; if the humble companion, sometimes summoned to the honor of amusing you, bore your caprices and insolence with the meekness without which he had lost his enviable privilege; if you could despoil the garden of some nameless dependent neighbor of the carefully-reared flowers, and torment his little dog or cat, without his daring to punish you or to appeal to your infatuated parents; if aged men addressed you in a submissive tone, and with the appellation of 'sir,' and their aged wives uttered their wonder at your condescension, and pushed their grand-children away from around the fire for your sake; if you happened, though with the strut of pertness, and your hat on your head, to enter one of their cottages, perhaps to express your contempt of the homely dwelling, furniture, and fare; if, in maturer life, you associated with vile persons, who would forego the contest of equality to be your allies in trampling on inferiors; and if, both then and since, you have been suffered to deem your wealth the compendium or equivalent of every ability and every good quality—it would, indeed, be immensely strange if you had not become, in due time, the miscreant who may thank the power of the laws in civilized society that he is not assaulted with clubs and stones; to whom one could cordially wish the opportunity and the consequences of attempting his tyranny among some such people as those *submissive* sons of nature in the forests of North-America; and whose dependents and domestic relatives may be almost forgiven when they shall one day rejoice at his funeral."

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with equal step with his lot the tone of his writings mended; till as a writer he became conspicuous for the healthful, cheerful, and kindly nature of all he produced. I remember seeing a portrait of an eminent author, taken a good many years ago, at a time when he was struggling into notice, and when he was being very severely handled by the critics. That portrait was really truculent of aspect. It was sour and even ferocious-looking. Years afterward I saw that author, at a time when he had attained vast success, and was universally recognized as a great man. How improved that face! All the savage lines were gone: the bitter look was gone: the great man looked quite genial and amiable. And I came to know that he really was all he looked. Bitter judgments of men, imputations of evil motives, disbelief in any thing noble or generous, a disposition to repeat tales to the prejudice of others, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness—all these things may possibly come out of a bad heart; but they certainly come out of a miserable one. The happier any human being is, the better and more kindly he thinks of all. It is the man who is always worried, whose means are uncertain, whose home is uncomfortable, whose nerves are rasped by some kind friend who daily repeats and enlarges upon every thing disagreeable for him to hear: it is he who thinks hardly of the character and prospects of humankind, and who believes in the essential and unimprovable badness of the race.

This is not a treatise on the formation of character; it pretends to nothing like completeness. If this essay were to extend to a volume of about three hundred and eighty pages, I might be able to set out and discuss, in something like a full and orderly fashion, the influences under which human beings grow up, and the way in which to make the best of the best of these influences, and to evade or neutralize the worst. And if, after great thought and labor, I had produced such a volume, I am well aware that nobody would read it. So I prefer to briefly glance at a few aspects of a great subject just as they present themselves, leaving the complete discussion of it to solid individuals with more leisure at their command.

Physically, no man is made the most of. Look at an acrobat or a boxer: *there* is what your limbs might have been made for strength and agility. *That* is the potential which is in human nature in these respects. I never witnessed a prize-fight, and assuredly I never will witness one: but I am told that when the champions appear in the ring, stripped for the combat (however bestial and blackguard-looking their countenances may be,) the clearness and beauty of their skin testify that by skillful physical discipline a great deal more may be made of that human hide than is usually made of it. Then if you wish to see what may be made of the human muscles as regards rapid dexterity, look at the Wizard of the North or at an Indian juggler. I am very far indeed from saying or thinking that this peculiar preëminence is worth the pains it must cost to acquire it. Not that I have a word to say against the man who maintains his children by bringing some one faculty of the body to absolute perfection: I am ready even to admit that it is a very right and fit thing that one man in five or six million should devote his life to showing the very utmost that can be made of the human fingers, or the human muscular system as a whole: it is fit that a rare man here and there should cultivate some accomplishment to a perfection that looks magical, just as it is fit that a man here and there should live in a house that cost a million of pounds to build, and round which a wide tract of country shows what may be made of trees and fields where unlimited wealth and exquisite taste have done their best to improve nature to the fairest forms of which it is capable. But even if it were possible, it would not be desirable that all human beings should live in dwellings like Hamilton Palace or Arundel Castle; and it would serve no good end at all, certainly no end worth the cost, to have all educated men muscular as Tom Sayers, or swift of hand as Robert Houdin. Practical efficiency is what is wanted for the business of this world, not absolute perfection; life is too short to allow any but exceptional individuals, few and far between, to acquire the power of playing at rackets as well as rackets can possibly be played. We are obliged to have a great number of irons in the fire: it is needful that we should do decently well a great number

of things: and we must not devote ourselves to one thing to the exclusion of all the rest. And accordingly, though we may desire to be reasonably muscular and reasonably active, it will not disturb us to think that in both these respects we are people of whom more might have been made. It may here be said that probably there is hardly an influence which tends so powerfully to produce extreme self-complacency as the conviction that as regards some one physical accomplishment, one is a person of whom more could not have been made. It is a proud thing to think that you stand decidedly ahead of all mankind: that Eclipse is first and the rest no where; even in the matter of keeping up six balls at once, or of noting and remembering twenty different objects in a shop-window as you walk past it at five miles an hour. I do not think I ever beheld a human being whose aspect was of such unutterable pride, as a man I lately saw playing the drum as one of a certain splendid military band. He was playing in a piece in which the drum music was very conspicuous; and even an unskilled observer could remark that his playing was absolute perfection. He had the thorough mastery of his instrument. He did the most difficult things not only with admirable precision, but without the least appearance of effort. He was a great tall fellow: and it was really a fine sight to see him standing very upright, and immovable save as to his arms, looking fixedly into distance, and his bosom swelling with the lofty belief that out of four or five thousand persons who were present, there was not one who, to save his life, could have done what he was doing so easily.

So much of physical dexterity. As for physical grace, it will be admitted that in that respect more might be made of most human beings. It is not merely that they are ugly and awkward naturally, but that they are ugly and awkward artificially. Sir Bulwer Lytton in his earlier writings was accustomed to maintain that just as it is a man's duty to cultivate his mental powers, so is it his duty to cultivate his bodily appearance. And doubtless, all the gifts of nature are talents committed to us to be improved; they are things intrusted to us to make the best of. It may be difficult to fix the point at which the care of personal appearance in man or woman becomes excessive. It does so

unquestionably in the mind to the things. But people now to personal neatness, is are past a piety was Nobody would how saintly (for the he washed his thirty years' need puppyism. men was conveyed to the notion laid up beyond as if he had to make him as if he had. Some people tire indicate I have seen the pulpit, his right shoulder put on by the vestry of unbrushed for no suspicion of man; yet I defect and a most eloquent it would have mind that the grandest tality, been to the care that when I preach, I thought was increased full fashion in robes. And grace of the small measure little pains upon, when you have their physical their nurse in attired themselves, and arranged curls, you knowed a great deal common days. that beauty was the most. For that a pretty ter of physical

whom no more can be made. Now taste and skill can make more of almost any thing. And you will set down Thomson's lines as flatly opposed to fact, when your lively cousin walks into your room to let you see her before she goes out to an evening party; and when you come to compare that radiant vision, in her robes of misty texture, and with hair arranged in folds the most complicated—wreathed, and satin-shoed—with the homely figure that took a walk with you that afternoon, russet-gowned, tartan-plaided, and shod with serviceable boots for tramping through country mud. One does not think of loveliness in the case of men, because they have not got any; but their aspect, such as it is, is mainly made by their tailors. And it is a lamentable thought, how very ill the clothes of most men are made. I think that the art of draping the male human body has been brought to much less excellence by the mass of those who practice it, than any other of the useful and ornamental arts. Tailors, even in great cities, are generally extremely bad. Or it may be that the providing of the human frame with decent and well-fitting garments is so very difficult a thing, that (save by a great genius here and there) it can be no more than approximated to. As for tailors in little country villages, their power of distorting and disfiguring is wonderful. When I used to be a country clergyman, I remember how, when I went to the funeral of some simple rustic, I was filled with surprise to see the tall, strapping, fine young country lads, arrayed in their black suits. What awkward figures they looked in those unwonted garments! How different from their easy, natural appearance in their every-day fustian! Here you would see a young fellow, with a coat whose huge collar covered half his head when you looked at him from behind; a very common thing was to have sleeves which entirely concealed the hands; and the wrinkled and baggy aspect of the whole suits could be imagined only by such as have seen them. It may be remarked here, that those strong country lads were in another respect people of whom more might have been physically made. Oh! for a drill-serjeant to teach them to stand upright, and to turn out their toes; and to get rid of that slouching, hulking gait which gives such a look of clumsiness and stupidity! If you could

but have the well-developed muscle and the fresh complexion of the country, with the smartness and alertness of the town! You have there the rough material of which a vast deal may be made; you have the water-worn pebble which will take a beautiful polish. Take from the moorland cottage the shepherd-lad of sixteen; send him to a Scotch college for four years, let him be tutor in a good family for a year or two; and (if he be an observant fellow) you will find in him the quiet, self-possessed air and the easy address of the gentleman who has seen the world. And it is curious to see one brother of a family thus educated and polished into refinement, while the other three or four, remaining in their father's simple lot, retain its rough manners and its unsophisticated feelings. Well, look at the man who has been made a gentleman, probably by the hard labor and sore self-denial of the others; and see in him what each of the others might have been! Look with respect on the diamond which needed only to be polished. Reverence the undeveloped potential which circumstances have held down. Look with interest on these people of whom more might have been made!

Such a sight as this sometimes sets us thinking how many gems of excellence are in this world turned to no account. You see the polished diamond and the rough one side by side. It is too late now; but the dull colorless pebble might have been the bright glancing gem. And you may polish the material diamond at any time; but if you miss your season in the case of the human one, the loss can never be repaired. The bumpkin who is a bumpkin at thirty, must remain a bumpkin to threescore and ten. But another thing that makes us think how many fair possibilities are lost, is to remark the fortuitous way in which great things have often been done; and done by people who never dreamt that they had in them the power to do any thing particular. These cases, one can not but think, are samples of millions more. There have been very popular writers who were brought out by mere accident. They did not know what precious vein of thought they had at command, till they stumbled upon it as if by chance, like the Indian at the mines of Potosi. It is not much that we know of Shakspeare, but it seems certain that it was in patching up old plays for

acting that he discovered within himself a capacity for producing that which men will not easily let die. When a young military man, disheartened with the service, sought for an appointment as an Irish Commissioner of Excise, and was sadly disappointed because he did not get it, it is probable that he had as little idea as any one else had that he possessed that aptitude for the conduct of war which was to make him the Duke of Wellington. And when a young mathematician, entirely devoid of ambition, desired to settle quietly down, and devote all his life to that unexciting study, he was not aware that he was a person of whom more was to be made — who was to grow into the great Emperor Napoleon. I had other instances in my mind, but after these last it is needless to mention them. But such cases suggest to us that there may have been many Follets who never held a brief, many Keans who never acted but in barns, many Vandyks who never earned more than six-pence a day, many Goldsmiths who never were better than penny-a-liners, many Michaels who never built their St. Peter's; and perhaps a Shakspeare who held horses at the theater-door for pence, as the Shakspeare we know of did, and who stopped there.

Let it here be suggested, that it is highly illogical to conclude that you are yourself a person of whom a great deal more might have been made, merely because you are a person of whom it is the fact that very little has actually been made. This suggestion may appear a truism; but it is one of those simple truths of which we all need to be occasionally reminded. After all, the great test of what a man can do, must be what a man does. But there are folk who live on the reputation of being pebbles capable of receiving a very high polish, though from circumstances they did not choose to be polished. There are people who stand high in general estimation on the ground of what they might have done if they had liked. You will find students who took no honors at the university, but who endeavor to impress their friends with the notion that if they had chosen they could have attained to unexampled eminence. And sometimes, no doubt, there are great powers that run to waste. There have been men whose doings, splendid as they were, were no more than a hint of how much more they could have done. In

such a case as that of Coleridge, you see how the lack of steady industry, and of all sense of responsibility, abated the tangible result of the noble intellect God gave him. But as a general rule, and in the case of ordinary people, you need not give a man credit for the possession of any powers beyond those which he has actually exhibited. If a boy is at the bottom of his class, it is probably because he could not attain its top. My friend Mr. Snarling thinks he can write much better articles than those which appear in *Fraser's Magazine*; but as he has not done so, I am not inclined to give him credit for the achievement. But you can see that this principle of estimating people's abilities not by what they have done, but by what they think they could do, will be much approved by persons who are stupid, and at the same time conceited. It is a pleasing arrangement that every man should fix his own mental mark, and hold by his estimate of himself. And then, never measuring his strength with others, he can suppose he could have beat them if he had tried.

Yes, we are all mainly fashioned by circumstances; and had the circumstances been more propitious, they might have made a great deal more of us. You sometimes think, middle-aged man, who never have passed the limits of Britain, what an effect might have been produced on your views and character by foreign travel. You think what an indefinite expansion of mind it might have caused; how many narrow prejudices it might have rubbed away; how much wiser and better a man it might have made you. Or more society and wider reading in your early youth might have improved you; might have taken away the shyness and the intrusive individuality which you sometimes feel painfully; might have called out one can not say what of greater confidence and larger sympathy. How very little, you think to yourself, you have seen and known! While others skim great libraries, you read the same few books over and over; while others come to know many lands and cities, and the faces and ways of many men, you look, year after year, on the same few square miles of this world, and you have to form your notion of human nature from the study of but few human beings, and these very commonplace. Perhaps it is as well. It is not so certain that more would have

been made of you if you had enjoyed what might seem greater advantages. Perhaps you learned more by studying the little field before you earnestly and long, than you would have learned if you had bestowed a cursory glance upon fields more extensive by far. Perhaps there was compensation for the fewness of the cases you had to observe, in the keenness with which you were able to observe them. Perhaps the Great Disposer saw that in your case the pebble got nearly all the polishing it would stand; the man nearly all the chances he could improve.

If there be soundness and justice in this suggestion, it may afford consolation to a considerable class of men and women. I mean those people who, feeling within themselves many defects of character, and discerning in their outward lot much which they would wish other than it is, are ready to think that some one thing would have put them right; that some one thing would put them right even yet; but something which they have hopelessly missed, something which can never be. There was just one testing event, which stood between them and their being made a vast deal more of. They would have been far better and far happier, they think, had some single malign influence been kept away which has darkened all their life; or had some single blessing been given which would have made it happy. If you had got such a parish which you did not get; if you had married such a woman; if your little child had not died; if you had always the society and sympathy of such an energetic and hopeful friend; if the scenery round your dwelling were of a different character; if the neighboring town were four miles off instead of fifteen; if any one of these circumstances had been altered, what a different man you might have been! Probably many people, even of middle age, conscious that the manifold cares and worries of life forbid that it should be evenly joyous, do yet cherish, at the bottom of their heart, some vague yet rooted fancy, that if but one thing were given on which they had set their hearts, or one care removed forever, they would be perfectly happy, even here. Perhaps you overrate the effect which would have been produced on your character by such a single cause. It might not have made you much better; it might not even have made you very different.

And assuredly you are wrong in fancying that any such single thing could have made you happy; that is, entirely happy. Nothing in this world could ever make you *that*. It is not God's purpose that we should be entirely happy here. "This is not our rest." The day will never come which will not bring its worry. And the possibility of terrible misfortune and sorrow hangs over all. There is but One Place where we shall be right; and *that* is far away.

Yes, more might have been made of all of us; probably, in the case of most, not much more *will* be made in this world. We are now, if we have reached middle life, very much what we shall be to the end of the chapter. We shall not, in this world, be much better; let us humbly trust that we shall not be worse. Yet, if there be an undefinable sadness in looking at the marred material of which so much more might have been made, there is a sublime hopefulness in the contemplation of material, bodily and mental, of which a great deal more and better will certainly yet be made. Not much more may be made of any of us in life; but who shall estimate what may be made of us in immortality? Think of a "spiritual body;" think of a perfectly pure and happy soul! I thought of this on a beautiful evening of this summer, walking with a much valued friend through a certain grand ducal domain. In front of a noble sepulcher, where is laid up much aristocratic dust, there are sculptured by some great artist, three colossal faces, which are meant to represent Life, Death, and Immortality. It was easy to represent Death: the face was one of solemn rest, with closed eyes; and the sculptor's skill was mainly shown in distinguishing Life from Immortality. And he had done it well. *There* was Life, a care-worn, anxious, weary face, that seemed to look at you earnestly, and with a vague inquiry for something—the something that is lacking in all things here. And *there* was Immortality: life-life, but oh! how different from mortal Life! *There* was the beautiful face; calm, satisfied, self-possessed, sublime; and with eyes looking far away. I see it yet; the crimson sunset warming the gray stone; and a great hawthorn tree, covered with blossoms, standing by. Yes, *there* was Immortality; and you felt, as you looked at it, that it was MORE MADE OF LIFE! A.K.H.B.

From the London Eclectic.

M A R V E L S O F T H E S K U L L . *

THE dens and caves of the earth are perpetually affecting the destinies of scientific induction by their revelations; our speculations in comparative anatomy are constantly indebted to the bones disintombed from those mysterious coffins of past ages; the popular interest in fossils dates from the interesting discoveries of the Kirkdale Cave; still more interesting because furnishing a key to the comparative anatomy of our own race; and the elucidation of the stages of our advance in civilization were the discoveries of Kent's Hole, near Torquay, its arrow-heads, and pins for the fastening the savage skin, and its stone hatchet, and its round pieces of sandstone grit pierced like beads, and its boar-spear; and deeper still—and most interesting of all—the decayed skeleton—its skull still asserting the dignity of its ancient inhabitant, since Cuvier instantly pronounced it to be of the Caucasian race, evidently enough no gorilla or nest-building ape. The caves of Neanderthal seem likely to create a similar—nay, a deeper—interest. Professor Schaaffhausen quotes from a letter of his friend, Dr. Fuhlrott, a description of this interesting cavern:

"A small cave or grotto, high enough to admit a man, and about fifteen feet deep from the entrance, which is seven or eight feet wide, exists in the southern wall of the gorge of the Neanderthal, as it is termed, at a distance of about one hundred feet from the Düssel, and about sixty feet above the bottom of the valley. In its earlier and uninjured condition, this cavern opened upon a narrow plateau lying in front of it, and from which the rocky wall descended almost perpendicularly into the river. It could

be reached, though with difficulty, from above. The uneven floor was covered to a thickness of four or five feet with a deposit of mud, sparingly intermixed with rounded fragments of chert. In the removing of this deposit, the bones were discovered. The skull was first noticed placed nearest to the entrance of the cavern; and further in, the other bones, lying in the same horizontal plane. Of this I was assured in the most positive terms by two laborers who were employed to clear out the grotto, and who were questioned by me on the spot. At first no idea was entertained of the bones being human; and it was not till several weeks after their discovery that they were recognized as such by me, and placed in security. But, as the importance of the discovery was not at the time perceived, the laborers were very careless in the collecting, and secured chiefly only the larger bones; and to this circumstance it may be attributed that fragments merely of the probably perfect skeleton came into my possession."

From this discovery, Dr. Schaaffhausen imagines that he reaches the following conclusions: "1st. That the extraordinary form of the skull was due to a natural conformation hitherto not known to exist, even in the most barbarous races. 2d. That these remarkable human remains belonged to a period antecedent to the time of the Celts and Germans, and were in all probability derived from one of the wild races of North-western Europe, spoken of by Latin writers; and which were encountered as autochthones by the German immigrants. And 3dly. That it was beyond doubt that these human relics were traceable to a period at which the latest animals of the diluvium still existed; but that no proof in support of this assumption, nor consequently of their so-termed *fossil* condition, was afforded by the circumstances under which the bones were discovered."

In some particulars, Dr. Schaaffhausen's learned and suggestive paper has forcibly reminded us of Sir Thomas Brown's Hydriotaphia; but the eloquent old Norwich physician descended into the subterranean world of buried urns and bones, to discover how surely "man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the

* *Natural History Review*. Article on the Crania of the most Ancient Races of Man. By Professor D. SCHAAFFHAUSEN; with Remarks and Original Figures taken from a cast of the Neanderthal Cranium, by GEORGE BUSK, F.R.S. Williams and Norgate.

Crania Americana: or, a Comparative View of the Skulls of various Aboriginal Nations of North and South-America. To which is prefixed an *Essay on the Varieties of the Human Species*. Illustrated by seventy-eight Plates, and a Colored Map. By GEORGE MORTON, M.D. Philadelphia: John Pennington.

grave, solemnizing natiivities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery, in the infamy of his nature." Such is scarcely the impression produced by this most able and interesting paper; it is, he conceives, a step lower down into the vault of being from whence we have emerged—the anatomist discovers in the chambers of that rare and curious skull a lamp, which lights us backward; it makes the ground a little firmer on which we advance to claim relationship with the illustrious ape family. "It affords," says Mr. Busk, "a character in which that skull approaches that of the gorilla or chimpanzee."

Upon this discovery, and his inductions from it, Dr. Schaaffhausen has formed a succession of suggestions, which, if they have not the rich hearse-like pomp and magnificence, have yet the quaint and varied learning and solemn thoughtfulness of Sir Thomas Brown's urn burial. Scientific men are as much deluded by phantasmal resemblances and shadows, as even poets themselves. Not Robinson Crusoe, when he started to discover a footprint in the sand, was more surprised, nor did he follow the track more closely, or feel more clearly the assurance that he was upon the track of a man, than a comparative anatomist, when he lays his finger upon a rare skull. Dr. Schaaffhausen imagines he is upon the track of a new Man Friday, and believes that the cavern of Neanderthal supplies the sensible link to the long cloudy tracery of tradition floating over Europe, tending, he thinks, to establish the existence of a wonderful race of beings, forming the bridge of communication between man and the ape.

We speak with great respect; of such a paper, so full of rare and profoundly interesting scholarship, as the paper of Dr. Schaaffhausen, it is only possible to speak with respect; but it is wonderful, truly, what a propensity there is in scientific men to quarter the arms of the great monkey family upon their hatchments. It must be admitted to be assuredly wonderful that distinguished anatomists like our author should even be disposed to permit a little special pleading—to indulge in a little hypothesis, if they can only by such be permitted to wear the bar sinister of their royal simiatic origin of species; the skull of Neanderthal being scarcely found sufficient to establish the honor of the gorilla cousiuship. Dr.

Schaaffhausen says: "Nor should we be justified in regarding the cranial conformation as perhaps representing the most savage primitive type of the human race, since crania exist among living savages, which, though not exhibiting such a remarkable conformation of the forehead, which gives the skull somewhat the aspect of that of the large apes, still, in other respects, as, for instance, in the greater depth of the temporal fossæ, the crest-like temporal ridges, and a generally less capacious cranial cavity, exhibit an equally low stage of development."

Since the day of Camper, anatomists have attempted many methods for determining the worth of the mysterious inhabitant by accurately gauging the dimensions of the chambers of crania; the doctrine of the skull has been one of the most important problems of ethnological science. A popular elucidation, even for scientific minds, is still needed. The interest of the subject can not well be overstated. There can be no doubt that the weight and the measurement of the skull determine the presence or the absence of spiritual dynamical force in the race. If we were introduced into a museum of the crania of all nations and ages, it would, perhaps, be possible, from those silent, echoless, and ruined temples, to discover the great master builders—the advance guards—the road-makers of civilization. To carry the induction into detail would not be, perhaps, so easy. No doubt, in the caverns of the earth, we find ourselves brought into the presence of the autochthonic peoples, races long anticipating those whom we call aboriginal. The skull is to the mind what the ruined city, with its palaces and temples, is to the race. It is monumental, and no doubt it can be satisfactorily shown that the size and capacity of crania increases as the race improves. Dr. Daniel Wilson, in his *Archæology and Prehistoric Annals of Scotland*, has extorted this testimony from innumerable tumuli. The great stone ages preserve not only the works of the builders, but from the cemetery are also disinterred the innumerable skulls, enabling us to assign to tradition, in its rumors of vanished peoples, its proper measure of truth. Dr. Pritchard has assigned the broad faced pyramidal skull to the nomadic tribes, while the characteristic oval skull is ever the indication of the long-settled and civilized people. The

crania of the North-British tumuli, and those of the Peruvian temples, furnish to us the same evidence that those who reared those wondrous and interesting structures possessed alike the capacity for the practice of analogous arts. Indeed, there are not wanting indications of a likeness between the anatomical structures and conditions of the mysterious people discovered by the Spaniards in South America, and those whose remains were discovered beneath the grassy tumuli of Scotland.

The elucidation of the doctrine of the skull has been carried forward by anatomists to a very considerable extent, and, in some regions, under circumstances most favorable for the purposes of induction. Dr. Morton's magnificent and costly work is an illustration of this. Thus the tribe of the Atures—at the sources of the Orinoco, among the forest solitudes, lies their most remarkable cemetery, in the most remote part of the valley, covered with a thick forest. In that shady and solitary spot, Humboldt found the cavern of Atarupe. Opening itself there where the waters have scooped for themselves a hollow, that illustrious traveler discovered in the tomb of an extinct tribe, near six hundred skeletons, all well preserved, and so regularly placed that it would have been difficult to make an error in their number. Every skeleton reposes in a basket made of the petioles of the palm-tree. This cemetery must be comparatively recent where the bones of the Atures lie. Not so the more illustrious tomb of Pachacamac—the ruined temple of the sun, reserved for the use of the highest order of the Peruvians. Yet, reposing as this vast concourse of skeletons did amidst the grandeurs of the Peruvian temple, it has been doubted whether they were the builders; tradition, and the evidence of a more aboriginal crania—most likely that of the Toltecan—testify to even a remoter architect. The civilization of the Peruvian is one of those marvels and mysteries which can not be fathomed. They possessed a civilization complete in its order—graceful, yet Cyclopean; and the evidence of the crania beneath the architecture proclaims the character of the builder. What does the brutalized skull prove? A relationship to the gorilla or the ape, as Mr. Busk would have us believe. Yet eminent travelers have given to these very brutalized skulls the power

of rearing the vast Peruvian temples—the mighty monuments of Tiaguanico and Titicaca. Mr. Pentland states that:

"In the vicinity of Titicaca he has 'discovered innumerable tombs, hundreds of which he entered and examined. These monuments are of a grand species of design and architecture, resembling Cyclopean remains, and not unworthy of the arts of ancient Greece or Rome. They therefore betokened a high condition of civilization; but the most extraordinary fact belonging to them, is their invariably containing the mortal remains of a race of men, of all ages, from the earliest infancy to maturity and old age, the formation of whose crania seems to prove that they are an extinct race of natives who inhabited Upper Peru above a thousand years ago, and differing from any mortals now inhabiting our globe. The site is between the fourteenth and nineteenth degrees of south latitude, and the skulls found (of which specimens are both in London and Paris) are remarkable for their extreme extent behind the occipital foramen; for two thirds of the weight of the cerebral mass must have been deposited in this wonderfully elongated posterior chamber; and as the bones of the face were also much elongated, the general appearance must have been rather that of some of the ape family than of human beings. In the tombs, as in those of Egypt, parcels of grain were left beside the dead; and it was another singular circumstance that the maize or Indian corn so left, was different from any that now existed in the country.'

"Mr. Pentland expresses his decided opinion 'that the extraordinary forms thus brought to the light of day after their long sojourn, could not be attributed to pressure, or any external force similar to that still employed by many American tribes; and adduced, in confirmation of this view, the opinions of Cuvier, of Gall, and of many other naturalists and anatomists. On these grounds he was of opinion that they constituted the population of these elevated regions before the arrival of the present Indian population, which in its physical characters, customs, etc., offers many analogies with the Asiatic population of the old world.'

"The preceding facts appear to establish two important propositions; first, that the primitive Peruvians had attained to a considerable degree of civilization and refinement, so far at least as architecture and sculpture may be adduced in evidence, long before the Incas appeared in their country; and secondly, that these primitive Peruvians were the same people whose elongated and seemingly *brutalized crania* now arrest our attention; and it remains to inquire, whether these are the same people whom the Incas found in possession of Peru, or whether their nation and power were already extinct at that epoch?"

How many peoples have vanished from the earth? Even within the memory of the eldest men of the survivors of our

generation, we find races perishing and passing away. Some quarters of our world seem only like a solemn museum, or ossuary, of lost races. Time, like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, seems to have led his multitudes within the inclosure of the mountains, and there lie their bones—the dwarf and giant people, who live in legend and tradition. Who were the Jotunheim? who were the Atures?

There seems abundant evidence scattered over the mounds, the tumuli, and burrows, and ruined temples of ancient ages, of people whose exact analogue we can not now find; yet these people leave behind them, as they vanish, proofs that they were men, and represented mankind. This was the distinguishing characteristic: apes and gorillas are not mathematicians and mechanics. Nature, indeed,

"From scarped cliff and quarried stone,
She cries—a thousand types are gone!
I care for nothing, all shall go."

But in all these types there is the distinctive, visible, individuality of man. Thus, a skull the most brutalized, while it may be painful to contemplate, has its human character; but, brutalized as it may be, it would be absurd to identify it with the mere animal. The skull of man is the dome of thought; this always—and, at least, if it is not "the palace of the soul;" it is not a difference merely in the character of the skull, although there is that, or in the quality of the brain, though there is that; the essential difference is in the inhabitant. There is something truly amusing in the way in which Mr. Busk deals with the skull of Neanderthal. To Dr. Schaaffhausen it becomes the key to a long and rich series of learned and interesting suggestions as to the true Allophylian people of Europe. He pierces the recesses of Celtic graves, and the iron-mines of Melchingen, from the Suabian Alps. This suggestive skull reminds him of, and seems to him to be related to, "those Germans who terrified Cæsar's soldiers by the wild flashing of their eyes; and those Gauls, of whom Ammianus Marcellinus says, they are frightful from the wildness of their eyes."

"But the ancient Britons and Irish, the Belgians, Fins, and Scythians, are described as of far more savage aspect. According to Strabo, the Irish were voracious cannibals, and considered it praiseworthy to eat the bodies of their parents; and they are noticed in similar terms

by Diodorus. St. Hieronymus states that, even in Gaul, the *Scoti* had been seen eating human flesh. Tacitus relates with respect to the Fins, that they lived in a state of astonishing savageness, their food being wild herbs, their clothing skins, their arrow-heads made of bone; and that their children and old people had no other protection from the weather than wattled butts. Adam of Bremen relates that, so late as in the eleventh century, the so-termed *Jotuni*, the most ancient population of Scandinavia, dwelt in the mountains and forests, clad in the skins of animals, and uttering sounds more like the cries of wild beasts than human speech. Their conquest and extermination are celebrated in the poems of the Skalds. Isigonus of Nicea, quoted by Pliny, says that a Scythian people dwelling ten days' journey northward from the Dnieper was addicted to cannibalism, drank out of human skulls, and carried the hairy scalps of the slain on their breast. As in the German traditions and tales, many traces of the mode of life of our ancestors have come down to us from heathen times, so also may the tradition respecting cannibalism, which, from Grimm's researches, though it appears as early as Homer in the history of Polyphemus, is also widely diffused in the legends of the Fins, Tartars, and Germans, have originated in the actual remembrance of that abominable practice."

All most interesting. But our readers will perhaps be startled to find that fragments of crania from Schwaan and Plau may not only "be assigned to a barbarous, aboriginal people which inhabited the north of Europe before the *Germani*;" and, as is proved by the discovery of similar remains at Minsk in Russia, and in the Neanderthal near Elberfeld, must have been extensively spread, being allied, as may be presumed from the form of the skull, with the aboriginal populations of Briton, Ireland, and Scandinavia. Whilst at Schwaan the bones were deposited in a Germanic grave of stone, and consequently are brought into relation with the historical period; the bones from Plau, on the contrary, were merely laid in the sand, together with implements of bone of the rudest kind. The Minsk skull, in like manner, was found in the sand of an ancient river-bed. But the human bones and the cranium from the Neanderthal exceed all the rest in those peculiarities of conformation which lead to the conclusion of their belonging to a barbarous and savage race. Whether the cavern in which they were found, unaccompanied with any trace of human art, were the place of their interment, or whether, like the bones of extinct animals elsewhere, they had been washed into it,

All this may, perhaps, be admitted ; but what will our readers think of Mr. Busk, when, upon this solitary skull, simply this and these floating traditions of cannibals and Jotunheim, he advances to his conclusion, that "the fact of the geological antiquity of man, or, to use other words, of his having been contemporary with extinct animals, whose remains are universally regarded by geologists as fossil, has been fully established," and from thence jumps immediately to the conclusion that these forefathers of the earth were immediately related to the gorilla and chimpanzee :

"The natural extent of the frontal sinus, in cases where the superciliary borders are much elevated, is usually imperfectly indicated by an opening or depression, through which the frontal nerve passes ; and this depression is very manifest, especially on the right side, in the fossil cranium, in which it is regarded by Professor Schaaffhausen, we believe erroneously, as indicative of an injury received during life. In the mature chimpanzee and gorilla, the supra-orbital ridges are, as is well known, remarkably developed ; in the former case, we are not aware that the enlargement is accompanied with any expansion of the frontal sinuses, which, in fact, do not exist in that age, but it is due simply to a protection of the margin of the orbit, which cavity is larger in proportion to the skull behind it than it is in the human subject, and is thus

enormously thickened in the monstrous projection above the orbit, there are very large frontal sinuses. However this may be, the protuberance in question must be regarded as showing a very savage type ; and, in the extent to which it exists in the Neanderthal cranium, it affords a character in which that skull approaches that of the gorilla and chimpanzee."

Truly the credulities of ignorance are amusing ; but for the most amusing evidences of the flights of credulity, we have to turn to the achievements of speculative savans. After all that can be alleged in behalf of "our poor relations," it still remains true that the gorilla or the chimpanzee is but a disgusting and terrible beast ; the lowest type of man, whatever may be his degradation — even the Fan tribe has that which gives fearful distinctness to his individuality.

We do not hesitate to say that the skull, as a fossil, can teach us very little of man. It is, at the best, a house quite unfurnished and untenanted ; it is robbed and reft of all the ornaments which were not only its chief beauty, but which were the characteristic indications of its inhabitant. We may deal with it inductively ; but even then it is but a piece of mechanism thrown by. Psychology is assuredly needed to enable us to pronounce a verdict — the skull needs to be informed.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

L O V E — A R E M O N S T R A N C E .

Love should be nursed 'midst beauty—in a vale
Sweet with the music of the nightingale ;
Love should be whispered in a maiden's ear
In summer evenings, when the sky is clear,
And softening south-winds, stealing o'er the
soul,
Enchanting its every thought control—
Till care is lulled to rest, and life doth seem
As fair as that of which young poets dream ;
And all the past is as a blotted page,
And all the future a too-distant age
Whereof to think, and with the dying day

Resistlessly the spirit glides away
Into that dream-land, whereof Love is king
For evermore, and Doubt an unknown thing.
But is it all a dream-land when we sleep
From worldly troubles, and our spirits leap
Into that better world from which they sprang
Ere yet the morning stars together sang
Eve's bridal anthem ? No, no ; it must be
Some dim remembrance of Eternity ;
When mounting upward, upon eagle's wings,
Far, far away from all the grosser things
Of earth, amongst the stars, the spirit roams,

Revisiting the angels in their homes.
 Love is a recognition, and can trace
 The fairest beauties in the plainest face,
 And look upon it, till indeed it be
 His life-long dream become reality.
 He knew her ere he saw her, and she felt
 As if she once in converse sweet had dwelt
 With him she looked on. Beautiful with joy
 Gold can not purchase, nor enjoyment cloy,
 She stood before him; simple was the word
 He spake, and yet her inmost heart it stirred.
 To her his voice was as a silver bell,
 And round each simple thing a magic spell
 He wove; and when he called her by her
 name
 The warm blood mantling to her forehead
 came.
 He touched, but lightly touched her hand, and
 lo!
 Through every vein the sweet caress did flow,

And all her weakness left her—nestling near,
 She looked and loved with love that knows not
 fear.
 But trust me, Laura, Love is not a slave—
 That he should cringe, and flatter, crawl and
 crave.
 Oh! what a web thou'rt weaving round thy
 life,
 And what a mockery the name of wife
 Will be to thee, when in thy loneliness
 Thy pride shall leave thee, and thy deep dis-
 tress
 Become thy judgment! what a world of woe
 Be thine, when all who look on thee shall
 know
 Thou art not loved; and some that know shall
 say:
 "See how the crushed heart dieth day by day."

WILLIAM JOHN ABRAHAM.

From The Leisure Hour.

AVALANCHE OF THE ROSSBERG.

No man can pass the Rossberg mountain without thinking of the dread catastrophe that here overwhelmed in so vast a burial three or four whole lovely villages at once—one of the most terrible natural convulsions in all the history of Switzerland. Four hundred and fifty-seven persons are said to have perished beneath this mighty avalanche. The place out of which it broke in the mountain is a thousand feet in breadth by a hundred feet deep, and this falling mass extended bodily at least three miles in length. It shot across the valley with the swiftness of a cannon-ball, so that in five minutes the villages were all crushed, as if they had been egg-shells or the mimic toys of children.

The following is the simple and powerful narrative of Dr. Zay, of the neighboring village of Arth, an eye-witness of the tremendous spectacle.

"The summer of 1806 had been very rainy, and on the 1st and 2d of September it rained incessantly. New crevices were observed in the flank of the mountain, a sort of crackling noise was heard inter-

nally, stones started out of the ground, detached fragments of rocks rolled down the mountain; at two o'clock in the afternoon of the 2d of September a large rock became loose, and in falling raised a cloud of black dust. Toward the lower part of the mountain the ground seemed pressed down from above; and when a stick or a spade was driven in, it moved of itself. A man, who had been digging in his garden, ran away from fright at these extraordinary appearances: soon a fissure, larger than all the others, was observed; insensibly it increased; springs of water ceased all at once to flow; the pine trees of the forest absolutely reeled; birds flew away screaming. A few minutes before five o'clock the symptoms of some mighty catastrophe became still stronger; the whole surface of the mountain seemed to glide down, but so slowly as to afford time to the inhabitants to go away. An old man, who had often predicted some such disaster, was quietly smoking his pipe when told by a young man running by that the mountain was in the act of falling; he rose and looked out, but went

into his house again, saying, he had time to fill another pipe. The young man, continuing to fly, was thrown down several times, and escaped with difficulty; looking back, he saw the house carried off all at once.

"Another inhabitant, being alarmed, took two of his children and ran away with them, calling to his wife to follow with the third; but she went in for another who still remained, (Marianna, aged five;) just then Francisca Ulrich, their servant, was crossing the room with this Marianna, whom she held by the hand, and saw her mistress; at that instant, as Francisca afterward said: 'The house appeared to be torn from its foundation, (it was of wood,) and spun round and round like a teetotum; I was sometimes on my head, sometimes on my feet, in total darkness, and violently separated from the child.' When the motion stopped, she found herself jammed in on all sides, with her head downward, much bruised, and in extreme pain. She supposed she was buried alive at a great depth; with much difficulty she disengaged her right hand, and wiped the blood from her eyes. Presently she heard the faint moans of Marianna, and called to her by her name; the child answered that she was on her back among stones and bushes, which held her fast, but that her hands were free, and that she saw the light, and even something green. She asked whether people would not soon come to take them out. Francisca answered that it was the day of judgment, and that no one was left to help them, but that they would be released by death, and be happy in heaven. They prayed together. At last Francisca's ear was struck by the sound of a bell, which she knew to be that of Steinenberg; then seven o'clock struck in another village; then she began to hope there were still living beings, and endeavored to comfort the child. The poor little girl was at first clamorous for her supper, but her cries soon became fainter, and at last quite died away. Francisca, still with her head downward, and surrounded with damp earth, experienced a sense of cold in her feet almost insupportable. After prodigious efforts she succeeded in disengaging her legs, and thinks this saved her life. Many hours had passed in this situation, when she again heard the voice of Marianna, who had been asleep, and now renewed

her lamentations. In the mean time, the unfortunate father, who, with much difficulty, had saved himself and two children, wandered about till daylight, when he came among the ruins to look for the rest of his family. He soon discovered his wife, by a foot which appeared above ground: she was dead, with a child in her arms. His cries, and the noise he made in digging, were heard by Marianna, who called out. She was extricated with a broken thigh, and, saying that Francisca was not far off, a farther search led to her release also, but in such a state that her life was despaired of: she was blind for some days, and remained subject to convulsive fits of terror. The house, or themselves at least, had been carried down about one thousand five hundred feet from where it stood before.

"In another place a child two years old was found unhurt, lying on its straw mattress upon the mud, without any vestige of the house from which he had been separated. Such a mass of earth and stones rushed at once into the Lake of Lowertz, although five miles distant, that one end of it was filled up; and a prodigious wave, passing completely over the island of Schwanau, seventy feet above the usual level of the water, overwhelmed the opposite shore, and, as it returned, swept away into the lake many houses with their inhabitants. The village of Seewen, situated at the farther end, was inundated, and some houses washed away, and the flood carried live fish into the village of Steinen. The chapel of Olten, built of wood, was found half a league from the place it had previously occupied, and many large blocks of stone completely changed their position.

"The most considerable of the villages overwhelmed in the vale of Arth was Goldau, and its name is now affixed to the whole melancholy story and place. I shall relate only one more incident. A party of eleven travelers from Berne, belonging to the most distinguished families there, arrived at Arth on the 2d of September, and set off on foot for the Righi a few minutes before the catastrophe. Seven of them had got about two hundred yards ahead; the other four saw them entering the village of Goldau, and one of the latter, Mr. R. Jenner, pointing out to the rest the summit of the Rossberg, (full four miles off in a straight line,) where some strange commotion seemed taking place, which

they themselves (the four behind) were observing with a telescope, and had entered into conversation on the subject with some strangers just come up, when, all at once, a flight of stones, like cannon-balls, traversed the air above their heads; a cloud of thick dust obscured the valley; a frightful noise was heard. They fled. As soon as the obscurity was so far dissipated as to make objects discernible, they sought their friends, but the village of Goldau had disappeared under a heap of stones and rubbish one hundred feet in height, and the whole valley presented nothing but a perfect chaos! Of the unfortunate survivors, one lost a wife to

whom he was just married, one a son, a third the two pupils under his care: all researches to discover their remains were, and have ever since been, fruitless. Nothing is left of Goldau but the bell which hung in its steeple, and which was found about a mile off. With the rocks, torrents of mud came down, acting as rollers; but they took a different direction when in the valley, the mud following the slope of the ground toward the Lake of Lowertz, while the rocks, preserving a straight course, glanced across the valley toward the Righi, high up on the sides of which trees were mowed down as they might have been by cannon."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

CONTINENTAL REVOLUTIONS.*

OUR readers may possibly remember M. Garnier Pagès as member of that provisional government which fretted its brief hour in France, during the troubles of 1848, until the good sense of the nation turned him out among the rest. Since his retirement into private, M. Pagès has been "eating his leek" and swearing most horrible revenge, which he has perpetrated by the publication of a ponderous work, in which he purposes to study the causes and consequences of the tornado of 1848, from his point of view. We are, in so far, thankful to him that he has for the present abstained from offering us any "warmed-up cabbage" about the French revolution, (though he threatens his much-suffering countrymen with three other volumes on that subject,) and has wisely devoted the volume with which we now deal to the affairs of Italy. In the first place, it is a very taking subject of the hour; and secondly, the author is enabled to show—at any rate by implication—that France was quite prepared to do in 1848 what she carried out in 1859. Her only mis-

take was, that, at the former period, she had the modesty to wait for an invitation which, however, was not given.

We have generally been of opinion that revolution is like cholera, which breaks out suddenly under perfectly normal conditions of society, and dashes over the Continent, spreading desolation and confusion far and wide. But M. Pagès teaches us differently: it is his proud boast that France did it all in 1848. If there be any thing to boast about in perpetrating bloodshed and checking the cause of progress for at least ten years, we are perfectly willing to leave France the responsibility. But we deny, absolutely and utterly, that France originated the Italian upheaval of 1848: it must have taken place even had no republic been proclaimed at Paris. For eighteen years the revolutionary volcano had been growling in Italy, now and then emitting sharp, short gleams, until the veering of the Pope to the liberal side gave consistency to the wants and wishes of the peoples. It was on the Tedeschi, before all, that the national hatred was concentrated. Austria had gone beyond the authority delegated to her by the Congress

* *Histoire de la Revolution de 1848.* Par GARNIER PAGES. Tome 1^{er}, Italie. Paris: Pagnerre.

of Vienna, and throughout the peninsula employed her troops as *sbirri* to suppress free interchange of ideas. It was impossible for such a state of things to last longer; and though the French revolution of 1848 gave the signal for revolt, even without that event the Italians could not be held back longer from an appeal to the grim god of battles. M. Garnier Pagès, who, by the way, has been largely assisted in his task by the deceased dictator of Venice, Manin, gives the following glowing account of the Milanese glorious days:

"The combat has begun: in an instant, men of all ranks, of all trades, women accustomed to rude toil, ladies with delicate hands, even children, all prepared arms and means of resistance. The streets were unpaved, and barricades raised. In default of planks and beams, carriages were dragged up, and every thing that presented itself was employed. Some gave their furniture, the poor their only bed, the rich their gilded chairs, while a manufacturer threw in the largest of his piano-fortes. At this supreme moment every body offered, for the common defense, his fortune and his life. Marshal Radetsky had a difficulty in escaping from the torrent that began to overflow, and flying from his palace to the castle, abandoning a portion of his clothes, and even his sword, with which he had menaced the Milanese, and which now became their trophy. . . . On the nineteenth, at daybreak, the tocsin was heard, the cry 'To arms!' and the sound of cannon. The battle had recommenced. Never, perhaps, had a population found itself in so terrible a situation. Inclosed within walls, flight itself in the event of defeat was no longer possible. They must not expect from foreign and savage soldiers either pity or mercy; their ferocity could only be satiated by pillage, violation, and carnage. Had not the chief himself denounced the sack of the city, if it resisted, and he was the man to keep his word. There was no hope for the city, then, if it succumbed, and the citizens could only count on their courage and their despair. In this gigantic contest, each bore in his heart the sublime resolution, Victory or death! a supreme moment, a solemn hour for this nation struggling beneath the sword that kills. The historian, while retracing this affecting scene, feels his hand tremble. The genius of deliverance created arms. The theaters and museums were stripped of old carbines and dress-swords; the iron bars of the railways were sharpened; tools fastened to the end of sticks; knives served as daggers; the women heated oil and melted lead; furniture, tiles, bottles, paving-stones, vessels of every description were arranged as projectiles; barricades were multiplied; no arm was inactive; the chemists manufactured gunpowder, caps, and fulminating cotton; some invented destructive agents; the

tradesmen supplied vitriol, which was to fall in a burning shower. . . . The troops advanced along the widest streets, swept them with canister, and pointed their guns at the barricades. The inhabitants poured on the soldiers the piled-up materials; the young men were saving with their ammunition, and each round told, and delivered the city from an enemy."

While Radetsky fell back, like a boar at bay, beneath the walls of Verona, Charles Albert was in a most awkward position. We are glad to find that M. Pagès does not force in the cuckoo cry of treason, so often raised against that monarch: he is disposed to regard him as a weak-minded man, instigated by a strong dose of ambition. On hearing of the fall of monarchy in France, Charles Albert was stupified: on one hand he was haunted by the demon of republicanism, on the other he did not like the opportunity for aggrandizement to slip. Worst of all, he could not remain stationary, he must move with the tide. After great hesitation, therefore, he resolved to place himself at the head of the Italian movement, and obtain that iron crown which his ancestors had worn with honor for a season.

Lamartine, feeling perfectly aware that the only thing that could support his tottering authority was a foreign war, at once offered the King of Sardinia the aid of the sword of France, but he at once declined it. The president of the provisional government then appealed to Mazzini to accept French help, but he haughtily indorsed the King's memorable reply: "*L'Italia farà di se.*" In fact, the Italians were so astounded at having driven the Austrians out of Milan, that they thought they need only follow up their victory to render their country great, glorious, and free. In truth, circumstances seemed to justify this view; from one end of the peninsula to the other, prince was outbidding prince in his offers of assistance to the popular cause; the Neapolitan troops were hurrying up, the Roman army was on the frontier of Venetia, and that country was torn from Radetzky, with the exception of the redoubtable Quadrilateral, in which the gray-haired field marshal was fretting his proud heart, and urging on his court the necessity of reinforcements, which it could not offer him. In the mean while, Charles Albert went on from victory to victory, till he was brought up by the frowning

walls of Verona, which have since made another conqueror hesitate. During this period treachery was at work throughout the peninsula. Ferdinand of Naples regained his authority on the Continent, and Pio Nono began playing fast and loose with the national cause; but no foe was so dangerous to it as Charles Albert himself. In his jealousy of the volunteers he left them unsupported, and Radetzky was enabled to surprise their column at Curtatone, where they were cut to pieces after a magnificent defense. The perusal of their exploits reads like a page from the history of ancient Greece:

"For more than three hours they resisted and performed prodigies of valor. General Laugier sustained the valor of his troops by example and words. The cries of 'Viva l'Italia!' gave strength to the weakest and courage to the most timid. The sharpshooters fought in the open, saying they wished to show their breasts to the enemy. The students' battalion, intrepid in fire, proceeded wherever the peril was the greatest; they fell without giving way, and died as heroes. The learned professor of geology, Leopold Pella, expired with the cry 'that he had not yet done enough for his country.'

At this supreme moment an affecting episode took place. Some forty volunteers, led by Montanelli, rushed forward over the dead bodies to a neighboring mill, and there offered a desperate resistance to the Austrians. Bullets hailed on the sacred battalion, and decimated it. One by one they fell, and their cartridges—glorious heritage of the dying men!—were shared among the survivors. The heroic group, gradually reduced, closed up round the Italian flag. Pietro Parra, a very promising youth, was struck by the side of Montanelli, who threw himself on a man whom he regarded as a brother, felt the pulsing of his heart, and soon after only embraced a corpse. He seized his brave comrade's musket to avenge him, but immediately felt his left arm pierced by a bullet, made vain efforts to continue the combat, and lost his senses as he cried to his friends, who, not wishing to separate from him, surrendered to the Austrians: 'You will bear testimony that I fell with my face to the foe.'"

Another glorious episode of the campaign was the defense of Vicenza by Colonels Massimo d'Azeglio and Enrico Cialdini. At daybreak, black, compact masses of the enemy were seen advancing on the devoted town from every direction. The fire began at four a.m., by an attack of tirailleurs. The column commanded by Culoz rushed impetuously toward the heights, which were defended with equal vigor. Wratislaw threw himself on the Rotunda, but in vain; and, forced to have

recourse to his artillery, directed his attack on the gate, where an obstinate fight was carried on. At this moment, D'Aspre charged in close column the barricade of the Padua gate, but was foiled by the bravery of the Italians. On all sides the contest was furious and sanguinary; the town was begirt by a belt of fire and iron. The general, the officers, the volunteers, the soldiers, the townsmen, endured, without stirring, this formidable assault, which threatened to swallow them up. They fought for six hours, and the Austrians made but insensible progress. The shock of arms was most terrible on the heights, where the Italians and Swiss had concentrated their efforts on Bericocolo. The artillery, excellently served by the Swiss, hurled death into the ranks of the assailants; on either side it was felt that this hill was the key of the position, and that if carried the contest would be virtually at an end. To effect it, the Austrians made a desperate effort, and charged it with twelve thousand fresh troops. The Italians and Swiss resisted desperately, but prodigies of valor could not keep the foe back. The termination of the contest is so brilliantly told by M. Pagès, that it must serve as an apology for an extract:

"Durando gave his orders every where; no one needed to hear the voice of his chief to be inspired, for his presence sufficed. On learning the retreat of D'Azeglio, he rushed to the reserve, told the Swiss to fly to his help, and himself tried at the head of a column to turn the hill on the opposite side; but the Austrian ranks were so dense that the Italians were compelled to fall back on the town. The enemy, master of the heights, covered them with batteries, and soon shells, shrapnel, and balls, rained on the city. The resistance, concentrated behind gates and barricades, became through this only the greater; peril heightened audacity in their hearts and did not affect them. Night came, to add the horrors of its darkness to all the horrors of the engagement. For six-and-thirty hours the Italians had been under arms; exhausted by the hunger and thirst they had not found time to appease, by fatigue and bloodshed, they still did not feel their courage exhausted. But could such heavy sacrifices save the city? After the loss of the heights it would soon be but a pile of ruins. The Swiss artillery was partially dismounted; should Vicenza be exposed to all the disasters of a city taken by storm? The general examined sadly but coolly this mournful situation. He had neither promise nor hope of succor from Charles Albert; perhaps he could obtain an honorable capitulation for the inhabitants and his army. At about six p.m. he informed the committee of defense of his resolu-

tian, and gave them a quarter of an hour to reflect. The committee repulsed, in the name of the city, all capitulation. The general received this reply as the frenzy of patriotism, and took on himself to hoist the white flag. At this sinister sight a terrible crisis was produced by despair: hearts revolted, transports of anger seized on the minds; the volunteers, the inhabitants, preferred death to surrender. The flag, pierced by bullets, fell, and the firing began again on all sides furiously. But the general saw the certain danger, and the impossibility of defense; he might still save the army and city from complete destruction. He accepted the responsibility of the capitulation, hoisted the white flag again, and sent messengers to the enemy's camp."

In this way Radetzky compensated for the fall of Peschiera by gradually extending his grasp of the Venetese, and ere long reinforcements began pouring in. Charles Albert had dislocated his forces by attempting the siege of Mantua, and there was a chance of the old field-marshal being able to "blot" the King's weakest point. In this actual state of affairs Lamartine once more offered the sword of France to the patriots, and with the determination to cross the Alps at the first cry for rescue, raised an army of five hundred thousand men. Looking back through the past, it is instructive to find Lamartine speaking in the following way to the National Assembly: "In no case will Italy fall again under the yoke she has so gloriously shaken off. In no case will France fail in that fraternity for twenty-six millions of human beings, which has been her law for the past, and will be her duty for the future." But the Italians, in one point, if in no other, displayed wisdom: they would not accept French aid; and all Lamartine could do was to send a French squadron into the Adriatic, and wait the course of events. In fact, at that moment an external war could alone prove the salvation of the French provisional government, and Lamartine was eventually hurled from power because he listened to the promptings of his better self and avoided it.

Still, there was sufficient in the debates of the French House to alarm Austria as to intervention, and she would have been glad to come to a satisfactory settlement with Sarlinia if she could do so with honor. Radetzky had by this time an army numerously superior to that of Charles Albert, and before resuming the offensive there was no disgrace in trying to put an

end to the war, especially as its continuance rendered it more than probable that France would step in and act the part of the lawyer in the fable of the oyster and the shells. Hence the court of Vienna sent M. de Hummelauer to ask the intervention of England in the quarrel, and Lord Palmerston was disposed to listen. The Austrian envoy strongly urged the advisability of a union between Austria and Piedmont, "because in that way their forces could be combined in a system of common defense against French invasion." The first proposition was to constitute the Lombardo-Venetese into an independent state, with its own army and government, but still remaining under the sovereignty of the Emperor. This Lord Palmerston declined, and then M. Hummelauer presented a second memorandum, by which Lombardy would be rendered independent, while the Venetian state would remain under the sovereignty of the Emperor, with a national administration. Here, again, Lord Palmerston hesitated in face of the strong Italian feeling evidenced in Venetia, and evidently did not wish to accept the responsibility. Hence the negotiations were broken off, as Austria, under present circumstances, did not feel disposed to surrender the line of the Adige, which was necessary to protect Trieste. At any rate, these negotiations deserve not to be forgotten, as they formed the basis of the treaty of Villafranca, and show that by the exercise of a judicious pressure the British government could have obtained in 1848 all that the Emperor of the French was enabled to secure after a campaign of more than usual severity. We can not help thinking, then, that Lord Palmerston, on this occasion, did not display that acumen which people are generally agreed to credit him with in matters relating to foreign policy. Still, the Venetese court was not beaten yet, but made the provisional junta at Milan the same proposition—namely, the liberation of Lombardy—if she would throw Venetia over. To their honor, this was at once refused, and henceforth arms could alone decide.

The chances were greatly favorable to Radetzky. Charles Albert had extended his front from Peschiera to Mantua, while the Austrian field-marshal held his thoroughly in hand. At the end of May and the beginning of June, Charles Albert honestly wished to save Venetia, and only

treat with Austria on the condition of Italy being entirely emancipated from the foreign yoke. Doubtless politicians had already begun to whisper to him the immediate and brilliant advantages which a new treaty of Campo-Formio would offer him; doubtless prudent councilors were already whispering in his ear ideas of abandonment and treason to Venetia; but for all that, at this moment, he was as resolute as an undecided character can be to yield no inch of his Italian country. But by the beginning of July a change began to come over the King. He had but sixty thousand men, while the Austrian army, after the junction of Nugent and Welden's corps, amounted to eighty-five thousand:

"Charles Albert, in presence of these forces, supported by the fortresses and the Adige, in a formidable position, felt his impotence, and could not make up his mind whether to advance or retire. Daily different places were suggested to him. He studied them carefully, but could not fix on any one. He heard the cries of all Italy, which excited and urged him forward, and he heard, too, the voice of prudence, which pointed out the danger and held him back. Fearless for himself, he trembled for his sons' property. A battle risked, a battle lost, was a crown that disappeared before it had been seized! It was his own throne menaced. Italy disarmed, the French Republic in Italy! At this moment, clever people brought before his undecided mind the advantages proposed by Austria and repelled by him. But he had pledged himself too deeply. No! he would never sign a treaty of Campo-Formio; a hundred times better fall on the battle-field arms in hand."

At last, however, the King gave way to his advisers, and on July 7 he wrote to Radetzky offering to accept the Adige as the eastern frontier of the state; but it was too late. The terms were not equal. Radetzky by this time held the whole of the Venetese but the capital, and Austria was in honor bound not to listen to any negotiations until she had gained some signal successes over the foe. That signal success was the battle of Custosa, where Radetzky completely outmaneuvered the Piedmontese, and took them between two fires. The King was only able to bring twenty-two thousand men into action; and though they fought with great bravery, they were eventually compelled to retreat. This fight became more fatal to the Italian cause through its consequences than through its result. The Pied-

montese, hitherto superior in every action, lost their self-confidence:

"The combat had been glorious, but the defeat was overwhelming. Demoralization seized on the bravest, and fear on the cowardly; there were pitiable terrors and criminal desertions; the commissariat, badly organized, left the army without provisions; the exhausted soldiers could not repair their strength—disorder reigned everywhere. To their terrified minds Radetzky constantly appeared menacing with his victorious army. What complaints, what groans! It was a frightful spectacle of human misery! Faces were gloomy, hearts in despair. The very prisoners, the result of their successes, became an embarrassment, and seemed a mockery of destiny. The generals knew not how to justify their reverses. They cursed the commissariat; accused each other of faults of commission and omission, and underwent the effects of the general despondency."

Still the King stood at the head of forty-five thousand men, and his field artillery was intact. He was advised to ask for an armistice, but the insulting terms Radetzky proposed aroused his pride, and he fell back on Milan, under whose walls he arrived on August third, with only twenty-five thousand men left. It was at this time that the most inexplicable thing of all his career occurred, and which will ever cast a deep shadow over the King's memory. All the time he had been fighting the Sardinian government had not taken possession of the authority at Milan and Venice; but on August second, Lieutenant-General Olivieri arrived in the former city to depose the provisional government, and take possession in the King's name. On the 4th the last decisive action took place under the walls of Milan, and on the same night the King capitulated. Can we blame the republicans that they alleged he had only seized the authority at Milan in order to ransom his own kingdom by surrendering it to the Austrians, and that he preferred seeing Radetzky hold Lombardy than a French army come to the assistance of the junta?

There was a scene of frightful confusion in Milan when the news of the capitulation spread on the morning of August fifth. Charles Albert explained his motives, his wish to spare the blood of the people; but his explanation was received with murmurs, which struck Charles Albert to the heart. "Well," he said, "if the conditions do not suit you, try to obtain others that are better; and if you will

not surrender at any price, I will remain with you, and be buried beneath the walls of your city." But discouragement and anarchy had seized on the army; the soldiers, probably obeying previous orders, began leaving the city. The archbishop, the podestat, and two other citizens, considering defense impossible, went to Radetzky's camp and signed a new agreement, which was ratified by the chief of the staff, in the name of the King. When this became known the saddest scene of the whole sad history occurred:

"Suddenly, as if seized with madness, the mob returned to the palace and raised barricades around it. The night, slow in coming, covered with its darkness a fearful scene: cries of death against Charles Albert were heard; shots were fired at the windows, provoked by the shots of the servants, who wished to clear the palace; the mob attempted to enter the apartments, and were repulsed; it was proposed to fire the palace and the city, and thus leave Radetzky naught but ashes. If darkness permits every crime, it facilitates flight. The troops were far away; A de la Marmora got down from a window and returned at the head of a detachment of carbineers and bersaglieri, who effected the King's liberation. Charles Albert, crushed and tortured, went off through the Vercellina gate, with his two sons and the staff, hearing behind him the sound of fire-arms, the knell of the tocsin, and cries of fury and malediction. Charles Albert, four months previously, only dreamt of entering Milan to receive the honors of a triumph and the testimony of public gratitude. Instead of this, he arrived to endure an atrocious moral punishment, and offer to the world a fresh example of the versatility of peoples who adulate and crown success, and do not pardon misfortune."

On August seventh, the Sardinian commissioners, by a strange mockery, took possession of Venice in the King's name, but the news of the capitulation of Milan put an end to their authority, and the republican flag again floated from the walls of the devoted city. At this moment the oppressed nationalities turned their eyes to that generous nation which had offered its sword before: after all, the French were not more foreigners than were the Austrians. But it was too late: the sword of France had slipped from the nerveless grasp of the provisional government, and for want of a foreign war the nation had devoured its own children. When republican troops eventually march-

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From the Leisure Hour.

PHENOMENA OF THE BREATH.

It is no easy matter to give to unseen things and unseen agencies the importance which belongs to them; and thus it is that people who do not set themselves resolutely to the task of studying the changes which go on in what I will call the "unseen physical world," remain ignorant of them to the last, unless some person should place the matter before them in a tangible sort of way.

Need I be formal enough to announce the well-known fact, that every living person amongst us breathes? From birth to death we go on breathing without one moment's intermission, except, perhaps, during a fainting-fit. Do all who happen to read this know what they breathe for, and how? I think not. I will not be content with such answers as, "Because I must;" "Because I couldn't live without air," etc. This is merely reasoning in a circle. I want a positive reply to the question, Why we breathe, and how we breathe; and as nobody seems to answer me as I like to be answered, I shall set about explaining the matter in my own way.

Firstly, as the air, which is such an important element in the process of breathing is invisible, and consequently is apt to be invested with some of the usual difficulties appertaining to invisible things, let us surround ourselves as much as possible with visible, tangible representatives. Do as I bid you then, and for the present ask no questions. Weigh out $13\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of charcoal, and set it on a plate. Place yourself near a tub full of water, and by means of a pint measure, dip out the whole of the water by pintful at a time. Manage to dip once every three seconds, or twenty times in a minute, so that at the end of a minute you will have dipped out twenty pints. You may now dip out three more pints, if you please, to add to the water already emptied, for, strictly speaking, our pint measure is hardly big enough, but I have assumed a pint measure to have been employed, for the reason that every body is well acquainted with the dimensions of it. We are not dealing with

the invisible world now: a bulk of water and a heap of charcoal are tangible things. Let us now see what connection they have with the subject of breathing.

The connection is this: one great object of breathing is to remove charcoal from the body; and no less than $13\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of charcoal are thus removed from every human individual, on an average, during each twenty-four hours; so you will perceive why I have thought proper to set before you the tangible object of $13\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of charcoal on a plate.

Again each human being, on an average, may be considered to take into his lungs and evolve from the same (by inspiration and expiration,) one pint of air every three seconds, or twenty pints per minute — something more, indeed, so that if at the end of the minute we give three pints over, it will be something near the mark. Now, what a stupendous matter for contemplation is this! If the bulk of air we take into our lungs during the twenty-four hours, and give out from our lungs during the same time, were only visible, so as to challenge our attention, we should be startled at the immensity of it. The real quantity is about $666\frac{2}{3}$ cubic feet; and in order to present to your mind a correct idea of this space, imagine a chamber 19 feet square and 19 feet high; such a chamber will correspond to that space almost exactly. Contemplate this fact, I say; realize to your mind these dimensions. Depend upon it, the Almighty does not oblige us to breathe and to expire daily such an enormous bulk of air for nothing. The act ministers to some good end, you may be certain; and be assured, moreover, that if we violate the laws so obviously set before us, we suffer. Now, a room 19 feet every way, is a pretty large room. Looking at the members of English population in the aggregate, how many do you think enjoy the benefits of a room so large?

Of course it may be said, and fairly said, that every room, however close, is supplied notwithstanding with some means

circulation of air is determined toward its little lungs; and when the bird begins to fly, the violent muscular exercise necessary to this act raises the air circulation to its highest intensity, and may be said to fan the breath-combustion to the highest pitch of which it is susceptible.

Pause a minute now, and reflect how beautifully the teachings of philosophy accord with the teachings of experience and common-sense. Who is there amongst us who does not know that the more an animal moves or exerts itself, the faster it breathes and the hotter it becomes? Who amongst us is there who does not know that exercise begets hunger and thirst—it gives an appetite? What marvel? Corresponding with the degree of muscular effort brought into operation, there must have been a loss of bodily substance. The furnace has been burning its fuel in proportion, and more fuel has to be supplied.

Again, who is there amongst us who has not looked upon one asleep, and remarked the placid torpor of vitality characteristic of that state? The muscular system is all at rest, save the heart and a portion of the system which presides over the breath. Wear and tear of the materials of the body are reduced to a low grade. There is no wearing application of the mind: either lulled to oblivion altogether, or disporting itself in dreams, man's thinking part makes no call on his members or the things which minister to them, for stimulus or refreshment. Looking at these, the prominent conditions of sleep, it should be—if the principles which our philosophy seeks to establish be sound—it would be, I say, that proportionately with the lowering of lung-combustion during the state of sleep, there should be a corresponding diminution of animal heat, and a decreased necessity for eating and drinking. Does not experience correspond with these suggestions? How often must it have occurred to many who are now reading this paper, to go to bed on a winter's night, after briskly moving about, fancying they should be quite hot enough—to commit themselves to sleep, still feeling hot enough—but to awake, as the night advanced, under an unbearable sensation of cold, or, if not awaking, to dream of rolling in snow-drifts, or taking cold baths, or standing in a shower with one's clothes off, or some other painful

expression, in sleep's own grotesque way, of the unpleasant sensation of cold?

Then, as to eating and drinking, every body knows they are the natural alleviators of hunger and thirst; but next in order, as an alleviative agent, comes sleep. People exposed to want of aliment—people on the verge of starvation—feel an almost unconquerable desire to sleep; and many a starving man or woman may pass in sleep a space of time, without eating and drinking, which awake would have been impossible. Think, too, of the following circumstance: we can draw a long breath or a short breath, as we will; but no effort of will can prevent our breathing altogether.

Mark, too, that during the whole period of sleep, respiration goes on without our will having any conscious effort in the matter. Compare this with the heart. This organ is not subject to the will in any degree. No one by mere effort of volition can make his heart beat a long beat or a short beat, much less cause the heart to stop for a few moments. How beautifully is all this ordered! What benevolent foresight! Frequent occasions arise when it is necessary to interfere momentarily with the breath. If a cloud of dust blow past, it is injudicious to breathe it; and to avoid it, we cease breathing momentarily by the force of will. We may have to thrust our heads under water for a few seconds; in this case again it would be injudicious to go on breathing, and so we are permitted to subject the breath to the will within narrow limits. But under no conceivable conditions can any occasion arise for dictating to the heart at all: the sturdy little blood-pumper is boxed away inside the chest, and enveloped in a sort of leather bag as well: he is cut off from the external world, like the veriest re-cluse. The heart has his own appointed work to do, and the most imperious will can in no degree affect him.

And now it remains for me to say that the breathing organs of some animals are not modeled after the type of lungs: and that other animals, although they breathe, are devoid of any special breathing organs. Need I say that fishes do not breathe by lungs? how could they? They breathe by those red fringe-like things called gills, no less admirably adapted to lay hold of the air which is

dissolved in water, than our lungs are adapted to contain air as it exists in the gaseous form. Certain curious animals, too, are supplied with both gills and lungs; so that philosophers are at a loss to decide whether they are fish or reptiles. Insects breathe by tubes called trachea, opening externally on various parts of the body, whence the secret of killing a wasp by smearing its body with oil; and ed with breathe l skins. T about bre er to un divine re "breathe of life."

From Colburn's New Month

CRUELITIES OF THE P

BY CAPTAIN FRENCH, ROYAL

The King's Press.—SHAKESPEARE

HAPPILY, we can not say the Queen's press! Under the gentle reign of Queen Victoria—when even the guilty do not find it easy to obtain for themselves an adequate punishment—impressment slumbers in the dead letter of the law. *Requiescat sempiternè!*

I saw something of it when I was serving as midshipman in a receiving ship. Boys are thoughtless, and mostly cruel, and perhaps I did not feel as I ought to have done at the time; but, remembering what I then witnessed, I do not know any thing in the experience of my life that produced so much of misery. I say it deliberately. I have seen, amongst the horrors of warfare in India, a mine sprung under the feet of an advancing column; I was on board the Victory at Trafalgar; and on the field of Waterloo the night of the battle. The agony, in these cases, though intense, was generally of short duration—the worst was soon known—but the home misery, the nights of weeping and days of suffering, produced by impressment, were prolonged in alternations of hope and despair—in want and wretchedness—for years and lives.

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Occasionally, the press was used, like the *lettres de cachet* in France, as an instrument of private vindictiveness or revenge. I recollect a man, originally a hairdresser, who was waiter at a celebrated hotel in Yorkshire. It was his misfortune to have offended the dignity of one of the guests, and the officers at Hull were in consequence informed where some hands, if sought for, might be picked up—the waiter to be included; but he received a friendly intimation. Remembering his first profession, he “cut it short,” and was over the hills and far away before the gentleman from Hull had arrived.

It was something very different—and a sight that it is painful to remember—when we went to meet the ships coming into the dock—often perhaps from a long voyage to the coast of Africa and the West Indies, or from the icy dangers of the whale-fishery. I have then—and more than once—seen a wife waiting with her children, after months of sad separation, doubtful of her husband's fate, yet hoping to welcome him as he landed; for his ship had been signaled from the lighthouse. With beaming and joyful face she would point him out on the deck as the vessel neared the pier, and as she anxiously watched him she might be seen waving her handkerchief, with beating heart, till she had at last caught his eye. And then—in another minute he was seized as if he had been a felon, and before a look or word could be exchanged, was savagely dragged away to fight the battles of his country. Fair young girls and aged mothers were alike dashed from hope to bitter agony, as they saw a brother or a son torn from them, never perhaps to glad their sight again. And how true must such men have been to a country so unjust to them, when under these circumstances they could fight for it as they did! For slavery itself was scarcely a more “bitter draught” than impressment.

But I was doomed to see another of its consequences still more painful than these. We had boarded a vessel at the mouth of the river. One of her crew was leaning over the opposite bulwark looking at a boat that contained the handsome lass to whom he was to be married on landing, when he was laid hold of by the press. The second mate—an uncommon

and struck his messmate's captor to the ground; and the sailor, leaping overboard, got into the shore-boat and escaped. The mate was laid hold of by two of our men, and his arms being pinioned by a third, we carried him off.

An Act of Parliament had recently been passed, making it a capital offense to resist the press-gang, under such circumstances, by force, in the execution of their duty. We were near the Cheshire shore when this occurred. The man, who gave his name as Jones, was taken before a neighboring magistrate, and committed to Chester Castle to take his trial at the approaching assizes. I was summoned as one of the principal witnesses, much to my annoyance; for I was on leave to visit some relations about five miles from Chester, and my time at the trial was to be counted as part of my absence.

It soon came on. Who that saw that fine, manly, benevolent face could have believed him capable of a crime? But the evidence as to the facts was conclusive; the jury brought in a verdict of *guilty*; and though the man he had attacked was scarcely hurt, and appeared as a witness, the prisoner was sentenced to death. The judge said that it was the first case that had been brought before him since the act had been passed, and an example must be made. Ay, in those days man's life was little thought of. Even later, at a time when, being engaged in some law proceedings, I had frequent occasion to pass eastward on my way to the city, I have seen two or three men hanging at once in front of the Old Bailey, without exciting more attention from the passers-by than if they had been so many bales of cotton—perhaps not so much. According to my own poor judgment, the fact of its having been the first case that had been brought before him, and that there had been scarcely time for the change of the law to have been known, ought to have influenced the judge to have pronounced a more lenient sentence, or to have prevented the severe one from being carried into effect. But there were then no applications to the Home Secretary got up by pitying philanthropists, and poor John was left for execution.

To myself, as an actor in the affair, it was a very painful result; and having obtained permission to see him in his cell, I

told him that I hoped he would forgive me for any effect which my evidence might have had upon the verdict.

"Forgive! your honor! There's nothing to *forgive*. You merely told the truth. Just what I should have said myself if I had been asked. Your honor would do nothing to harm me, I know. But it's a hard sentence for what I did."

"It is indeed! Is there any thing I could do for you? How came you to be tried by the name of Jones? I saw no such name on the ship's papers."

At this simple remark he was more affected than I had ever seen him; and his utterance was choked as he said: "Don't mention *that*, sir! The greatest favor you can do me will be not to tell any one that you think I have another name. I have a mother—O God! she would *die* if she knew that her son—the son she was so proud of—was hung as a murderer! My poor, poor mother!" and he fell senseless upon his bed.

We parted, when he had somewhat recovered. *A* parting that I shall never forget.

I do not remember whether I intended it, but I chanced to be in Chester on the day of his execution. Such ceremonies were then conducted very differently from what they are now. The culprit was placed in a cart and dragged from the castle through the two main streets of the city to the Gallows Hill, at a village about a mile outside the walls, called Boughton. The locality is at present covered with villas, but the view was then clear to the meadows on the other side the Dee, and to the rich, wide country beyond. It is said that a criminal once sprang from the cart, and by a succession of leaps down the side of the steep hill, gained the river, and was never more heard of. Tradition holds that he reached the opposite bank and escaped. It is more probable that he sank and rose no more. Nor was the city itself what it is now. Those galleries, called the Rows, that run between the basements and upper stories of the principal lines of houses were then with their quaint picturesqueness little changed; and the bulkheads that joined the balustrades in front were convenient places from which to witness a procession, or any thing else that might be passing. The crowds that filled them on that day darkened the Rows themselves; and I happened to be in one of

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ful; her full dark eye was fixed; her complexion was like marble; and she sat as motionless as marble itself. No sign of life: no look at any thing that passed.

"We consider," said Dr. Griffiths, "as far as we are yet able to judge, that that is one of the most hopeless cases which has ever been brought before us. It is the poor girl who was to have been married to the sailor executed at Chester."

I could now look at nothing else. The mother's death had revealed to her his fate. The shock had arrested sense and reason, and every thing but life.

There was something strange in the circumstances by which their destinies had been united. Her father had come from the north of England, with a wife and daughter—now, alas! the object of my commiseration—who was then about ten years old; and he had taken an extensive farm. He was unknown, but he had brought a letter of credit from a London banker to the bank at Chester for a sum amply sufficient to stock and work the farm he occupied; and he worked it prosperously. No relation or former acquaintance ever came to see him. The poor sailor's mother, a widow, had a cottage on the border of his land. She kept a cow—sometimes two—and had a garden, and a small croft, and poultry without end, and with these, working hard, she made a decent sufficiency. She found the farmer a kind and obliging neighbor. His men often saved her a laborer's wages, and he gave her much that, from a farm like his, he could well spare.

His third year's crops had been well got in. His last was an abundant one; the rick-yard was crowded. There had been a harvest-home; and the sailor-boy, who was known at the farm-house as little Tom, had been dancing and romping with Miss Alice.

About midnight he was still awake, blending with his innocent and boyish fancies the image of his partner, when he saw an unusual glare of light. The ricks were in a blaze. He ran breathless to the spot, and found the house was also rapidly burning. His courage and activity saved the child; but her parents perished in the flames, and were buried in the ruins of their dwelling. Young Alice was taken to the house of his mother.

The following day it was ascertained

sure. Its owner was a prudent man, and had meant to insure it on the morrow, when he attended Chester market; but for him the morrow never came.

No one arrived to claim young Alice. The minister of the parish invested for her the small wreck of property that was saved. She remained, by her own choice, with the widow and her son; their lives were thus bound up together, and they were happy. On his return home, Alice was to become his bride.

How cruelly were all these hopes destroyed!

Again I spoke to her. She did not even return it by a look. And I left the asylum with an aching heart.

These are painful incidents; but impressment produced, in other shapes, many miseries even as great as these.

Now in a country with free institutions, which are a marvel and example to the world, was such an evil necessary? It was said to be so at the time; and even in my old age, I have met with brother-officers who contend that it is essential to the maintenance of our navy. Thus every evil has its advocates. Statesmen and right reverend fathers in God believed that slavery was an equal necessity. It was abolished, without regard to the consequences—though they certainly involved fearful sacrifices—and so ought every thing that is contrary to religion and to justice. Selfish and timid men shrink from the redress of every abuse as a dangerous concession, or an insurmountable difficulty. If such counsels had been followed, where would England have been now? But, thank Heaven, that when questions of sufficient importance arise, party differences sink before their free discussion, and the cause of truth and reason ultimately prevails.

One great source of wrong is indolence; a want of energy and moral courage to grapple with opposition. It was formerly thought less troublesome to hang men than to reclaim them; and to press them for the navy rather than labor to remove the reasonable objections to the service that made impressment necessary. These reforms are now being rapidly accomplished. It is shown that the navy may be manned by volunteers, simply by its being done.

Yet it is hard to free ourselves, at sixty,

from the prejudices that were imbibed before we were twenty. Even the gallant admiral, Sir Maurice Berkeley, my own respected friend, who has done more, perhaps, than any other person to make impressment unnecessary, would hesitate to make it illegal. It may as well be done. Heaven forbid that such a mode of manning the British navy should ever again

be resorted to; for I am afraid that in the present state of progress and of public feeling, the nation would not submit to it. The nearest approach that we could now make to impressment would be the adoption of some system of ballot; a kind of naval militia, from which mere landmen would be exempted.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF RUSSIA.

EXTREMES meet. It is a singular fact that Russia, the land of serfdom, the stronghold of despotism, the very incarnation of autocracy, possesses the most open aristocracy in Europe—an aristocracy so liberally organized, that there is scarcely a man in the empire who may not aspire to enroll himself in the ranks of its nobility. Since 1722, all persons serving the state, occupying a certain rank in the hierarchy, or bearing commissions in the army or navy, acquire hereditary nobility by virtue of such service, and enjoy equal privileges with the nobles of earlier creation; let the latter look down with great contempt as they please on their parvenu compeers, as provincials and foreigners, and pride themselves upon the purity and nationality of their own lineage.

In justice to the ancient nobility, it must be allowed that to them Russia is indebted for what it can boast of in the shape of a national literature. Not content with encouraging native authorship with their patronage and purses, they have entered the arena themselves. Neither persecution, imprisonment, nor exile deterred the Flohols and Tchaidieffs from nobly doing their part toward luring Freedom to the banks of the Neva. Unlike the *vieille noblesse* of France, the old nobility of Russia has ever opposed itself to the court, and its blood has flowed freely in attempting to curb the tyranny of the Czars. As a natural consequence, the Slavonic aristocracy has been studiously excluded from public honors

and public employments. The majority of the commanders, diplomatists, and administrators of the northern Empire belong either to foreign or provincial families, and it is only in rare instances that a pure Russian has the chance of obtaining distinction in the service of his country—a country he can not leave without permission from the sovereign, and incurring the risk of confiscation of his property, should he fail to return at the expiration of his furlough.

The princely houses of which the Slavonic aristocracy is composed are all of regal descent, the more ancient families springing from the direct male line of Rurik the Norman, the first Russian sovereign, who reigned from 862 to 879; the younger houses claim kin with Guedimine, grand-duke of Lithuania, who in the fourteenth century founded the dynasty known in history as the Jaguelon dynasty, from his grandson Jaguello, who wedded Queen Hedwige, and thereby united the crowns of Poland and Lithuania. The great-grandson of Rurik, Waldimir the Great, or, as he was called after his conversion to Christianity, Waldimir the Saint, dying in 1015, committed the great fault of dismembering his dominions, in order to provide eleven sons and a nephew with independent principalities. His example was followed by his descendants for the two succeeding centuries—two centuries of internecine feuds, leading eventually to the irruption of the Mongols in 1237, an invasion which, while it deprived Russia

of its independence, assuredly prevented its otherwise inevitable absorption in Poland. The grand-dukes of Rurik's house were quickly brought under the Tartar yoke, and, with more policy than patriotism, transformed themselves into Tartars, with as much facility as in these later days Gallic liberals have been transmuted into stanch imperialists. They adopted Mongolian costumes, acquired Mongolian habits, and followed Mongolian fashions, punishing without mercy any of their old subjects who declined to imitate their example. By such means did the Moscow branch of the line of Rurik obtain favor in the eyes of the conquerors, and increase its power and influence until it was able to cope with them for the scepter. In 1462, John III., then Grand-Duke of Moscow, and in the seventeenth year of his age, declared Russia independent. Soon afterward, the great Mongol empire fell to pieces, the four separate states of Casan, Astrakan, Siberia, and the Crimea rising from its ruin. The first named was conquered by John's grandson, who in 1547 assumed the title of "Czar of all the Russias," in which "all" Siberia and Astrakan before long were included.

In proportion as the Moscow branch prospered, the other branches of the Rurik family declined. One after another, the princes were compelled by their most powerful cousins to exchange their appanages for private estates; the only alternative being confiscation without compensation, and life without liberty. Still further to reduce the magnates of his own race, and place them on a level with the Romanoffs, Scheremeteffs, and other great Muscovite families, John III. issued a decree that the nobles were henceforth to rank according to the positions held by their predecessors in the court or army. This law, by which the dignity of the boyard was made almost hereditary, was abrogated in 1682, when political equality became the aristocratic order of the day. All the minutes of the various disputes respecting precedence were burned on the occasion. The genealogical registers of the existing noble families were then copied into a book, called, from its red velvet binding, the Velvet Book; and some of the great boyards exhausted influence, argument, and cajolery to obtain the insertion of their patronymics in its pages, but without avail. The Golden

Book of the Russian aristocracy is still preserved at St. Petersburg, in the Heraldic Office of the Senate. In 1772, Peter revolutionized the upper ranks of society by making the law conferring hereditary nobility upon servants of the state, to which we have already alluded.

Although all enjoy the same privileges, the nobility of Russia may be divided into five classes — princes of the empire, counts of the empire, barons of the empire, untitled gentry whose nobilitation dates before the reign of Peter the Great, and untitled gentry ennobled by that Prince or his successors. The inferior titles were altogether unknown till the founder of St. Petersburg created them in 1707, and that of "prince" has been confined to those who boasted a royal descent. Of the fifty-nine existing princely houses, four claim descent from Guedimine, while no less than thirty-one are the direct male lineage of Rurik of the ninth century. The premier prince of Russia is the Prince Odoievsky, the descendant of Saint Michael, Prince of Tchernigoff, canonized for suffering death at the hands of the Mongols in 1247, rather than bow down before their idols. But the most notable names in the roll of ancient princes are those of Dolgorouky, Gagarin, and Galitzin, all of which have played conspicuous parts in the annals of their country. In the seventeenth century, a prince of the first-named family defended the monastery of the Trinity of St. Serge, near Moscow, for a year and a half against a force of thirty thousand Poles and Cossacks. Michael Romanoff, the first Czar of the reigning dynasty, married the Princess Mary Dolgorouky, but she only enjoyed her czarinship some four months. Upon the death of Peter II., Prince John Dolgorouky, acting in concert with the liberal section of the Russian aristocracy, offered the crown to Ann of Courland, on condition that she signed a constitution, which she did without any apparent scruple. No sooner, however, was she fairly installed on the throne, than the non-constitutional party got the upper hand, reinstated absolutism, and exiled Prince John and his family to Siberia. He remained in exile nine years, when he was brought back to Novgorod, not, as might have been expected, to be set at liberty, but to be beheaded and quartered. The army of Catherine which added the Crimea to her dominions was

commanded by a Dolgorouky, whose patronymic was consequently lengthened by the addition of the name of the conquered province. The most interesting celebrity of the Gagarin family was the Prince Matthias, who was Governor-General of Siberia under Peter the Great. Taking advantage of the Czar being fully employed in settling accounts with Charles of Sweden, the Governor-General conceived the idea of converting his vice royalty into an independent kingdom. Peter's suspicions being awakened, he contrived to decoy his ambitious subject to St. Petersburg, where he was kept in durance, and, after an inquiry which lasted three years, adjudged guilty.

The day before that fixed for his execution, the Czar offered him his life and fortune, if he would simply confess the verdict a true one. Gagarin proudly declined the offer, and was hung next morning opposite the senate-house. The Galitzins, the most prolific of princely houses, have served their country with distinction in every field open to Russian nobles, but its greatest men have been uniformly unfortunate. In the sixteenth century, the family was represented by two brothers, Dmitry and Michael, both of whom were taken prisoners by the Poles. Dmitry died after thirty-eight years' incarceration, and Michael was then set at liberty, "out of regard for his loyalty and stoical firmness." His grandson was one of the four candidates for the Russian throne when the choice fell upon Ladislas of Poland, and he was commissioned to carry the intelligence of his election to his successful rival. He was rewarded for his magnanimity by being thrown into prison immediately after he reached Cracow, and in prison he died. One of his descendants, distinguished as "Galitzin the Great," was at once the chief adviser and lover of Sophia, sister to Peter the Great. The lover conspired to place his mistress on the throne, *vice* Peter exiled or otherwise disposed of; and paid the penalty of failure by seeing his princess shut up in a convent, and being himself exiled to the shores of the Frozen Sea, where he was soon afterward poisoned. His brother, Dmitry, joined the constitutionalists in their attempt to limit the autocratic power of the Empress Ann, and was imprisoned unto death. The present representative of this unfortunate family is described by Prince Dolgorouky as "the last model of

that race of great lords which is perishing by degrees, and in a short time will remain only in the traditions of Russia." Another ancient house is that of Gortshakoff, a corruption of Gortchak, well represented by its trio of princes; one of whom is an ambassador, one Governor-General of Siberia, and the third, Prince Michael, Viceroy of Poland, head of the military staff, and better known to fame as the defender of Sebastopol against the armies of England, France, and Sardinia.

Peter the Great's first addition to the princely ranks was originally a pastry-cook's boy at Moscow; he became butler to the Czar, and enlisted in the Russian Guards. He rose with extraordinary rapidity to be general-in-chief. Scarcely able to read or write, such was the natural genius of Alexander Menshikoff, that he became the first commander, administrator, and statesman in the empire, although his splendid abilities were sadly marred by rapacity and cruelty of disposition. He won his field-marshal's baton on the hard-fought field of Pultova. On the death of Catherine, Menshikoff swayed the scepter in the name of the young Czar, Peter II., whom he betrothed to his own daughter. His ambitious schemes were frustrated by the Dolgoroukies, through whose influence the alliance was broken off, and Menshikoff, almost immediately after he had been declared generalissimo, was sent to the Crimea, from which few Russian celebrities return. He died in Siberia, at the age of sixty. It was his grandson who precipitated the conflict in the East, and who saw from his carriage the legions of France and England climb to victory up the heights of the Alma. A still more famous name is that of Souvaroff, the little, odd, old man, "who loved blood as an alderman does marrow," who used to instruct recruits in the bayonet-exercise himself, and preferred to fight in his shirt-sleeves. A terror to the Turks, he exercised an almost supernatural influence over the Russian soldiery. He was the "Little Corporal" of the northern empire; winning a double countship at Rymnik in 1789, a marshal's staff in Poland in 1794, and his title of Prince of Italy in 1799. The only other names familiar to English ears are those of Lieven and Paskievitch. The lady, so long known in diplomatic society, was originally a Miss de Posse, and governess to the daughters of the Emperor Paul, who

created her Countess Lieven; the higher dignity she received from Nicholas in 1826. Paskievitch of Erivan, the conqueror of Poland in a campaign, the direction of which, it is said, he entreated on his knees might be given to some one else, won his title of Count of Erivan in Persia, his F. M. in Turkey, and was created Prince of Warsaw in 1831, when Viceroy of Poland. His last appearance as a military commander did not add to his reputation, which paled before Omar Pacha and the defenders of Silistria.

The families of Tatishcheff, Yerapkin, Rjevsky, Tolbournine, and Liapounoff are all princely ones descending from Rurik; but when the branches of that royal family were reduced to an equality with the Muscovite boyards, the representatives of the above resigned the title of "prince," as incongruous with their unappanaged condition.

We have spoken of the non-exclusive principle on which the Russian aristocracy is organized. This is most strikingly exemplified when we refer to the origin of the several countships. The majority, like those of Schouvaloff, Bourtaline, Vier, Jagousinsky, Potemkin, and Orloff, originated in services of the most questionable nature. The founders of too many of these noble houses were either too complaisant husbands, or handsome men who fed the inconstant passions of an Elizabeth or a Catherine. Some seem to have brought their honors from a lower depth still; for the princely Burke of the Russian aristocracy says, his self-respect obliges him to decline mentioning the means by which they were gained. Pre-eminent among this dunghill nobility rise the names of Potemkin and Orloff. Gregory Potemkin came of an impoverished but noble Polish family, and had the fortune to find favor in the eyes of Catherine the Great, who was fascinated by his beauty, of which he himself was so vain that it is said he put out one of his eyes in attempting to remove a blemish, although another story says that his eye was lost in a struggle with his rivals the Orloffs. He was an extraordinary man, in whose character every contradiction crowded. Lavish to his favorites, he left his servants and creditors unpaid; he allowed no obstacles to baffle him, but once an object was gained, it lost all value to him. He commenced building a splendid palace, on which he spent his treasure without stint, but be-

fore it was completed, he was bartering it away. Such was his influence over Catherine, that when she dismissed him as her lover, she retained him as her minister, accepted no new favorite till he had approved her choice, and permitted him alone to wear her portrait on his breast. He served her well; to him she was indebted for the organization of the armies that won fame and provinces for her; nor was he left unrewarded. He was at once General-in-chief, Great-admiral, Governor of Azoff and the Crimean dependencies, and Great Hetman of all the Cossacks. He died in the prime of life, not without some suspicion of foul play.

When the Strelitzes were being executed in the presence of Peter the Great, it came at last to the turn of the youngest of the condemned, by name John, to lay his head on the block. The head of one of his companions lay in his way. Kicking it contemptuously aside, he exclaimed: "Get out of the way; I must have room here!" This exhibition of ferocious coolness hit the taste of the Czar, who staid the executioner's arm, pardoned the young ruffian, and placed him as a private in the regiment of the line. Opportunities for displaying his intrepidity were not wanting, and he became an officer and gentleman, and died a general. His grandson, Gregory, was one of the lovers of Catherine II., and had nearly persuaded her to marry him. His brother Alexis, also a lover of the Empress, was created a count at the same time as Gregory. He was the chief mover in the murder of Peter III., and left a colossal fortune to his only child Anne, who passed her life in retirement, having bestowed the greater portion of her wealth upon a monastery, in hopes that the prayers of its brethren may save the soul of her father. Popular opinion inclines to believe Peter was not the only Czar who met his fate from the same quarter; and the name of Orloff is regarded as that of a sort of hereditary czar-maker.

The Counts Zotoff owe their rank to a drunken fit of the great Peter; upon the death of the first count, who had been "proprietor and buffoon" to his master, the assumption of the title was forbidden. However, after the lapse of years, love brought back what liquor had bestowed. In 1802, the Princess Kourakine fell in love with and resolved to marry Mr. Nicholas Zotoff; and through the influ-

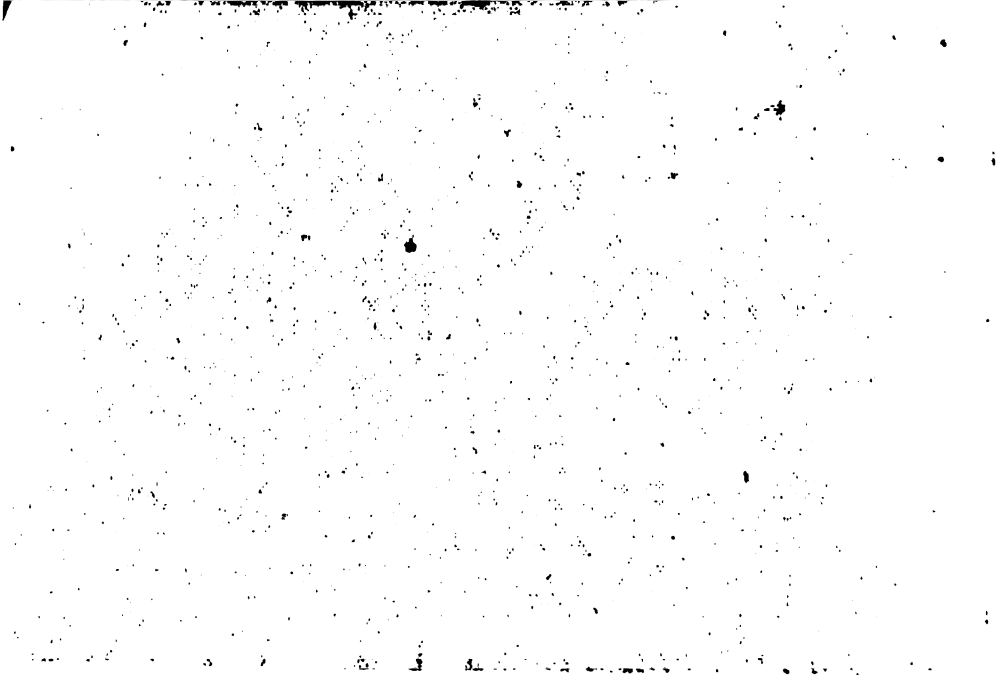
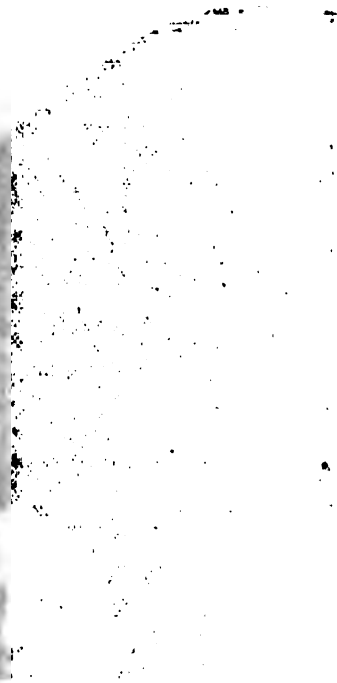
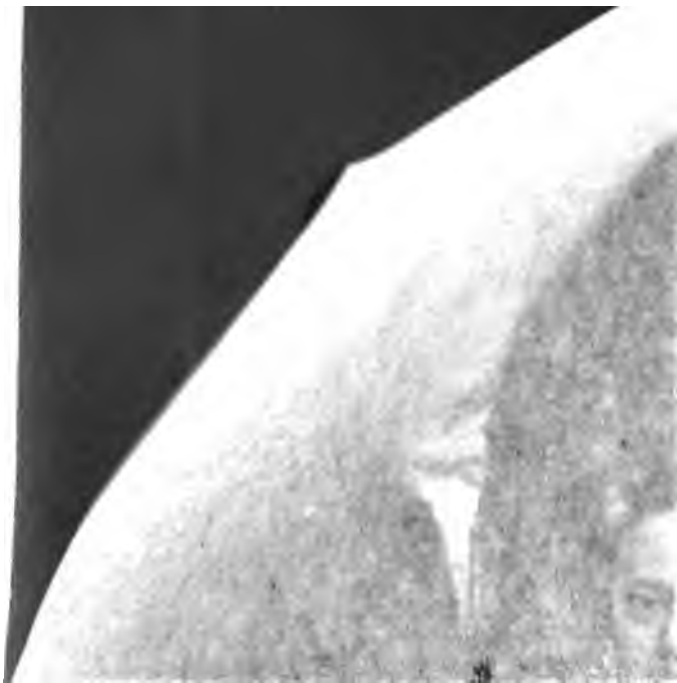


After the original by Charles J. Smith.

After the original by Charles J. Smith.

By Brady after Photograph from 1840.

THESE TWO MEN ARE A BIG BOSS WITH THE POWERFUL AND POWERFUL





On Steel by John Sarason. Phila.

for the Enquirer

By Brady, after Richardson from Jan.

JOHN C. CALHOUN AND HIS WIFE THE PRINCESS CALHOUN.

of her relatives, the authority of Alexander was obtained for the bridegroom the style and title of count. The Count Koutaissoff was a Circassian butler to Paul, and created by him baron, and then count. When Souvovitch returned from his Italian campaign Koutaissoff was chosen to convey the emperor's congratulation. The old man was not over-pleased, and addressed his favorite thus :

"My dear Count, an old man's glory is the worse for wear ; but I will mind the origin of your house—or perhaps you got some great victory?"

"I was a soldier, prince," replied the Count, "I doubt you have been an am-

?"

"Important post did you

"in honor of serving his majesty

"in considerable capacity, my dear

"the bell ; his own but-

"Look you, Trochsa!"

"I'm telling you again and

"must give up drinking and

"you won't listen to me.

"gentleman ; he has been

"himself, but being neither a

"chief, you see him now a

"to his Majesty, a knight

of all the orders in Russia, and Count of the Empire. Follow his example!"

While the titles of prince and count are eagerly accepted by the highest functionaries in the empire, the title of baron is of no social value whatever. Of the twenty baronies created by Peter, only eight exist as such, and four have been merged in countships. The dignity has fallen into contempt in Russia, for the same reason as the knight or baronet is in disrepute here. It has been made too common by being conferred on bankers, money-lenders, and doctors. Among the latter was Dr. Demsdale, who, besides his title, received £12,000 down, and an annuity of £500 for vaccinating Catherine II. and the Grand Duke Paul. Another notable baron was General Arakcheieff, whose name is synonymous with cruelty and wickedness. For daring to joke respecting this man the secretary of the St. Petersburg Academy was exiled. The chairman having proposed the election of Arakcheieff, on the ground that he was the nearest nobleman to Alexander, M. Labzin rose and said, that "such being considered a competent qualification, he begged to propose Ilin Barkoff, the imperial coachman, not only as being the nearest to the emperor, but having a seat before his majesty."

Whatever may be the merits or demerits of the present nobles of Russia, it would be difficult to find any aristocracy of which such a large proportion of its members have reason to be ashamed of their origin.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS NAPOLEON.

present number with distinguished personages, and his wife, the Countess, so that the family name, so that the modern historians of the greatest capacity of the famed relations

they sustain to several Imperial sovereigns, and their recent visit to the United States, impart an interest to the persons and portraits of the Prince and Princess worthy to be preserved. The prospective relations they bear to the imperial throne of France enhance the interest.

The portraits have been finely engraved

by Mr. Sartain from photographs taken from life by Mr. Brady, of New-York. The artistic arrangement is our own. The likenesses are good, and will be instantly recognized by those who have seen the originals. A brief biographical sketch of each will suffice; simply premising that the imperial party arrived in the harbor of New-York, July twenty-seventh, 1861, on board the steam-yacht *Jerome Napoleon*, of some twelve hundred tons measurement.

NAPOLEON JOSEPH CHARLES PAUL BONAPARTE, second and only surviving son of *Jerôme Bonaparte* by his second wife, the *Princess Frederique of Würtemberg*, was born September ninth, 1822. He was educated chiefly in Austria and Italy, but he subsequently traveled in Switzerland, America, and Brussels, in each of which places he resided some time. His first appearance on the political stage was after the recall of the Bonaparte family to Paris, under the presidency of *Prince Louis Napoleon*. Being elected a member of the *Legislative Assembly*, the *Prince Napoleon* distinguished himself by his energetic support of ultra opinions, and soon became the recognized leader of the party of the Mountain. Since the accession of *Napoleon III.* to the Imperial crown, *Prince Napoleon* has abandoned extreme political views, and has become one of the most devoted and valuable supporters of the policy of the Emperor, by whom he is much esteemed and trusted. When the Anglo-French army was dispatched to the Crimea, *Prince Napoleon* received the command of a division of the French army. He fought with distinction at the Alma; but his health gave way soon after the army had encamped before *Sebastopol*, and he was compelled to resign his command and return to France. Of the grand council of war which afterward met at Paris to arrange the campaign of 1855, *Prince Napoleon* was a member. But he was soon called to a more peaceful pursuit. When the grand exposition of the arts and manufactures of all nations at Paris was fixed to take place in 1855, *Prince Napoleon* was appointed president and chief director of the whole proceedings. To this great work he devoted all his energies, and it is universally admitted that much of its success was owing to his great knowledge, tact, administrative ability, and untiring diligence. The ju-

rors, and especially the foreign jurors, were particularly indebted to him for the most friendly assistance and constant support; and the exhibitors owed no little to his zeal and sympathy. The *Prince Napoleon* had devoted great attention to political, social, and commercial studies; and in respect to the commercial code of France he is understood to hold opinions far more liberal than those of the great bulk even of the commercial public of that country.

The visit of *Prince Napoleon* to this country in its present exciting crisis, under the supposed and kind auspices of the Emperor, in part at least, and to observe carefully our national movements, will form an interesting chapter in the *Prince's* personal history. Such a mission, so unobtrusive and unassuming on the part of the *Prince*, to learn the exact state of things on the great field of our national struggle, and thus be able to convey to the Emperor the result of his careful observations, is worthy of the *Prince* and the renowned sovereign who now fills the Imperial throne of France. The *Prince*, as our readers know, is first cousin to the Emperor, and next to the *Prince Imperial* is heir to the throne of the *Napoleons*. The *Prince*, as is generally believed, possesses the entire confidence of the Emperor, his august cousin, and is thus well fitted to undertake such a mission to the United States as he has just performed. The *Prince* is now in his fortieth year, and no one looking at his finely developed head can fail to see the impress of the lineaments of *Napoleon I.* The reader is referred to the portrait itself to fill out his own impression, only adding that the insignia of the honors conferred upon him are such as he wore on his breast when his photograph was taken in Paris about a year since.

The *Princess Clotilde*—her full name is *MARIE THERESE LOUISE CLOTILDE*—is the daughter of *Victor Emmanuel*, King of Sardinia, and now King of Italy, by the wonderful renovation of that classic land and its restoration to the great family of nations. The *Princess* was born in Turin in 1843, and is now in her nineteenth year. Her marriage with the *Prince* was supposed at the time to form, or to increase, the strong bonds of amity between the two governments, France and Sardinia. Thus these two personages form a

political and historic link between two empires, even with the colossal Alps intervening.

In size the Princess is rather *petite*, and has an Italian complexion and features, and is very prepossessing and unassuming in her manners. The reader is referred to her graceful portrait to complete his

impressions of the appearance of this amiable personage. The kind treatment which the Prince received by the authorities in this country at Washington, Philadelphia, New-York, and Boston, and wherever he went, is too recent and well known to require mention in these pages.

From Chambers's Journal.

TRADITIONS OF THE GREENLAND ESQUIMAUX.

In the tenth century, before Christianity had been preached in the northern lands where Thor and Odin reigned supreme, there fled from Norway to Iceland a chieftain named Thorwald—with his son Erik, afterward named the Red—to avoid the consequences of one of those deeds of violence which were so frequent at that period. Soon after the death of Thorwald, Eric, imitating his father, quarreled with his neighbors; and after several bloody meetings between these and his party, Erik was outlawed by the Thing, or Icelandic parliament, and was forced to hide himself, or flee to escape the vengeance of his enemies.

In this predicament, he remembered to have heard that one Gunbjorne, whilst sailing round Iceland, had seen a great land to the westward. This land Erik determined to explore; and having fitted out a ship, he sailed with his party from Eriksvaag, in Iceland, in the year 982, promising his friends to return if he succeeded in discovering the great unvisited western land.

Sailing westward, Erik soon got sight of the new land; but a stream of ice prevented his getting near the coast, and he therefore shaped his course to the southward, examining the shore for approachable and habitable land, which he first met with at a place he named Hvarf, supposed to be a little to the westward of Cape Farewell. During three years, he explored the country with its numerous fiords, passing the first winter upon an

island he called Erik's Island. The next summer, he visited a fiord which offered to these enterprising wanderers a refuge such as they sought; in fact, far surpassing what the aspect of the outer coasts could have allowed them to hope for. Here, instead of bleak rocks and mountains bare, except where covered with ice and snow, they found grassy dales decked with flowers, and bushes of willow and birch, through which meandered rivulets of clear water from the melting snows on the mountains. Ptarmigan were on the hillsides, and reindeer in the valleys; whilst the bays were well stocked with fish and seals, and the streams and lakes with trout and salmon.

Here Erik decided to establish his home, and he called the fiord Erik's Fiord. He built his house against the flat upright side of a rock—a *Brat* in Icelandic—from which circumstance the settlement was called *Brattelid*. The ruins of this house, built of immense blocks of jaspery sandstone, are still to be seen, with one wall almost entire.

Erik returned to Iceland, and described his new country as a desirable home, calling it Greenland, perhaps because he knew the value of a name to entice emigrants, or because the name, however unsuited to the outer sea-coasts, was really applicable to all the habitable interior of South-Greenland. His glowing descriptions, aided by the general spirit of enterprise, soon succeeded in inducing a large body of Icelanders to seek a better home

in his newly explored country. Whilst this expedition was preparing, Erik found himself obliged to fight again with his old enemy Thorgest, and was worsted; but they at length became reconciled. After this, Erik pushed forward his preparations for his second voyage to Greenland; and in the spring of this year (986) he led a fleet of twenty-five ships, with emigrants, cattle, etc., to people the new land. Of these ships, some were lost, others reached unknown coasts, and but fourteen are said to have arrived at their proper destination. We can easily account for this, when we remember that these ancient mariners had no compass, that fogs are prevalent on these coasts, and that, even in our day, aided by compass and science, the voyage is one requiring the skill of experienced navigators.

Erik's ship was among the fourteen which arrived safely. The several chiefs who accompanied the expedition each took possession of one of the fertile fiords which Erik had discovered. Nine of these chiefs settled in the southern districts, near Julianshaab; others went northward, and settled in Godthaab's district; and it is curious to observe, from the existing ruins, that throughout the whole length of this coast, no place capable of affording sustenance to cattle, or well supplied with fish and game, was neglected by these early settlers and their descendants. When the traveler has passed the immediate entrance of the fiords, where the steep and rocky mountains are generally barren and forbidding, he comes, as he proceeds inward, to verdant dales and grassy slopes, where he almost always finds some evidences of the former presence of the old Scandinavian settlers, in fields inclosed by stone walls now fallen, ruins of churches, convents, or houses and stables for cattle; but an unbroken solitude now reigns where formerly thronged a busy multitude. Judging from the accounts in the Icelandic sagas, and from the number and extent of the various ruins, there must have been at one time not less than ten thousand Scandinavian inhabitants; but now the men, their language, their customs, and their religion are alike extinct; and these heaps of stones alone remain to prove that they once were there.

When Erik and his followers first settled in Greenland, rumors of the Christian faith had just reached Norway, but

he and his followers were worshipers of Odin and Thor.

In the year 1000, Erik's son made a voyage to Norway, and visited the King, Olaf Trygvesson, who had embraced the new faith, and Lief and his crew were persuaded to allow themselves to be baptized, and to adopt the Christian religion. Lief remained all the winter with the King, who was very kind and hospitable to him, paying him great attention, because he saw in him a means of introducing the Christian faith into Greenland; and it appears that Lief on his return labored zealously in the cause, and greatly assisted and protected several monks who went with him. His mother, Thiodhilde, was the first convert, and her example was followed by many of the colonists. She built a church at Brattelid, in which prayers and services were frequently performed; but Erik the Red steadily refused to forsake his old faith, and it is very questionable if he ever altered his determination.

Not less remarkable than Erik's discovery was that by a Greenland colonist of the coast of America. Herjulf had settled at Herjulsnaes when Erik returned to Brattelid; he had a son named Biarne, a young man who had a ship of his own in Norway. When he sailed to Iceland, he found that his father had gone with Erik to Greenland; he took counsel with his crew, and they came to the determination to go on and discover the green land where his father was, although none of them had ever been in the Greenland seas. They sailed for three days until they lost sight of land, when they met with a northerly wind and fog. They knew not where they were, so lay-to for several days; afterward they again saw the sun and stars, hoisted sail, and at last saw land. They wondered what land it could be; but Biarne thought it could not be Greenland. They sailed closer in, and found the land destitute of mountains, but with bush-covered hills; they therefore, with this land on the left, sailed to the northward two days, when they again saw land ahead; this was also low land covered with bushes. Biarne said: "This also can not be Greenland, for it is said, there are there many large icebergs and mountains." They therefore turned the prow from land, and sailed with a southwest wind for three days, when they again saw land. This was mountainous, and

there were icebergs in the water ; but here would Biarne not land, as he did not think it was the place he sought ; it did not quite correspond to the description given by Erik the Red. After four days more sailing with the same wind, they again saw distant land. "That," said Biarne, "more nearly answers to Greenland, and there will we land." They did so. It was the country they wanted ; and Biarne sought out his father, and settled in Greenland with him.

Now both in Norway and Greenland went the rumor abroad of Biarne's voyage, and of the promising lands he had discovered on the way, and it greatly added to the general disposition for adventure and discovery.

Lief, Erik's son, who had lately returned as a Christian to Greenland, was the first to undertake a voyage in search of these lands. He sought out Biarne, bought his ship, and collected a crew of thirty-five men.

He requested his father to accompany him, and take command of the expedition, and the old man at last agreed ; but as he rode from Brattelid to the ship's harbor, his horse stumbled with him, and fell. This appeared to Erik a bad omen, and he said : "It is not permitted me to discover other lands than the one we now inhabit ; I can not go with you ;" and he returned to his house.

Lief and his party sailed, and found first the land which Biarne had last seen ; they landed, and saw but barren mountains, with loose blocks of stone covering their slopes down to the sea-shore. Lief called this place Helleland the Stony. They sailed further, and again saw land ; went ashore, and found fine grass-covered lands. This they called Markland. Again they sailed with north-west wind until they saw land ahead ; they entered a shallow bay, where the ship was aground at the ebb-tide. The country appeared so pleasant that Lief determined to remain there during the winter, and examine it more closely. They therefore drew the ship up into a lake, and built large houses. Here they noticed that day and night were more equal than in Greenland, and that on the shortest day there was sunlight from eight in the morning until four in the afternoon. They must therefore have been near Massachusetts. In this country they found wild grapes, so Lief gave it the name of Viinland.

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When spring came, they loaded the ship with timber, and taking a good supply of dried grapes, sailed with a fair wind until they again saw Greenland ; and now had Lief the good-fortune, through his sharp sight, to rescue a shipwrecked crew from a reef, and therefore he was called Lief the Lucky ; and with goods and honor he safely reached his father's house at Brattelid.

From this time up till 1013, during which Erik the Red had died, and Lief succeeded him in the chieftainship, his relatives made several voyages to Viinland, and his brother Thorwald was one of the foremost. He was the first who met with the natives, Indians or Esquimaux ? On the first occasion, he met with a party of nine, eight of whom his men slew, the one escaped ; shortly after came a numerous party of natives in skin-covered boats, from the interior of a bay. The Scandinavians had mostly fallen asleep, when a voice was heard crying : "Awake, Thorwald, and all thy folk, if you will preserve your lives !" Thorwald saw the danger, and determined to go on board the ship and act on the defensive. A fight ensued ; the natives shot their arrows and retreated ; but Thorwald was mortally wounded, and was buried there with two crosses over his grave. His followers returned to Greenland.

Many expeditions followed, and attempts were made during three centuries to establish Scandinavian colonies in America ; but it appears that the natives were too numerous and troublesome, and that the Scandinavians never succeeded in permanently establishing themselves in the country. In Greenland, however, they met with better success ; and a constant trade was carried on between that country and Norway up to about the year 1400, when the intercourse between these countries ceased. The colonies were left to themselves, owing to the long-continued wars ; and at last the route to Greenland was forgotten. At this time, there were in the southern district twelve large parishes, and one hundred and ninety villages, a bishop's see, and two convents.

In the mean time, quarrels arose between the natives of Greenland (Esquimaux) and the Scandinavians, which apparently ended in the destruction of the latter ; for when, after many futile attempts to discover the "lost land," as

Greenland was then called, it was at length rediscovered in 1586, by Sir Martin Frobisher, no Scandinavians were met with. Davis visited Greenland in 1585; and in 1721 Hans Egede was sent out from Denmark as a missionary, and a trade with the Esquimaux was attempted to be established. After many trials and difficulties, Egede succeeded in introducing Christianity amongst them.

A trade was also commenced, which has been carried on as royal monopoly ever since, and which at present yields no inconsiderable revenue to the kingdom of Denmark. Colonies and stations have been established, at short distances apart, from Cape Farewell up to latitude seventy-three degrees north, where the trade in oil and skins is briskly carried on. The whole of the coast and fiords have been examined, and all the principal ruins of the Scandinavians been found, but no living trace of the lost race has ever been met with. The causes which

led to their complete destruction have never yet been discovered; but it is supposed that, after civil broils had weakened them, they fell victims to the revenge of the natives, whom they had long been in the habit of ill treating.

The Greenlanders have some oral traditions connected with certain localities where the Scandinavians resided, relating to their petty wars and mutual slaughters; as well as others of a curious nature, elucidating the former manners and customs of the Esquimaux. These have lately been collected by Dr. Rink, Governor of South-Greenland; and we propose giving our readers a translation of some of them. A few of the legends, as well as some scenes of modern life and manners in Greenland, have been illustrated by wood-cuts executed by the Esquimaux themselves, under Dr. Rink's direction, which afford considerable proof of their intelligence.

From Chambers's Journal.

H I S T O R Y O F T H E G I P S I E S .

THERE are some abuses which almost soar to the dignity of institutions, and some spectacles which, to our fancy, are so completely part and parcel of Old England, that we can scarcely imagine the yet Older England in which they were novel or unknown. What can be more familiar, yet more striking, than the gipsy-camp upon the wayside turf, the bright-eyed brood of tatterdemalions scrambling around the weather-stained tents, the wrinkled sibyl who starts up to tell our fortunes and "annex" our silver? Our artists, though their eyes have been more intent upon conventional Italian peasants and unctuous Spanish muleteers than on the picturesque groups nearer home, have a real affection for the gipsy. We all know with what charming effect a patch of bright color, a scarlet cloak, a yellow kerchief, sets off the leafy verdure of some

green English lane; how mystically the red bivouac-fire flickers through the shadows of evening; and how even the lean horse tethered to the bank invites the study of a painter. So entirely has custom interwoven the gipsy-tent, the gipsy cart or caravan, and the presence of these Oriental loungers, with British rural life, that they appear indigenous to our island; and yet the Zingari is no more native to our cold climate and moody skies than the cat there purring by our fireside. Look attentively at the latter as she rises to cross the room, and in the lithe power of those velvet-skinned limbs, the soft foot-fall, the peculiar tigerish carriage of the head, and the glance of the restless eye, you trace not only a half-tamed nature, but a tropical extraction. So with the gipsy: there is the same idle activity, if so seeming a paradox be permitted, the

same careless strength, the same feline acuteness and suspicion, and the same suggestion of Eastern descent.

Some philosophers tell us that all men had originally the same complexion, and, indeed, there is a tradition of the rabbis which declares Adam and Eve to have been *black*. They, moreover, assure us that climate and mode of life fully account for the diversities of color which we find among the nations of the globe; though we believe there is a powerful dissent rising up against this doctrine. The negro's jetty hue, they say, is said to be caused by the secretion from the true skin of a peculiar deep-tinted pigment, evoked by the continual action of a blazing sun and moist climate; the copper tinge of the American Indian is assigned to the dry, ozonized air of the New World, its summer heats, and the effects of continual exposure to weather. The sages in question omit to inform us how many generations under an African sun may be warranted to bring the offspring of British parents to a coal-black hue, or what amount of naturalization will whiten the Ethiop. But they also overlook one or two isolated facts which give a partial support to their darling theories—as that Hindus become remarkably bleached after a few months spent at the higher hill-stations of India, such as Simlah, Ootacamund, and the like; that negro babies are born white; and that a couple of centuries have affected a great change in the aspect of the North-American colonists. But, on the other hand, the gipsy, our own domestic Ishmaelite, affords a striking example of the tenacity with which the physical characteristics of a race can endure the most entire change of temperature. We not unfrequently meet with whole families as swarthy as Moors, and whom their progenitors of four hundred years ago could not have surpassed in orientalism of aspect, even after all the effects of English climate and weather for a score of generations. To this day we may encounter in our rambles Hayreddin the Maugrabin, just as Scott depicted him when trotting by the side of Quentin Durward. True, the outer husk has changed a little; turban and haick have given place to a loose suit from the slop-seller's booth; Klepper, the pony, has lost his Arabian breeding; and the shovel-stirrups and the cineter have been disposed of to the dealer in old iron.

But the man is the same; in his roguish, sparkling eyes you may read a spirit more vivacious than that of Gil Blas or Scapin, and his very walk partakes of the limber indolence of the panther. Talk to him, and if you have tact and accomplishments enough to win his confidence, he will perhaps impart to you, in Hayreddin's own language, stories quaint and wild enough for Hayreddin's own lips. And Zillah, or Zara, though her Arabian name may have been corrupted into Sally, is not unworthy a moment's notice, as she comes smiling forward to read the lines of destiny on your honor's palm. What white teeth the jade has got! All Mr. Rimmel's patent tooth-powder, all Messrs. Price and Gosnell's brushes, could never blanch our Anglo-Saxon incisors to such a pearly lustre as that. The eyes, too, are glorious eyes—great, flashing, liquid stars—and none of your hazels and browns, (called black by courtesy,) but genuine sloe-black, with lashes like night itself. Raven hair, straight delicate features, a well-shaped, active figure—such as you may see by hundreds in Hindustan, when the women of the village come out to fill their pitchers at the tank—and a rich complexion of bloom and olive, make up no uncomely picture. Pity that the Zingara damsels should have so brief a tenure of their charms, should so early transmute themselves into a gaunt Meg Merrilies, like that terrible matron who is flinging sticks on the fire as she tosses back her snaky hair; and then into wrinkled crones, yellow, grizzled, and weird, like her who is whining at your elbow. But they blossom and fade in true Asiatic style.

Let us trace the pedigree of this strange people, these waifs and strays of the world, premising that their origin has puzzled many a wise head, until the light of modern research fell upon it. The various names by which the wanderers have been designated throughout Europe denote the extreme perplexity into which their immigration threw the sons of Japhet. In Eastern Europe they were called Zigeuner; in France and Germany, Bohemians; in Spain, Maugrabees and Zingalas; in Britain, Egyptians, which latter word was easily corrupted into Gypsies or Gipsies. The title of Bohemians was acquired from the fact that Bohemia became the *habitat* of many of their hordes at a very early date, and that it was from the Bohemian heaths that

they emerged to astonish Western Europe. Zingaro means a wanderer, and Maugrabee is simply a Moor from Africa, derived from *moghreb*, or the West. But the voice of fame has principally assigned to the Gipsy tribes an Egyptian origin, and those mainly concerned in the matter, the rovers themselves, caught greedily at the suggestion. There are Gipsies in Egypt, as indeed, with the exception of Scandinavia, there are Gipsies every where; and many of the earliest arrivals reported themselves, perhaps with truth, to have come from the shores of the Nile. But there were reasons which induced these nomads to adopt the character of native Egyptians, as we shall presently see. Their first introduction to the civilized world was in the year of grace 1427, when two troops of them, numbering about three hundred individuals, reached Paris, and created much excitement and curiosity. They numbered more women than men, but among them were, as the chronicle sets forth, "a prince, two dukes, six counts, and several of the inferior nobility." It was into such burlesques of European distinctions as these that the *muscadins* of the period translated the *Jemadars* and *Cotwalls* of an Asiatic tribe. These strange immigrants amazed all men by their dusky complexions, and the tawdry and dirty finery of their attire. They were dressed in the Asiatic style, chiefly in yellow and red, they wore turbans and crooked swords, and some of their great men had showy ornaments of silver, but the general aspect of the horde was squalid and uncouth to the last degree. They had a specious story to tell, giving themselves out, as they did, for native Christians from Egypt, the relics of a nation that had been despoiled and massacred by the infidel Turks. They further hinted that they were the legatees of the ancient mysteries of those magicians who had contended with Moses; that the "white spells" or thaumaturgy of Egypt had been preserved among them; and that they were ready to foretell, by palmistry and the stars, the future fortunes of the Parisians. Nothing more was required than this spice of superstition to throw a temporary halo over the travelers. Paris welcomed them heartily as martyrs for the faith, as persecuted Catholics, and as fortune-tellers who had inherited all the wisdom of Hieropolis. The King fed

them. The clergy rebaptized them, lest there should have been any irregularity in the ceremony of the chrism as practiced in the Coptic Church, a supposition rendered the more probable from the fact that no priests accompanied the exodus. The ladies and gallants of Paris hastened to submit their hands to the inspection of these dark-skinned sibyls, and a golden harvest was reaped from the curious and the credulous. Ere long, new hordes arrived, but already the popularity of the new-comers was on the wane. The French began to discover that the morals of their guests were not strict, nor their notions of property rigid. Pilferings, frauds, dances of a character too indecorous even for the France of the fifteenth century—all kinds of offenses against the law—roused the anger of the authorities and people, and the Parisians discovered that the interesting confessors they had been canonizing were but very sinful heathens masquerading in borrowed plumes. By edict of the Parliament, the Egyptians were driven forth from the capital, and forbidden to approach it under pain of whipping. Very soon the penalty was augmented to death itself. The provincial parliaments took up the ball of legislation, and soon the "vagabonds," Bohemians, Egyptians, and what not, were put beyond the pale of law, hunted like wolves, and reduced to a still worse condition than the Pariahs of their native land. But in spite of gibbet and wheel, in spite of scourge and branding-iron, the outcast race held fast to the land that strove to eject them. Chased hither and thither, slaughtered, tortured, evil-entreated, the wanderers showed all the stubborn endurance, the craft, and the hardihood of wild beasts. They were not always hunted. They gained a precarious protection here and there. They kept up their profession as wizards and prophets, they sold elixirs, love-philters, amulets, told fortunes, cast horoscopes, mended ornaments, patched kettles, repaired broken pottery, just as they do now. By these small arts, combined with poaching and petty theft, they kept body and soul together, and camped alternately in the wastes or among the villages.

They spread wonderfully over Europe. Before a century after their first appearance, they were plentiful in Germany, in Spain, Italy, Hungary, Britain. They were also found in Turkey, Greece, Syria,

and Egypt — always a race apart, always migratory and camping out like the Bedouin, and always keeping perfectly distinct from the nation in whose land they dwelt. In Mohammedan countries the Gipsy called himself a Moslem ; in Christendom, he became a reputed Christian ; but he seldom saw the inside of mosque or minster, and lived, by all accounts, in the darkness of contented unbelief. It was James IV. of Scotland who issued letters-patent conferring legal authority over his own tribe on "our trustie and well-beloved John Faa, Lord and Erle of Litel Egypte." This "Lord and Erle of Litel Egypte" is the Johnnie Faa first mentioned in Scottish ballad. But it must have been a grandson or great nephew of this swarthy nobleman whose elopement with Lady Cassilis furnished the theme for the Galwegian bard, to whose lyre we owe the poem whose refrain is :

"They were fifteen valiant men,
Black, but very bonnie."

In those days, according to the rude but not unmusical scraps of song in which they have been embalmed, we find the Gipsy preserving much of the Eastern character. The sweet singing of their minstrels is mentioned, and to this day the musicians of Hungary are all Gipsies. The gift of "ginger," then esteemed a wondrous rarity from Ind, and the oath of the chief, "by the staff of his spear," are especially noteworthy in the ballad. But Johnnie Faa did not long keep the good-will of royalty, and the Egyptians were put to the horn at kirk and market as broken men, thieves, and outlaws. They were never extirpated, but they were often treated with a cruel and capricious severity, in spite of which they still abound on the borders, the village of Yetholm being mainly peopled by Gipsies, who are still loyal to the family of Faa. This is perhaps a solitary instance in which the Gipsies have abandoned their open-air life to dwell in permanent abodes ; but I believe that the village is only crowded in winter, its population roving the country as long as the pleasant summer weather tempts them. Nor is this temptation a trifling one. Many of us have looked with a sigh of half-irrational longing at the tents on the moor, and have had aspirations for the freedom from care, the incessant change of scene, and the unfettered liberty of the Zingaro.

Lured by such a spell, not only have many of the dissolute, the lazy, or the desperate, joined the migratory tribes, but educated men have abandoned a cultured home for a seat beside the fire and a share of the patchwork-tent. It is remarkable that we know nothing of the manner of their first entry into England. From time to time, they were confounded with strollers, broken soldiers, and all kinds of vagrants, against whom proclamations were fulminated, but they make no figure in history. It may be that the sharp, hard laws of Henry VIII., and the merciless rigor with which the beggars and vagabonds with whom the land swarmed were "put down," may have thinned the Gipsies. At any rate, Shakspeare has failed to introduce into any forest or rural scene in his dramas such apparently tempting materials as the Bohemians presented ; and Spanish playwrights made capital out of the picturesque wanderers, long before English literature deigns to catalogue them with indigenous vagabonds.

In the course of the last century, much attention was paid to the singular phenomenon which such a parasitic race presented in the heart of wealthy kingdoms. But all efforts to trace the Gipsy to the cradle of his nation proved fruitless ; and although words enough of their traditional tongue were collected to form a vocabulary, the key was not yet forged that could unlock the mystery. In the earlier part of the last century, before the conquests of Clive, and the learned labors of Jones, Wolf, D'Herbelot, and others, had popularized the study of the Oriental dialects, and especially of Sanscrit, it was impossible to obtain a bird's-eye view of the Indo-German tongues. At length the campaign of Egypt solved the enigma. The Sepoys of Baird's army at once recognized the Gipsies of that country as the exact types of certain low-caste hordes in India — the Jats, the Coles, the Pariahs, Bheels, Gonds, and so forth. The British grenadier, on his part, could claim the dusky nomads beside the Nile as identical in aspect and habits with those he had seen on the banks of Thames or Tyne, and the chain of evidence became perfected. A Gipsy vocabulary, when compared with a similar compendium of Hindustani, shows a surprising likeness ; and although the words derived from the Persian or Arabic may vary, those from the old

Hindi are nearly the same. It has been plausibly conjectured that some irruption of the Mohammedan conquerors was the wave which cast these fragments of the Hindu social system on the shores of Europe. But it must be remembered that, with the language of the Aryan race, the Gipsies by no means brought with them the Aryan religions.

No trace of Buddhism or Brahmanism is to be detected in them; they have no scruples about conforming to any religion nor do they esteem themselves defiled by eating any animal food, reptiles and carrion inclusive. I have seen them among the Turks, filling the office of suridjee or postilion, and as gayly accoutered in turban and Mameluke costume as our old friend in *Quentin Durward*, but they had no solid repute for belief in Islam, despite their external adherence to its forms. In England, they occasionally have a christening, more rarely a wedding, performed in a church; and they are very fond of laying their chiefs in consecrated earth, with all the ceremonies of religion. In 1810, Ralph Stanley, a gipsy king, was buried at Burntwood, in Staffordshire. Four hundred gipsies collected at his obsequies; they listened, bareheaded and respectful, to the funeral-service, and afterward returning to the churchyard, performed a service of their own over the grave, chanting a jargon of rhymes which no one could comprehend. It is very difficult to discover the actual religious belief of a gipsy. Probably, "none at all" would be a true verdict in the case of the majority, while their chief persons, although less ignorant, have preserved a wonderful farrago of astrological absurdities, and seem to put more credence in planetary influence than in aught else. It has been supposed that their creed may be a relic of the Sabæan star-worship, but they more resemble rude epicureans, and are very little concerned with any other than the visible world. They are still under the moral sway, at least, of certain families, of which some, like the Faas, are probably descended from their aboriginal leaders; and others, like the Stanleys and Gordons, may perhaps derive their patronymics from some well-born scapegrace in auld langsyne. There are many so-called kings, and the communication between the different tribes is frequent and rapid. In 1836, a dispute arose at that extinct place of revelry, Greenwich Fair, between

a gipsy potentate and the lessee of a well-known dancing-booth, the Crown and Anchor, respecting the priority of hiring a certain piece of ground. What the wild monarch wanted with the ground in question, I can not say, whether to devote it to "prick the garter," or gilt gingerbread, or pink-eyed Albinoes, but in any case the decision of law was against him. But such numbers of the king's liegemen—shaggy, bronzed, cudgel-carrying fellows—came flocking to the place, threatening loudly to pull down the dancing-booth, and immolate its owner, that a riot was only averted by the presence of a troop of hussars, who patrolled the fair for three days as a measure of precaution. Since then either gipsy royalty has grown feeble, or the arm of the police has waxed stronger, for no conflict has ever taken place with these tributary princes.

It is not easy to induce a gipsy to avow that he has a peculiar language or religion. The language, that Romany tongue which Mr. Borrow* has made such use of, is a sort of bastard Hindustani, mixed with all sorts of outlandish words, and it forms a convenient jargon for those whose life is not strictly legal. In its most corrupt form, it is called "thieves' Latin" or "patter." A gipsy is always averse to betraying his knowledge of a dialect that labors under such a stigma, and unless you can acquire enough of it to accost him in the right words and with the right accent, you will receive no satisfactory answer. A phrase in simple Hindustani may cause the Ishmaelite to prick up his ears, but it will be beyond his comprehension. If, however, you can bribe one of them to act as your teacher, you may learn enough to excite their wonder and friendship in all lands, and, as Prince Hal boasted, "to drink with every tinker in his own language." It is not every nominal gipsy who understands Romany. Many of them show by their blue eyes, light hair, and light complexions, that they are not of Indian stock, but Anglo-Saxons run wild. The true breed may be known by their jetty hair and eyes, their

* A Spanish nobleman of learning and wealth showed us, in his own house in Madrid, the manuscript dictionary of the gipsy language, made by himself, and which Dr. Borrow borrowed of him to make his dictionary of that language, and called it his own.

Dr. Borrow's parentage is by a soldier of the English army as his father by a gipsy woman as his mother.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

pliant forms, their somewhat delicate limbs, and that peculiar complexion which is unlike that of the whole world beside. The author of *Lavengro* has done much to mystify inquirers. He has tried to make us believe the gipsy an Armenian, a Chaldean, and perhaps of a nationality yet more recondite; but the identity of the race with several Indian tribes is as clear as day, and we may faithfully believe Old King Cole to have been a most jovial monarch of the "Coles," or low-caste natives of Dekkhan—perhaps their leader in the emigration. In all lands they beg, and pilfer, and tell fortunes, and promise rich and handsome husbands to credulous maids, and tinker, and mend china. They have some traditional skill, too, in the art of the goldsmith, in basket-weaving, and smithcraft; they are jockeys, fiddlers, and pugilists. Cheerfully will they eat braxy mutton, or partake of the dead horse or

cow, if the hen-roost be too well guarded, the keepers too alert. As poachers, they are unrivaled; their famous gipsy stew in the great kettle over the fire is seldom lacking in game, and by drugs they can stupify the fish in a pond or stream, till they float helpless on the water, an easy prize. Child-stealing and poisoning of animals are charges more often made against them than substantiated. It is certain that they are light-fingered and vindictive; but they are grateful for a little kindness, are usually civil and obliging, and, unless molested, never rob within miles of their camp. In spite of utilitarian reformers, I for one should be sorry if the gipsies were "improved" off the earth, and if no future traveler in England could hope to catch a glimpse of the Murillo-like group gathering in autumn around the smoky fire in the woodland lane.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE ARMIES OF EUROPE: Comprising Descriptions in Detail of the Military Systems of England, France, Russia, Prussia, Austria, and Sardinia. Adapting their Advantages to all Arms of the United States Service: and Embodying the Report of Observations in Europe during the Crimean War, as Military Commissioner from the United States Government in 1855-56. By GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, Major-General U. S. Army. Originally published under the direction of the War Department, by order of Congress. Illustrated with several hundred Engravings. Pages 500. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1861.

We give the full title of this valuable book, to indicate its varied and comprehensive contents. Its real value to the public service in this crisis in our history, can not well be estimated. It strikes us as a marked coincidence that such a man, so apparently well fitted for his mission, should have been designated by his Government to visit the war encampments of Europe at the time and under the circumstances he did, to acquire such valuable information in so many different countries, when their armies were formed in battle array, and on the field of action, so favorable to his object, as if in anticipation of his coming, to furnish him with the military knowledge just in time for its careful arrangement and publication for use in the present impending struggle. Had the Government anticipated the present rebellion, and the public necessities for such a book, and the retirement of General Scott, just now announced,

and the importance of having a competent successor well qualified to take his place as Commander-in-Chief, it could hardly have pursued a wiser course than it has, as shown in the result as embodied in the volume before us.

So far as we know, there is no other book in the English language so complete, and which embraces so much and such varied military knowledge in the departments of which it treats. The Government has done well in ordering the preparation of such a book. It will do better still, if the Secretary of War will promptly issue an order that a copy of it shall be placed in the hands of every commissioned officer in the army under its control, and that every such officer have it in his encampment, and make it his daily study, so far as his active duties will permit. Such a study will help the knowledge of some officers, who, if report be true, have yet to learn the alphabet or first principles of the stern science of active warfare. We can not avoid adding a word concerning this remarkable man, whom we are willing to believe Providence has raised up and designated to assume the dread responsibility of command of the armies of the Union on the resignation of General Scott. *The Post* says:

"George B. McClellan was born in Philadelphia on the third of December, 1826, his father being an eminent physician of that city. At the age of sixteen, or in 1842, he entered the West-Point Academy, and in 1846, at the age of twenty, was graduated second in his class. On the 1st of July of that year he was brevetted second lieutenant of Engineers.

By an act of Congress, passed during the May previous, a company of sappers, miners, and pontoniers, was added to the Engineer Corps, and in this company McClellan was commissioned.

"Brevet Brigadier-General Totten, Chief-Engineer of the army commanded by General Scott before Vera Cruz, speaks of McClellan's genius and energy in that company in the highest terms. His exertions in drilling the recruits who came into his company to be prepared for the arduous labors of the Mexican war, were indefatigable. With the aid of but two other officers, he succeeded so perfectly in drilling the seventy-one raw men who had come into his hands only two months before, that on the 24th of September they sailed from West-Point, reported by General Totten 'as in a state of admirable discipline.'

"During the war this company was reduced to forty-five effective men and two officers—one of whom was McClellan.

"At Contreras, McClellan was selected, with another engineer, to reconnoiter the strong breastworks of the enemy. They had their horses shot under them, and barely escaped capture by the Mexican pickets. When the action commenced McClellan was with Magruder's battery. While it was still doing splendid service, its commander, Callender, was wounded. McClellan immediately took command of it, and managed it until it was entirely disabled, with such success as to sustain all its previous reputation. In the next battle, Molino del Rey, his behavior was so gallant that he was elevated to a captaincy. He declined to receive it, and continued lieutenant on the day of Chapultepec, when General Scott mentions him as 'winning the admiration of all about him.' He was the first to enter the Alameda with a company which he commanded, and during the day of the assault repulsed a body of Mexicans greatly outnumbering his own corps, with a loss of twenty to the enemy.

"He continued in active service from the commencement of his company's organization until General Scott occupied the city of Mexico. He returned from the war with the rank of captain and the command of the company, now greatly augmented, of sappers, miners, and pontoniers. Between 1848 and 1851 he translated from the French a manual of bayonet exercise, which has become the text-book of the army.

"In 1851 he superintended the construction of Fort Delaware. In 1852 he explored the Red River, under Captain Marcy, and surveyed the harbors and rivers of Texas, as senior engineer on the staff of General Persifer Smith.

"In 1853, McClellan was employed on the survey to ascertain the best route for a railroad between the Mississippi and the Pacific—also in the exploration of the forty-seventh and forty-ninth parallels of north latitude. His report gained the commendation of Jeff. Davis, then Secretary of War.

"For three years more McClellan was very variously employed. After executing a secret service commission in the West-Indies, and receiving a commission in the United States cavalry, he was appointed one of a military commission of three officers to proceed to the Crimea and Northern Russia, for observation on the conflict then existing, and his report on 'The Organization of European Armies, and the Operations of the War,' is thought by army officers a most valuable work."

His recent history is too fresh in the public mind to need mention. Such is the man and such his antecedents, experience, and acquirements, which the

Government of the Union has just now invested with the high and solemn responsibility of military chieftain in command of its armies.

Cecil Dreeme. By THEODORE WINTHROP. Pages 360. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

THIS volume comes before the public, in the neat and tasteful dress, so attractive to the reader, which characterizes all the publications of this house. The contents comprise a biographical sketch of its talented author, and then the book itself in thirty chapters.

Mr. Curtis, in his admirable sketch of the author, says: "Theodore Winthrop's life, like a fire long smoldering, suddenly blazed up in a clear, bright flame and vanished. He was born in New-Haven, Sept. 22d, 1828, and entered Yale College at the age of sixteen. On the maternal side Winthrop counted six Presidents of Colleges. He graduated when he was twenty years old, and then, on account of shattered health, he traveled extensively in Europe. His life and career in different parts of the world was exciting and eventful. The *Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1861, contained a graphic description from his pen of the march of the Seventh Regiment, of New-York, to Washington. On the 19th of April, 1861, he left the armory door of the Seventh, with his hand upon a howitzer; on the 21st of June his body lay upon the same howitzer, at the same door, wrapped in the flag for which he gladly died, as the symbol of human freedom." The volume before us is the product of his gifted pen, redolent of the flashes of genius.

THE WORKS OF FRANCIS BACON, Baron of Verulam, etc. etc.

Messrs. Brown & Taggard, of Boston, have sent us another volume in the valuable series of Lord Bacon's works, which have occupied so much attention of late in the foreign Quarterlies, and upon which Lord Macaulay expended so much power of his gifted pen.

A simple announcement of the new volume in the series is enough, as all scholars are fully aware of the value of the writings of this renowned man.

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH; or, Maid, Wife, and Widow. A Matter-of-Fact Romance. By CHARLES READE, Author of "Never too Late to Mend," etc. etc. New-York: Rudd & Carleton, 130 Grand street.

THIS is a pleasant historical novel. There is a power, a clear, vivid life of description, and a real pathos in the last scenes of the book, an insight into the ways of a distant generation, an analysis and portraiture of character, which make this story not unworthy to take a place beside the historical romances of Scott. It is scarcely necessary to say that a work by Mr. Reade, which extends to four volumes, is full of those affectations and quaintnesses in which he delights. Yet the general impression it leaves is that of a very unusual degree of originality, pathos and force. It is full of learning, of pictorial truthfulness, of shrewd reflection, and of happy touches.

EUGENIE GRANDET; or, The Miser's Daughter. From the French of HONORE DE BALZAC. Translated by O. W. WIGHT and F. B. GOODRIE. Pages 309. New-York: Rudd & Carleton, 130 Grand street.

Of this book the translators say: "The conception of the character of Eugenie Grandet is one of

the purest and tenderest things in the whole range of fiction, and the execution of it is worthy of the idea."

THE ERIE RAILROAD.—This colossal enterprise, which was so long in achievement, and for so many years occupied the public mind, and cost so much money, is still an object of vast interest to the commercial world. We can hardly fail to gratify those of our readers not otherwise informed, by saying that under the skillful management of Nathaniel Marsh, Esq., and his associates, the complete resuscitation of the Erie Railroad Company is no longer a matter of uncertainty, but, on the contrary, is the most striking instance of financial skill in the railway history of this country. Its bonded securities, which ranged three years ago at 30 and 40 per cent discount, are gradually approaching par. The first mortgages command 104, the seconds 99½ a 100, the thirds 85, and the fourth and fifth mortgages are about to become again a source of income to the holders, after a default of nearly three years. We hear estimates of the earnings of the road for October as high as \$700,000 to \$750,000, which would be an excess of more than \$100,000 on the same month last year. The following summary is from a circular sent out to Europe by the Canada:

"This Company is making steady progress in placing its affairs upon firm ground. No arrears of interest remain upon the first, second, or third mortgage. The interest on the fourth is advertised to be paid on the first proximo. That on the fifth will undoubtedly be paid on the first of December, when it falls due. The affairs of the old Company are to be wound up during the year, and the new Company commence its actual existence with the beginning of the new one, without any liabilities but its funded debt, which will stand as follows:

1st mortgage,.....\$3,000,000	4th mortgage,.....\$4,900,000
2d mortgage,.....4,000,000	5th mortgage,.....1,792,500
3d mortgage,.....6,000,000	
Total,.....	\$19,692,500

"The accruing interest on this sum will be \$1,378,485. The net earnings for 1860 exceeded this sum by \$448,921—the gross earnings being \$5,180,316—net \$1,827,406. The ratio of net to gross earnings was 35.4 per cent. We have the gross earnings for the present year, but not the net—the accounts of the Company not being yet made up. The former, by months, have been as follows:

1860-61.	1859-60.
October,.....\$587,942	October,.....\$478,774
November,.....561,445	November,.....499,426
December,.....412,722	December,.....409,181
January,.....407,949	January,.....386,890
February,.....391,100	February,.....308,279
March,.....454,237	March,.....426,470
April,.....544,511	April,.....462,815
May,.....507,450	May,.....419,991
June,.....429,757	June,.....401,560
July,.....377,907	July,.....371,528
August,.....418,674	August,.....477,888
September,.....519,579	September,.....598,841
Total,.....\$5,612,606	Total,.....\$5,180,816
Increase,.....482,290	

"Assuming a similar ratio for expenses for 1861 as for 1860, the net for the former year will be \$1,986,862. Deducting from this sum the accruing interest, there would be left \$608,377 for the preferred shares. These can not exceed \$8,000,000, and call for \$560,000 annually. This statement is correct in all but the estimates for expenses for 1861, which are assumed to have been at the same rate as for 1860. This estimate can not be far out of the way.

It shows that the net earnings for the year have exceeded by \$44,377 the interest on the debt of the Company, and a sum equal to dividends at the rate of 7 per cent on the preferred stock. The Company will enter the new year with greatly increased facilities for business, and with the prospect of much larger earnings for 1862 than for 1861.

"One cause of the previous embarrassments of the Company was the construction of the Long Dock, the greater portion of which is owned by it. This is a very valuable property, as is shown by the fact that 104 is offered for the stock of this Company held by individuals; the par value being 100. This property has an extensive front on the North River, and a large area of land in Jersey City, opposite New-York. The site occupied, then, is the best possible for the traffic of the Company, having great depth of water, and never obstructed by ice."

THE POWER OF A CHARMING MANNER.—We rise in our own opinion in such a presence; we feel ourselves appreciated, our powers are quickened, we are at ease, and show ourselves at our best. What is it that makes some women so charming—some men so pleasant? What quality that diffuses an influence as of rose-leaves about them? that manifests itself in hands that receive us with graceful warmth, in eyes that beam with kindly pleasure, in smiles so genuine, so tender; in the general radiance of reception. Surely it is a natural sweetness, an inherent tenderness of sympathy—acting upon a desire to please. There are some persons on whom society acts almost chemically, compelling them to be charming. It is part of themselves to meet advances, to labor in their graceful way, to create a favorable impression, and to give pleasure.

WOMAN'S GRAVE.—I can pass by the tomb of a man with somewhat of calm indifference, but when I survey the grave of a female a sigh involuntarily escapes me. With the holy name of woman I associate every soft, tender, and delicate affection. I think of her as the young and bashful virgin, with eyes sparkling, and cheeks crimsoned with each impassioned feeling of the heart; as the chaste and virtuous matron, tried with the follies of the world, and preparing for the grave to which she must soon descend. There is something in contemplating the character of a woman that raises the soul far above the level of society. She is formed to adorn and humanize mankind, to soothe his cares and strew his path with flowers. In the hour of distress she is the rock on which he leans for support, and when fate calls him from existence her tears bedew his grave. Can you look upon her tomb without emotion? Man has always justice done to his memory; woman never. The pages of history lie open to one; but the meek and unobtrusive excellences of the other sleep with her unnoticed in the grave. In her may have shone the genius of a poet with the virtues of a saint. She, too, may have passed along the sterile path of existence, and felt for others as I now feel for her.

STIRRING THE FIRE.—A modern philosopher says: "To stir the fire perfectly, requires the touch of a sculptor, the eye of an architect, and the wrist of a dentist."

CHEERFULNESS.—One is much less sensible of cold on a bright day than on a cloudy one; thus the sunshine of cheerfulness and hope will lighten every trouble.

THE PASSING CLOUD.

O CLOUD, so beautiful and fleet,
Passing where fierce suns burn and beat,
O'er heights untrod by human feet!

Chameleon cloud, of iris hue,
As changeful as a drop of dew,
How many shapes in moments few.

A car, a globe, a golden gloom,
How many forms thou dost assume!
A mountain, pyramid, or tomb.

So many shapes beneath the sun,
So many dyes that fusing run,
And beauty still in every one.

Tinged with the hue the rainbows cast
On snow-peaks, where their image fast
Fades down before the scowling blast.

Such golden light the young moon threw
Upon the still drops of the dew,
What time the night-wind fresher blew.

Such lustre water-lilies throw
Upon the brook that lies below,
Lipping their blossoms with its flow.

'Twould make a brain-sick painter pine
To win a hue to match with thine,
To make his martyr's mantle shine.

In such a cloud the angels seek
The hermit on the granite peak,
So pale, so humble, and so meek.

Such cloud when Jesus, long ere day,
Had sought the mountain-top to pray,
A halo round him seemed to play.

EFFECT OF ALIEN NURSING.—Amidst the mysteries of the human constitution, it is a new idea, but not without some plausibility, that an infant nursed by a woman not his mother will contract some share of any marked characteristic belonging to her. He will be the child, not of his parents only, but of them and of the third person from whom he has derived his first nourishment. The brave are produced by the brave, the good by the good: so declares the old adage. But sometimes a worthy couple, living in comfortable circumstances, striving to set a good example before their children, and spending much on the education of the young people, find that some one of their sons is utterly uncontrollable and worthless, runs away from all schools, enlists, goes a-tinkering, becomes, in short, the *black-sheep of the family*. Some observation of cases leads the writer of these lines to suggest a possible explanation in the character of a hired nurse. It seems, on physiological grounds, not unreasonable to suppose that the new being is not exactly completed at birth, like some of the lower animals, but is only so after a due period of lactation.

After this note was set down, the writer lighted upon a passage in a book of which but a limited impression was taken,* expressing similar views, which had been entertained by the wife of Sir James Steuart of Coltness, Lord Provost of Edinburgh in 1650. Lady Steuart steadily declined the offer of her husband to have her children sent out to hireling nurses, saying: "She should never think her child

wholly her own when another discharged the most part of a mother's duty, and by wrong nourishment to her tender babe, might induce wrong habits or noxious diseases." She added: "I have often seen children take more a strain of their nurse than from either parent."

A ROYAL COURTSHIP.—The late Empress of Russia, when a girl, received a very small and antique ring from her governess as a present. About a year after the occurrence, the Court received a visit from the Grand-Duke Nicholas, the brother of the Emperor Alexander, and who, at that time, was not the heir expectant to the Crown. The Grand-Duke saw the Princess, and with the quick resolve native to his disposition, immediately determined to ask her in marriage. One day, as he was seated by her side at the royal dinner-table, he spoke to her of his forthcoming departure, adding, that it depended upon her whether or not his stay in Berlin should be prolonged.

"What shall I do, then, to influence your intentions?" was the reply of the smiling Princess.

"You must not refuse to receive my address," immediately returned the out-spoken Nicholas.

"You ask much."

"I ask even more. You ought to give me some encouragement in my endeavors to please you."

"That is still more difficult. Besides, the moment is not well chosen to ask for a favor."

"I beg your Royal Highness to give me a sign that I am not totally indifferent to you. You have a little ring on your finger, the possession of which would render me happy. I beseech you to give me the ring."

"What! give a ring at the dinner-table, and in the presence of all these people?"

"Let me see—press it into this piece of bread and give it to me."

And press the ring into this piece of bread she did, and gave it to the future Emperor. Nicholas took an early opportunity to leave the hall, and exhuming the treasure from its wheaten tomb, discovered an inscription on the inner side in French, and running to the following effect: *L'Imperatrice de la Russie*. He is said to have worn the keepsake for the rest of his days, attached to a chain round his neck, the ring being, of course, too small for any of his colossal fingers. The future Empress, it seems, had been unconsciously wearing for some time the emblem of her future greatness.

THE English journals are very complimentary to a young American artist, Mr. Kuntze, now residing in London, who has just finished a fine statue of America.

A LADY'S SMILE.—A good man is like a strong silken umbrella—trustworthy, and a shelter when the storms of life pour down upon us. A mere walking-stick when the sun shines—a friend in misfortune.

Joy is heightened by exultant strains of music, but grief is eased only by low ones. "A sweet, sad measure" is the balm of a wounded spirit. Music lightens toil. The sailor pulls more cheerily for his song.

Don't hesitate to show a loungers that you are tired of him, as you are indebted for his visit solely to the fact of his being tired of himself.

* *Cottiness Collections*, printed for Maitland Club, 1848.